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Deadly Choices at Memorial Medical Center

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The blaring sound from my cellular phone, almost dead, like many of the people around me, woke me from my bitter, evanescent sleep. I washed my hands, and put on a new white coat, and helped relieve a patient from his overburdened pain.

The smell of putrid Death lingers, its merciless cloud fills the hospital, seeping through the vents, into the doctors’ offices into the operating theatre into the ER and into my pallid body.

We were the drones of Death, guiding those that called for help, across the cold River Styx. Let there be no more warm and attached feelings, no more pitiless piercing pain, no more days of sorrow.

I believe that someday we will be responsible for everyone that dreamed a nightmare. We tried to stop it, tried to stop ourselves only to realize that we are who they feared the most.