

Our Last Moments

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Prelude

In our last moments, what do we do? How do we feel? What or who do we think about? When do we think about it? It has been weighing on my mind for the past year, I have been aware that my last moments will be coming in this year, so I have had time to think about it, but I do not know what would be the way to go out. There are people who I am sure would want to be doing something they love. Those who would want to do things they have never done before. Others who would just want to be comfortable, relaxed and peaceful. There are those who would maybe even want to be alone with their thoughts, and there are most certainly those who would want to have someone by their side, regardless of who it is. I think everyone would want to be happy in some sort of way.

There is the so-called event of people “having their lives flash before their eyes” when in a moment where someone sees all that has happened in their life in a flash. I’m not sure if that is a real thing that happens to someone, I don’t think it will happen to me though. That seems to happen in a moment where something unexpected happens, but nothing like that will happen for me. I am already aware of when my last moments will be, and I’m not the only one in that predicament. The person I love is in that same predicament they are further ahead then I am though. While I think about my last moments that are coming, hers are here, and I can only watch, and there are many others who moments are coming.

- Michael

Samwise The Young

My name is Sam, short for, what do you think it is short for? Maybe Samuel, or Samwell, or something of the sort, but it is Samwise. I have always hated that name because it sounded kind of lame. It was a stupid reason I know it, but I was a kid, and I still am a kid. The reason I was named Samwise was for the love my father had for a certain person, a person who was not real, his name was Samwise Gamgee. He is one of the main characters in the very popular fantasy book series and movie trilogy. That may be part of the reason I have always hated the name, my father loves those movies and books, but he never let me see them since I was too young. Every time I asked him if I could watch them, he would always say “soon,” but that soon may not be soon enough. I may be young, but I am dying, I have been half dead my whole life, and I know that my last moments are not far away.

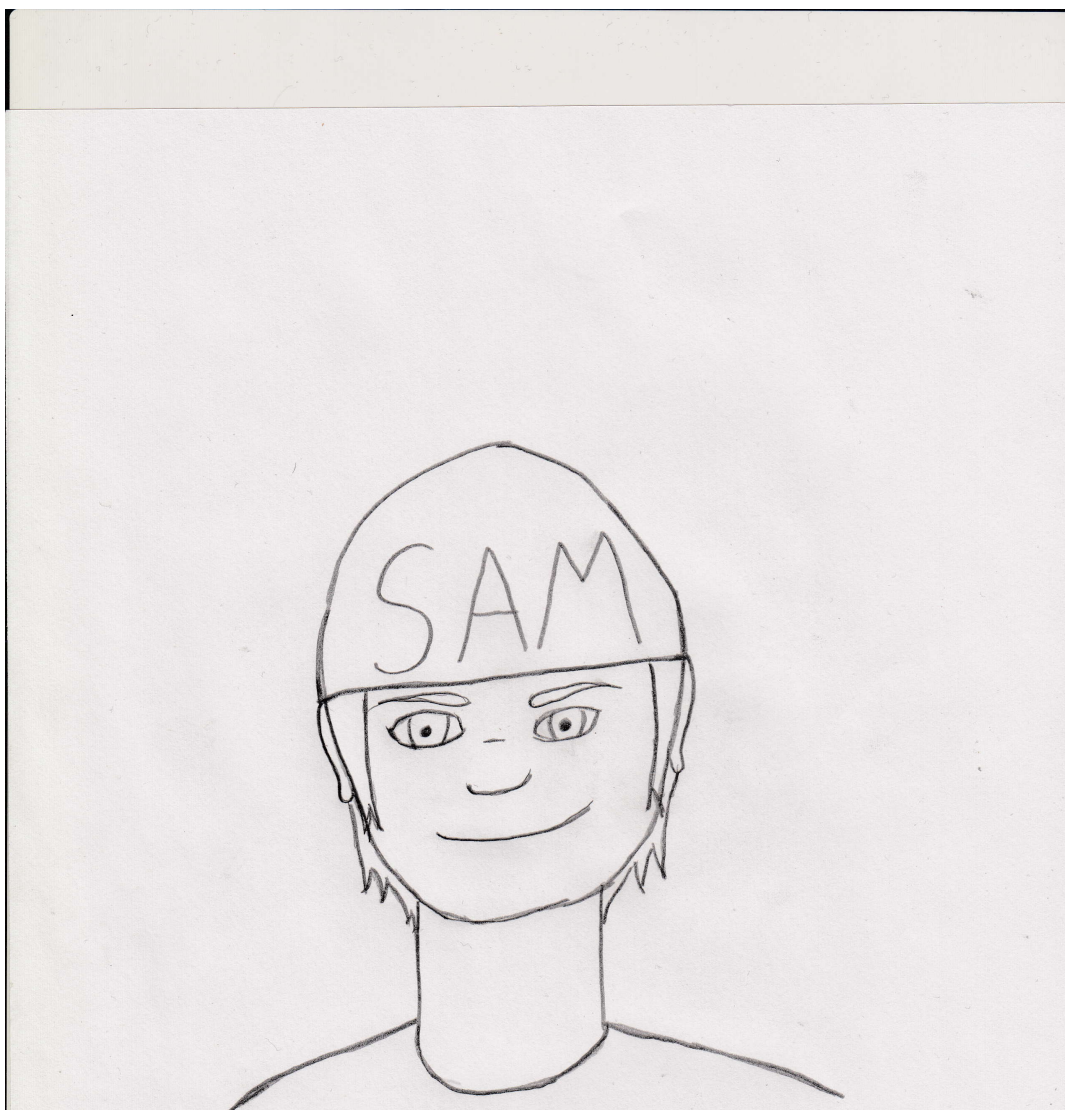
I have spent majority of my life in the hospital, and my father would always tell me that I would be fine, but I always had the feeling he was lying, to both me, and to himself, so I always put on a bright smile and held my head high. “This is why you're my little Samwise, your braver and stronger than anyone” he would always say. I liked that, but I didn't know what he meant by that, until today.

After talking to the doctor, he came back into my hospital room with a face white like milk, he paused and then said “how about we watch Lord of the Rings,” with a forced smile. The next nine hours we watched it, and I learned to love my name, and to love and appreciate my father for giving it to me, but he got one thing wrong here. He thinks I am Samwise, carrying Frodo up the mountain, but that just is not the truth, he is.

I don't care if I die young, I got a father that did everything he could for me, and gave me all the love he could, and gave me a name to be proud of. I could die happy with this young life,

as long as my father is there for me and we can watch the Lord of the Rings, and cry, and laugh, and hug, that is all I need. In my last moments all I need is him, nothing else, and I don't need to worry because he won't ever leave me on the side of that mountain, he will always carry me to the top, or wherever I need him to carry me and he will carry me to my last moments and he will make me the happiest boy in the world.

- Samwise, the boy with the greatest father



A Beautiful Day

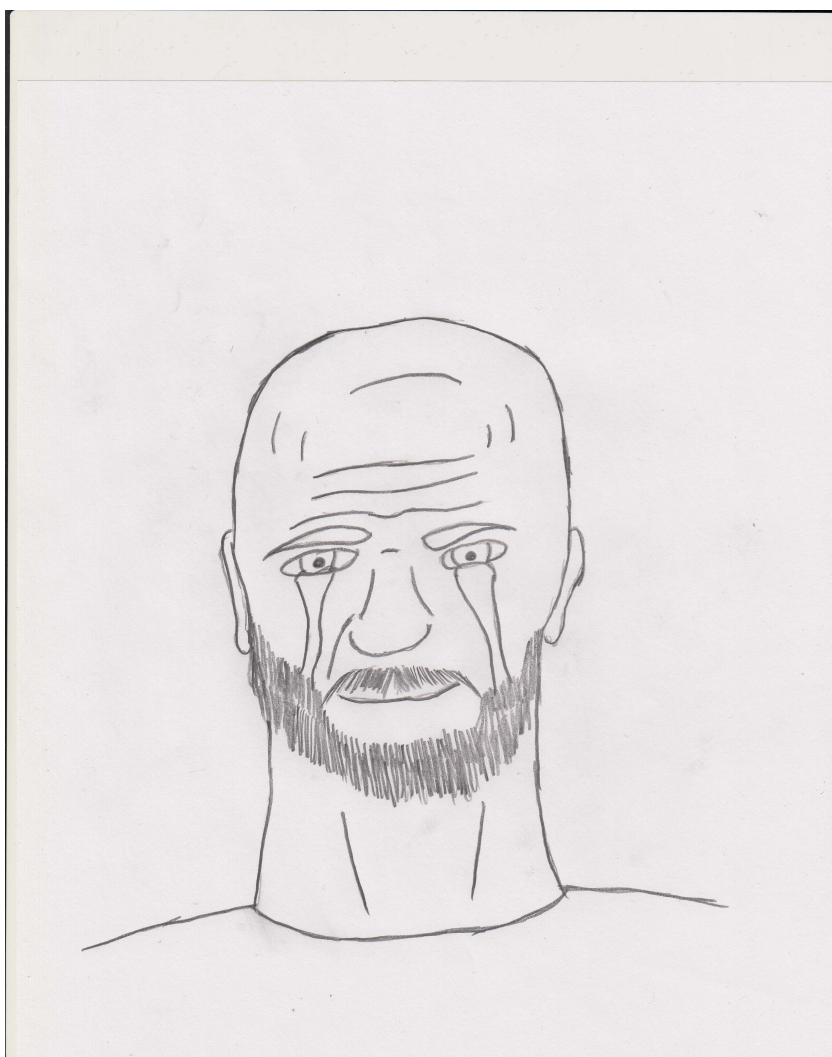
I have lived a relatively long life, and I have lived what I believe to be a full life, but it was also a busy life. I have been working since the age of twenty-one and have not stopped for the past four decades, but I had to stop two years ago, for I have an inoperable tumour. This is hard for me, I have been working non-stop, and I did not wish to stop, the only times I put off work was for the birth of my children and my wedding. I did not try to take off work ever, even with my vacation and sick days piling up.

I am not saying that is the way life should be lived, just that this is how I have lived my life. I have never spent a day sitting around doing absolutely nothing, even on lazy days I would try to do something, anything at all, but I spend all my time in the hospital, lying in bed or sitting outside, it is hard for me to focus on the little things around me when all I want to do is work, but I can't say it is something I have enjoyed. Work can be hard, and tiring, and sometimes not worth it, or course it needs to be done and is necessary, but it can be exhausting. The problem is, it is hard for me to shake this feeling of needing to do something, but I can't and never will be able to again. I think what is even more infuriating is how little I can do. When I go outside it is only outside of the hospital, sitting by a road watching the cars go by. I want to do something, and I think everyone can tell that.

The days I have left are very little and I sit here angry, because I am unable to enjoy these days that I have left, and one day my wife, daughter, and son were sick of it, sick of my complaining, sick of me not being able to do anything, so they took me on a wheel chair to the park across the street to where I found my four grandchildren all there. My daughter's husband and son were there, and my son's wife and three daughters were there. "Dad, look around you" my son said, and I did it was a park, with a few tall trees, a large field of grass and the sun

shining. “What am I supposed to be seeing?” I asked, “it is just a regular park with grass and trees, and the sun above...and my family surrounding me.” I felt something in my heart tighten, but relax at the same time. “Your right dad, it is pretty simple and boring, and nothing is really happening, I know you hate that, right?” he said with a hint of sarcasm, mockery, and a mischievous smile. “Yeah, completely stupid” I lied. It was a beautiful day, a day that I have experienced a few times, and pushed away as pointless. “Thank you, son,” I said with tears in my eyes, I guess this is what I should have been doing as much as I could. If I spend the rest of my days like this, I will die happy, I will enjoy my last moments, even if they are boring.

- James, the man who works



Me and my Books

I am all alone, in my last moments, sitting in my personal library, full of my books. The books I grew up with, the books I have read and loved in my life, and the books I hated, and most importantly the many books I have written, all sit here with me. I have books I have not yet finished writing in here and many more books that I have not read in here, but regardless of what that book is in relation to me, I look at them all with pride. They are my life's work, my life content, my life as a whole.

Do not get it wrong I have had people in my life, people I have cared deeply for and those who have cared deeply for me, some being in my life for brief moments and some being there for much of my life. My parents both left this life and moved on before I was eighteen.

My father had passed away from lung cancer when I was nine, everyone thought that was because he smoked, but that was wrong, he only smelt like cigarettes. I believe what killed him was constantly being around other's who smoked, which is why I do not let people smoke around me.

This was the inspiration for the first story I ever wrote, a story of a man who obsessively works to not be even close to cigarettes or smokers, and by doing so he becomes more and more depressed from having to avoid people until his life hits rock bottom and he kills himself. It was how I was feeling the few years following the passing of my father trying to avoid anything related to cigarettes, my mother's stress and sadness, and coping with him not being around anymore. I did not share this story with anyone until the passing of my mother, it was my first published work

My mother passed away from overworking herself for the eight years following my father's passing. She was very kind and would always put a smile on her face, a smile that was

always real, she would always focus on the thing in her life that was making her happy and that would be her source of courage for the day. Most of the time, the source for that smile was me, and to keep me safe and happy she worked herself to death. I am grateful for that but a part of me wished that she was slightly more selfish. I do deserve some of the blame, she was just trying to get me an education, an education that in the end I did not even take. I had gained popularity following the release of my first story and my success just kept getting bigger and bigger. Maybe if I shared that story earlier, we could have made money and she could take it easy, but I didn't have the heart to share that story with the world or even more so with her.

The only other person that I was closer with was my partner, Samantha, we were both in our late forties when we met each other. At this point I had never been in a relationship that lasted more than a year, and being a woman who liked women I never had a chance of accidentally having kids. That was fine by me, I never wanted kids, not because I hated them, but I just never wanted them, and Samantha already being a mother of two boys with her ex-husband was not looking to have any more kids either.

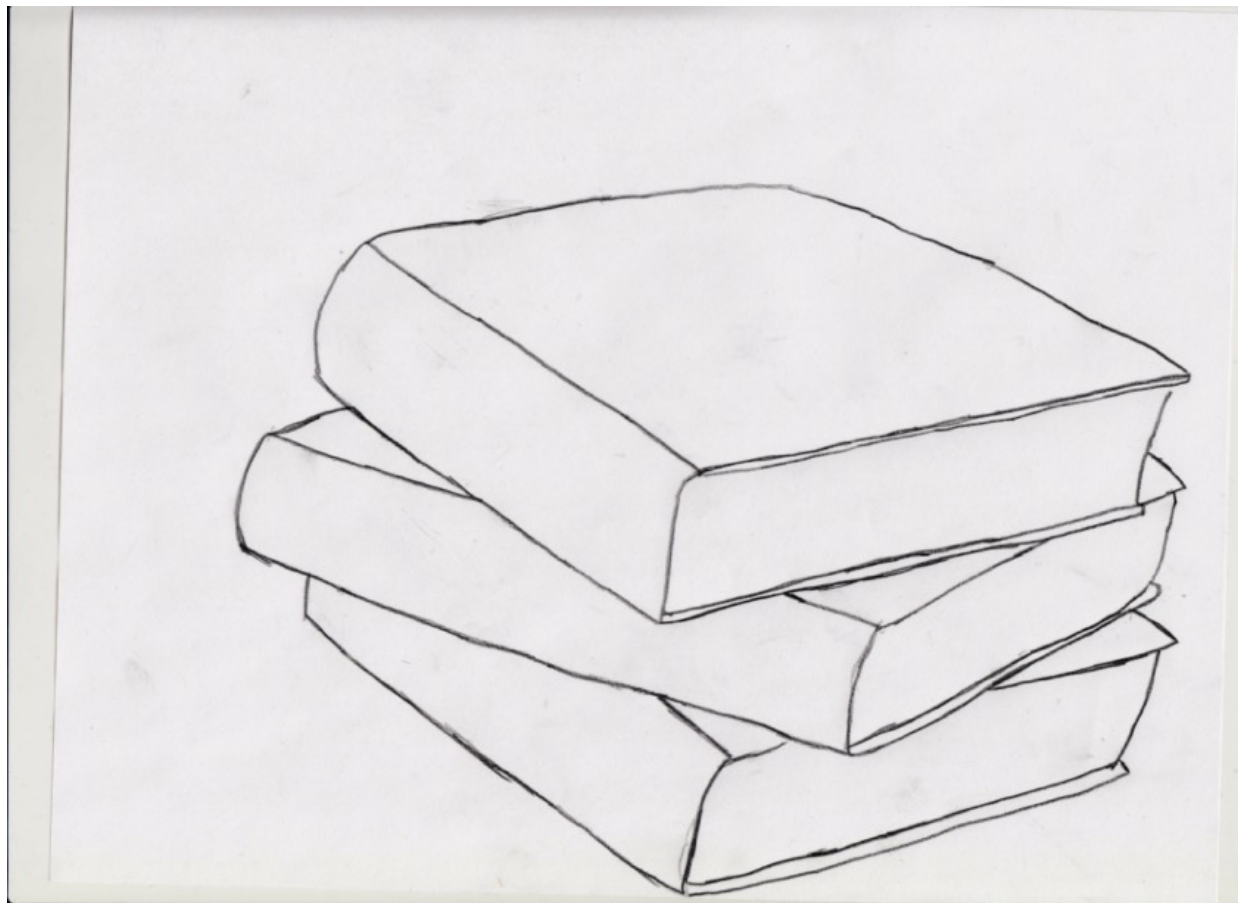
Before Samantha I did not have anyone truly special with me for more than five years. I had friends and colleagues who I cared for, but none of them were especially close to me. Samantha was the only person since my parents, and we spent the next three decades with each other, but even she left me passing away from pancreatic cancer.

The only constant in my life has been my books, which have been with me since I was a child and will be with me when I move on, and that could be any minute now. This book I am writing will more than likely be my last, if I can even finish it. by all means I should be in the hospital, but I would rather be sitting in my library writing till my heart stops, that is what I want to be doing in my last moments. They have been with me from the beginning and have never left

my side since, and I will not leave them, just so I can live that little bit longer, I will stick with them to the very end, even if it kills me.

I am alone, with just me and my books and that is more than enough for me in my last moments.

- Angelina, the book lover



Smile More

My brother is a very serious man, he is constantly working, constantly looking to improve himself, and take care of the people he loves. I feel that he never gives himself the time to relax, or to smile. I don't know if I have seen him smile in the past few years. I'm sure that I have, but I just can't remember, he seems to always be so serious, like if he relaxes or smiles everything will fall apart and his life will go to the wayside.

I understand that he doesn't have a lot to smile about when he sees me. I am his little brother, two years his junior, and despite him working rigorously and in a way that makes me exhausted just looking at him. Yet, I am the one who is sick and dying, I have always been physically weak and frail, but recently my health has deteriorated to the point of me not being able to leave my bed, yet I feel like my struggles are not nearly as hard as his.

I believe my brother is strong, physically yes, but more so than that, it is his mentality to push himself to the limits, and I do admire that, but I feel something is wrong with the way he is living.

I am very close to dying, not as in I have a few months or years, but a few weeks or days, yet I am at peace with my life, I have lived very happily, and while I would like to live longer, I am not bitter about it, but I still feel I need something before my last moments, I need to give my brother something before I go.

When he came next, I was at the end of my ropes, any minute, or hour I will be gone, I am not scared, I will go to the next stage with my arms open and a smile on my face. I would like my brother to do the same for me.

"Hey, Anthony, come here" I said, when he came over, he took my hand, and had the same serious look on his face. I laughed as well as I could, but the pain made me grimace.

"What's up with your face man? It looks ridiculous," I asked. He looked troubled, "what do you want me to do? Cry for you? I feel it would be wrong." He was right of course, I did not want him to cry, for he had too little happiness in his life, and he and I knew that I was at peace. I am looking at him now, and I know these are my very last moments, I can feel it. "You need to smile, smile more, not just for this moment, but for the rest of your life, there are things you have

to be happy about, we both know this, smile more.” He’s looking straight at me and giving me a big smile, what a way for me to go out, what a wonderful last moment.

- John, the brother who smiled



I'm Right Behind You

Over the last year, I have been in the hospital, waiting to die. It was not happily at first. I spent the first month thinking how unfair this was, how I had not earned this position. I am young, and successful and there were others who should have been in this position instead of me,

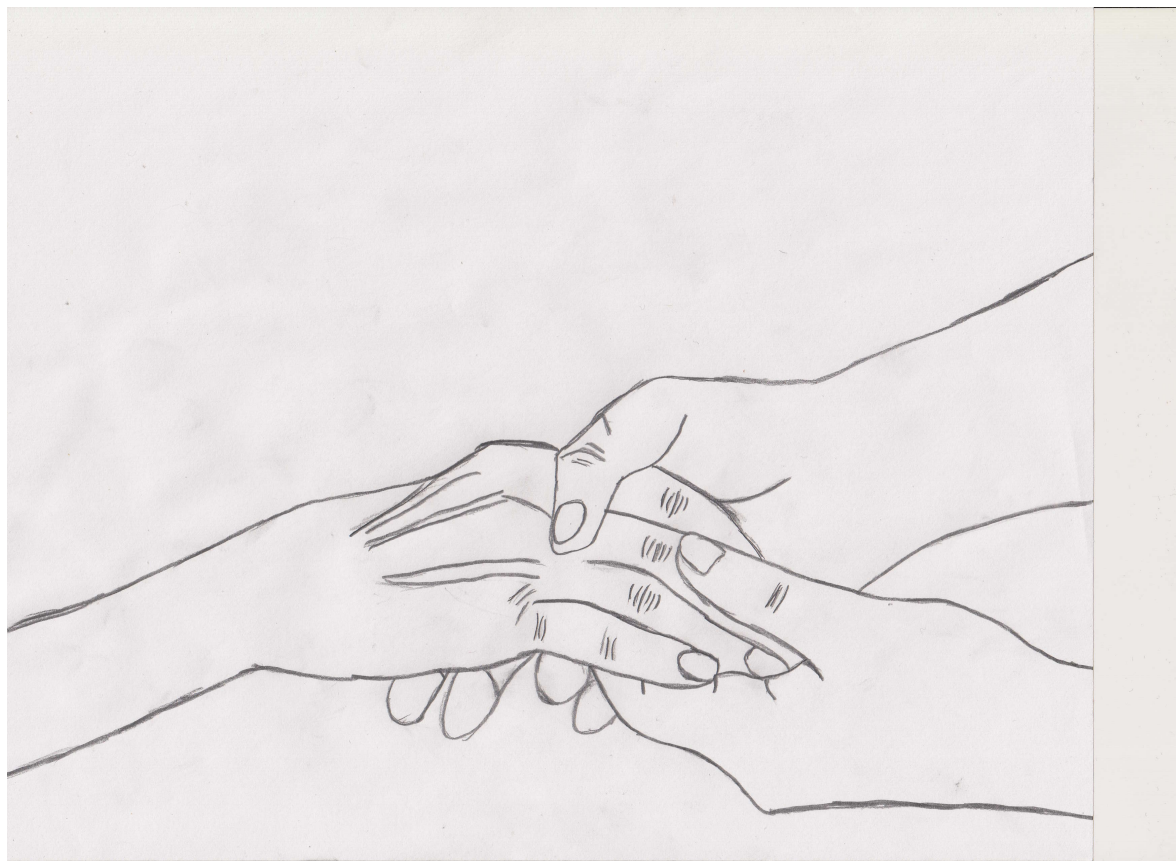
that was how I thought. Then I reunited with a person of my past, my ex-girlfriend who I had broken up with four years ago.

Her name was Emma, she was a culinary student, which was the reason that the two of us had broken up. She had to move to Germany for a very prestigious culinary program, and it was her dream, and I was not going to tell her to put her dream on hold for me, not when I had a dream that was once crushed by other's selfishness. So, we broke up, not trying long distance because there was a possibility she would never come back, but when I was in the hospital, a month into being diagnosed as terminally ill, I reunited with her.

She like me, had also been diagnosed terminally ill, and wanting to be with her family, she came back home before she would be too weak to travel. I have been spending my time falling back in love with Emma, and her the same, and while I wish we could have lived out our lives, I am grateful that we were able to reconnect.

She would be the first one to go, and knowing that I have been obsessing over making her last moments her greatest, but I do not know what to do for, other than be here for her, so that is what I will do. I will hold her hand, tell her I love her, and remind her that I am not far behind. She is dying this very moment, but she is smiling, and as much as this hurts me, I know that I'm right behind you and my last moments will be thinking about you, your hands, your lips, your smile, "I'm Right Behind You."

- Michael and Emma, in death together



End