

“After what seemed to be an eternity, Jenny regained partial consciousness for one small, but lucid, moment. She knew she had to get help and get help fast. She grasped the phone cord at the wall and pulled it toward her until the phone crashed to the floor beside her. Doc may have been an old curmudgeon about some things, but thank God he loved his gadgets—including speed dial.

Jenny hit #1 and the phone immediately started to ring at Doc's home. After a ring or two Doc's grumpy voice came on the line, ‘Jenny what the hell are you still doing at the clinic? It's after eight...’

Jenny tried to make herself heard, but her voice wouldn't cooperate...Doc could hear Jesse's whimpering and finally Jenny's whisper, ‘Doc, help...’ and then nothing.

Doc grabbed his coat and cell phone on his way out the door, dialing 911, the sheriff's office and anyone else he could think of as he ran to his silver El Camino and screamed out of his driveway heading east.

At the clinic Jesse rested her head on Jenny's still body, watching over her, as their blood mingled and pooled around them.”