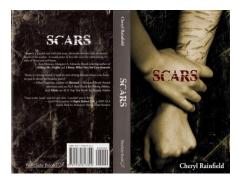
SCARS by Cheryl Rainfield, mini book 1:6 scale.

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Print. Cut cover and paste onto thin cardstock. Cut pages in one long horizontal strip, pages still connected. Accordion fold along lines of pages. Glue white backs of pages together. Glue along spine, insert into cover. Clamp with binder clamp until dry.



For Jean, always,
And for every about survivor and every person who's
ever hast themselves to cape or felt to district their
patter—and for those who love and support as. I their
you find enfrey, love, and happeness—and the delight
of a good surv.



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"Someone is following me." I gulp air, trying to breathe.

makes you say that?" There's a hesitation in her voice that stings me.
"You don't believe me!" I spit the words out at her, then look away, ruisting my hands together so

"I daln't say that. I don't know enough about this yet to know what to believe. Why don't you tell me about it?"

So you can go tell my params?

But she won't; I listow she won't. Client-therapist confidentiality, and all that. And I trust Carolyn; I really do. But does she trust me?

or an extended office. But I didn't rangue at I couldn't how.

"I hear footiegs behind me when I'm out walking alone. Heavy footsteps that stop when I

Corolyn node, her gaze never leaving mine, and I now she's taking me seriously.

My broath is so shallow I'm almost dizzy: "I keen

looking back, but I never use surpose watching me. But as soon as I start walking again, the footsteps are there."

I know how that seemels. Like I'm parasoid. Cracy, I'm so afroid I'm imagining all of this, that it is not no note from the next But that depends under

shouter. I look out the window, away from Carolyn's worried eyes, and state at the buildings across from us, at the duty red bricks, the storefeed windows, the parking signs shaking in the wind. My arm throbs with pain beneath my long sleeves.

troots with pain beautim my tong taceve. I mostly fired to sed her (incubative officer, but nothing in weeking today—ant the soil green forms on her book shabelore, nor the nearly off peopermint the said hency, not even the soothing sound of her voice. If I could deriv her editor eight new. I'd use the dark, heavy lines of through and the form of an inkt word, not the bright, happy colors of gonuche that I soudly see here.

that I usually new here.

I shive: "I heard the footneps again this morning—but I was too seared to turn assend."

"That sounds terrifying." Carelyn crosses her

"It dith't feel like that.." I'm shaking now, rembles coming from deep inside me, spreading contrard. "Do you believe me?" I feel like a little kid ooking for reassurance, not a fifteen-year old who's a the top ten of her class.

Geoden leader or me with no much correspond

Carolyn locks at me with 10 much compassion that I want to bolt from the room. I want to accept her certing to just guilter it in, but I'm afraid to. I'm afraid of how much I need it—and how much it'll hart if the stops. Carolyn touches my hand, her wedding ring as

"You do?" My shaking steps.
"I do. You've never given me say reason to doubt

you."

But having no peason to doubt me is not the some so believing me. The shaling starts up again.
"Do you have any idea of who it might be?"
Casolyn's voice is soft, like the known! want to mu.
A short supplying show He hand on me write.

"The man who modested you?"
"Yee." I wince and cleach my trembling hands in my lap, digging my mild into my palam. But the trilling pain isn't enough to distance me.
"It must be terrifying for you to think be't our those consendence."

2%

"Har Kendra, perceptiles don't usually come after their victims, especially not years larer. They like easy access and frightened, compliant children whe they can manipulate—out active teen girls who might fight back."

the white brandage inn't perking through. "I just less this feeding—this got sense—that if s how." Currolyn looks at me steedilly, "And yeer intuitie is more finely tomed than aroot people's. It had to b for you to survive." I darme, bot I know the'n right.

wrat. A handbacked falling. I squeeze my first the diff skie hearest my handge enrected, spreading pain through my whale body. I alread my Jaw and beathe out sleavily. Case for the poin ulsee: "What" oy out thinking right now?" she saks. "Nothing!" I squeeze barder, hoping the pain will have been seen to be a second of the pain will

"It looks to me like sensething," going on."
I four't know have she know when sensething," swrom, but the abvays does. I've got to left live verselining, surplining into it beeep her away from my our. He thread grapping on wren. He breach eigenest my oches. They go to entermake who he in."
"That will come when you're condy."

But what if I'm never ready? What if he gets m first? "Do you want to explore your memories? \"
te time."
"Local dell you of you sell."

"Not"

I snatch my backpack off the ground ar runninge through it, looking for my sketches, m decelles, for anything I can use to distract her former my horh.

"I mean. I dee'r think I'm resht," Sur I hove he I hone to figure out rich he ir. So why do I, it his I hone to figure out rich he ir. So why do I, the I'm gauge no communism I shuth about it? I youlir things out of my bashpack a beain spile, no English text an overdree library book; Is no skrathshook. I drump my bashpack upcide dom pean, pescili, my dirry gyra nocke, a hilf earl pean, pescili, my dirry gyra nocke, a hilf earl pean, pescili, my dirry gyra nocke, a hilf earl pean, pescili, my dirry gyra nocke, a hilf earl pean, pescili, my dirry gyra nocke, a hilf earl pean, pescili, my dirry gyra nocke, a hilf earl pean, pescili, my dirry gyra nocke, a hilf earl pean, pescili, my dirry gyra nocke, a hilf earl pean, pescili, my dirry gyra nocke, a hilf earl pean, pescili, my dirry gyra nocke, a hilf earl pean, pescili, my dirry gyra nocke, a hilf earl pean, pescili, my dirry gyra nocke, a hilf earl pean, peach, a hilf earl pean, pean,

It's a deep magazin, almost red, folded into stisquares. I've serve neen it before. I jekk it up by it ship edges and open it. It makes a emekling second. There are only a few words typed on the page, by they cut through me like a blade: "You have broke pour grounts."

Bity breath shudders in my threat. His his grapping my urtest. His hips operator my car: "What is it?" Carolyn asks, from far away. I head her the note with musteady hands."

I get up and poce the length of the room, myitian himring. I can't believe this in happening. Be in some concer of my heart, I've been waiting for into the three third in the property of the man that the three waiting for him to littere me.

I glance at the note, and I'm aleast glad this inoparaing, It's proof that I'm not moking it all up—that someone really is fellowing me.

maybe even meancing. But are you sure it isn't from a clasurancy Scene tradeut pulling a practic? It step passing and stare down at the rug, losing myself in the patient. I want her to be right, for it to be just some jerk trying to crank me up. Dut my gut any it'n Arm.

est watering for something bad to happen, now the r's actually happening, I'm not ready for it. I dan' now what to do.

I force myself to look up. "I'm sure. Pretty sure "Well, if it really is your abuser, then he's scoding you a very clare message." Crookyn sets the not down on the table, next to her date book. "Do you want me to contact the police?"

"Just! hill row of ourself."

"Are you were Kendom".
"I'm serv "He poil that peope in my backpark. He brown how to find me. I can't give him a resson to came after me. "I don't so what panel it would do. Besides. The always get him." I take a deep shaddering hearth. "He had access to my backpark. That means he must be a teacher at school or someone from an folios or ..."

Or Smoyl, I field intic. I had only hodigotic with most ten injuly wheat I want over to with his II throught his was just being a mether how when he looked at one with flatt weering frow he gets between his representation of the most of the house his special properties and said. I could talk to him about properties and said. I could talk to him about no to not like in wheat I connection—to bettery mysolf. I pain any bearing on. I may not be said, I if i was limit, would be really have presided me to talk after the arm well derived in mysol. Would be really have

to keep me from suspecting him...

No. Sandy's too gratle to do anything like v
I've remembered. It's not him.

Curolyn glusces at the heap of stoff that creas of my backpack. "How offen do you empty inapsack like that?"

they give because the first the second of th

"Of course," Carelya comes over and sits down beside me en the cooch.

Loke her hand, It's solid, warm and resessaring.
"You can step any time you want," she says.

Lelone my eyes and sink into the durkness.

I want to cry out, to open my eyes and bring myself back, but I know I've got to stay bere, my breath caught in my throat, until I can see his face. Until I know who he is. I force myself to lack. "A handwood floor. Black ess. My underwear in a enumpled hell." I'm adfaring now, great heaving shadden that thake makels have.

She sporeers my hand, and I know that I can fine my way back through the shadows if I med to.

I take a bouth, then another I rate my person of the shadows in the same parties. The my person of the same parties of the creases in his not-essent three traying more up to the creases in his not-essent three traying more parties of same, don't not striking—dozon like a still life. My chost achieve with the branch completions of the completions of norther parties with the branch completions of the co

ell."
"I wen't tell. I promise I won't.

He reference my wrest.

My breath neturns, and along with it come colled sound. I feel air reals into my longs. S
Croolyn's wornfeel eyes. Feel her hand chapting min
"What happened?" she says. "What did you see!
"I are... nething."

I don't think she believes me. But I can't tell her how close I came to sceing his face. Can't tell her