The Cage

Jonas was a boy. As you may execpt, but sometimes the ordinary can be percieved in a strange way. In this case, a boy is normal. Going to the hospital is normal. But, I have to say that *living* in a hospital, is unusual. For Jonas, he was as normal as he was different.

He always thought of himself as Iron Man; (having watched all of the MarvelTM movies) but unfourtunately, imagination doesn't ususally get recognised as realism.

Do you have an idea what this boy goes through?

Yes, he's in a Iron Lung.

"Ewin, I've finished" croaked Jonas.

He nudged the plate away with his head, and his head doctor, Ewin, rushed in. Ruffling his hair, he took the half clean plate and walked out of the room.

If you didn't know, Jonas was in a box, from his neck down. He called it the cage, but its real name was an Iron Lung. He had been paralysed for as long as he could remember.

From the back room Ewin yelled:

"Almost here!"

He came in the back door, out of his eyesight. Jonas tryed to eye roll, but it failed miserably. He crained his head to look at the clock; 2.45, so only 15 more minutes untill the test that might change him for the rest of his life.

The phone rang. Ewin rushed out of his eye range.

*He seemed to be rushing a lot today...*

"There coming!" cried Ewin

The doctor went to the front door, standing there as if he was a door-man.

Tap-Tap.

He opened the door and two figures came in, blatantly dressed in blue scrubs.

"Well" one said, "this must be Jonas"

The next part is not needed to be described, as a courtesy to Jonas, so we may just skip to the end part, where a certain doctor is announcing:

"220, 575, seems good so far, ah-ha! There it is, the 6!" doctor one muttered.

*Gibberish*, Jonas thought.

*Wait, is that a smile on the doctors face? What does that mean?*

"Well" they said again, "I am proud to say, Jonas, that your upper-body and lower-body have healed, and are still going. You will be out of here before you know it!"

And for the first time, Jonas smiled.

Now, you may be thinking, you can't just end there, can you? I always hated cliff-hangers. But, I'm afraid I am going to try something out.

Two weeks later, Ewin and Jonas's auntie sat motionless, staring at Jonas. He was lying flat on his bed. Ewin felt for his heartbeat. Nothing.

Told you! It's called a bad ending, never happens enough in other storys I say.