

His eyes looked like they'd pop out of his skull. His nails dug into my arms which made me squeeze even harder. His pupils rolled back and his lips were tinting blue, and then... nothing.

My eyes felt heavier than bricks. If I tried to open them, they'd shut back quickly from the sting of the brightest light above me.

Once I was fully awake, I saw the room was small, and someone, in the far corner, in all white stood over a metal table, faced away from me.

The air smelled like rubbing alcohol, and the walls were beige concrete. There were no windows.

I moved my head and realized my arms and legs were tied down on the stiffest bed in the world. An empty IV bag traced back to my arm.

The person in white then turned the bed around, and I was faced with a giant glass window. And on the other side sat a row of people where the boy's mother sat in the middle. With wet eyes she stared into mine, and never blinked once.

The person in white jammed a syringe into the IV port.

The mother, holding the same contact with my eyes, smiled.

And then...nothing.