

Candidate G evidence

Chapter One: Jane Doe

White. All I can see is white. It burns my eyes, as I try to pry them open. Shapes forming. Pristine angels descending towards me. One opens its mouth but there is nothing but a deafening buzz of silence. A moment of serene tranquillity is seemingly impossible, yet the feeling of extreme bliss is overwhelming at this moment. Despite being observed like an animal in a cage, being trapped in the gaze of the angel's piercing eyes, gives me a sense of security. Nothing could happen while they are here. They are my saviours.

White. Once again, the painful light shines in my eyes. My angels are not above me. Widening my eyes, light floods my senses. It hurts. Why does it hurt? "She's up!" a voice cries. A rush of footsteps approaches me. The pristine white coats return. My angels? To my side I see a figure, lingering behind the angels. It slowly advances towards me and grasps my hand.

"Thank God, you're alive," it sighs. I study its kind face. Its deep ocean eyes paired with the relieved smile resting upon its aged skin. No matter how hard I try, its face never spawns any reaction from me. While it radiates emotion, I lay staring with blank eyes. I feel nothing looking at its face. A stinging sensation shoots up my arm, a cold liquid flowing through my veins. As I turn my face, I see there is a needle in my arm. A nice surprise. The angel smiles. "Hello. I am nurse May." The angel spoke an automatic response. "Can you tell me your name?"

My name... My... name.

"Umm..."

The kind figure mutters to the robotic nurse holding a clipboard, and as his lips move, she sluggishly writes. Yet all I hear are nonsensical syllables. What is my name? Nothing makes

sense. Why am I here? Who is this person holding my hand? Who was I? The white slowly fades to black. Everything disappears.

A soft voice whispers in my ear. Once again, I wake up with a painful shot. Today, the cold flow in my veins embraces every cell, offering up a sense of security. The scent of the room strikes my nose with familiarity, perhaps the only thing I can confidently say I know. The figure smiles, and I smile back. Questions float to the surface of my mind. "Who are you?"

"Your dad." It chuckles, with a dejected smile. There is a storm in its eyes, waves crash against the rocks, as it tries not to spill the ocean. Friendly concern grows within me, but in reality, I don't care. It then proceeds to stare into my eyes for an uncomfortable amount of time. The piercing eyes stung. I shift my gaze towards the window. The blue sky floating above the lush green is painted on the walls, building a terrifying contrast between where I am and where I want to be.

"Why am I here?"

"Well, umm, there was a car crash..." its voice cracks and an awkward pause passes, "and you were in it." I regret asking the question. Not because of the answer, but because I realise it doesn't matter. Knowing why I am here, does not change the fact that I am here. But what will I do when I get out? I have no other way of gathering information about my former self, other than trusting my 'dad'. Who was I? Who will I be? Everything previous hidden by dark waters, the figure before me is responsible for the unveiling of a truth untold:

The pulsating beat of the heart monitor protects us from the awkward silence. While I swim in my thoughts, my 'dad' proceeds to approach the window. The painting looks different today. The soaring sapphire sky replaced by a melancholy cloud overlooking the vast land, yet it still radiates hope. I wish I could talk to my 'dad' but starting over with

someone new is always awkward. I have seen its face endlessly but looking at it gives me an unsettling feeling. I am looking at someone who definitely knows more about me than I do. There was no ice shot this morning. The absence of my medicine triggers more emotions than looking at my own 'dad' in his eyes. "Umm... dad." I reluctantly spit, "What was I like before?"

"Well..." it laughs, "You were not that different, actually. You never talked to me or wanted to spend time with me. At times I didn't even know where you were. When the crash happened, I had no clue you had even left the house." The awkward silence happens again. It hurts. Is that really who I am? To the rhythmic pulse of my heart, I close my eyes, but I do not sleep.

I am happy. The frozen flow in my vein is home. My pain fades away, and tranquillity returns. Facing my dad, I see him in a new light, I remember him. Not as my dad, but as a person who was treated wrongly. In the future, his opinion of me will change. His ocean was calm today as he gazes down at his phone. The soft glow of the phone bounces off of his face. At this moment the water seems to be peaceful, I was floating in the centre of the sea with nothing on the horizon, other than the vast blue. Everything is still, until the nurse erupts out of the door, sending a crashing wave down on my beautiful blue. "Hello, hello. How are we today? Good?" explodes her mechanical greeting, barely giving me a second to think. "Well, we have some good news. You have a visitor,"

A visitor? I ask myself 'Who could it be?' but I have realised I, undeniably, know nothing about her.

"Her name is Emily." At that, very theatrical timing, 'Emily' walks in through the door. Surprisingly, I do not recognise her. But I need to know who I am to her.

1000 words