

REVIVED
AWARENESS

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Revived Awareness

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Author Note

The idea that evolved into *Revived Awareness* fell into my head when I was still in high school, back in 2009. *Revived Awareness* was the very first idea that I came up with, and now, it is getting published years later. It is very exciting! I don't remember exactly when in 2009 that the idea came to me, but I do remember the storyline being a dark one. That didn't change as I turned the idea into a full manuscript, and now into a full novel. Even though I am very excited that I am finally releasing *Revived Awareness*, I just wanted to let you all know about this novel's content. Thank you all for understanding.

PART 1



1.

“HELLO!”

My eyes opened as I heard a voice shout in my direction, beginning to speak to me.

“Hello? Can you hear me?”

I moaned as I struggled to fight the haze that was threatening to take me under for a second time. It took every ounce of energy to battle against the pull toward unconsciousness.

I tried to move, but it was almost impossible; I had no strength left in my body.

I heard footsteps this time; the voice was closer.

I didn’t recognize it though.

The unfamiliar individual swore loudly; they were starting to get panicked.

“Damn it! I already called for help, okay? They’ll be here soon. Just hang in there!”

What? What the...?

Everything just wasn’t making sense. I was so disoriented that nothing seemed coherent.

What the....?

I tried to blink, to gather information about what was around me, but it was impossible because there was nothing to see.

My head was pounding; it felt like it had a steady pulse.

I realized the sensation of something pouring from my scalp.

Oh, no.

The crunch of metal from right beside my body made me cringe; it startled me enough to become more aware of my surroundings.

After a few moments of focusing, I looked below me and realized I was staring at glass-covered pavement; I'd gotten pinned behind the seatbelt I'd been wearing. I couldn't see anything except the asphalt below me. Blood and debris were smeared across it.

My insides felt liquefied as I became more alarmed.

Oh, no. No. No. No. No.

I started screaming profanities mentally; I was becoming too panicked.

The pounding taking over my head just seemed to intensify as I became more conscious, and that was when I tasted blood in my mouth.

I moved my hand up to my skull; immediately, searing agony took over my head. I jerked my hand away, only to realize that there was a gigantic slice in it.

Damn it!

Blood was seeping out of my scalp and my hands; it didn't help that I felt sick to my stomach.

I was going to die.

I'm going to die. I'm going to die. I'm going...

The sudden sound of metal twisting above me made me freeze.

No. No. No. NO.

The noise returned, and it took a second to realize the machine that used to be my car was slowly collapsing.

It was collapsing... onto me, since I was in the very thing that was supposed to be saving me.

My lungs burned since my breathing had become erratic, and my body glistened with fluid.

“Hello?”

My head jerked to the side at the sound, and a whimper escaped my lips. My skull felt as though it were being pounded repeatedly with a hammer.

“I’m right here, okay? I’m not going to leave. Can you move at all? Or are you completely pinned?”

All I could do was hear the voice, which was to my... to my... to my left.

I squeezed my eyes shut as I tried to think about anything but the agony going on inside my brain.

I couldn’t exactly look in their direction because of my state. Somehow, I knew this person could see me, based on how they sounded.

“Okay...”

My hands hit a glass shard, and I attempted to scream as the material ripped through my flesh. I was so weak, though, that all that came out was a strange whistling noise.

“Damn it! I’m sorry...”

I knew this individual was trying to keep me calm, trying to do the right thing, but it was next to impossible to do that when... when...

A siren blaring through the silence startled me as it pierced the clearing, erasing my thought in the process. It still sounded far away, but I heard the individual who was with me sigh in relief.

“Oh, thank God. They’re here,” they said.

They seemed to be speaking to themselves because what the person said next was a little louder and closer to me.

“Hang in there. EMS will be here in a second.”

Okay. Okay. Okay.

The fire department was here. Help had arrived, and I would get out of this predicament, I mean if I was lucky. I felt like I was already dead, since I couldn’t focus on a damn thing to realize if I was alive.

Tears flooded my eyes and my throat started to close up because of the anxiety and the agony and the shock and just the fact that I felt like I was going to die, even if anyone came and saved me.

Damn it. Damn it. Damn it.

I clenched my teeth as I tried to fight the unconsciousness that was trying to take me.

Come on, Sam. Stay awake, Sam. Samantha, stay awake.

It didn't help that my body had already begun to shut down.

I sucked in a lungful of air, only to feel like someone had sliced them into tiny slivers.

I could barely breathe, and was losing all bodily functions. I had gotten trapped behind my seatbelt, pinned in the massive piece of twisted, crushed metal and glass that used to be my car, flipped over on the asphalt.

My luck was just nonexistent.

The piercing shriek of the siren sounded closer as I remained trapped in the wreckage, and I saw flashing lights bouncing off the pavement that was outside of my view, cut off by my battered vehicle.

I heard the ambulance doors opening and slamming shut, voices babbling as footsteps moved away from me, heading toward the vehicle. I couldn't listen to what was being said until after they'd headed back in my direction, the footsteps of everyone frantic and quick.

"The entire thing happened so fast; one minute, everything was fine, the next minute, a driver was blowing through the stoplight. The driver just slammed into the side of her vehicle; it flipped completely. She's still alive, but in bad shape. I think she got trapped because of the seatbelt."

"What about the other driver?"

"I think he was drunk. When I went over to check on him, the entire car reeked of alcohol. He wasn't moving when I looked in the driver's seat. I think he's gone."

I could hear the other person clear his throat before speaking again; this time, his voice was hushed.

“People just never learn.”

Well, I agreed with that statement, one hundred percent.

If people weren’t so stupid as to drink and drive, I wouldn’t be in this predicament right now.

Oh, God!

As the adrenaline flooded my system, every thought I had extinguished.

I needed to get out of here. I just needed to get out of here.

The queasy feeling in my stomach wasn’t going away either. I felt like I was going to hurl at any moment.

I groaned; my system was conflicted by all the different things going on with me.

“Help me,” I croaked in a hoarse whisper so low that nobody could possibly hear me. “Somebody, please help me.”

“Wait a second.” I heard the EMT pause at the sound; I heard him shuffle his feet a little. “Was that her?”

Yes, that was me. Yes, that was me.

He got on his hands and knees, and I saw some of the bright lights disappear as his head covered the tiny space.

“Oh, you are in there, aren’t you?”

I heard him speak to the person who had been around the whole time, but he sounded concerned.

“She really is trapped in there. There’s nothing I’m going to be able to do until the fire truck gets here. They’re going to be able to pry her out. She’s really stuck.”

I was really stuck. As opposed to what? Really beat up?

This guy was already beginning to piss me off. Or maybe it was the hormones pumping through me.

I just couldn’t handle all of these emotions. I tried to curb them, though, trying to tell myself that I would make it out of this mess.

Everything's going to be alright. You're going to make it out. Help's going to come. I'm going to be okay. I'm going to be okay. I'm going...

The ripping sound of machinery came back suddenly; it startled me, and I screamed, my vocal cords feeling like they had gotten torn apart, even though I thought I was already hoarse.

I was going to die.

No. No. No.

Acid seemed to claw at my insides as I heard the car crack apart, the glass breaking into pieces.

I sucked in a breath before sobbing, my body going into spasms as the vehicle that I was in crumpled.

No. No. No. No.

As it approached me, I felt the vehicle shudder, saw everything head my way as I remained pinned behind the seatbelt.

NO...

I could already feel myself slipping.

No.

"HELLO!"

The loud, unmistakable sound of a fire truck hit my ears as I finally lost my grip on reality, and my eyes closed as I fell into unconsciousness.



The sound of machinery ripping and tearing was what made me open my eyes.

My vision was so blurry though; I was so confused.

What was going on here? Wasn't I dead?

I should've been.

Well, wait, if I were dead, then there wouldn't be a torture coming from my head, feeling like a wild animal was digging its claws into my skull and shredding my flesh apart.

A whimper grated against my throat as I heard the noise again; this time, it sounded like some piece of the vehicle was being broken apart.

Huh? What the...?

Then, I felt the weight of the machine move, and I glanced down at my body and found out that not only was I pinned behind the seatbelt, but the steering wheel had also been digging into my rib cage, causing internal bleeding most likely, as well as several broken bones.

I was just so much of a mess though; I couldn't feel any of it. I only realized it was cutting into my flesh when the crushing weight had been removed.

But I knew that it had done some damage without question; I just wasn't sure how bad it was.

There was blood all over my chest, though.

What the....?

The darkness surrounding me disappeared, and bright colored lights were flashing, hurting my eyes.

I squinted, attempting to minimize the pain that was now overcoming my vision.

The blaring noises all around me didn't help at all, even though it meant that there was help here, people trying to save me.

People were trying to save me.

"Miss?"

I cringed as I heard someone to my left. I blinked as I saw a figure materialize beside me.

I was so dizzy; it seemed to take forever for my vision to come into focus.

"I'm sorry I scared you..." The guy's voice cut off abruptly, and he sucked in a breath as I saw his eyes meet mine. "Oh, you poor thing."

The way he said it made me think I looked pulverized.

He glanced at the rest of my body, my hands, my legs that had gotten crushed beneath the weight of the machine that was my car, and then he looked back up at my face.

He leaned forward, moving deeper into the vehicle.

"I need you to stay calm, alright? Everything's going to be okay. I'm just going to cut the seatbelt off of you so I can get you out of here, okay? I just need you to stay calm; can you do that for me?"

I bit my lip and quickly tasted blood. I stared at the man, observing his face. I wasn't able to speak because I was pretty sure my voice was gone.

The firefighter just looked in my eyes, seeming to know that I'd understood him.

"Okay," he said, taking a deep breath and reaching out for me. "Everything's going to be alright," he repeated as he placed his hand on my arm, which had gotten sliced into slivers.

I shuddered at the man's touch, just because it was the first thing I'd felt that was supposed to be comforting.

His touch seemed friendly but protective, while his hand was warm.

It felt nice.

The guy paused, taking a quick look at me before realizing that I wasn't going to freak out on him.

I blinked as I tried to focus, but it was so damn hard. The wild animal inside my skull was still alive and healthy; it just wasn't going away.

I knew for a fact that something was wrong then; something was beyond repair inside my brain.

Ugh.

I just wanted this to stop.

Please stop. Please stop. Please stop.

Everything wasn't real; everything that was happening right now wasn't real. This was just a nightmare from which I would wake up from soon.

If only I could *WAKE UP*.

I felt the guy's hands move up from my arm to my seatbelt that was pinning me.

He watched me for a second before pulling out a long knife.

My eyes bulged, but I didn't move, knowing that without a doubt, this man was trying to save my life.

He just touched my arm gently before reaching to grab the seatbelt. He brought himself into an awkward position, reassuring me with a soft touch. As he leaned over me, he took his knife and was about to cut the material by my throat when he paused and said, "I'm going to get you out of here."

I just closed my eyes as I heard the car equipment get shredded by the firefighter, felt my arms become free in a few seconds, and then he rescued my legs from their prison as well.

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

There was a sensation of falling slightly as my back went toward the asphalt, and I opened my eyes to see the man staring at me with an intense expression.

"Come on," he said, gently placing his hands under my broken form.

My feeble frame had gotten battered beyond belief. The minute the firefighter touched and lifted me, I felt nothing except torment; it was like every horrible, ripping pain was overcoming me with a vengeance.

It was agonizing before, but now it was unbearable, like I would rather die than endure this.

UGH.

I shut my eyes tightly as the guy slowly pushed himself on his knees; he cradled me carefully, making sure that he was as cautious as he could be. The firefighter pulled me to his chest once he got himself steady and on his feet.

AHH.

I couldn't stand this anymore.

Let me die. Let me die. Let me die.

I felt the acid rise from my stomach to my throat as I tried to battle the unbearable discomfort that made me feel like I was being burned alive.

Oh, no.

My stomach buckled as I heard the firefighter make his way over to the paramedics, heard him walk away from the crushed, demolished metal skeleton that used to be my car, and toward the intense sounds

of the emergency services. He didn't seem to register that as he carried me; I was feeling queasy.

"How is she?" a woman asked. The sound of her feet pounding the pavement reached my ears as the man spoke to her.

"She's still conscious, but barely. I think her legs got crushed. She could have a brain injury. She's in shock right now."

"Put her here; we need to get her to the hospital."

I heard something being rolled toward me.

It was a gurney.

My insides felt like they were on fire instantly as the man loosened his grip on me, and my stomach buckled again.

Oh, no.

This time though, the combination of acid and bile made its way from my throat. I puked all over the firefighter, coating his uniform with the contents of my gut.

A hand tilted my head slowly to the side; that way, I wouldn't asphyxiate, and then I vaguely heard the man sigh as I coughed weakly, unable to move anymore, my mind already feeling a million miles away.

Although, he didn't sound angry; he was sad.

"You poor thing."

He slowly lowered me to the gurney as I got engulfed in misery and torturous agony.

"There you go, sweetheart."

It felt like he touched my hair, brushing it affectionately behind my ear, but I couldn't react at all as I felt the paramedics moving off with me.

The last thing I remembered was the paramedics putting an oxygen mask over my mouth and nose, and then everything got lost as my brain finally shut down, the blinding pain causing me to blackout.



2.

NO! I screeched mentally, lurching myself upright.
NO!

My eyes flashed open, and I instantly became aware.

My heart was pounding so hard against my ribs I thought they were going to break. My breathing was rapid; my skin was soaked in sweat.

I gripped the mattress in complete fear, only to realize that everything I had just experienced was just a dream.

It was a dream.

Thank God.

I had just been sleeping; it hadn't really happened.

Trying to make my breathing steady again, I took in a gulp of air through my aching lungs, when suddenly, I began crying.

Oh, my GOD.

It had seemed so real.

I felt the tears cut trails into my face as I shook, trembling as my emotions took over me.

My skin stung and felt raw, as though someone had put hot coals over it.

I didn't know what the hell had triggered that in my brain, but for some reason, it was like the organ was tormenting me, filling my dreams with scenarios like the one that I had just gone through unconsciously.

I had already gone through that; I had gotten in a car wreck when I was sixteen, almost losing my life to a drunk driver, so that was very traumatizing. But that was five years ago; I thought that by now that the nightmares would have subsided.

Apparently, they were still powerful.

I wasn't fond of the recurring nightmares. They made me feel weak, powerless, and like I was on death's door.

Still trembling and sweating profusely, my face stinging and wet, I took a deep breath and lifted a hand to my head to put a damp stray lock of hair behind my ear, when I got the sensation of fluid dripping from my nose.

I was sobbing, so it made sense that mucus would be filling up my nostrils.

I sniffled as I carelessly wiped my nose with my arm.

When I did that, I felt more liquid seeping out of it.

What the....? Oh, no. No. No. No. No. No.

It wasn't mucus dripping from my nose; it was blood. I was having a nosebleed.

I swore as I covered my nostrils with my hand.

I groaned, frustrated, as I threw the comforter off my body and got off the bed, stumbling blindly out of my room and into the pitch-black hallway.

Bathroom. Bathroom. Where is it?

I swore again as the blood flowed heavier in my hand, and this time when I backed up into a door; it opened noisily, squeaking as it rotated against the hinge. I lost my footing a little as it moved, but I quickly regained my balance, finally groping at the wall inside the room, looking for the light.

Light. Light switch. Where is the damn light switch?

I growled as I felt the liquid flood my palm.

I wondered if I was hemorrhaging.

It was as if I'd cut an artery; the blood flow just wasn't stopping.

Automatically, I knew this wasn't right. It was strange. It wasn't natural to be bleeding this much.

I must've looked like I'd gotten shot in the face.

"UGH!"

My palm finally found the switch as I clutched my nose with my other hand, which now felt beyond disgusting.

Ugh, this is so gross.

A shiver shot down my spine as the room I was in suddenly became illuminated, and I shut my eyes for a few seconds to cut out the agony in my vision.

I winced in pain as I felt my pupils shrink, but then I remembered the liquid that was pooling into my hand, and I opened my eyes again, ignoring the fact that it felt like my eyeballs had gotten stabbed.

I snarled as I quickly grabbed a washcloth from the cabinet. The strong, metallic taste of the blood started to invade my mouth, the rusty aroma beginning to engulf my sense of smell.

I gagged at the sensory overload as I quickly wet the washcloth with warm water, bringing the fabric to my nose and tilting my head back. I took the other hand that was saturated with the fluid off of it, putting my extremity beside the sink.

My stomach lurched; it was as if there was a river that had been flowing into my hand. The blood splashed into the sink, sloshing around before going entirely down the drain.

Ewww. Ugh. Come on. Stop. Stop. Stop. Stop this.

I kept my left hand, the one by the sink, away from my nose. I moved the cloth slowly, the damp object gliding across my skin.

I held my breath, trying not to let any of the smell get into my lungs.

After a few minutes, it stopped.

Now, finally, it seemed to stop; the nosebleed had ceased.

That was the good part.

I had to work to get the blood off of me, but I was gentle; my skin was sensitive at the moment.

Ugh. It was all so disgusting. Ewww.

When I was able to glance at my reflection in the mirror, I barely recognized myself.

My long, copper-red hair was matted and tangled; my face was extremely pale from the amount of blood that I'd just lost. I looked as white as a sheet, sick. I also felt dizzy; it was hard for me to focus on the person staring back at me through the glass on the wall.

Ugh.

My blue eyes appeared sunken in, as well as my cheekbones. It looked like they'd started protruding out of my skin.

As well as looking sunken in and awful, my eyes were also bloodshot, so I either looked ill, or like I was on drugs.

Altogether, it was not a good look at all.

"UGH!"

I groaned as I moved the wet washcloth, trying to scrub off the dried blood, as well as get rid of the aroma.

Ewww. Eww. Ewww.

By now, I had gotten so disgusted by my bodily functions. I was so exhausted and pale from the nosebleed.

I just felt like there was nothing else I could handle anymore.

I threw the washcloth in the sink after wetting it again, making sure none of the bodily fluid remained before I hung it up on the faucet.

I needed to get out of here. I just wanted to get as far away from the mirror as possible; I looked *disgusting*.

I lifted a leg up as I tried to walk, but I was so lightheaded from the amount of blood that I'd lost that I stumbled, unable even to walk straight.

I swore as I got angry at myself.

Come on, Samantha. Come on, try again.

I did, but I just couldn't seem to do it. I couldn't seem to walk in a straight line. My balance became uncoordinated as I attempted to make my way out of the bathroom.

Damn it! Come on, walk straight!

I couldn't, though; I couldn't move.

I might as well have gotten drunk, the way I was wobbling.

No. No. NO.

I started to panic.

The bathroom suddenly swayed as I struggled to stay upright. My balance was so horrible, and my vision was becoming so weak. I tripped, colliding into the wall.

I stared uncomprehendingly after I crashed into it, sure that I was losing my mind.

What the....?

Everything in the bathroom seemed to have a bright, ring light around it; everything seemed shiny, even though it was blurred.

What the hell?

What was happening to me? Why couldn't I see anything? Why was my vision so horrible right now, and why did everything have a bright ring around it?

My breath caught in my throat as that last question got processed in my brain.

My eyes squeezed shut as I leaned against the wall, feeling lightheaded and unstable.

No. No, this wasn't going to happen, not after everything that I'd already experienced.

No. No. NO.

Unfortunately, I had no say about what happened to my body, what happened inside my brain.

I was a prisoner, trapped in a shell.

"UGH!"

The room was spinning; I couldn't process anything with my eyes without movement and excessive brightness.

There was a creaking noise across the hall as I lost my balance again, this time falling against the door. Vaguely, I knew that my mother was sleeping in the vicinity of the hallway, probably wondering what all the racket was.

I moaned as my shoulder blades pressed against the bathroom door.

I hate this. I hate this. I hate this.

By now, even when my eyes were closed, I felt dizzy.

Somehow, I grabbed the bathroom door handle, still feeling woozy, and closed my eyes as I made it into the hallway.

A bright light overcame my eyes even though they were closed, and I felt my spine hit the wall with such force that I might've put a hole through it.

"Sam!"

I heard the mattress creak as her weight dispersed across it, her frantic footsteps across the carpet.

Pain lanced across my closed eyelids as I saw even brighter light, and that was when I knew my mother was there. She'd turned the light on in the hallway.

I crumpled to the floor.

"SAM!" My mother's voice shattered the silence, tearing it apart. "SAM!"

I heard her race to my side, but at that point, it was already too late. I had already begun to convulse. Before I even hit the carpet, the tremors ripped me apart uncontrollably. They soared through my system and made me feel like I was being electrocuted.

The ground slammed into my back as I hit it, and I felt my eyes immediately roll back into my head, my consciousness beginning to slip away from me.

"SAM!"

I barely felt my mother's hands on my face; I already felt like I was a million miles away.

The powerful pulses invading my body caused my eyes to wheel behind the lids, my head to pound against the floor. The feeling of the constant vibrations dominating my brain was terrifying, almost as bad as the feeling that my own frame was assaulting me.

"Samantha, come on! Stay with me, Sam! SAM!"

I could hear my mother's panicked voice break, and that was when I felt fluid drip on my skin.

My mother was crying...

The shocks intensified as I struggled to remain conscious, and that was when I felt saliva build in my throat, beginning to cut off my airway.

No. No. No. No.

Damn it.

I was choking now.

Damn it. Damn it. DAMN IT.

My own body was suffocating me. My own body was betraying me.

I convulsed and writhed on the ground like a fish out of water, and I was feeling myself slip away.

I couldn't breathe at all now; saliva had gathered in the back of my throat, and now I was choking. To make things worse, I could hear myself asphyxiating, gurgling helplessly as I flailed around violently.

No. No. NO.

"Samantha...."

I was on the verge of passing out; the shocks were already so intense that they were causing me to fade away, but then hands were moving my body to the side. My airway became clear as I felt my saliva go onto the carpet. My cheek pressed against the soft ground.

It was once I stopped choking that the trembling ceased, the shocks evaporated from my frame.

I coughed weakly as I became still again, finally able to breathe.

I barely felt my mother's hands on either side of my face.

"Samantha? Can you hear me, Sam?"

My mother's voice was thick.

"Samantha?" she repeated. I felt her fingertips brush right underneath my eyes.

I gulped in a lungful of air once I swallowed. It took a few seconds for me to regulate my breathing again. I coughed as I nodded.

The movements suddenly made me feel woozy.

"Ugh," I complained, unable to contain the groan. "Ugh."

I clenched my teeth together, trying to get myself under control when I felt something soft tickle my skin.

I opened my eyes, only to see my mother's tearstained face looking down at me.

Her face was a little blurry as I saw her; it took a few seconds for it to come into focus.

Her eyes were extremely bloodshot from crying, rimmed in red as she looked down at me. Her brown hair was tickling my skin; parts of it were plastered to her face, wet with tears. It grazed across my skin as she smiled, putting her head down in relief when I made eye contact with her.

I could still feel her hands on either side of my face as she looked back up at me.

"Samantha..." she said in a thick voice, but then took a deep breath before starting again. "Samantha, you can't keep going through this; this isn't the quality of life that I know you want. You must... you must..." she stopped for a second again before continuing. "You must hate your life, going through this all the time."

"I'm alright," I croaked, trying to rub it off. A part of me didn't want to talk about the topic that I knew my mother wanted to bring up. "I'm okay."

My throat was hoarse, my voice grading against my windpipe. I could still speak, but it was hard to hear me. "I made it through okay," I said. "I'll be fine."

My mom just looked down at me, a mixture of exasperation and worry on her face. Her long brown hair was still tickling my skin as she spoke. "Samantha, you just had a grand-mal seizure right in front of me. No, you're not alright."

Okay. No, I wasn't. But I didn't want to tell Mom that the seizures made me fearless of death after having them. It wasn't like I was suicidal or anything, but I wasn't afraid of dying, now that I had been having epileptic fits for the past five years, ever since the car accident.

Having your own body betray you can make death look less intimidating and scary, and more peaceful and calmer.

I watched my mom's eyes. "Well, I pulled through this okay," I rasped. "That's only because the seizure stopped before you became unconscious," she countered. She pulled one of my arms into my line of sight, focusing on my eyes once she knew that I could see her. "We have to look into that procedure, Samantha. You can't keep living like this. I can't keep watching you go through this. We have to find out if you'd be a candidate; the surgery would help you."

I knew that it would, but the whole idea of it, it was freaky.

It was fantastic to think that there was something to stop the constant seizures, but the thought of it, the finished result of the surgery...

It was a creepy thought.

Unfortunately, though, I thought that would be my only option now.

Damn it.

I finally looked up at my mother, who'd been watching me silently. I'd been lost in my head, thinking about everything. I cleared my throat as I attempted to gather my strength. I was still weak, lying on the carpet feeling beaten up.

“Alright,” I said, looking at my mother’s eyes that were watching me. “I’ll do it. I don’t want my life to be like this anymore. I want this procedure done.”