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## You Can't Stop the Beat

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## You Can't Stop The Beat

### Scott Marshand

Another day, another chest cavity. Maybe I should back up a little bit and explain a few things. You see, I am a heart. Not one of those disgusting, taste-like-chalk candy hearts, the real deal. They say my mere existence is ground-breaking, unheard of, and completely revolutionary...not that I'm bragging or anything. By they, of course, I refer to those wonderful men in white of the medical world.

Maybe some further explanation is needed; cue the dramatic flashback music and effects. Denver, Colorado, 1963, a man enters the hospital clinging to his last seconds of precious life. His name is Anthony Cartwright and he is the first person that I called "host". Now Tony and I go way, way, way back, spending 74 years together and let me tell you, we saw it all. Well I didn't actually see, but you get the metaphor. Tony lived through not one, but two world wars, the turn of the century, the depression, you get the point. After 74 years of an illustrious career of living, the man deserved some peace.

When he entered the hospital that morning, his body was in chaos. His brain slowly ticked away like an inevitable, impending explosion that would cause him to lose his life. There was an unusual atmosphere inside his body that day, overwhelming feelings of anxiety, fear, relief, joy, depression, etc. We all knew that it was the end, that we would finally understand the abstract idea of death. His body began to shut down in random order, as if someone were cutting power to each one by turning off a breaker in his brain, just for fun. Each section of his body stopped functioning, I kept beating, wondering when it was my time.

Of course the doctors were mystified, and I can't say that I blame them. Confusion swept over me, how am I still alive? Why didn't I die with the rest of Tony's body? Make no mistake about it, he was most certainly dead. This isn't one of those crazy gothic stories where someone resurrects the dead just for shits and giggles, but I digress. The doctors, realizing Tony's wishes to be an organ donor, immediately salvaged me and put me in a stupid-looking lunch box. Of course they knew something was different about me and made sure to keep a watch on what happened with my recipient.

Her name was Susan Collins, 53 years old and on the last legs of life. The donor heart was nothing more than a desperation move to give her more time and ultimately failed when her body rejected me. Don't worry, there was no offense taken on my part, I understand what her body was going through and it just wanted peace. Of course, they moved me to another recipient, this time a young woman of 23 who I stayed with for almost 47 years.

Jennifer Gomez was my newest host and we definitely had some good times. She was an insurance saleswoman (snore...) but things could have been much, much worse. In her 70 years of life, I suppose she had seen it all as well. I mean, she went through the civil rights movement, saw man land on the moon, experienced wars, the influx of computers, George W. Bush... (shudder). Similar to Tony, though, her body began to go through the same shutdown process and here I am, still beating.

Now that they have all their new fangled computers and whatnot, the doctors decided that it's time to start poking and prodding me to find out why I'm so special. If I have a damn needle stuck in me one more time, I swear I'm going to...well I guess I can't really do anything, but I do not appreciate it! After days and weeks of testing, the doctors are again dumbfounded, surprised? Didn't think so. But of course, without an explanation, there is no reason to keep me, and I am getting my new host today. I have beaten over 4 billion times in my extensive lifetime and yet I am still beating...