

Ali Greene

By: Lindsey Tessa

enterthestoryhaven.blogspot.com

I don't remember anything. All I know is the white of the hospital bed sheets, the pale pink of the walls, and the picture of an apple tree on the wall. What lies beyond the door or outside the window, I don't know. But I used to know.

The nurse wrote on the wipe board by the door the name *Ali Greene* but it means nothing to me.

Sometimes a little boy comes in and holds my hand and says "I love you, Ms. Greene," and I smile and tell him I love him too, but I don't know who he is. I just know that he is important.

At night, I dream of fire and wake to a falling sensation. The monitor continues to beep, light from the hall peeking under the door. In the faint glow, I can barely make out the name on the wipe board.

Ali Greene.

Who is she? Can she really be me?

The little boy comes again, and he sits in the chair across from me and talks. At first I can't understand him, but as the room becomes less blurry, his words make sense. "And there was fire everywhere," he says, wiggling his toes. "I was scared. I thought I was going to die. And then you came and saved me."

I saved him? I don't remember.

"We were on the roof," the little boy sniffed, "and it was a long way down, but fire was everywhere, and it was the only way to go. I was scared to jump, but you said we were protected."

Ali Greene

By: Lindsey Tessa

enterthestoryhaven.blogspot.com

Did I say that? A sharp pain dug into my temples, and he must have known, for he slipped his little hand into mine, and said, “My not-mom says that God did protect us, or else you would be dead.”

My mouth was so dry I could barely speak. “What happened?”

“You jumped to get away from the fire and held me so I wouldn’t get hurt.”

For five days I was alone. Or was it a year? Was it an hour? I found a phone on the bedside table and studied it. My thumbprint is recognized, and I flip through the pictures I now have access to. There are not many, and most are of colorful flowers. A few are of a woman – my likeness. She is always alone, and always with a sad smile on her lips. Most of the recent pictures are snapshots of Bible verses.

I do a search on the name *Ali Greene* and a DUI ticket and jail time history come up on top. Not wanting to see what else was there, I turned the phone off. Was I a criminal? Was I a Christian? Was I on the run? Who was I? Was *Ali Greene* really me?

Whoever I was, I must have been good enough to save that little boy. I must have been a good person. But I feared the truth. I didn’t want to know.

Slowly, as the days crawled by, the memories returned. I remembered hitting my head. I remembered jumping off the hotel roof. I remembered seeing the little boy, scared and unable to escape the flames. I remembered waking up in the hotel when the fire alarm went off. I remembered staying at the hotel while looking for a new job, going to church and asking Christ to give me a new heart, realizing the foolishness and sins of my youth, drinking away my past,

Ali Greene

By: Lindsey Tessa

enterthestoryhaven.blogspot.com

giving up my newborn baby to foster care because I didn't want to care for a son, especially one with autism.

I am a horrible sinner.

I am forgiven.

I am a hero.

I am Ali Greene.

When the hospital finally released me, the fire no longer appeared in my dreams and the headaches visited less and less. But the face of the little boy continued to nag my thoughts. He was important. But why?

I found the number of his foster mother, and after explaining who I was, asked if I could talk to him. I could hear the smile in his face as he answered, "Jackson Greene speaking."

Prompt:

