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A WEBSITE SERVING AS AN ARCHIVE OF MY  
DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...



BY AMBER APRILE

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# Hospital

She stared out the window from her hospital bed; this being the fifth day that she was here. She was desperate to get out, to get better, to get something. In a strange way she was comfortable here, in this hell of the devil's making, but all she needed was a way out. For the past five days while they'd been running tests, giving her food that she couldn't keep down, she'd been staring out that window, and wondering. Wondering how high up she was, how far down the fall was. Willing herself to get up and go and have a look, to open the window and feel the breeze from the cool night air. She was willing herself to open the window, look down, and jump out, because that was all she had left. Her life had been reduced to a mess of constant vomiting, nausea and pain, and they couldn't help her. Nothing could help her, she was stuck like this. So she waited. She waited until she had the will. It came slowly, with time, and on the 7th day she could take it no longer. She got up from her bed, winding her intravenous tube around her body and dragging the drip with her. She walked slowly, painstakingly, to the window, and attempted to open it. It wouldn't budge. She looked down outside, at the concrete that would be her final destination, and realised that the windows were stuck shut.

## A Mother's Love

In the first house I lived in, we had ducted heating. The heating vents were in the floor, all around the house, and we had one in the bathroom. We also had a really cute little pink stool, shaped as a turtle! I loved this stool, and after bath time mum would wrap me up in a fluffy warm towel, and sit me on the stool on top of the heater. This was my favourite thing to do, to sit on the heating vents, and feel the warmth and security envelop me. However, it got even better when my mum would gently dry my hair first with a towel, and then with a hair dryer, moving it through until every strand of my hair was dry. I felt warmth from every direction, and it was wonderful. But that's not the best bit...

While my mum was drying my hair she would wear her purple dressing gown, which she still has to this day. This dressing gown is Dior, so I imagine it was a gift with purchase. And it was a gift to me, because over the many years my mum owned it, it was infused with her sweet, comforting, mummy smell, and while I had my hair dried, feeling as warm as if I had the sun beating down on me itself, I could smell my mum, only my mum, who was no one else's and was so distinctive. It felt amazing, and to this day, my favourite thing to do when I hop out of the shower is to turn the hair dryer on. I put it on even when I don't have to dry my hair, and I let it warm me, and the memories come back and whatever is happening, suddenly I am transported, and comforted.

**Why is the website called [bytestories.com](https://bytestories.com)?**

This is a place for "byte-sized" stories and there is a 1500 character (about 250 words) limit for two main reasons. Firstly, we want you to know that "War and Peace" isn't required to leave your mark. Secondly, it takes about 2 minutes to read each story meaning you can head here whenever you want a quick (and entertaining) read.

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