

Ada was in a deep dark box that was really difficult to open. There were bugs everywhere, including around her neck! They squirmed and moved and Ada was quite startled. The endless supply of powder that she had applied was dirt. The claustrophobia and pain that she had felt for weeks, was her casket. *But why am I awake? Who made this decision? Do humans really die?* Ada thought. Another memory came, someone in a box like hers. Except, it was open and everyone kept crying. They knelt down and they all had dark clothes on. The person inside was sleeping though. Ada felt sick, she didn't belong anywhere. Even in a box, she wasn't like the other beings buried. She had come back, and she hadn't come across her lifelong sleep. She felt so depressed that she went to bed and prayed that she would lose air and die soon.

To Ada's dismay, she opened her eyes the next day. *Why must I still be here? My life was supposed to be done. Though I wish I could see the green grass again.* Ada had many questions and was very confused. Just as she was looking for more bugs out of boredom, she felt a strip of blood on her forehead. *What is this?* She thought.

Just then, Ada heard voices. A kind of talking that her ears craved. Ada knew that caskets weren't close to the opening of humans. Maybe they hadn't buried her yet. Ada felt a drive and a motivation to pull through and open her casket. She wanted to find the woman in her thoughts, although she felt a huge headache coming on. She wanted to feel the green grass with her toes again. But, a small evil bug bit her and sedated her. Ada woke up again, and desperately tried to get up once more. Ada was alive inside. Once she found her passion, there was nothing that could stop her.

*Breathe Ada, Breathe. In and out. Calm down. Gather your strength.* Ada ripped through the casket and with all of her strength, she moved the bugs away and tore the seal with her teeth.

"Why isn't the Thorazine working? We sedated her, most of her brain was removed, how is she still alive?" claimed the researcher.

"I think it's fascinating," said Al. "This kind of study will prove that humans can do anything. No matter what they may lose."

"I don't understand how a person can live like this, what makes her different?"

Just then, Rich and Luke entered.

"Oh, who is this?" Luke asked.

"This is our biggest patient, Ada."

Rich then told the new intern about Ada's story:

"Ada had a very large tumor in her hippocampus when she was a newborn. Her memory was wiped out when it was decided to remove the hippocampus. But for some odd reason, she survived."

"She just showed up one day so we took her under our wing. Ada was a different child.

All of her family had been buried since she was born. All 12 of her sisters and brothers were placed in the ground due to a rare neurological disease. After all the death Ada had seen, we wanted to see how she would do when she was five. Whether or not she felt a togetherness with her siblings as they were buried, or if she craved something else. With the removal of her memory, we wanted to see if there was a subconscious need to see people."

"You can also see that her eyes were sealed shut. That's another part of her neurological condition." said Rich, a smug look on his face.

"Ah, you haven't seen the latest update now though, Rich" said Al.

"What do you mean, Al?"

"Her eyes are open now, and she is fighting to be free from the casket." said Al, a proud smile across his face.

"No! It couldn't be. Let me see the camera!"

Sure enough, Ada was ripping through the seal with her teeth. Grasping for freedom.

Luke was utterly shocked. He had never seen something like this before.

"Luke, go to the hallway and check out the mermaid tank"

"Okay, Rich". Luke left the room, dazed and amazed by the girl.

"Al! Why aren't you doing anything? Why haven't you sedated her?!"

"Oh yeah, she had this constant thrust of excitement. It was pretty entertaining. We tried sedating her but it didn't work. Her adrenaline levels are too high. And a couple days ago, another tumor became embedded into her amygdala. We removed it to preserve her life. We can put it back, once the tumor is removed by the neurologist."

said Al calmly.

"Idiot! Why would you take that away? I need to have control here! Why didn't you consult me?!" yelled Rich.

"Well, you're not gentle with our patient. You don't appreciate her like you should.

Whether you like it or not, for now, she has no fear of escaping and no anxiety. She lost the ability to be fearful with the loss of her amygdala. So now, Ada meditated and she

cultivated her childlike growth. She is now ripping through her casket as her cerebellum revitalizes itself.” said Al.

“No! This is all impossible! Where did she get this motivation from?!” Rich cried.

“Well, my records show that she got a memory back. A couple actually”, said Al.

“But her hippocampus is gone!”

“Yeah I thought it was pretty fascinating too. Our little girl is finding herself!” said a proud Al.

“Oh darn. My claim is gonna get rejected.”

“Are you kidding me? This little girl has the passion and drive to continue. But all you can think of is yourself?! I’m going to get her.”

“Stop it Al, don’t talk like that. You’re not ending this experiment”.

Within the ground, Ada felt her drive controlling her body. *No. It is not my time yet. I am not ready to die.* All of her nails were broken. She wouldn’t stop though. But then the light came through!

Meanwhile at the clinic, Al decided to take a break from his shift to see how the amygdala was. “Hi bud, how is Ada’s amygdala?”

“Hi Al, not so good. It’s not quite ready. But with Ada’s stats, it doesn’t look like she needs one immediately. I didn’t know that this was for Ada Spring. I actually have something else that’s been here for her.”

“Oh, and what’s that?”

“A fine hippocampus. The entire tumor was removed 4 years ago.”

“Oh my gosh. I have to go now. I’ll be back.” Al ran away to Rich’s office,

“How could you?! You LIED to me? You lied to us?! Her hippocampus is healed?!”

“Oh Al come on, you’d think I’d end this experiment? It’s one of my prized possessions.”

“You can’t hold this little girl in anymore Rich! I will tell all of the media of your horrid abuse. It is time to let the subject free! You have done all you could. It’s time to stop hurting her! I quit!” said an exasperated Al.

Rich sat in disbelief. But he finally let Al go. He really did love Ada and there was nothing that could stop Al. And Al knew too much.

Al went to see Ada.

“Where am I?! Where is the woman that held my hand as I walked in the grass?”

“Hello Ada. My name is Al.”

“How do you know my name?!”

“I am a psychologist. You were one of my subjects for a case study on individuals passing away and purpose.”

“I was supposed to pass away? Can you tell me about my past please? Can you take me to the woman? Who were the people that were surrounding the box? Can I go walk in the grass please?”

“Yes Ada, but please don’t be upset by what I am going to do.”

“Okay, thank you Al.”

“I know this stuff makes you nervous, but I would like to give you your memory back.”

“Oh Al, that would mean the world to me!”

“Ada, it will be difficult and overwhelming. But you deserve to know the whole story.”

Al gave her the anesthesia and she was gone. Al found her hippocampus and placed it back.

“Nothing yet Al, I don’t know why.” a disappointed Ada said.

“It will come, let’s go walk among the grass together.

“Yes Al. Thank you.”

Al then drove out to the green warm grass.

“It is so beautiful!” Ada exclaimed.

Al clasped Ada’s hand and began walking barefoot in the grass.

“This will help you Ada. I know it will” said Al.

Ada crumpled to the ground. Once again, the memory came of the woman in the grass.

Wearing a summer dress with pink flowers. *Goodness she is so beautiful*, Ada thought.

“My beautiful Ada, you make my life complete.”

“Oh mother, are you okay? You’re crying.” a little Ada said.

“It’s nothing. I’m just so happy I have you”.

Ada began feeling real tears. *She did love me. I was loved. This woman had given me life.*

*This is my mother!!*

“I want to see her! I want to see my mother! Is she on the grass? Where is she, Al?”

“Our trip isn’t done yet, Ada, there’s one more place,” said Al.

“Okay! Will my mother be there?”

“You’ll see,” said Al.

And they were taken to a home that was decorated in white. It was a large place that was celebratory. They went inside and were surrounded with boxes. Then Ada’s memory flashed to

the box. Within the box and the people surrounding, was the body of her mother. Her loving source that she once had, was gone. Another flash to the body of an older girl that looked like hers. Another to a young boy's body. Twelve times it happened. *My sisters and brothers. They're all gone. My mother who loved me is dead.*

Ada started crying so hard. Tears of loss. The lives that she had once cherished were washed away. How could she have forgotten this grief that held her to the ground?

“No. I wasn’t ready for them to die. I didn’t want them to die!”

“Oh Ada. I’m so sorry. But you mustn’t forget the other memories.

They drove back to the green grass.

*I must remember more.*

This time, the mother met more children. Ada felt another hand in her palm. Oh, how she had longed for this hand again. But now, the memory of this person dying had crowded her mind. She opened her eyes.

“Oh Al, why must this sad death cloud my memories forever?”

“Oh Ada, that is human life. We can keep remembering, but mindsets change.”

Ada laid on the warm green grass with Al. She was in utter awe of her life. After some time and thinking, she was happy to have seen the truth. But there was just one thing missing. Her whole life couldn’t just be memories.

“Ada, I wanted to thank you,” said Al.

“Why Al? What did I do?”

“Well, in my long years, I have never seen someone as special as you. You held fast to your passions and purposes. You rose out of the grave to achieve your purpose. You’re

so inspiring to me. There would be days that I would just sit and pity my life. But seeing you persevere through everything, it was amazing."

Ada sat in shock. She couldn't believe the impact that she had.

Ada picked herself up and grabbed Al's hand. They walked along the grass and to the sand.

They reached the gravesite. Ada gave Al the biggest hug.

"Al, I wouldn't have ever had this happiness without you. I appreciate what you've done for me. I love you. My life is fulfilled now."

With that, Ada laid down on top of her mother's and siblings' graves. And passed on. An eternal sleep came over Ada in a natural way.

Soft tears streamed down Al's face. A week later, came a letter to Rich.

"Hey Rich, here's a letter from Al."

Rich opened the letter and read the sentiment.

Dear Rich,

I wrote to tell you that your claim is false. Human motivation and curiosity can supersede all elements. Rich, it's not completely about togetherness. Humans live until their purpose is achieved. Ada had to get her memory to reach her fulfillment. She had to know that she made a difference to pass. Do as you wish with this finding. But next time, don't hold down your patients. Let them flourish.

Wishing you the best,

-Al