

Chapter 14

Bridge Over a Fallen Freddy

It wasn't even dawn as Freddy set out on his trek through Prospect Park to Lefferts Terrace. He took the same route every day. Prospect Park West to Great Army Plaza and through the gate into the Park. Passed the Rose Garden and Vale of Cashmere to East Drive passed the Ravine to Center Drive to the Boathouse then up to Sullivan Drive. It was just a short jaunt after that to the subway station and his truck. The whole trip took him about an hour and 30 minutes if he took his time, 45 if he was running late. He was taking his time this morning, enjoying the feel of his new bike under him.

He was almost to the little bridge that crosses a creek just before the Boathouse when he heard what sounded like a deer or other animal ahead of him. He had been whistling but decided he needed to do something else to keep the animal out of his path. With gusto he broke into an Italian aria, *Il Pagliacci*. Then he felt something hit him in the chest. The power of it threw him off his bike and with a crash he was plummeting down the ravine. What he thought is happening? He felt his arm snap then something around his neck, and Oh My God help me! Who's that? He heard voices but they seemed to be in another country. What were they saying? "Get the bike, hurry! Are you listening?"

My bike? Then he tried to take a deep breath, the pain was so intense he started to cry out but the words would never leave his mouth. There was only darkness.

~~Spoke'en Dreams~~

~~Suzanne M Walsh Taylor~~

Freddy, wake up! You're going to be late for school again. Come on now, get your big dumb ass out of bed! He was going to stomp his brother good for this. Didn't Alex know it was Saturday and it was ok for him to sleep in? Alex, leave me alone or I'm coming up swinging! He somehow got all tangled in the sheets and was moaning, he thought he was yelling and thrashing to get himself untangled.

Suddenly he heard a sound, was that a zipper? Then there was a bright light, so bright he couldn't open his eyes, and people yelling things like "Get him out of that bag"!

Bag? What Bag? Then he felt himself being lifted, placed on a bed, covered in more sheets (what's with all the sheets, he thought)?

He heard a siren, it seemed to be a long way off. Then the darkness took him again.