

Kiara Kears

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With a sharp intake of breath Hans fell to his knees. Eyes trained on the floor he attempted to will the room to stop spinning for a moment, just so he could get his bearings straight. Raising his head he blocked out the incessant beeping of the monitors, the shuffling feet and the doctor's reassurances. Silently he watched his wife lying quite still in the hospital bed. Hans was typically a placid man and yet it took every ounce of self control inside of him to not jump up and shake her into consciousness.

It was absolutely chilling to see a once vibrant woman reduced to such a pitiful state. Her jaw had been broken, her ribs fractured, and he had been told it'd be unlikely she'd ever walk again. Rising slowly he took her frail hands in his own not for her comfort, but for his own, Lieselotte was beyond comforting. The thought that he had managed to bring down such chaos onto a woman he swore to protect rocked him to his core. He was in such a daze that when the doctor rested a hand on his shoulder he jerked back, his body automatically preparing itself for danger.

"I didn't mean to startle you." She's an older woman, Hans guesses from the lines etched into her face that she's perhaps in her early fifties. Biting her lip she looks past him quietly tapping away at her clipboard. "There's no easy way to say this."

"Just spit it out." Once again another anomaly. Hans took pride in his chivalrous nature and had taught his sons the virtues of a proper gentleman, but then again the love of his life had just been beaten within an inch of her life. So naturally manners were not the first thing on his mind. "She's sleeping now, but when she first arrived here it was apparent that..." Pausing, her eyes wander until they land on Lieselotte, "She had suffered memory loss."

His world seemed to stop. Lieselotte, memory loss. The two just didn't seem to match up, clearing his throat he dared to clarify. "You mean she, Lieselotte, has amnesia?" When the woman nodded he stiffened his jaw and looked back to the bed. Amnesia, just what would she forget? Their wedding, her love for the piano, the birth of their first child, the first time they danced? It was almost too much, but at the back of his subconscious there was this nagging thought. If Lieselotte forgot about him, about the supers, and everything he dragged her into; would it not bring her peace? It was precisely because of who her husband was that she was targeted, if he just left and never looked back surely she could find some happiness. "My wife has amnesia." Letting go of her hand he placed a gentle kiss on her forehead, or at least on the bandages bounding it.

"It's possible that it will only be temporary, I'm sure that you can work through it." She continued to babble on, but he had already tuned her out. Making his way towards the door he took one last long look at Lieselotte, the pianist, dancer, mother, wife, and most importantly an innocent woman. This was goodbye. Closing the door gently he nodded at the bemused doctor and began making brisk strides towards the exit.

"Good."