

Left Behind



“You can’t leave without me! Where are you going?” The words came out like a squeak; her throat felt tight as she struggled to fight back the tears that had begun to stain her pale cheeks.

Mud was now splattered up the front of her dress as she stumbled over the sodden ground. A feeling of overwhelming panic and despair filled her trembling body. How could it all end this way? How could things have gone so wrong?