

**Last Fuck for Johnny**  
by A.Horniman

**part 7**

*Eric's words:*

I knew what was in the will. Well I'd patiently transcribed the blinks. Took almost a week. Had it authorised by a notary. There was quite a lot of money from the insurance. First from his own personal policy, then the money from the company. At least 20 million. It was what had paid for the 24/7 care he needed.

He wanted to leave a hundred thousand each to his nurses. A couple of million to the hospital. A nice lump sum to Gary and Tariq who had visited him more than anyone else. And the rest to me. I couldn't believe it. I still can't.

I mean I've done this sort of job before. Paraplegics, quadriplegics. You get close to them, you can't help it. This was my first time with locked in syndrome. And the first time I'd fallen in love with a patient.

You didn't believe me Johnny but I meant it. I meant it when I said I loved you.

He was just starting to come out of his depression when the pneumonia got him. They're not moving you see, the lungs are at risk. He'd lasted just over 4 months after the accident. That's average apparently for someone in his condition.

The funeral was impressive. Hospital chapel. Lots of showbiz people he'd worked with over the years. Some genuine, some just there to be seen but that's normal isn't it.

END

[ahorniman@googlemail.com](mailto:ahorniman@googlemail.com)

© 2009 all rights reserved