It was the last time I would see my mentor.

I never said goodbye.

It was raining, glass droplets hatching into tiny silver minnows - streaking against the billowing clouds. In my hands, a research paper and a small bunch of wild flowers, their bitter sweetness blotting out the artificial sterility of the room; the soft pitter patter of the rain on the hospital window a gentle contrast from the mechanical whirring of the medical systems.

It had been 3 months since Nate had fallen ill and was hospitalized.

I had known Dr. Berger for the past 4 years. He was the guiding hand to which I anchored my ambition

I had known Dr. Berger for the past years. He was the guiding hand to which I anchored my ambition, the teacher that believed that no height was too high, no dream too big, to the last day.

But staying with Dr. Berger in the ICU, I knew his time was fading - his vitality was steadily weakening, consumed by an unknown illness. Afraid that he had become so ceaselessly frail, inevitably the wind would someday carry him away, like a summer dandelion, into the blue sky.

I suddenly remembered the research paper, sitting by the flowers on the windowsill. And hastily reaching for it, I give it to Nate for him to see.

Watching how his eyes would light up, and how his expressions illuminated into a soft smile, I knew how much it meant to him. It was his swan song, research he had been working on for decades, and had been accepted for publishment.

But, even after he had fallen ill and was hospitalized, his mind was always there. He was the a, the guiding hand to which I anchored my ambition. The