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What once was broken

Disclaimer: All right, I don't own anything at all. All characters belong to CBS.

A/N: This chapter covers point two and three of aphrodisy's challenge. Again I want to thank Marlou for her help as beta reader! Should you find any more mistakes they are completely mine.

Chapter two: Fear; Sara's POV

There are people who think that the personality of a human being is defined by its sum of experiences. But what if there are no experiences that can define you, what if you cannot remember anything at all?

If that is the case, who are you?

As I opened my eyes three weeks ago the first thing I noticed was the pain. Waves of agony were coursing through my whole body.

It took me almost five minutes to realize that its center was my head. As I lifted my hand to carefully touch the sore spot I could feel that it was bandaged. I thought that it was safe to assume that I must suffer a pretty bad head injury.

Ok, the cause of my agony was clear but I started to ask myself where I was.

I laid in a white painted, sterile looking room, an empty bed besides mine. Somewhere near me a machine was beeping in a steady rhythm. The room smelled of disinfectant and medication.

I was in a hospital.

Thus I had determined where I was and why I was here.

That left only one more question. What had happened to me?

As I searched for an explanation in my memory I couldn't find one. I tried to think of other experiences in my recent past that might give me a clue but again I couldn't remember. The memories left were visions of white clad persons who tried to talk to me.

I couldn't remember anything relevant at all. Suddenly I was afraid, questions were running and bouncing through my head.

Had I lost my memory?

My identity?

My past and therefore my life?

I could feel my heart beating faster in my chest and my body started to shake violently.

'Dear god, please. No! That cannot be! What happened to my memory?'

The machine that monitored my heart rhythm made fast beeping sounds

Tears of fear built up in my eyes and soon I could feel them running down my cheeks.

I heard a door open and footsteps approaching me quickly but I could only see moving shapes, for my sight was blinded by my tears. Those persons talked to me but I couldn't understand them in my panic.

I started to lash about, wanted them to go away and as someone touched me, I started to scream. The sound that escaped my lips was alarming, even for myself. It wasn't the scream of a civilized human being but the shrill cry of a hunted animal, full of fear and despair.

I hardly felt the sting of the needle but soon after fatigue was covering me like a blanket and I fell asleep.

Two days later I only knew two things for sure, where I was found and why I couldn't remember a single thing.

After my first eruption the day I woke up I had remained quiet. I had hardly spoken a word. Why should I bother to speak at all? It wasn't as if I had something to tell. I felt numb and was grateful about it, for I didn't want to feel anything. I heard them talk to me, I let them examine me but I didn't care.

They told me that I had been found by some tourists alongside a highway, in the midst of Arizona's desert. My clothes were torn and my body was covered with bruises. I had a deep, gaping wound on my head and as they talked to me I didn't react. They thought I was dead but as one of them finally found the courage to touch me they felt that my body was warm.

They called the police who arrived as quickly as possible, together with the ambulance. I was comatose and nearly dehydrated as the doctor noticed soon. They brought me into a hospital in Phoenix where I remained in a coma for about two weeks.

Also I was still very exhausted and yet I had to undergo uncountable examinations. Obviously I couldn't tell them what had happened to me, so they tried at least to find out what happened to my body.

The result was a knockdown blow. I suffered from retrograde amnesia.

The doctor who told me about my condition was very friendly and understandable. He tried to soothe me, he did his best to reach me. I let him talk. I wasn't interested in what he had to tell me.

"You suffer from a condition that is known as retrograde amnesia. It is a form of amnesia resulting from brain injury in which the individual loses memories for the time period just prior to the injury. You know, this time period may stretch from a few minutes to several years, like in your case and typically it is worst for events which occurred just before the injury. No one can say if and when you get your memory back. Maybe soon, maybe never."

He told me a lot more that afternoon but I didn't care to listen.

Yes, I was depressed but why shouldn't I be?

Can you imagine how it is not to know your name?

Can you imagine not to know how old you are?

Can you imagine not to know what you look like?

I didn't know who I was and so far no one was able to give me an identity. No one seemed to miss me and although they ran my fingerprints through the databases they hadn't gotten any hits yet.

It was almost funny to see the struggle of the various nurses and doctors who didn't know how to address me. After the first day I told them to call me Jane. Jane like Jane Doe. After all I was a Jane Doe, wasn't I?

Yeah, the brain is definitely a funny thing. I could remember that missing persons or anonymous corpses were called John or Jane Doe but I couldn't remember my own damned name.

So, now I'm known as Jane and I'm probably a woman in my mid thirties. What may have happened in those thirty five years I couldn't remember?

However, my appearance bore no traces of what could have been. Can you imagine how much inner strength you need to look in a mirror not knowing what you will see?

I took me a whole day to find this strength and I found it quite interesting to look at my own body, at my own face as though I'm looking at a stranger.

I had the sudden urge to beat myself, to castigate this body who won't tell me who it was. It would be a relief to feel the pain, to feel that I was still alive.

I didn't do it though, for I knew that I should better be nice to this unknown person staring back at me. It was the only asset I had at the moment, the only trace left of my past and the only key to my future.

As I examined my appearance intently I saw that I was a tall woman, around 5.8 feet. I was slender, although not very muscular. I guessed that I didn't do any regular sports. I had curly brown hair and deep brown eyes.

I wasn't a breath taking beauty but in my opinion I looked good. I was relieved that at least I liked what I saw and I tried a little smile. I was surprised to see a wide gap between my front teeth. It gave me an unexpected young and vulnerable touch.

I had fine wrinkles on my forehead. Did that mean I was a keen thinker or were they an indication for a person who had a lot to worry about in its past? Were they a sign of both?

Most of my time though I stayed in bed and tried not to think what the future held in store for me.

As I was in the hospital for five days, one of the doctors wanted to speak with me and I accompanied the nurse to his office where he already waited for me. He looked worried, a hint of pity evident in his eyes. What could this nasty bastard want from me?

I knew I shouldn't think something like that but hey, unlike me, he had an identity, a life and enough inner peace to be able to pity another human being.

As I sat down opposite of him he started to speak.

"Jane, we got the result of your blood test today and I do have to tell you something."

I felt a knot tighten in my stomach.

"Jane, you are pregnant."

I started to cry.

I want to scream but no sound escapes my lips.

I want to hide but there is nowhere to go.

I want to cry but my eyes are dry.

I am afraid.

It is hard to describe the last two weeks. So much has happened and there were so many decisions to be made.

My feelings changed every few minutes and I searched for answers I couldn't find.

As they told me that I was pregnant I was shocked. I was confused. Should I be happy or sad?

How should I deal with the fact that I was pregnant with a child of whom I didn't know the father?

I was in an early stage of pregnancy and that was an indication that 'it' happened only a short time before I was found. That left three possibilities and I liked none of them.

I could have received the child from someone I was engaged with and whom I most probably loved. Somewhere inside myself I was sure that there had been a man who loved me. I had no evidence for this feeling besides a small, silver ring at my left ring finger. He was plain and beautiful and whenever I looked at him I had the feeling I had to remember something, but this memory, hiding just under the surface won't come out.

If I was right and I had been engaged, what had happened to this man? Didn't he care for me at all? Did he try to find me and was desperate about my disappearance? Did something happen to him too? None of them were happy thoughts.

The second option wasn't any better. I could have been a single, someone who received the child from a one night stand. I hated that thought. Was I really that kind of woman who slept with various men only for the sake of some fast dying desire?

The last and most gruesome scenario was that I was abducted, raped and left in the desert by some criminal. There was no medical evidence that supported the theory but that was no wonder. No one knew when it was that I was dumped alongside the highway. Days could have passed till they found me.

Only the last scenario fitted with my head injury, so it was most probably the one that was true.

The grape of hate and fear was growing inside myself.

What was I supposed to do?

Should I have an abortion or should I carry the child? Would I have the strength to love a child that wasn't desired?

Another thought that scared me was the question what would happen with the child if I decided to raise it.

Was there any chance that the child would grow into a friendly and responsible adult or was it damned to end like its unknown father? Is there a form of evil that is carried by the genes?

Would I be damned to raise a criminal?

Even if I could be sure that love, education and the influence of society were the ingredients that form the character of a human being, there were other problems I couldn't solve right now.

What could I offer a child. I had no home, no job, no qualifications. To raise a child it one needs money, how should I earn it?

The decision wasn't an easy one.

There were many nights that I cried myself to sleep. That was somewhat ironic because I was fairly sure that I had never been the kind of woman to cry easily.

There were many nights that I prayed for inspiration.

There were many nights that I found no sleep at all.

What was I supposed to do?

TBC