

Sewage Life

"No."

I could practically see the period defining the deafening definitive nature of the word. I think back to a minute before when I first caught a glance at her. I felt my heart was going to burst, my face was already bright red with a heat I couldn't explain, and I could feel my legs had already started going completely numb. Breathlessly I attempt to call out to her, but the words get caught in my throat, unable to surface. My head kept screaming that she was too far above me to even bother trying to gain her attention. So close yet the distance was insurmountable. Still, I reach out to this beautiful angel with everything I have, not letting my eyes wander from her for a second.

"Please notice me!" I mentally screamed out to her

"Ugh! You stupid, useless, piece of crap" I mentally kicked myself in frustration

She started to walk away. My eyes widen with fear that I may have missed my only chance. Still, I could not build up the will to stop her. The pain in my heart increases. The surge of excitement had gone, gone far away with her sweet smell. Replacing it was a rotten stench of sewage and the feeling of hopeless dread that I will never be free from this misery. I looked down, once again, wallowing in the waste that has become my life. Just as I close my tired eyes, I hear a sound. The tender clacking of heels on the sidewalk. She was back! I looked up once again and catch sight of her. My angel returned, and I have been gifted a second chance at life! I attempted to reach out to her in an attempt to finally gain her attention, but my arm would no longer move to my will. Fear and frustration completely embraced me as I take a moment to stare at my arm.

"You can't do this to me!" I yell out in my head, still unable to make a single word be spoken.

On the brink of tears I looked up at my angel once more, only to realize I could no longer see. Everything had gone dark: my thoughts, my world, my life. I lay my head down on the cold hard floor, utterly broken. I felt the swishing of sewage surrounding me. I smell the horrible stench. Finally, I hear a muffle of voice above me. A male voice says something I failed to

understand; then as if it was whispered right in my ear I hear the voice that I know had to be that of my angel.

"No."

She may not have been talking to me, but I knew what that meant. I would not be saved. I was going to die. What a waste of a life I have lived. This is far from what I envisioned for the end. When I entered this sewer alone to fix the system I never expected it to break down and fall on me. With only the small light from a storm drain in which I had seen the heels of my angel through to give me hope. The pain in my heart from the piece of metal that pierced me faded. The heat from my body that had spiked with of adrenaline in my last effort to save me went cold and faded. The feeling in my finger, which was the last part of my body that had not gone entirely numb, faded. My life, with that one single definitive word, faded.