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Gemini

Grace Johnson
Butler University

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Gemini

Grace Johnson

On December 8, 2018 I leave the gas station that doubles as a convenience store. I hold a lottery ticket in my hand. It was my 18th birthday. Could you call it that? It has been 18 years since I was born and 17 since I was relabeled. Sitting behind the wheel of my car I wonder what has my life been but a series of choices. I choose to play baseball. I choose to run track. Am I happy with these choices? I think so. How can I know until years in the future when I choose to be something else? Who chooses? Do I choose? What would she have chosen?

I choose to attend college, but I don't have a major. That choice is too much. Too broad. I try to narrow it down. I do not like science. I like people. I do not like math. Maybe he would have been good at math. I feel that I am my own person; that I make my own decisions, but how can I know? How do I know that someone is not pulling my strings? Would he have made the same decisions? How would we have been the same and in what would we do differently? Why is it my life and not his?

I watch through my eyes. I wear my glasses. I have blond hair and blue eyes. I go to practice and wonder. What would she have been like? Would we have had the same eyes or smile? I am an only child to my friends, but I am happy. I attend school and plan my future. My classes focus around my love of science and I know I will excel and grow in that field. I do wonder how life could have been different for me. What could have been my reality?

I am an only child to my friends, and I wonder if it hurts my parents when they hear someone else talk about their children. What could have been? Where would the human race be without imagination and conjecture? How do these factors allow me to live life with a friend in the back of my mind? It makes life less boring sometimes.

Taking time back to the year 2000, you watch the nurse walk into the Neonatal Intensive Care Unit. A row of newborns on her left. She goes from one to another checking their vitals. She pauses. She notices this one needs his food for the day. The nurse makes her way to the next baby, but quickly turns back. She has realized her error and rushes to revert her mistake, but it is too late. She breaks down and waits for the monitor to go off. Out of two unlabeled tubes she chose too quickly inserting the food into the bloodstream.

In loving memory of what could have been.

Luke Arvid Johnson

December 8, 1999- Jan 20, 2000