

Writing Powerful Narrative Nonfiction

Because of Bryan

by Lonna Enox

Sounds filtered through the painful haze. Lights, out of focus, flashed overhead, and a hum filled the room.

"Knock me out, please," a voice, strangely like yet unlike my own, pleaded. "I don't want to hurt anymore." A gray cloud engulfed me, but the sounds remained.

"Forceps." Metal clinking, a swish of a nurse's uniform.

A hand, cold, touched my forehead. "Not long," its owner murmured.

The mask emitting the sweet, nauseating gas was again clamped over my mouth. Amid the metallic sterility, I drifted.

"Finally, that's over," a calm, mechanical voice said. I felt a deep, aching void, as if my insides had fallen out.

"Suture." Another rustle passed nearby.

"What is it?" Again, my unfamiliar voice echoed in the silence. "We were wrong, weren't we?"

More silence. "It's alive, right?" Silence. "I'm going to be sick." Hands turned me until my cheek touched a cold, metal dish.

Posted in the February '06 issue of *Now What?* Used by permission.