Alone.
By G.D. Goya

Henry woke up to the sound of a plane, only to discover an empty sky. Grass itched his skin, and stale air filled his lungs. Henry sat up, and surveyed his surroundings. He sat in the middle of a park, and the sound of creaking metal echoed from a playground to his right, yet no children were anywhere in sight. Immediately, he knew something was wrong.

Henry felt for his wallet, but failed to find anything but lint in his pockets. He had no recollection of why he was there, and his head throbbed as if it was hung over. Confused, Henry picked himself up, and began to walk to the nearest building. After a moment of grogginess, he recognized the building. Before him sat his elementary grade school. Henry wandered inside. The sound of his footsteps bounced through the hallway, and the squeaking of his sneakers rattling off the lockers. Every class was void of children, and the air felt cold and stiff. While passing through, a wall plastered in art caught his attention. Third grade portraits covered the wall from floor to ceiling, and each was decorated with a child's name. Henry locked his eyes on a particular poster in the center. It had eyes similar to his own, and the name "Henry" was stamped across it. A violent tremor crept from his spine and terminated itself at the source of his migraine. Decidedly, he fled the building.

The street outside was empty, and Henry recognized it as his home town. Familiarity flashed before his eyes as he walked past the diner he used to work at. Full meals sat on the tables untouched, and no people were in sight. Without direction, Henry crept into his old neighborhood. With each step, his headache increased in intensity. Still, motivated by some sense of duty, he continued. Henry's best friend's house sat at the end of the street. His last hope of seeing another person fled him as a he saw his friend's water hose sitting on the ground spewing water next to a car which was abandoned mid-wash. Standing in the driveway, Henry pondered where everyone was, and why he had been left alone. Time flew by as Henry wandered down the street. The cold wind fought his every step, and he shivered in his skin. He crawled past an old girlfriend's house, the fire station, and his childhood church. These things no longer caught his attention. Without people, the buildings felt empty and meaningless. Waves of memories beckoned him in, yet he carried on, refusing to get lost in the daze recognition.

Finally, Henry stumbled upon a hospital: the same from which he was born. Henry stepped into the shadow of the building, knowing that this was the end of his journey. He wandered inside, and began down the hallway. The place was frigid compared to outside, and frost clung to the lights and windows. At the end of the hallway, Henry saw a light. As he crept nearer, cold air brushed against his eyes and the pressure in his head began to build. Henry found himself next to a hospital bed lit by the hospital's sole light source. A curtain laid between himself and the bed, and the noise of machines beeped from the other side. Henry's hand began to tremble, and as he reached for the curtain, his head exploded in pain. He ripped the curtain aside, and reeled in horror. Sitting in the bed, extruding medical tubes, Henry saw himself wrapped in a large, bloody head bandage.

The image of himself sat cold, unconscious, and its monitors showed little signs of life. Dim voices could be heard in the form of whispers dancing about the room. "Will he ever be ok? … What if he doesn't wake up?" The source of the voices were nowhere to be found. Henry sank to his knees beside the bed, and let out a cry of agony. The sudden realization of his situation crept upon him, and pain pounded at the inside of his skull. Henry remembered the accident, flipping through the air, and after that, nothing. All alone. Henry, in all his horror, knew that he would remain alone with the hope that, one day, in the distant future, he might wake up.