

PROLOGUE



The wheels on the gurney squeaked loudly as the paramedics rushed down the hallway. She wanted to block out the bright fluorescent lights, but for some reason was afraid to close her eyes. The room smelled of antiseptic and bleach—assaulting her nose.

“Where am I?” she tried to ask.

Her lips moved, but no words came out of her mouth. People surrounded her—some barked orders, while some took them. She didn’t understand what they were saying, but she felt hands on her body probing and pulling. *Why are they removing my clothes?* She couldn’t understand through the brain fog.

I’m so sleepy, she thought. People kept shaking her and yelling at her to stay awake, but her eyelids were so heavy. *If they would just leave me alone, I could go to sleep.* That’s what she wanted to do. She felt like she was drifting away on a cloud, but someone yelled her name and said, “Don’t leave us!” *What were they talking about? Leaving? Where am I going?* Before she could conjure another thought, this foreign object was pushed down her throat. She felt sick. *I am going to throw up.* And then the room began fading to black: *Oh my God what have I done?*