

Heroic Measures

I asked the son a third time, because I'd feel awful if I didn't: "You're OK with this? There's no cure for what I have."

He looked at his mother, lying there sunken on the hospital bed. "No cure for what she has, either. And it's safe, right?" *Safe to others*, he meant.

"Yeah," I said. "Safe enough. But she'll be **different**, afterward."

"As long as she's alive," the son said. "You gonna do it for her?"

I looked at my phone. Moonrise in twenty minutes, and it was going to be full. "Sure," I said. "Just let me change."

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