The Dark Turn

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What if you lost your best friend? I, for one, have lost someone. People may think that this is a good thing, but they thought wrong. Hi, my name is Sarah. I'm nineteen years old, and this is my story.

It started with just a normal day, but as it passed, it got weirder. My friend and I were having a sleepover with a couple of other girls in our class. We all were wondering what to do.Sam, my best friend, told them I was really good at baking cakes, so they all begged me to make a red velvet cake. After I had agreed to it, we went to the market. When we showed up, it was packed, but we went in. We came out of the market with cake filling, cake powder, a carton of eggs, and almond milk. I arrived back at home while the others went to get dinner for all of us at the outback steakhouse downtown. It was about an hour's drive from here to the restaurant. I had finished the cake before they got home, so I turned on the T.V. I was getting worried when they didn’t show up after three hours. I called all of them, leaving voicemails. After a while, I got a call from the hospital  “ Hello, is this Sarah Rose. "Yes, it is. Why?” “ I’m afraid I have some bad news. Your friends got into a terrible car crash due to a drugged out driver. I'm sorry to also inform you that two died. Sam Korman was the only one who had lived and had surgery. She should wake up soon. "Ok, thank you, I will be there as fast as possible.” I hung up the phone and grabbed the keys to my  truck. I was truly worried about Sam. She's always so careful about driving at night it doesn't sound like she was the one driving to me. After being pulled over by the cops, I finally arrived at the hospital. When I walked in, Sam’s family members were already in the waiting rooms for more information on the car crash. A good idea would probably be to sit with them. I thought to myself, we sat there and waited for what felt like forever, but it was only two hours until a tall, handsome doctor named Christopher came in and informed us about how the surgery went. He said, “  we had to bring her back to life a few times but other than that, she’s fine. You should be able to take her home here in a few weeks. She was plugged with a rebar from the truck that hit them.” We all listened with great interest. I wanted to ask him if he knew who was driving the car. I asked if we could speak alone as I had hoped he would follow me to the far end of the hall to talk “ do you know who was driving the car?” “ Yes, someone named Rebecca was driving the car.” After that, I knew that this was not caused by her or anyone at that time. I walked back to the family, but before I was seated all the way, Chrstaphor asked us to follow him into the room to see Sam, we all got up in a hurry causing John, Sam's little brother, over on the floor while the rest went to the room I helped him up of the ground and took him to see his sister the doctor right behind us not leaving my side the whole time for the visit. We left when she woke up, I got home to a house that used to be full of beautiful people with great hearts that's now gone. I cried myself to sleep. I woke up to a knock at my door, I rubbed my eyes to get rid of the eye boogers. At first, I didn't notice that my house was different. The knock on the door happened again, but this time it was louder than before. This time they called my name “ Sarah Rose open the door.” I now rush to the door with frustration when I open it. There were three people with ski masks on. One grabs me while the other puts a blindfold on me. I fought with all my might and couldn't escape their grip. They put me in the back of a truck. I could hear others in the truck with me. Then, out of nowhere, the was a sound that was nothing ordinary it almost sounded like a bomb that went off but it wasn’t. It was sleeping gas. I woke up in what looked like a science lab, yet it had more advanced computers and security systems. It had a large window that I couldn’t see in, but I knew they could see me through the window. After a few hours of me being awake, a scientist came in with a weird looking gun that gives you shots, but that is not at all what that was. The doctor came over to me and she gave me a quick smile. She then proceeded to shoot what I thought was a shot, but it painted my skin a gold color like a tattoo, it was right on my neck with a small design in the gold color. It had a small rose that was red and black with my name under it, they then left leaving the sliding door open. I waited for the door to close but surprisingly never did so I got up and looked around in the room for cameras. There were four in each corner of the room. I was never to be seen again from that moment on. Then I remembered I was the queen.