

Excerpt from THE UNVEILING OF POLLY FORREST

Having no choice, I started up the long, tall ladder that ran up the exterior of the silo to the small covered opening. I got up five or six rungs before my fear of heights kicked in. My body started shaking and I willed myself not to look down. I kept putting one foot above the other. The towel around my right arm had loosened. I let it fall to the ground, not wanting to let go with my other arm.

Every move required my mind telling my arms and legs to move. I was shaking so hard my hands could hardly grip the ladder. *You can do this*, I told myself. *You can. You can.*

“Keep going.” His voice was piercing.

I willed my feet to move up the ladder. My body convulsed. I was about five rungs from the top when I stopped. Reason told me I needed to quit shaking and get my body under control or I would fall. Then it occurred to me. He wasn't going to push me into the soft silage. He was going to knock me off the top of the ladder down to the hard earth.