

Scene one
By
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Doctor Panicos worried said “we can’t be sure. Take him to the General Hospital. He will be in good hands there. Don’t listen to him, I know how he reacts. If I was in town I would be there”.

“Okay, ok doctor, right away” I hung up the phone.

Lying down on the long green sofa, my husband held his hand up and shook his head.

“What!” I screamed “What if it is serious?”

“Noo” he closed his eyes again “doctors sometimes exaggerate” He whispered.

I snatched the white curtains with the orange flowers and green leaves to the side, I cracked the large window open. The sun was shining though it was still February. I glanced to the blue sky “God, be with us”. I need to be strong and positive, I thought, but wanted to really drag him to the car.

I inched to his side; his face still so pale “The fresh air will help you”. I stroked his white hair “Darling, You seem to be in pain”. Then couldn’t help but raising my voice “the doctor said we need to go to the hospital”.

“Do we really have to?” he said.

I nodded, pressing my lips hard not to screech. I slipped my hand under his arm.

He tossed his head, put his legs down, and moved his heavy body. As he managed to sit, he belched. A large amount of gas, made me wobble and stand back

holding my nose. His lips split and his pale face glowered. “Oh, it has such an awful taste. What did I eat last night? ”

I thought it is for sure indigestion, not heart attack.

“I will soon feel better, you will see” He said.

So I gently replied “We better go, let the doctor decide that you are ok”.

He curled his legs back onto the sofa.

How am I going to find the patient to deal with this? I thought.

I sat on the opposite striped sofa, watching the changes on his face. My right leg kept shaking continuously.

He was calm for couple minutes, rubbing his chest he frowned.

I pushed the remote controls and the magazines off the coffee table, and sat next to him.

My patience was running out “I will call the ambulance!” I threatened.

He raised his head and pushed himself forward, finally he managed to sit.

Fine, the ambulance was a successful threat, I thought.

I helped him with his shoes, and gave him a hand to stand up.

“I feel a sharp pain in my chest and shoulders. It is moving down to my left arms and up to my jaw”.

“Cough! Please try to cough hard, remember the life saving email, if you feel such pain, you should cough”.

He bent his body forcing himself to cough; another loud burp escaped his lips. “e-wow”. Holding my nose I felt relieved, but continued the way to the car.