

See You soon

“Perfect, he’s perfect,” he hears as the ringing in his head finally mutes. A white light flushed through his eyelids. Screws creak above and below. A sheet once white yanked off, his knees covered in goosebumps against the bitter air-conditioned breeze.

“Go get it.”

Four metal footsteps spurt to his left and a machine revs up a roar. A lawnmower? A car? *Dear god, it’s a chainsaw?*

“Wait,” the voice above him halts. “Is he awake?”

“Unlikely sir, he should be out for at least sixty-seven minutes.”

“But . . . his eyelids twitched when you started the chainsaw.”

So, it was a chainsaw? What are they using it for? Are they using it on me? What do they want? I don’t even have anything to give.

“Just give him another bottle to make sure he’s fully asleep.”

“Yes sir, but it’s going to take twenty minutes to kick in.”

“I can wait twenty minutes.”

A stenchful circle surrounds his snout, a hiss erupts into his nose and mouth as he swallows the noisome rotten gas driving through his trachea, triggering his gag reflex. Soon whatever limbs felt numb were now frozen and whatever thoughts he still had floated into syllables.

By the time the chainsaw thundered again, he was gone.

He wakes up back in his own bed, the white ceiling the first thing he sees. His hands calmly fold on his stomach. No usual puddle of saliva on his pillow or limbs twisted into each other. In his hands, an envelope.

With a foggy mind, he lifts himself and swings his legs over the edge.

Until he doesn’t.

He looks down to find his legs ending at his knees. Shins and feet gone.

A direful cry escapes out of him as he struggles to open the envelope.

Thank you for your donation to +lives inc. We took the liberty of removing your legs for Dr Gorba, who lost his legs in an accident twenty years ago. Please feel free to use the attached gift card at your nearest Starbucks. Congratulations on being our first patient!

We thank you for your cooperation.

Hands shaking, he fumbles with the envelope to find said gift card and a colorless photograph.

An older frail white man, wearing a white gown in a white sleek wheelchair, holding two dismembered legs. He found himself on the operating table next to that man, his face covered in a gas mask. In big white letters the caption reads : BEFORE.

He turns the photograph around to find another tenebrous image of himself on that table, next to the same white man now standing on two healthy legs balancing his fragile torso. Proudly showing of his wide, white smile.

Below reads : AFTER.

He scans the letter again to find three more words he didn't catch earlier:

See you soon.