

HITCHING A LIFT.

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. Shit. A bus. I need to get a bus. The 141. I need to get the 141. Or the 44. I can get the 44 too. *He's fading fast.* Fuck. What the fuck does that mean? Oh christ. Of course. Of fucking course. Fuck. Of course today. Jesus fuck.

He was breathing arrhythmically into an oxygen mask. Surrounded by beeping machines, he lay unconscious in a white bed, in a white room. There were no doctors in the room. Only his wife, crying inconsolably into his chest.

Oh my god. Oh fucking hell. —Hey! Heeeyyyyy! Stop! STOP! Why the fuck isn't he stopping. What a fucking fuck. Oh god oh god oh god. There won't be another one. There won't be another one. *He's fading fast.* Fucking fuck. Taxi. I need a taxi. I need a fucking taxi now.

The two of them formed one mass underneath the bright, white lights. She kept trying to say *I love you* in between fits, but all she could do was cry. Her sobbing was punctuated only by short, sharp beeps from the beeping machines. She cried harder because they wouldn't be beeping for much longer.

Nothing. There's fucking nothing. Oh god. Please please please. A taxi. I need a fucking taxi. So many cars. No fucking taxis. Oh fucking Jesus. Come on. Please. Please please please. —Oh my god. Oh my god! Hey! Heeeyyyyy! I need to cross. Fuck it. I need that taxi. I need it. Please. —Heeeyyyyy! Surely he can hear me now that fuck. Surely he—oh fuck—

The doctors had to carry her out of the room. She was completely limp and her face was red raw. They tried to console her but they knew it wasn't fair. He didn't get to say goodbye. She had to say it twice.