

The Impossible

Anna

My eyes fluttered open. Light filtered through the dark room. What appeared to be a nurse walked through the door, wearing the typical lab coat. I stared at her jacket, white, long, and her name: Ms. Quirri. Next to her name tag, was the hospital logo. I read aloud “San Francisco Emergency Care.” “Yes, you are in San Francisco. Hello, my name is Ms. Quirri, your nurse”, she said. I realized that for the last five minutes she was talking, I was too busy looking around. “Anna? Are you okay?” She asked sympathetically. “Oh...um, yes, sorry. I’m okay, but what am I doing here?” I asked.

She repeated her introduction, and then told me what I wanted to know. She explained that two days ago, our store was set on fire and my parents and I had to evacuate the building, along with the many other people in the fire. After she said that, most of it came back to me, but my mind only allowed me to hear the keywords: Fire, evacuate and most importantly... parents. I felt like I had been smacked in the face. “Where are my parents?” I asked frantically.

She answered by stumbling over her words. I couldn’t decipher what she spoke, so I asked again. This time, Ms. Quirri’s response was: “Don’t worry. You’re going to be okay. Everything will be okay, Anna.” I sensed pain in her voice. “What do you mean? Where are my parents? What happened?” I burst into tears as she explained. “Anna, we tried everything we could

think of. When we were evacuating everybody, when we brought your parents out, they had already inhaled too much smoke.” Now, I felt like I had been smacked twice. There was so much to process. I just couldn’t take it. Everything went pitch black. It was as if all of the light had just evacuated the room, as if it too were in the fire.

I woke up four hours later. I kept on wishing it all was a dream, but it didn’t help, because I would have to confront my fears sooner or later. In this case, it was sooner. Ms. Quirri came into the room followed by a stranger. Ms. Quirri gave me a big hug, then introduced the stranger. “Anna”, she spoke softly. “This is Professor Neoto. He will be arranging your foster and adoptive parents once you leave the hospital.” “Oh”, I whispered, as tears streamed down my face. “In three days, you will move to a foster parent’s house”, Professor Neoto said.

Sherri and Ron

“Ron! Wake up! Where is Anna?” Sherri spoke desperately. She was now shaking her husband, Ron, frantically. “Ron!” she yelled. “Wh—what?” he said as he woke up. “Our daughter, Anna!” Sherri said exclaimed. “Where is she?” Ron asked. “I don’t know, that’s why I asked you!” she answered. “I’m sure she is in another room, so let’s ask the doctor”, Ron said. We called the doctor, and he rushed over. “Hello, I am Doctor . . . “Where is our daughter, Anna!” Sherri and Ron interrupted. “Let me check the files.” the doctor said. “Oh my . . . well I

found her.” “Well, where is she?” Ron demanded. “I’m so sorry”, the doctor whispered. “Okay, when you were in the fire, she had already inhaled too much smoke. I’m so sorry for your loss”, he said gently. We both started crying. We didn’t know what to do, so Ron and I slumped into our beds. We couldn’t stop sobbing. “Our . . . our daughter”, Ron spoke miserably.

Two Months Later at their Home

Sherri and Ron

“Ron, I miss our daughter”, Sherri said. “I know it’s early, but I think it would help us if we adopted.” “Well, if it would help us remember Anna . . . okay”, Ron said. “I set up a meeting with the adoption agency for tonight”, Sherri said. “Also, guess what? Her name is Anna, too, and she is about the same age.” “Wow”, Ron said half-heartedly, while staring at the floor. “We should get some rest now, before our meeting”, Sherri advised.

Two Months Later at Anna's Foster Home

Anna

I was getting used to my foster home. My foster parents were very nice, but it just wasn't the same. The doorbell rang. I got up to check who it was. I opened the door and found Professor Neoto, and I let him in. We got seated, but not too comfortably, because he seemed to be in a hurry.

My foster parents walked in, greeting the guest. He explained that tonight, I would meet my permanent family. I guess I was a little excited, but also really sad. I felt like nobody could replace my real parents. "If you guys would sign some papers for Anna's adoption, I can get on my way. I have another family to meet with." After we were done signing papers, we said our goodbyes.

After three hours of resting, it was time to leave to meet my adoptive family. We got in the car, and started driving away. "We are going to miss you so much!" my foster Mom said. We stopped abruptly at a park. It was called Chester Park. I got out of the car, along with the others. It was a sunny day, so as I approached the park, I saw the silhouettes of two people. They were sitting on a park bench with Professor Neoto, who was having them sign the final paperwork.

I stared at them, waiting to see who they were, when I suddenly froze, my eyes glued to their faces. I couldn't believe what I saw! I couldn't believe what I was seeing, until they stood up, staring in disbelief. They started walking slowly as if they were in a trance. I walked toward them. As if on cue, we all broke into a sprint. I felt like I had never run that fast. We didn't stop until we were face to face. I couldn't believe what I saw! My real parents, Sherri and Ron, who had been in the fire. "I thought you . . . I thought you were dead." Ron stammered in a daze. I threw myself into their arms and we didn't let go for several minutes. We let go as we were crying. Not because of sadness, but because of joy, pure joy! "I thought I would never see you again!" I said. "They told me you had died in the fire." "They told us that too", Mom said. Puzzled by the mystery, they decided to ask at the nearest hospital, which was San Francisco Emergency Care. They guessed that the files got mixed up, due to being located in different facilities. Before Anna had awoken two days after the fire, her parents had to be relocated because San Francisco Emergency Care was full. The hospital gave their deepest apologies for giving everybody a huge scare. As we walked out, we said goodbye and the foster parents drove away. I held hands with my parents and said, "Let's go home, where we belong, together."
