

The Only Chance

Once there was an old but beautiful apartment located in downtown Manhattan.

A fair-haired little boy lived there with his dad and mom. Pleasantly they lived, until the mother died from an accident on the boy's sixth birthday.

After the hostess had gone for six years, one day the father took home a young lady, along with her two-year-old son. At that time, the boy somehow realized that he could never be happy ever after.

Doctor Douglas Angus is on his way to the intensive care unit. He walks along the corridor at leisure and greets the other medical personnel with a charming smile.

Doctor Angus is in his late 20s, perhaps the most energetic stage of one's life. People know him as an intelligent and gentle doctor who tries his best to help the patients. They say that Doctor Angus is really a patient-concerned doctor in the hospital, where most doctors care about promotion much more.

"Good morning, Allison." Slightly brushing his blonde hair, Doctor Angus greets a nurse standing next to the elevator.

"Morning, Doctor. Time to visit little Timothy?" Allison grins at him politely.

"He may not look forward to this as I do." Doctor Angus walks into the elevator and waves to Allison "See you later in the nursing department."

As Allison waves back, the door of the elevator closes.

Standing alone in the elevator, Doctor Angus draws a deep breath and presses the

“8” button. While the elevator is ascending, Doctor Angus takes out his glasses from the pocket of his robe, softly wipes it, and puts it on. The person reflected in the mirror in the elevator is no doubt a professional doctor. He is perfectly professional all the time.

The younger kid caught the father's eyes. The father spent more time amusing his younger son. Gradually, the elder one was left alone and he felt that his father did change a lot.

Therefore, the boy moved out when he was sixteen. He knew that it was impossible to get what he wanted from his father anymore. On the day he left, he could see his younger brother standing with the father and grabbing the father's hand tight.

Perhaps it was the first time the boy learned what a loser is. At least that was what the boy thought he became.

The door opens silently at the eighth floor. One of the wards here lives little Timothy. Though described “little,” Timothy is almost seventeen.

Little Timothy is now in a coma. He was sent to the hospital approximately one and a half months ago. He fell down from the balcony of his house, which was three-floor in height.

“He was trying to catch something! Oh, God! Please save him!” Timothy's

mother sobbed, with her shoulders trembled painfully.

Nevertheless, Timothy has been in the intensive care unit since he was sent in. It pales his cheeks to stay in the ward for so long. There's no evidence that he will come around one day.

Doctor Angus steps into the ward. He takes a glance at the whole room and then paces toward the sickbed. There's no other sound except the puny sound of the ECMO and Doctor Angus's breathing.

"Timothy, it's me, Doctor Angus." He blandly fondles little Timothy's pallid face and with a gentle voice he says, "I come here to see you."

The boy lived alone for almost eleven years. He studied hard and worked hard as well. He trusted no one but himself. People change, just like the father had changed.

With excellent grades, the boy got in the most famous medical school of the state. However, he was not satisfied even when he became one of the residents in the hospital.

Doctor Angus adjusts the intravenous drip for Timothy and arranges Timothy's bed sheet a little. Then he sits down on a chair beside the bed. He gazes carefully at Timothy, the lovely boy with soft brown hair and long eyelashes.

"I've thought of numerous methods that can appease me," taking a deep breath, Doctor Angus leans forward and lightly holds Timothy's left hand, "but nothing is

better than this, Timothy.”

“I will kill you,” Doctor Angus whispers, with a smile on his cold face.

As the boy became a famous doctor, he had become a man also, a man who sought for something that could really bring peace to his heart.

Every time when he looked at his name plate, which was pinned on his robe, it reminded him of his father and brother.

Douglas Angus, the name plate read.

Finally, the only chance he could satisfy himself came when his little brother was sent into the hospital. The nurse filled in the case history statement with the name, Timothy M. Angus.

One and a half months ago, Doctor Angus saw little Timothy in the emergency room. Timothy’s mother and father stood worriedly beside Timothy’s bed. And when they saw their elder son, whom they hadn’t met for ten years, wearing the doctor robe, they cried out. The parents grasped his arms and begged him to save his little brother.

At that moment, Doctor Angus found that Timothy was the only chance that he could take revenge on his father, the one who had forgotten his ex-wife and elder son as well.

Doctor Angus is a successful doctor; thus, it’s easy to make others believe in him. He became Timothy’s visiting staff and the parents both believed that Doctor Angus

would save their little Timothy.

Someone knocks at the door, “Doctor Angus, it’s Allison. May I come in?”

“I’ll kill you, but not today.” Doctor Angus kisses Timothy’s delicate hair, whispering softly.

He stands up from the chair, walks to the door, and opens it for Allison. There are still a lot of chances to get rid of his lovely brother.

But there is no chance anymore.

The next day, the bell in Timothy’s ward rings. Timothy revives.

“I got it,” Timothy grinned weakly at Doctor Angus.

“What? What did you get?” Doctor Angus looks into Timothy’s blue eyes and asks.

“The amulet, Douglas, I got the amulet you gave me.” Timothy reaches out his hands to Doctor Angus, trying to grasp his sleeves.

One day after the young lady and her son came to the apartment, the boy saw the two-year-old child sitting on the big couch and wailing aloud. No one was there because the parents went working.

The boy walked to his brother and tried to soothe him. He hugged the crying kid in his arms. Then he took out a cent that their father gave him. The boy put the cent in his brother’s hand.

“Dad gave this to me when I was good. Just hold this and be good.”

Doctor Angus holds Timothy’s hand, “What do you mean you got it?”

That morning Timothy was watering the flowers on the balcony. When he bent down to move one of the potting, the cent fell out of the pocket of his shirt.

“I tried to get it back as soon as I can. That’s why I fell down from the balcony.”

Timothy’s cheeks become red, “I’ve lost you. I can’t lose the only thing you gave me. It’s my amulet.”

“It almost killed you.” Doctor Angus’s voice quavers a bit. “No one will call it an amulet.”

“But it took you to me,” Timothy smiles contentedly.

The younger kid regretted so much that he didn’t ask the boy to stay. However, he meets the boy again.

The elder boy regrets so much that he didn’t realize his brother’s feelings. However, he gets the chance to figure it out.

“I’m sorry, Timothy,” Doctor Angus bends down and hugs his little brother tight.

“For what?” lightly stroking Doctor Angus’s hair, Timothy asks.

“For everything.”