

I hate it here. Gotta deal with it though, I've still got an estimated three months to go, plus the next two to three years of physical therapy.

"Wake up."

God, not again. Every day since the car accident.

"I wasn't asleep, to begin with."

Finally getting the energy to get up I flip around in my hospital bed, just to see her annoying face. She's been wearing that same stupid outfit for the past month, black tank top and ripped blue jeans. Her hair still looks stupid. Guess there's not much she can do to change it now. She's rubbing her neck again. Have to admit though, whiplash from my car hitting hers must've hurt.

"My neck is killing me. Hah, get it?"

How original. Why won't she just leave? I'm sure where she's got to go is much better than this.

"Your legs must hurt too, ya know, hypothetically of course. "

"Get out."

"No can do buttercup." She taps where my right knee used to be. I'm not sure if I wish I could feel it or not. "You know, I went to your friends funeral."

"Get. Out."

"The mortician did a pretty decent job covering up that scar she got from the windshield. Kinda boring though, the turn out sucked too. I had at lea-

"Get Out!" I can't take it anymore.

"Quiet down." She sits down on the bed but the weight doesn't shift. "You don't want the nurses putting you in the psych rooms."

"I'm sorry okay?" My voice coming out more hoarse than I had hoped. " I would do anything-" Before I can finish my thought the door opens. The nurse walks in. He walks straight through her, per usual, and stands next to the bed.

He asks me if I'm ready to try on the prosthetics. I can barely contain an annoyed groan when a smirk crosses her face.

"Guess I'll be going. Have fun with ya know", she gestures towards the nurse still oblivious to her presence, "this."

She walks to the foot of the bed. "Call me when you can walk again. We'll go out for some drinks." And there's that dumb smirk.

She disappears through the wall. I can taste the liquor in my mouth again. Suddenly it takes everything in me not to cry.