

Chaos

Dr. Castro was obviously pissed. "Where do you think you are? You goddamn kids in this goddamn war. What the fuck do you think you, a goddamn wounded civilian under my care and a goddamn US Citizen on top of it all, were doing?!"

"Where is Rafaela?" I asked, calmly.

"She is in the operating theater getting checked out. She looks okay to me, but she is beat-up and bruised. You're next to go in there. What the fuck were you guys doing out there to get so banged up? Did you have a goddamn boxing match?"

"Didn't Bukowski say something to you about what we were doing?" I asked.

"Sure. He said you and Rafaela needed to identify and help some wounded guys that you both knew."

"Did he tell you where we were going?"

"No. Where did you go?"

"Gosh, doc, I don't know what is classified info and what is not. You'll have to ask Bukowski."

"Don't call me doc, you little twerp."

With that closing remark, Dr. Castro left the room.

Soon they rolled Rafaela out of the operating room. She asked them to stop by my cart. She reached out to my arm, then leaned toward me trying to kiss me on the cheek. Obviously, she was still in pain.

"Thank you for everything you did," she whispered. "You saved my cousin's life, and I want to repay you somehow. Talk to me later," she said as they rolled me into the operating theater.

Her hand and fingers slid across my arm, as though she didn't want to let go just yet. I wanted to look after her, but a sharp pain in my neck brought me back into the present moment.

"I am in love with this woman," I said to myself. "If I have my way, I will talk to her every day for the rest of my life."

END