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**Title:** A light in the dark

**Disclaimer:** As always I do own nothing but my own weird thoughts.

**Rating:** PG 13

**A/N:** I want to thank you my wonderful beta reader KmNO4. She beta-ed this prologue in three hours and cut all that was too much and made it a better read. If there was an award for beta readers she would deserve to win it.

All remaining mistakes are mine.

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## Prologue

The rain had soaked through to her bones and it made her body tremble violently. The harsh, cold wind was tugging at her clothes but she refused to move to a warmer place; to clasp her hands around a cup of coffee or try to ease her pain with the tender embrace of her husband.

They had all tried to talk sense into her, begging for her to accompany them home, but she paid no attention. Her gaze was transfixed on the scene that lay before her and the voice that was no more than a silent whisper in the dark, singing a continuing succession of different intonations which she could not understand.

Grissom had walked away with them, sometime ago.

Sara could no longer feel his weighty presence beside her, and deep inside she knew that things could not go on this way. She had to get a grip on herself. She had to try and put the shattered pieces of her life back together again, but perhaps that time had not yet come. Maybe, it never would.

There was no Sara Sidle. There was no Sara Grissom. Her life had become a kaleidoscope. Full of different coloured pieces of emotions, thoughts and memories which were now bound together in her tormented body. Every twisting turn, dug deep like a knife.

The inner turmoil had changed her on the outside. She looked rigid and lifeless. Her friends and family watched the change with grief stricken dismay. Nobody was able to reach into the depths of her brokenness. So she suffered alone.

Slowly, Sara turned her eyes to the sky above and watched the as the pale autumn sun attempted to pierce through the grey clouds. She sympathised and spoke,

*"God. If you're out there. If you exist at all. Help me to understand."*

*"What did she do to deserve this?"*

*"Why couldn't you have taken me instead?"*

*"Please bring her back!"*

*"Why did you give her to us, just to take her away again?"*

*"How can you be so cruel?"*

*"Where is your mercy?"*

Sara bit down hard on the inside of her cheek in an attempt to stop the steady flow of tears. Once the gate had been opened, she was sure to drown in the flood. The grave lay open before her and she glanced into the abyss. It looked to small. The flowers were too bright against the darkness of the earth. She was numbed by the pain.

The drops continued to fall, from the heavens and her eyes. The wreath looked crumpled and faded before its time, like the little girl that lay inside the tiny coffin, six feet under. Had it really been

two weeks, six days, fourteen hours and thirty-three minutes since they had lost her? And the hopes and dreams of a lifetime.

Behind her, a man cleared his throat but Sara ignored him as she did everyone else.

"Ma'am? We need to fill the grave up now. Do you mind moving away?"

She could hear the sincerity in his voice. Nobody liked to participate in the burial of a child. The moment had finally come for Sara to part with her daughter. Only, six years after having created her with such fierce love and passion.

Samantha Grissom, had been kidnapped and killed with equal ferocity.

Sara compelled herself to drop the rose which she held in her hand. It fell in lazy blood red petals against the snow white lid of the coffin. She had gripped the stem too hard and a stinging cut was all that remained. A souvenir of the day.

As damp and dirty earth, landed with thuds of finality, Sara left the cemetery to the life that was waiting for her although it no longer seemed worth living.

***TBC***