I can’t quite remember what happened, but I looked around and noticed an unfamiliar sight. My room was in ruin, clouded and covered in a dust, which looked almost as if it was snow falling and covering the hall. I had always admired the eloquence of my lecture hall: its tall, detail-rich pillars and the almost unnecessary marble flooring masked by desks unfit for such architecture. The ceiling was domelike, parallel to the levels of desks leading down to my desk. Like a stage. My students would fill their seats day after day to enjoy the familiar, boring lecture or so they thought.

My art was special to me, I could not grasp how students didn’t wonder in awe how all things are interconnected, how the simple exchanges in life didn’t excite them in such a profound manner as I. My art was science. Specifically life science, the study of life, biology, whatever you would have it be known. We dissect, discover, and explore all of its intricacies and wonders and interactions; how it all intertwines: how the death of one tiny insect can affect the life of a flower, affecting the life of a human affecting decisions and choices. Everything in life responds accordingly and the idea fascinates me.

I turned my head and looked up to see most of the ceiling was gone, cut directly through the exquisite design that usually shields us from the scorching sun as it does any late spring day. It’s impossible to remember what had just happened. It seemed like only seconds ago I was grading final term papers, reading each student’s sorry attempt to boost their grades at the last second in hopes of passing the class. Most of my students had improved over the course of the year though, just as any other year. I often report scores lower for my students in an attempt to promote hard work. My students, therefore, expect lower scores and see lower scores and, like any academically sound student, will make changes to their
habits in order to receive better grades. Sure, most claim it is some sort of sick joke, and agreeably it is. But I feel that the students will thank me in the long run, when their reports show fantastic and beyond-average results.

Suddenly I feel pain. A sharp digging in my left leg. I lean myself up and notice a part of marble covering my leg, a piece of supporting pillar close to my desk. The pillar is immovable; I must be dehydrated, as I have no energy. I lie back down, and slowly the room swirls about, reminding me of a snow globe, the snow still falling from above, landing on my face so soft and hot. The sun began to burn my eyes and so I closed them only to reveal the fiery blackness as the sun beat against my eyelids. And then darkness.

I dream about her sometimes. All her pureness and beauty. When she visits me, I become alive. My dreams become memorable and vivid. The sun seems to shine about her as if illuminating her. Her face: smooth, eyebrows: cleanly kept, mascara: smoothly and perfectly applied. She’s tan. Not excessively, almost sun-kissed. Her dark, wavy hair falls perfectly on her shoulders, bouncing peacefully when she walks. This time she wears a bright red dress, lipstick and heels to match. Pearls strung around her neck. God does she look fantastic. She stands there and begins to turn and walk away, motioning me to follow. Snow begins to fall lightly, but seemingly engulfs everything it touches. I begin to chase her, running frantically to catch her. The snow becomes increasingly heavy, blinding my vision and building its way up on the ground. Her distance grows until I can no longer see her. I begin to follow her footprints. I yell her name. I scream. The footprints begin to fade, and I stop. Looking around, all I see is white. I am surrounded by snow, trapped in this wonderland. I fall back into the snow and look up. The snow falls and lands soundlessly, peacefully around me. In my mind, all I can see is her, walking away from me, there is something about her, and the way she is. She has the ability to stay in my mind, more than any other woman or person for that matter. I don’t know what it is about her, but I know I need her.

I wake again and shake my head; the dust had settled on my face acting as a blanket almost masking my face from the sun. The sun, however, was beginning to set, as my new convenient view was so happy to share. What was different is I could hear sirens off in the
distance now. I looked around again, this time noticing more of what I had not the first
time. Steel wiring, providing the backbone of the pillars and stone, was showing from certain
larger pieces. Crushed desks and cracked flooring, overturned chairs and tables. The lecture hall had become an aftermath of some sort of explosion, and then it hit me.

I remembered the blast, so loud and resounding. The sound was unbearable; it shook my head and popped my ears. I remember the ringing in my ears: constant and obnoxious. I was dazed by the blast; it had knocked me off my feet. I looked up from the ground only to see the crack run from the back of the lecture hall all the way up and through the elaborate dome. I remember the first little rocks fell as a result of the shaking, and then those little rocks gave way to the larger ones, and then I truly remembered. I looked towards my desk and saw her… in fear. Her hand was outstretched, beckoning me to crawl to her; her eyes: pleading. I scrambled towards her, and just as I had moved, a large piece struck my leg pinning me to the ground. I screamed in agony; the pain was too much, hitting me all at once, and that was when I blacked out.

The thought perplexes me. This girl is the love of my life. Her showing up randomly in my times of dire need confuses me. She is still alive, no guardian angel, no ghostly apparition walking around. She had just recently moved away for a new teaching job at another university. My mind is playing tricks on me, that I am sure of. And then I hear something: the shifting of rubble, the murmur of voices outside my door. I hear shouting. I cry out for help, and the rustling quickens, and the doorknob begins to turn. The snow begins its descent again and suddenly it opens. The whirling of the door causes snow to blow my way, shifting and twirling about in uncertainty. I close my eyes, and when I open them again, she stands before me, in a golden gown this time, flowing as soundlessly and softly with the snow. She reaches over to touch me, her fingers so smooth and well kept. A finger reaches out to touch my cheek: I yearn for the comforting touch, I reach out for it and then: darkness.

I wake up to hospital beeping, the sound of the monitors’ eternal screening. Fluids being pumped constantly into my body, painkillers to ease the pain in my leg. My entire right arm is in bandages, my left leg held up in a sling, casted and protected. I turn to move my
head, and I yelp. My back burns and aches. And I am forced to return to my previous state, but before I do, something catches my eye: a glimmer, in the corner of the room.

Soundlessly asleep on the visitor chairs is a figure possessing beauty beyond that of my dreams. She wears gold and red; the gold shines in the light. She shifts, and sparkles slip to the ground, slowly and surely just as snow. I turn further, bearing the pain, to see her face.

Her wavy brown hair hides eyes dry from tears, tear-drawn mascara down her sun-kissed cheeks, her lipstick slightly messy, but even more beautiful than imaginable. She hears me stir and opens her eyes to catch a glimpse. I see her eyes, a part of her my dreams failed to remember. Deep and brown, full of emotion, full of joy, full of love. I smile, and she smiles back. The most beautiful smile I have ever known, and I cannot help but cry. She jumps into my arms and stays there: in her place beside me. It is she, the love of my life. Where had she come from? I could care less. She is with me now.