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## Another Manic Monday

by Richard Rewell

The heavily pregnant woman, shakily supported by her husband, struggled to descend the steep stone path of their elegant garden.

“It hurts Maya. It hurts.” Said Youki Uchida

“God no! Please not another miscarriage?” said Maya as colour drained from his face.

“No stupid! Your grip! It hurts, I can walk perfectly well.”

The couple safely reached the bottom of the path passing beneath the cherry tree and through the gate to the pavement where an ancient ambulance waited with its engine spluttering. A one-armed medic bowed and helped them into the back.

The vehicle stubbornly trundled along the main road. The medic began to whistle. It was sunny and the bay to his right through the cluster of cedar trees looked beautiful.

“Now it’s hurting! Maya” said Youki breathless as tears burst from her eyes and she looked down at herself. “I’m bleeding. We can’t lose another.” She pleaded.

“You won’t” shouted the medic, sympathy scrawled across his face “I’ll get you to the hospital. Just hold on we’re cut over the bomb sites. It’ll be bumpy. Hold on! Here we go!”

After fifteen minutes the ambulance shuddered to a stop outside the hospital greeted by an aged nurse who exchanged bows with Maya. Maya, the old nurse and the one-armed medic carried Maya into the hospital.

"Thank you. You may have saved her life" said Maya bowing to the medic as the one-armed man backed out of the reception area.

"I'll wait outside to hear your news. It's quiet today. No raids."

"Quick! Quick! Your wife! She's gone into labour!" screamed the old nurse as Maya sprinted after his wife down the dilapidated corridor to the sound of Youki's agonised cries.

Maya skidded to a halt on the wooden lacquered floor and attempted to enter the room he had seen his wife rushed into.

"No Sir please. No! There are complications." shouted a grey-haired doctor."

"What?" said Maya, dumb-founded as the doors in front of him slid closed.

Later, Maya found himself somewhere in the hospital grounds, they were unkept but he found peace by watching some thin carp zig zagging around a cloudy artificial pond.

"Mr Uchida. Please go to the operating room" said an expressionless nurse he had not seen before.

"Be alright darling" he whispered to himself as he walked closer and closer to a cluster of white coated doctors standing outside the operating room door.

"I'm sorry Mr Uchida but there's been a development."

Wide eyed Maya forced his way into the room screaming 'Youki! Youki!'

Then he saw them. Twins!

An hour later Maya was sharing a cigarette with the one-armed driver in the car park.

"Again, thank you" said Maya bowing to the driver.

"Pleasure." Replied the driver returning the bow then suddenly looking skywards and asking "Is that a plane?"

"Don't care."

"It's American. And it's circling" said the driver agitated.

But Maya was not listening. Not on that wonderful day. The day of the birth of his children. Monday 6<sup>th</sup> August 1945. He looked up and smiled gratefully at the huge letters over the hospital's entrance that simply spelt out ; General Hospital 16 - Hiroshima.