

Chasm

Stephen

Lying on the operating table, he felt and heard, dimly, the surgeons rushing around him, and he could feel his life slipping away from him.

He was dieing, and he knew it. He kept his eyelids closed, not wanting to die watching the scene of controlled chaos he was a part of.

He wondered if his life would flash before his eyes . . .

And then, unbidden, an image rose to his mind of days long past, and a name, one that he had never brought himself to say . . . He remembered back when the memory was not just a memory, but a part of his life . . .

And at his dying breath, he finally said it, the name he remembered from long ago

A thousand miles away, her eyes jumped up from the book she had been reading, and she felt as though she had heard her name, and the voice—she could almost recognize . . .

And an image came to mind, and a name, from among a sea of people she had known in the distant past . . .

Far down the long-forgotten paths of her mind, she remembered, and said aloud the name she had never had a reason to say before.

And she wondered what had happened to him