

In Our Time

Her name was Shane. She was the love of my life, and still is. I had fallen for her real bad and I kept falling more in love with her each time our eyes had met. She was very beautiful, in every aspect. She was so beautiful that it is still hard to explain. Sometimes she didn't seem human, she was too wonderful to just be human. The days I had spent with her were timeless. I can never forget the way her brown almond eyes shined in the light, or the softness of her sandy hair which was usually braided in two and were short enough to just touch her silky shoulders, or the vividness of her expressions as she gave birth to her imagination through her paintings.

She was always there for me, no matter what the case would be. Yet when she needed me, I would not be able to be there for her. I remember that day very clearly. But before I say anything about what had happened, I will need to go back to the happiest day of our lives.

We were playing a game of volleyball when all of a sudden; she began to feel faint and had almost fallen. I ran to her, her fragile body falling in to my arms. I had immediately rushed her to the hospital. As I waited for the doctor to tell me something, anything, I remembered how my heart pounding so, that it almost seemed as if it were trying to break free from my body. After a while the doctor had stepped out of the small square box, to the larger square box where I was told to wait.

Before he said anything he took a good look of me. It seemed as if he was examining me, trying to figure out something. Maybe it was for the fact that I had the same haircut as he did. He must have sensed my annoyance towards his stare so he smiled. "Who are you of Ms. Shane Sprea" (the question I least wanted to be confronted by someone of his profession)

I looked him straight in the eyes "She is family" before he said anything else I said "Is she ok". He gave me that look, that he did not appreciate me shutting him like that but said "She's fine" he started to go through what seemed was her file "She had almost fainted because of the lack of protein in her body" His face seemed much concerned now "Shane must take care of herself, she is pregnant". When I had heard this news I felt the rush of happiness run through my veins though all I said to the doctor was "Can I go see her". "Yes, but don't take too long in there" he paused than said "She is fine to go, I have given her an appointment to see me in a month". I smiled at him and said "Thank you" I was so excited I could have hugged the doctor. But I didn't instead I almost ran in to the room where Shane was.

I walked in to find her smiling as I was. I walked over to her and hugged her as if my life depended on it. "Finally, where having our own child". I wanted to cry for joy. We had wanted a child for so long now, that getting pregnant had become almost fifty percent of our lives priority. I looked in to her eyes, and could not help but have felt at peace. "Where finally complete". She let out a hint of a laugh "Where a complete family". She let out a few tears of joy. I didn't want to let go of her, but there was a knock at the door.

We both released each other from our embrace and began to laugh. The doctor walked in "is everything set". Shane stood up and said "Yes we were about to leave". As we walked out the door of the hospital we both called the first people we had come out to. For me it was my mother for Shane her sister. Shane's sister had picked up first but she didn't say anything to her till my mother picked up the phone. Once we had both

our loved ones on the phone we yelled "where pregnant!" I could feel the energy of my mothers thrill through the phone (as Shane felt her sisters).

Everything was going perfectly as it should have. Shane and I had picked out toys and a crib and anything else the "Expecting Mother" magazine told us we *need* to have, no matter what the price. We also got our soon to be daughter everything that we thought was necessary for her comfort (cd's of sounds from nature, soothing oils etc.) Even though we were having a girl, Shane and I had decided to expose Glass (her name) to both feminine and masculine things, from toys to the room's color, which was a combination of calming green and chocolate brown (those were really the names of the colors). I had also put glow in the dark stars on the ceiling (something I had always wanted as a child, but never had gotten).

Shane was now in to the last month of her pregnancy. She was do on the 27th and it was the 25th. I took off of work to make sure she was doing fine at all times. I had to use my sick days because my boss did not think my partner (whom he always refered to as my friend) being pregnant was not an important reason to take a day or two off. He said "I'm sorry if I let you stay with your friend because she is pregnant then I would have to let every woman here take days off to be with their pregnant friends, plus I think it would be more suitable if she were to be with her family". I wanted to yell at him *She is my family*. But instead I took in a breath of air and exhaled loudly. If this were some other situation I would have exploded on him, but I was having a child, I could not afford to get fired. And since Shane and I had both decided that she would take off of work for a whole year (Which was difficult for Shane, since she enjoyed teaching her middle school students so much). I would be the only income coming in for that year. I thought of how upset and stressed Shane would have gotten if I were to have been fired.

So I used my sick days. I was making Shane her favorite ginger tea, when all of a sudden she made a sudden noise. I ran in to the living room where I found her on the floor. I traced her with my eyes down to the wood floor, where a puddle of blood was being created.

Shane let out a shrieking scream. She had not noticed the golf ball lying on the ground and had fallen on her stomach. I held Shane by the shoulders trying to get her out to the car as I tried to make sure her eyes did not look down to the blood still flowing on her turquoise dress.

Once I had gotten Shane to the hospital, she was taken away in a wheelchair. I rushed towards her, but a nurse had stopped me. "Are you in anyway related to Ms. Shane Sprea". I watched as Shane was being rolled away, I wanted to get to her desperately. Instead I was here being asked questions. "I am Shane's family" the nurse looked at me with much stern in her expression "Are you her sister, her cousin" I yelled before she went on "I am her partner! And she is having our baby" I felt a rush of tears wailing up I pointed to the direction of where Shane was "I should be there with her". The nurse just looked at me, as if I were a dirty animal "I am sorry but only family members and the father of the soon to be born are allowed to be with Ms. Sprea" I wanted to cry, I felt so helpless.

I felt a caring hand on my shoulder. I turned to face Leslie; Shane's sister "don't worry honey I'm here". She gave the nurse a harsh look and said, "I am the younger sister of that woman Shane Sprea, and I want you to allow her partner to be there by her side". The nurse only apologized to her and said because she was Shane's sister she

could go see her but I still could not” “What” Leslie was close to exploding on this nurse. But I assured her that what was more important at this moment was that at least someone should be there for Shane. Leslie looked at me sympathetically, hugged me and then hurried off to the room where her sister was.

It seemed like an eternity as I sat there in the waiting room. I felt so powerless, I should have been right next to Shane at that time instead I was sitting in a blue colored square with no information on what was happening with her. What had made this worse, was that the same nurse who had told me I was not allowed to see Shane, kept walking back and forth and was stealing little looks my way. She seemed more curious of me than anything else. I wanted to punch her in her gut, and I made sure that she knew how I felt. At one point she not only passed by and stole a look she actually starred, when she did that I stuck my middle finger out at her and after that she had not taken any kind of glimpse towards my direction.

After what seemed like a lifetime, Leslie walked out of the room crying. She wailed as she said, “there were complications in the delivery and Shane has died”. My knees had become weak and I fell to the ground. What I heard could not have been true, Shane dead! The worse I thought that might happen was that she would have a miscarriage but for her to have died, did not make any sense to me.

The doctor came out of the room, this time I didn't care about anything I needed answers and I was going get them one way or another. I got back up on my feet and bombarded the doctor. I grabbed his green colored scrubs “how could she have died!” I began to cry “How?” I felt weak in my knees again; the doctor walked me towards a chair and told me to sit. I felt so drained of any kind of energy that I obediently sat down. Once I did he told me that Shane had known that there was the possibility of complications with her pregnancy and with the accident the complications became far greater. He also said that when Shane was told of the chances of having complications with the birth of her daughter, she had said that she would rather want her daughter to be born, than her living, he than apologized to me and walked away.

I laid in Leslie arms and kept saying “how could she”. By this time my mother had come as well and was now right besides Leslie trying to make me feel better. Something inside me made me push both Leslie and my mother away and walk towards Shane's room. I walked in slowly and cautiously. I didn't know what to expect or how I would react. When I saw her I remember how she was still beautiful. I began to cry, I kept closing my eyes and hoping that when I would open them she will be living. But each time I had opened my eyes, she was still dead. I could not believe it and I would not believe it. She didn't seem dead; she just looked as if she were sleeping. I held her hand and then leaned towards her face and kissed her lips. I whispered, “What am I going do without you? How am I going take care of Glass all by myself?”

“Glass” I said to myself. I had not even seen her yet. The only one that has was Leslie. I ran to where she was. I looked through the wide window in to the room, “there she is” Leslie and my mother were behind me. I looked at where she was pointing, and there she was. I began to cry again. She was picture perfect, and all I wanted to do was to hold her in my arms.

It has been two years now and still I did not have Glass to call my own daughter. Because Shane's and I relationship was not recognized in the state we lived in, I was not able to have Glass. Shane's mother had custody of Glass and since she had never

accepted Shane for who she is, she never accepted me as Shane's partner and up to this day will not let me see my daughter. She had even changed her name to Claire.

Now I sit in Glass's lifeless room. The lights are turned off. As I look up at the glowing stars, I think of Shane of how if she were to be alive what a happy family we could have been. And then I think of how Glass will grow and how if things don't change soon I will never be able to call her my own.