Somehow, he was young and small. His paws were round and pudgy, and he sat in a colorful room. The air smelled sweet.

He knew there was no way he could be tiny, but the thought dissipated almost instantly. Instead, he looked over and saw his sister. What was her name again? It was different when she was younger. Her hair was different, too- paler, almost blonde, and very short. It looked weird on her, he thought with a wrinkled snout.

She was playing with toys, and met his gaze. "Here you go." She handed him one of her toys. When had he ever played with her, had fun with her? He took it anyway.

The toy fell through his paw, falling to the floor, and he watched sadly as it thudded against the brightly patterned carpet. Why couldn't he take it? Did he do something wrong? His emotions swelled, and his eyes filled with tears. He'd never cried before, he swore to himself, as he rubbed the back of his hands over his face.

"Hello?" He cried out, calling to his sister. She didn't look at him anymore, back to playing on her own. No one else was around, he realized, as he looked about for more help. "Hey, I'm here! I'm with you!" He cried, tears falling down, his chest stuttering with gasps.

Hector shook awake suddenly, blinking into pitch black night. His lips were a little wet, and he licked his tongue over them, realizing it reached up his cheeks. With a delicate tap with a finger pad, he felt the stain reach up under his eyelids. Crying.

He swore he never cried.