

The Medic

By : Calzzy

During the time of the syrian civil war,Carrie Hart,a renowned cardiologist in th U.S was transferred by the united nations to syria from baltimore,she was scared at first,everyone seemed to hate her except doctor nelson who became her friend,carrie helped save many lives God willing,and she realised that her coming to syria wasnt chance....it was her DeStInY



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"Doctor Carrie" the chauffeur called to Carrie Hart "if we don't leave now, we might not make it to the airport in time". Carrie said or did nothing rather than lift a box of hers into the car trunk, she was leaving for Syria, apparently not by her own choice but that of the United Nations. Why her??...she couldn't stop wondering but then what could she do. At twenty eight, Carrie was at the peak of her career, she had a good life, her parents lived in Baltimore as well and they weren't one of the happiest people seeing that their only daughter was going into a war zone, they had heard of parents who lost their children via that medium, but they weren't losing their Carrie, no, not their Carrie. As the chauffeur opened the car door for her, Carrie smiled and turned back, wanting to give a last look at John Hopkins Children's Hospital, the hospital that gave her her life. "Goodbye Carrie", Doctor Frank said, he was Carrie's best friend here in John Hopkins, she gave him a hug, hurriedly said her goodbye to the others as she sat reluctantly in the car, while the chauffeur began driving, she kept on waving, not for one minute wanting to believe that she was leaving John Hopkins, she had worked there for seven years running and had never for once regretted it, but now she was going to the Middle East. The U.N had assured her that she would be well protected but could she take their word for it, as the chauffeur sped across the spectacular streets of Maryland, Carrie couldn't help but give a last glance to the home she was quite sure she was never coming back to, as much as she loved to deny it, there was a 50/50 chance she would die in Syria, the civil war there was heating up every second just like it had been since 15th of March 2011, now it was still on, and it so seemed like it wasn't going to end. As she sat on the plane that the U.N had ordered take her to Syria, she noticed a few others like her on the same plane, some men in military uniform, members of the Red Cross and some others whom she couldn't identify, they were all going to help weren't they. Hours later they were flying over the Middle East, almost ready to land, Carrie hurriedly made sure she had everything she needed on her, to her this was her doom, as the plane began landing at the international airport in Capital City Damascus, Carrie bowed her head to say a swift prayer, "Dear Lord" she began "I'm here alone, with no one but you, oh Lord I ask that you would be my guide, I might not like it but I must accept it, take absolute control over me Amen". The plane jilted as it landed smoothly on the runway. Carrie was one of the first people to alight the plane, she would never forget this day October 13th 2011, the day she came to Syria. Filled with fear, Carrie dragged her luggage with her as she went to the garage waiting for the person who the hospital here at Damascus said would come pick her from the airport. "Are you Doctor Hart?" someone said from behind, Carrie turned and saw a middle-aged man standing behind her, he didn't look American neither did he look African, he had somewhat a light skin and brown hazel eyes that glistened in the night sky. "Yes I am" she managed to reply "I'm Doctor Nelson, I'm supposed to drive you to the hospital" "I see", she replied as she walked with him dragging her luggage behind her. "Welcome to Damascus" he said "it's a nice place, forget the war and all that going on, I really love it" "You from around here?" she asked him "No" he replied "I'm half South African, half American but I've lived in Damascus for about a year now" "What brought you here?" she asked him as he opened the door for her to sit in his car. He didn't answer until he began driving "My aunt stayed here, she was killed in the fighting earlier in Jisr-al-Shughour in the northwest earlier this year" "Ohh I'm sorry" Carrie muttered "Don't be she was a hundred years" Carrie so didn't want to laugh, but she couldn't help it, "well how long till we get to the hospital" "A few more minutes and we're there, it's 6:00am here by the way" "Yeah I noticed" she replied still smiling at Nelson, he was handsome and he made her feel like Syria wasn't bad news on a good day. He began retreating as though he wanted to pull over, then Carrie saw it, the magnificent six-story building that was inscribed at the top "Damascus General Hospital", she didn't expect it to be this exquisite. "Well we are here" Nelson said "welcome to DGH Carrie, leave your things in the car, we'd only be a minute and then you can go to your hotel". Carrie nodded in agreement as Nelson led her inside, and as he pushed open the revolving doors, Carrie felt a shudder slide down her throat, she was scared, scared of the unknown. Slowly and steadily he led her past the doors, into the hallway, where everyone seemed to be busy but suddenly stopped when they saw her, she could hear them murmuring and she knew it was about her, for once she felt like she wasn't wanted, was it just a mere feeling or was it really true...that she had to find out....

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