



raging out like bats out of hell leaving David and his thoughts to drown in his pool of blood.

As David's soul looked up from the gates of hell he sat in the fire to only notice that his son was tugging at his shirt, crying and begging him, "Daddy? Daddy, please get up. Daddy, please come and play with me." He watched

on as his blood began to dry in the sand and his lifeless body continued being pulled at. And as David's soul cried for new life he awoke from his nightmare only to find the scent of Colleen's tousled hair alongside him, and their two-year-old son, Cason, in between them ruffled underneath his baby blue silk Bob the Builder blanket.

