

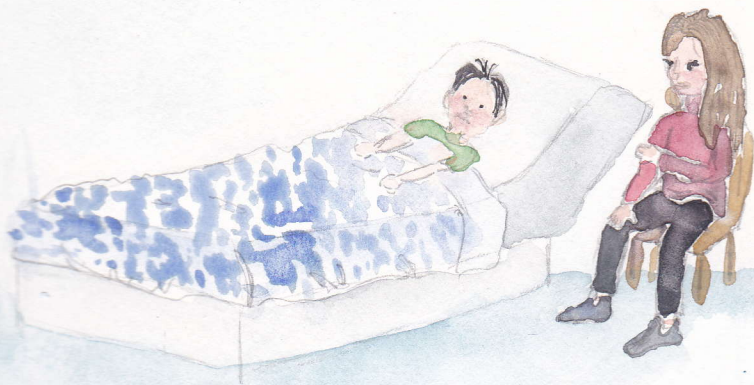
# The Hit and Run

By Eden Church

"Excuse me!" Shouted a woman as she pushed through crowds of people. They were all gathered around a little boy. Just moments before, a person had been driving their car and carelessly hit a six-year old boy, leaving him in the mud. The passersby were curious but no one seemed to know what to do. This woman did. She had just graduated from nursing school. This would be her first real patient.

Kneeling down by the child, she checked his pulse. He was still alive. "He might have a few broken ribs," she said, "I will have to call an ambulance." Looking at the crowd, she tried to see someone who this little boy might belong to. "Who are the parents?" she yelled desperately. No one replied. The crowd was diminishing quickly. People had to get on with their busy lives. In almost no time everyone was gone but the woman and the little boy. The ambulance arrived a little later.

Soon they were in the hospital waiting for the doctor to return and a million questions seemed to be going through her head, "What am I going to do with him?," "Who is paying for this?," "Why do these things always happen to me?" Her thoughts were interrupted by a small voice. "Where am I?" the boy asked.



Without answering, the woman jumped up and thought to herself, "Hooray! I can ask him where he came from and finally get him back to his family!" Again the boy wearily spoke, "Who are you? " "I am Evelyn Spring," she answered quickly, "And what is your name?" The boy drew in a breath to speak but then burst into crying. Just then the doctor came in, "Please, don't make him talk," the doctor said firmly, "It is confirmed that he has three broken ribs and a punctured lung. Now if you'll excuse me, we have to get him into surgery." Evelyn quickly left for the waiting room and read a magazine to get her mind off of everything.

After hours of waiting the doctor told her that the surgery was over and with some quick instructions told her that they could return home in the morning.

That was a long night. Every hour Evelyn had to get up and check on her patient.

At six o'clock breakfast was ready for both her and the boy. "Please, would you tell me your name?" she asked when she brought

was she supposed to take care of him? She doesn't even know his name!

"I'm Benjamin, you can call me Ben", he replied, "I'm sorry for keeping you up!"

"Don't worry about me, you just need to focus on getting better." she said, feeling bad about everything.

"I must let you rest now. I will try and find your parents." Evelyn got up and was about to leave when she heard Ben say, "Wait! I don't think my parents want to be found."

"What do you mean by that?" She said in a worried tone.

"You have been so good to me", he explained, "Would you be my mom?"

Evelyn gave Ben a gentle hug as not to hurt him, "Of course I will" she said gently, questioning her decision.

After lots of hard work, everything was figured out so Evelyn could finally adopt Ben. Evelyn continued her career to be a nurse. Benjamin healed well from the accident but he would not reveal who his parents were. Everything was almost perfect, but one Saturday afternoon, many years later, was worth noting.



"Look at today's paper!", Evelyn exclaimed, "Look Ben look! It's your case! I didn't even know they were still investigating it!" She cried "They found the culprit from the hit and run!"

"What are you talking about mom?" He questioned, hurrying to her from his bedroom.

"Look!" She said, turning the paper towards him to show a picture of the criminal.

It was an older lady who had long thin hair with big brown freckles unevenly scattered on her cheeks.

"Are you sure this right?", he questioned.

"Of course! They have a whole article about it!" "It can't be!" he exclaimed.

"What's wrong Ben? Do you recognize her?" Evelyn asked, realizing the concern in Ben's voice. "Listen", Ben said drawing a deep breath, "That was my mom".