I’ve been on this road for a while now. I think I missed my exit. I look down at how much gas I’ve used. I definitely missed my exit. I stop to get gas and I’m on the road again. As I merge onto the highway one more time, I realize there’s no one on the road but me. “Where am I?” I thought. This isn’t remotely close to where I’m supposed to be going. “What’s Bellevue?” I ask myself. I pass another sign. “Washington?! How the hell did I end up here?” I see a light. Someone’s definitely got their brights on. They’re coming head on. Five seconds later everything is black. I can’t see anything. Am I dead?

I woke up in a hospital. I was familiar with this hospital. I knew where I was. A doctor walks by… “Excuse me!! How did I get here? I was in Washington last time I checked.” The doctor, one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, comes into my room and tells me that I was in a car accident not even five miles down the road. “That’s impossible,” I thought. I cannot remember anything that has happened to me. I don’t even remember being in this city. “That’s impossible,” I tell the doctor, “I haven’t been in Greenville in two years.” She looks at me and says, “You can leave all you want but you will always come home.” Then disappears into thin air. I never saw that woman again.

I slept for three whole days after that. I woke up in the whitest room I’ve ever seen. A man walks by. It was my brother. My brother has been dead for five years. He passed away while at college in Washington. No one knows how…or why.

“I’m not in Greenville, am I, Todd?” I asked. He looks at me and smiles. He doesn’t say a word. He holds out his hand and I follow him. The white room never ends. It just keeps on going and going. Everyone is beautiful. I feel more alive than I ever have.

Sometimes I visit my parents when they’re praying for Todd and I. They don’t get sad anymore and I am proud of them for that. I’m never leaving home ever again.