

## Chapter 1: How to Hit Someone With Your Car

I sat in my vehicle trying to remember my daughter's school schedule and cookie recipes, but all I could recall was the best way to hit someone with my car. If I forced myself to focus, memories rose to the surface of my mind: no need to make lunch on Fridays because school got out early; use a wooden spoon, not metal, to mix the cookie dough. Then the memories turned morose. The bump a body makes when hitting the bumper of your car. The howls of pain when a ton of metal moving at thirty-five kilometers per hour slams into the monsters that go bump in the night.

I didn't know what was worse. Not remembering details of my daughter's everyday life, or knowing that those memories had faded due to fatigue, time, and a concussion. I reminded myself I was not a monster and gripped the steering wheel. My car idled, lying in wait under the cover of a tall pine, as I waited for a message that would dictate if I needed to hit someone with my car.

*"What would you do for your daughter?"* My conscience asked.

I answered immediately, speaking to no one but myself. "Anything, and everything." The same answer that got me into this mess.

I looked past my windshield, across the schoolyard, and into the night. A few dozen feet away, a teenager walked through the grass, searching for the trail of blood I had left when I had ran away.