

Good with the big picture

by Matt Potter

Get the angle just right and you can create a pile-up.

I'm the Good Samaritan of Highway 57. Twice I've been cited for a Medal of Bravery but I've turned it down.

I don't want the scrutiny medal-giving brings.

I live atop a cliff behind a clump of trees, in a Frank Lloyd Wright knock-off bought in the last property bust. From the balcony you can see for miles across the ocean, and even in winter, as the sun sets, it's a million dollar view.

But there's no welcome mat in front of my door and I work long hours in Emergency at the large hospital twenty minutes up the coast anyway.

Have you seen my photo in the paper? I always have a serious expression on my face, am usually in a white coat and probably look completely unapproachable but there I am, and pasted in my scrapbook: *Local Doctor Saves Another Life*.

I keep it in a secret cavity the Frank Lloyd Wright wannabe designed, under the kitchen floor. Dragging it back from the bushes atop the cliff without gouging the lawn is a challenge, but neatness is next to godliness in my profession.

Catch the glint of the afternoon sun in the large mirror and rush hour on Highway 57 somersaults to a halt. Half an hour later I'm working miracles with battered bodies and there I am in the local newspaper again.

My ex-wife had four children after we divorced.

