

## **Blood Rush**

December 1985

Becoming a mother. What greater gift could there be? John and I have everything prepared- or at least I like to think so. Our basement is overflowing with diapers, toys, and clothes. Next week is our due date. I couldn't be more excited!!

January 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1986

Our baby girl is here, healthy and beautiful- truly a blessing.

February 1986

Crazy how fast things can turn upside down. I've been really worried; she hasn't stopped crying and has had a high fever. One night, things got worse, so I rushed her to the hospital. She was diagnosed with *Naegleria fowleri* and we need to return for frequent treatments.

March 1986

"What do you mean you don't have the suitable blood unit? ", Katherine vocalized with a panicked, slightly angry undertone. "I'm sorry ma'am, we ran out. The delivery comes tomorrow. ", the doctor responded calmly. "Well use one from another blood group!!", Katherine almost shouted. "Ma'am, that's not possible. We aren't allowed to perform surgery, it's too risky ", he said with a chilling lack of emotion.

"What will happen to her? ", Katherine asked, panicked. "She will die.", the doctor replied "Ma'am, your daughter...she will not have long left to live anyway. Her disease is fatal, and the symptoms she has are the first signs that her body is beginning to eat itself. She's in a lot of pain. It's for the best if we put her out of her misery and let her pass.

October 28<sup>th</sup>, 1999

Cold autumn breeze brushed through her hair as she leaned out the car window. As excited as she was to spend a few days at the farmhouse, she was also frightened. Frightened, that being

around here again might stir up old memoirs. Memories of shock, fear and utter sadness. It happened almost two years ago on October 31st. A night that was supposed to be a fun Halloween with friends. Instead, the day turned out to become her greatest nightmare. A day that turned her whole future life upside down.

October 28<sup>th</sup>, 1997 (Bryan's diary entry)

Dear diary,

Mum and dad have been acting outrageously weird recently. Fourteen doctors' appointments in two weeks- that's a lot. At least I didn't have to spend the hours in the waiting rooms alone, since my little sister joined me, even though she had better things to do.

I'm aware of the fact that my parents want the best for me, but it's exhausting. I can't even remember a week in my life when I wasn't in the hospital. I was born with a disease called...to be honest, I don't even know the exact name, but my parents always told me that I would have to get blood transfusions and health checkups regularly as a form of treatment. I couldn't be more grateful to have them since they always take care of me and try to finance all my treatments.

Anyway, right now my family and I are headed to our vacation house. My parents used to live there before they had me and Betty . We only visit occasionally. Rare days when I get a break from all these time-consuming hospital visits.

Oh, we arrived. Time to help unpack!

Hear from me soon,

Bryan

October 29<sup>th</sup>, 1999 (Betty's view)

Passing Bryan's bedroom still feels unbearable. I haven't stepped a foot inside since the accident. For the better. I was sure if I went in there again, I would eventually break. Too many memories. Memories of playing hide-and-seek, solving puzzles, or sneaking in after

bedtime just to spend every possible second together. Now all the laughter and happiness is gone.

It feels like a piece of my heart got ripped out of my chest. It's hard to imagine how my mum feels . Losing your own child- just imagine it.

My mother always ensured he got the healthcare he needed and spent time as he wished.

I admire her for still putting a smile on her face, even though I know, deep down, she's broken inside.

For weeks after it happened, she cried herself to sleep every night after reading me a bedtime story and making sure I was asleep.

October 29<sup>th</sup>, 1997

Dear diary,

I barely slept last night. Strange noises were coming from the basement.

After an hour, I got too scared and went to Mum and Dad's room. Weirdly, their door was wide open, but no one was inside. That was odd.

Just as I was about to turn around, I felt a hand on my shoulder.

I thought I was going to die.

You have no idea how relieved I was when it was just mum.

Hear from me soon,

Bryan

October 29<sup>th</sup>, 1997

"Son, what are you doing up this late? You need to sleep, don't you understand?" she said, out of breath.

"But Mum, I heard noises from the basement."

"No, you didn't. You're imagining things. Now go to bed!"

"But where's Dad?"

"I don't want to hear another word from you. I thought I made myself clear."

October 30<sup>th</sup>, 1997

Dear diary,

Everything seems normal, but something feels off. I can't put my finger on it, but my gut tells me something is wrong.

Hear from me soon,

Bryan

October 31<sup>st</sup>, 1997 (a few hours after the accident)

"Are you insane?? Why did you push it off the cliff?

You knew the water wasn't deep. It could have died! ", Katherine shouted at her husband.

"I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to...I swear- ", what if the doctors diagnosed something more serious, then it would have been unusable! "Katherine, I told you I'm sorry. Jeez, calm down ", John replied annoyed.

I thought that we had compromised on a biking accident. We don't want to draw too much attention; a little fall of the bike would have been enough. ", she responded. "Katherine, that would have never worked, because of a little fall the hospital would have sent him home after an hour or so. ", "Okay maybe you're right, but still if it had passed, we couldn't have used any of its body. "

October 31<sup>st</sup>, 1997

"Your son will need surgery on his left knee. " "When should that happen? ", Katherine replied. "We're fully booked at the moment. The earliest possible is tomorrow at 5pm," the

doctor replied. "Are you insane? Such surgery needs to happen without delay!" "Actually, no. As long as he avoids harsh activities, we could even wait weeks for the surgery." Katherine angrily huffed, "What kind of doctor are you? This is ridiculous, we will take him to the private hospital near to where we live!" "Ok", said the doctor, "we will inform the staff from the hospital what treatment he'll need." "No! That's none of your business just- just let us take him there. You've already caused us enough of a headache."

October 31<sup>st</sup>, 1997

\*"I feel weak. I can't remember anything from the past few hours. Must be some medication..." , Bryan thought, groggy.

"Get up! NOW!"

"Where are you taking me?"

"Don't ask questions, or Betty will join you on your little adventure today. So, you better be quiet when we pass through reception."

They stuffed me into the trunk. I knew exactly what was going to happen next.

They dragged me into the basement, where a single chair awaited.

October 30<sup>th</sup>, 1997

Dear Betty,

I hope you find this in time.

Please read carefully. This isn't a joke. I'm doing this to protect you.

Please don't hate me for letting this happen to me, but Betty, listen. - I'm going to die tomorrow. Dad will take me for a bike ride, and I'll "fall" off. He'll take me to the hospital, and while you're at the party with your friends, you'll believe I'm staying there overnight.

They'll tell you I had a serious accident and died. But actually, they'll take me to the basement, drain all my blood, and harvest my organs.

They're doing this for their future children. Mum and Dad (if we can even call them that anymore) had a daughter before us. She died because the hospital didn't have the right blood transfusion, so they created us as reserves. Our names start with B for a reason: ,B'lood `B'ackup.

You're probably in shock right now but do not freak out. You must escape before October 31<sup>st</sup>, 1999. They have a similar plan for you!!

I overheard them planning it tonight. They caught me, and eventually told me everything. If I say a word, they'll kill you too tomorrow night.

\* "Let's go over the plan again. After B1 falls off its bike, we'll take it to the hospital. After its treatment, we'll give it a sedative and finish the job. I can't wait till B2 is dealt with as well. Then, we can finally start living our lives." \*

Hear from me soon, maybe in heaven,  
Bryan

(Betty finishes reading the letter)

"Betty, are you ready to go hiking? Dad's waiting! "