

HEALING PASSION

Prologue

I handed her the knife.

“Here,” I said.

Her eyes pooled with tears. She looked stunned. I continued, “If you are going to continue to cut yourself then you have to do it in front of me.” I was firm. My voice sounded almost cold to me.

She picked up the knife defiant, but betrayed by a trembling hand. She raised the hem of her shorts and started to make the cut, looking at me, wanting me to stop her. I refused; she had to find the will inside of herself to stop this. She cut barely an inch across and stopped. Shaken, she looked up from the thick trail of blood oozing down her tan thigh.

“Now it’s my turn,” I said to her.

As I took the knife from her hand her eyes opened wide with shock. She tried to grab the knife. “NO!” she cried.

“What makes it right for you and not for me? Do you think your pain is any deeper than mine?”

“Please, God, no! Amanda, don’t.” Tears streamed down her face as she begged me to stop.

I began to lift up my dress when she smacked the knife out of my hand. She pushed me and held me down. Crying, shaking, the blood from her self-inflicted wound dripping on me.

She was an actress. She was 30 years old. She was one of the most beautiful women in the world. She was also my best friend and she was in the kind of pain that she had never faced before. But at this moment, in my living room, she was coming face to face with the mirror no one had ever had the courage to hold up to her. I struggled against her, but her damn fitness regime made her stronger than I.

Her tears fell onto my own face and I read genuine fear in her eyes. She knew me well enough to know that I would have done it if I could have just gotten to that damn knife.

“I’ll stop. I’ll stop. Please don’t do this,” she was scared. Desperate.

How did we get to this point? Well, let me start at the beginning.