

I passed around the hospital hallway crying. Ashlyn ran over and grabbed me and pulled me into a hug. I cried into her shoulder and she patted my back.

“It’s... it’s gonna be okay.”

I forced a nod and kept crying.

Austin sat in a seat completely stunned, and he stared into the ground. Mrs Connors had her face buried in her hands, and Mr Connors was on his knees, had his elbows on a chair, and prayed over and over. I had never seen a grown man cry till that night.

I watched a more nurses and doctors ran into Griffon’s hospital room and I heard one say, “Eight Hundred Volts!” With panic.

I groaned into the room— because the door took forever to close— as they shocked Griffon again. His body lurched up but the sound of a straight monitor sounded louder.

I lost it again and Ashlyn hugged me tighter.

“Nicky!”

I looked up as my dad ran over and grabbed me and pulled me into another hug. He sat down and cradled me in his arms and rocked back and forth as I sobbed. I didn’t care if I looked like a baby.

I watched Griffon die.

He stroked my hair and kept whispering in my ear, “It’s okay.”

My dad pulled me closer into his strong arms and I started to pull myself together. I looked at mom who was hugging Mrs Connors, and patting Mr Connors’s back. It was clear he wasn’t in the mood for hugs with how much praying he was doing.

Ashlyn was taking everything in and her eyes reddened. Austin looked up, and walked over and grabbed her hand, then hugged her gently.

A doctor came out of the room and I felt everything get still as ice. I felt like a noodle in my dad’s arms, and my hair was all in my face.

We all got up and Mr Connors folded his arms carefully.

“Griffon is okay, he just needs rest.”

Never in my life had I felt such relief. My dad nudged me and Ashlyn shot me a look of ‘told you so’.

Mr Connors nodded and took a deep breath of relief and Mrs Connors out her hands to her face to hide a smile.

“Um, parents?”

Mr Connors and his wife stood up straighter.

“Yes sir?”

“Griffon he... we believe in his accident that he gained a heart issue.” He explained. “We need to run some tests in order to be sure, but we do know he will need to take medications every morning.”

“How much would it cost?” Mr Conner’s asked softly.

The doctor looked at us then him. “I would prefer to speak about the rest privately.” He said carefully. “For now, Griffon is okay, and is currently sleeping. You guys can visit tomorrow.”

He said turning to Austin, Ashlyn, and me and my family.

We all gave a nod and I took a deep breath.

I knew I’d be able to sleep somewhat alright, knowing that my best friend was alive again.