

The Infection

Story:

The bubbling continued, the skin expanding, some of the skin popping under the pressure. It was growing, crawling and growing up Dads arm. He was lying in the white hospital bed in the clean towering building of the hospital. I stood there watching Dad, helplessly, as the brown bubbles grew up his shivering, hairy arm. I didn't know what to feel, there were no feelings left in my fast, beating heart. Mum and I stood next to the creaking bed for hours, silently. Finally, Mum broke the silence. Her words came in short sobs, "Let's go." I steadily walked out of the room, my footsteps echoing through the dark hallways, I took one last glance back at my shivering, pale Dad, and then I slowly headed into the depths of the hospital corridors.

"Finn!" My Mum whispered in my ear, I woke seeing a worried expression on her face, somehow I knew it was about dad, Mum placed my sleepy, skinny body carefully on the lounge. There was a long pause, the two words sadly left her mouth, "He's gone." Then Mum plopped down on the lounge beside me and then we started crying, for who knows how long. The eventually, I stopped with one last shuddering sob. Then, through my blurry eyes, I saw it; the palm of my left hand made a quiet squishy sound as the skin went brown and expanded into a bubble. The infection was spreading...