Ryan

There we were me and my friend Jarry standing next to me and my newest girlfriend, Ally. We walked down the hall with Jarry filling me in on what I missed yesterday in class. Then boom I was frozen in thought. My mind was all over the place I knew at that moment everything I loved fell away and I was standing there alone on the ledge waiting to see what would happen next. No one but me knew what I was going through, not Jarry nor my parents.

As I stood there, I waited and waited. I couldn't see anything but darkness, then like out of nowhere, I was back, but now I was laying down in a hospital bed. My friend Jarry was standing at my side and when I sat up I could see my dad fast asleep on the small couch next to me. Jarry suddenly looked like he had seen a ghost and yelled "He's awake!" I didn't understand what was going on, but in the next ten seconds around five doctors were all huddled around me staring at me, running tests.

After a few moments, my father woke up and saw me sitting there, and it was clear as day I could see him rush over, and ask the doctors something, but I couldn't make it out. Ultimately all I heard was "awake — what — you mean…" After five-ish minutes of doctors running around, they finally gave me a break and most of them left. One doctor did stay, however. I asked: "What's going on?"

He informed me that "You were in a coma for almost 24 months,"

"You mean to say I was asleep for my entire Senior year?" I said in response.

"Yes you were in a deep "Sleep" your family was very worried about you and now that your back…" he trailed off.

"So give it to me straight Doc what happened while I was out," I said.

"Well Nothing much," he seemed to stutter. "The biggest thing is that you moved from Smalllowken Vally to Philidelphia because your town clinic couldn't support you like we can here."

I said in a soft low voice, "Well that is shocking, anyway Doc is it okay if I talk with my family for a while?"

He reasoned, "of course, I'll be back once your tests are in."

Jarry

Boom there he fell straight down. As he lay there I bent down and lightly smacked him trying to wake him up. When he didn't wake up I called 911 and in less than five minutes there were paramedics surrounding us. Our principal was in utter shock, his face was white as a ghost. My heart couldn't stop pounding, as I looked over towards my friend's body not knowing what would happen next. He spoke like this was the first time he saw with his own eyes, " What happened Jarry?" I knew whatever I said would be wrong but it would be worse if I didn't say anything.

" H-he just fell down… I don't, I don't know why Mr. Alexander." I knew at that moment that this was the start of something much much worse. While I wasn't allowed in the ambulance with him, my parents were called down and I asked them if I could go to see my best friend. Being heartfelt parents, they understood, and then we were off.

By the time we got there, his parents were there and he was dressed in a hospital gown. He was just laying there motionless in my mind. I wondered, "Why him, why not me, why did

this happen to him?" Staring at him all I could see was my brother in him, the same brother who died after the car accident that left me with a broken arm.

While he laid there, days passed. I never left, so much so that my parents insisted I leave and go to school but I never did. I stayed by his side hoping and wishing he would wake up. During the night I would do my work. My principal came to visit every so often leaving some flowers after talking with me. He told me that I needed to come back to school if I wanted to pass junior year. So I asked him "Will Ryan pass junior year?"

He told me in a soft and light voice"No he'll have to retake junior year." I was shocked and said "Well if it's ok with my parents I would like to be held back" After a few hours of arguing with my parents trying to convince them that I needed to stay with Ryan to help him. They finally agreed and it was set I was going to stay with Ryan as long as I can.

Months passed and nothing changed, he still lay there quiet, then the doctor came in and told his parents something I couldn't hear, but I know it was something about Ryan because they started crying and looked scared. Then they came in and said, "They want to move Ryan to Philly since they can't support him here anymore." I knew that my parents would never even consider letting me go with him to Philly, but I thought I should anyway.

To my surprise, my parents thought it over and we talked for a long time it ended up looking like I could go to Philly to stay with Ryan if his parents are okay with taking me because my parents can't commute from there to here every day, so the next day there I was asking his parents to take me in until he woke up. They agreed saying "since you both were little we have considered you a son."

I responded with a truly heartfelt "Thank you very much!" Two days later there we were me in the back seat and Ryan's dad up front. As we rolled through each state hours passed and all

I thought of was Ryan "was he ok will he survive?". We made it to Philly 2 days later. We went straight to the Hotel it was called "Double Tree by Hilton." We checked in around 10 PM Saturday. The next morning Ryan's dad got a text that Ryan and his mom were at the hospital and Ryan was well and stable.

Later that day we went to visit Ryan this time he was in a fancy hospital bed. While it was really hard to see him we all knew he would wake up soon.

Then it happened. It was 11 PM on a Friday night. I was in his room finishing my diary entry for the day. I had started it the day he went into this coma, he shot up eyes wide open full of life. The Doctors ran in and started swarming him, doing tests and finding out what happened. The doctors ushered me out of the room.

It took a few hours before I was allowed to go in and see him. When I did we both looked at each other with wide eyes just staring at each other like we had each just seen a ghost. I was the first to speak… "Ryan?" I trailed off "Are you feeling okay?"

He knew exactly what to say, he spoke in a soft voice "Hey, it's been a while so they say."

"Yeah it's been a weird two years, you really had us scared a few times" I responded.

"Well, what did I miss?" Ryan said.

"Yeh, I stayed with you the entire time except when I moved you from Smallowkan to Philly".

"Well what's new with you?" he asked.

"Well after you went into your coma I ended up moving with your family to Philly"

Sounding pissed he said, "You moved in with my family."

At that second his mother ran in and tried to calm him down while I walked out holding back tears and thinking "Why did I ever agree to stay with him?" I tried to listen in to hear what

they were saying but all I got were murmurs. Then a few moments later his mom walked out crying all she could say is "Why did this have to happen, I thought he would be ok with you staying with us."

Feeling better now I asked in a low voice "Can I go talk with him?

His mom moved towards me comforting me and said, "are you sure?"

I, of course, responded, "I'll give it a try."

As soon as I opened the door Ryan began to sit up and said: "Hey I think I overreacted. Can we talk?"

Me being a great friend said, "Of course, I'm sorry for doing this to you."

"Thank you for looking after me for the last year" he responded

"Of course, I said I will follow you to the end of the world to make sure you stay safe," I said in a cheerful manner.