

After a few weeks there, a lady in the center called to me.

“Frederick, you have a visitor! Out front...”

*Ah, one of my dear hospital friends,* I thought, quickly making my way to the front of the building. *Who else would know I am here?*

But then I saw her. Standing there with a basket of bananas, looking around a bit nervously, my mother had finally found me.

She stiffened a bit when I ran toward her, but as I melted into her arms, she collapsed against me in muffled, shaking sobs.

*I was home.*

We sat down to talk, and she held the bananas out toward me.

So much had changed since she had seen me last. I laughed and shrugged as I held out my arms.

Embarrassed, she pulled the bananas back quickly and slowly broke one off the bunch. As she peeled back each section, tears fell in shimmery streaks on her ashen cheeks.

Handing the banana to me, she began, “I—I had heard that you lost your arms *and* your legs.”

“No. no.” I laughed again. “I have my legs!” I kicked them wildly from beneath the bench.

She forced a smile, looking down at them, and whispered, “I was just so happy to hear that you were alive.”

“I am alive,” I agreed.