

Flight

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I had a dream one night that me and some of my friends were kids like Max and the flock. :] Well, here's the story based off of that dream.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/YourBloodOnTheDanceFloor/57980/Flight>

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"She's coming around," someone said through the fog in my head.

"Seems like she is. Are the other four?" another voice came, pounding the migraine I had further into my brain.

"On of them is. Er, Number 5. The other are still under anesthesia," the first person said.

I slowly opened my blurry eyes, but the only thing I was was light. I blinked a few more times and cleared my vision to the point where I could actually make out details. Though it hurt like no other, I twisted my head to one side to see where I was, who they were talking about.

Oh God...

My sore eyes widened in despair as I realized where I was. A hospital. You know the hospitals in horror movies? The lights aren't on in the hall, the knives are bloodied, the syringes are stuffed with unnatural colored liquids. That's exactly what it looked like from my perspective. Dear God, where the heck was I? The first man who talked, a creepy man whose face I couldn't see past the sterile mask and goggles he wore, moved to my bedside and looked at the IV that went into my arm. With a sickening noise, he ripped it out of my arm. I let out a moan, too groggy and weak to actually scream.

Thanks to his accessoried, I couldn't tell if he was smiling or not. I didn't doubt he was. He turned to his partner.

"Number 3 is fully awake. Take note and take her off of the pain meds. I'll give her some of Syringe 1922's stuff, and see how it affects her. Record her reaction to this," he mumbled, grabbed the syringe, and stabbed it into my arm. The long hollow tube went straight into my vein and sent pain coursing through out my entire body. My back arched and I somehow managed to scream. The doctors covered their ears and the one who had the decency to *not* stab me gave me a look of loathing.

It felt like I was being burned. Imagine touching a hot pan or something on a stove. Hurts, right? Now, imagine that all over your body. Oh, and multiply it by fifty. That's about how I felt. No amount of writhing I did seemed to help the pain go away. I tried to stop screaming by biting my lip, but I still groaned in pain. The horrible searing fire that consumed my body eventually moved to my shoulders and back. And past it.

I didn't know how to explain it. It was like all the pain left my body, but still hurt something of me. Some foreign part. It freaked me out.

Then the pain vanished all together. I laid there panting. What just happened? What did they do to me? Where was I and why was I here?

Whatever they gave me, it slowly knocked me unconscious. Not quick like the anesthesia they gave me before, but more slowly. Like the Let's-Take-Fifty-Years kind.

The last thing I remembered before slipping under a second time was the screams of all the other kids. All a high-pitched, blood-curdling chorus of pain and suffering and unknown.