*“Don’t put anything in a story that does not reveal character or advance the action.” --Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.*

Hospital A

Everything in the operating room was sharp: piercing light glinted off stainless steel equipment with clean edges; the sounds of machines echoed brightly off the tile walls; the eyes of masked doctors, nurses, and technicians probed the patient; a tray held a battalion of knives, each sharpened, pointed, waiting.

Hospital B

The doctor gave a friendly smile and his eyes crinkled as he entered my room. “Good morning,” the nurse behind him chirped as she drew open the blinds and let the morning light stream in onto the soft ivory walls. “How did you sleep last night? I hope you were comfortable? Today we’re going to see if we can get you feeling better once and for all.” As they gently wheeled me down the hall, I laid my head back, closed my eyes, and let myself drift off to sleep.