

## Chapter XVIII

### *Chorus of crickets*



Ready. It finished suddenly. The pain and the fatigue disappeared. Although they are still duelling in my body, I removed them from me and they don't bother me any longer. Now, in no time everything is nice, mild, quiet, even time stops. I've already lived.

For many years, I've been worrying about this moment, but now that death is here and I'm only a peaceful smile. Everybody tried to do the impossible, but my heart has been beating for eighty years. I'm relishing my

death as much as I've relished my life. After all it's mine.

I'm thankful to be able to leave from my bed. I review scenes of my life and of this bed, where enjoying myself, I introduced my seed into my wife's womb, or when worried I used to sleep resting on her chest, where my children got better faster, where I got annoyed when they leaped and jumped, where my tired bones and muscles increased energy each night.

Everything is sweet. Everything is peaceful. I'm leaving. I know it.

- *"Why wasn't I told before? Quickly!! Urgently!! I want an ambulance, now!!!"*

My daughter's voice troubles me. I'd like to tell her to relax..... but I can't.

I'm shacken when they put me on a stretcher, my head is knocked and bounces at the riding of the ambulance. The howling of the siren pierces my ears.

My pain aches again, and my fatigue wears me out. Why do they tear me away from my Eden?

- *"He's gasping, quick, we must intubate him!!"*

I can't speak or move. They undress me and even take off my mother's medal, open my mouth, I feel something cold against my tongue and a thing that burns my throat and chest.

My arm, groin and including my neck are punctured something burns in the penis and plastic tube in pushed through my nose and hurts it. Each pain they cause, multiply my pains and fatigue. Why me? What did I do to them?

- *"He's conscious, we must sedate him"*, somebody orders.

He puts something in a syringe and the last thing I hear is:

- *"It seems he didn't pay the last instalment of his pre-payment".*

I wake up in middle of a medical equipment with on and off lights. There's a "beep - beep" everywhere. A nurse comes and scolds me:

- *"Don't move your arm or it doesn't drip.."*
- *"Where am I? "beep - beep"*
- *"And my wife's hand? And my children? And my grandchildren? "beep - beep"*
- *"And my bed? "beep - beep"*
- *"Damn noise!! What is it? Is it a chorus of crickets?" "I hope so..."*

Loneliness, loneliness and confusion. I neither know how much nor how long..... until I slide along a black and long tunnel. I see friends who had died long ago. A light, a door and the yearning peace. At last.....

*He was born: 31st. July 1915*

*He died: 8th. April 1995*

*R.I.P. 24t. May 1995*