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Title: What once was broken

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

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Chapter three: The Resurrection of Sara Sidle

Sara's POV

3 years later

Crossroads

Matters of choice

Only one path to go

Make your decision

Once again, I found myself in a hospital and again I stood at a crossroad. This time it wasn't that I remembered nothing. This time I remembered too much.

Two weeks prior I had a car accident and I thank God every day that I was alone in that car, that my son was safe in kindergarten.

Before going to work, I decided to do some grocery shopping; just the normal, every day things. Milk, vegetables, good coffee. Having placed everything in the trunk, I turned my car onto the street and I was sure that nothing could happen because the stoplight showed red for the oncoming traffic. I knew that but apparently the driver who ignored the streetlight didn't..

He drove far too fast and passed several cars in his hurry. I didn't have the time to react, and the last thing I heard were squealing and screeching brakes.

He must have hit the driver's door, or at least that's what they told me. They told me that I should thank whatever God is around to be still alive. Besides a broken arm, some bruises and a head wound, I remained unharmed.

I was happy. Happy that I didn't make my son into an orphan. Happy that I got another chance.

But with the process of healing came another side affect. Memories of another life slowly dripped into my consciousness. One by one they fought for attention and dominance of this body which held only place for one personality.

Memories of a childhood spent with hippie parents. Memories of high school and colleges where learning was the most important thing. Memories of work in San Francisco and Las Vegas.

Memories of ups and downs. Memories of a great love.

Sara Sidle reintroduced herself after a three-year sleep.

But what was with Jane Summers?

It had been hard to create a new life. There were numerous decisions to be made and all I had as help were my senses. Sometimes I thought that I couldn't go on but some small spot inside me must have been made out of steel; whenever I was down, I somehow got up again.

The first decision was to choose a name. I decided to stick with Jane, in some way it humored me. Briefly I wondered how many women with amnesia chose Jane as name.

Summers should be my surname. I wanted something with a positive touch. Something that should be an omen for a hopefully positive future. I always loved the summer the most of all seasons, or that's what I thought, for I couldn't remember past summers. I decided it would be the perfect name.

When it came to the decision where I wanted to stay I decided to stay in Phoenix. When you didn't know anyone or anything in any place you could just as well stay where you are, couldn't you?

The next step was very difficult for me. I had to beg. I had nothing so I had to ask the state for help. I hated to be a beggar, in any form or shape, but what could I do?

I was lucky and I met a very engaged social worker while I tried to find my way through the complicated welfare system. Pamela Harker, a strong and wonderful person who soon became my best friend.

She helped me to find a small apartment, helped me to apply for all the papers that a human being with an identity needs.

She was also the one who managed to find me a job as a salesperson in a supermarket. That wasn't what I liked to do but I had no choice.

I did an intelligence test in the hospital and it showed that I had a fairly high IQ, but a high IQ doesn't help when you need money to live. I had no college diploma and couldn't show a proper résumé so a minimum-wage job was the only possibility.

Ok, Pamela told me that I could go to school again but I needed the money. I needed the money for the child I was expecting.

Yes, I decided to have the child because it was an innocent life and I couldn't destroy it even though I feared the future. I promised myself to love it like it deserved, and I would keep my promise.

I often wished that I would get my memory back. I was often depressed and everything seemed to be too arduous. My whole life seemed to be a single black hole but I refused to take any medication for fear of hurting my unborn baby.

Again it was Pamela who was the one that gave me strength again; she introduced me to a self-help group of amnesia victims. I saw that I wasn't alone and slowly I learned to cope with the situation.

I took Pamela's advice and bought myself a camera. She said that I should take photos of everything that seemed important to me. I shouldn't only create myself a new life, and future, but also a new past.

All of my photos are precious to me. I didn't take many of them but when I made one, it was of something that somehow made me feel connected to my past. Most often it was Pamela anyway who took the photos. She thought that I should see myself on them, see how I had developed throughout the months.

The most important of my photographs were in a special folder and I loved to look at them in one of the rare, silent hours I had for myself.

The first one of my collection showed my newly furnished apartment. Nothing special, for I couldn't afford it, but mine. I felt proud to have my own private space again.

The second one showed me in the eight month of my pregnancy. I didn't notice Pamela making this photo. I was sitting on my couch, both hands resting on my swollen belly. I looked down on it and I was speaking to the baby, telling it some nonsense. I was so excited and afraid. What would it look like, would it be healthy, and would I be a good mother?

The next one was made in the hospital, two days after the birth. I held my little son in my arms and this picture shows him yawning, his cute little mouth wide open, his little arms outstretched and his fists clenched. How I loved this child from the moment I laid my eyes on him.

Twelve more photos of Connor in various stages of growing-up found their way into my collection. Connor, for that's what I named my little boy. It's a strong name and I was sure he would grow into a strong man.

The last one was taken six weeks before my accident. Pamela and I took Connor to a park where we would meet a friend. My son enjoyed to play in the warm sunshine and as he made a break to eat some home-made cake, I took him in my arms and Pamela laid an arm around us both. That was when Michael made the picture.

But Michael is another story.

If my life sounds like fun I can assure you that the last three years weren't like that at all.

Do you have an idea how hard it is to raise a child with two full-time jobs? I couldn't earn enough with one so I needed two.

While Connor was in day-care, I went to the supermarket where I worked as a shop assistant.

Then in the afternoon I took care of my son, spent some time with him, cooked for him and played with him. Everything that a good mother is supposed to do and I loved every minute with him.

Half an hour before his regular bedtime I drove him to Pamela. Yes, Pamela again. She was always such an angel. He slept in her apartment while I drove to the hospital. The same hospital were I was treated after they had found me. I worked as a cleaner there. Hard work but decent money.

When I came home at two o'clock at night. I regularly slept for four hours. Thank god I didn't need much sleep. Punctual at half past six I stood outside of Pamela's door. We would take a little breakfast together and then I drove Connor to day-care.

That was my life for two and a half years. Then I met Michael. Michael o'Brian, a surgeon at the hospital I worked. I didn't know that he saw in me. Although I tried to educate myself by reading scientific books in my scarce free time I was nothing more than a cleaner. I wasn't the brightest woman, nor the most beautiful, so what did he see in me?

It started completely innocently. We met in the break room when I had a short break to drink a coffee. We talked a little about nothing in particular. I met him again the next night. At first our meetings were purely by chance, but after a month I got the feeling that he waited for me to come.

Another month passed and he asked me out and we had dinner together. During the last four months, we'd meet from time to time, and I liked his company. It was good to feel like a woman again. To feel desired and worthy of someone's attention.

He was a tall, good looking man, with warm brown eyes and dark hair. He was funny, very sociable in contrast to me. I wasn't the kind of person to enjoy social contacts very much. He was sensible and seemed to care about me. He seemed to care about Connor as well and Connor liked him too.

I knew that he wanted more and there were two times that he wanted to go home with me. I knew he wanted to sleep with me but I couldn't. There was something inside me that stopped me. Again

he proved that he was a wonderful man. He was very understanding and maybe I would have let it happen sometime soon.

After all, there's no need to worry about that now.

That life, those decisions belonged to Jane Summers.

What was with Sara Sidle?

Sara Sidle; the intelligent and committed forensic investigator in the country's number two team.

Every new memory awakened strong emotions in me and sometimes I didn't know if I was happy to have them back at all.

The first memories were those of my childhood, a constant fight against parents who looked at life with a nonchalance which seemed strange to me.

Memories of an older brother, who didn't seem to care about anything at all. Someone without a high school qualification. Someone without a constant job who traveled from city to city. I hated him, I despised him but so often I missed him terribly. He was the one who showed me how to swim and disassemble a car. He could be the best if only he wanted to.

Mental pictures from my time at college where I finally felt at home. To absorb knowledge without people thinking you are strange is wonderful I can assure you.

The glory days in San Francisco, the first job. The hunt for criminals, the need to combine my common sense with rigid sciences, to do something good in this life.

The last years in Vegas. A constant challenge for my mind. My struggle to gain acceptance, to find a life.

Those memories made me melancholic but I could bear them.

There were other memories though, reminiscences of love, of happiness.

Pictures of Gil Grissom. The man who meant the world for me.

How I was in awe of his knowledge when I met him the first time. Ok, it wasn't only his intelligence. He was damn good-looking too.

How I waited for those precious calls that made me feel alive. Truly intelligent conversations were so rare and there was the extra benefit of his sexy voice. I always loved his voice.

How my heart beat faster when he called me for help.

How I could feel a smile form on my lips whenever he was around me.

How he hurt me when he kept me at a distance after the first two years.

How I felt thousands of butterflies flutter in my stomach when he kissed me for the first time.

How wonderful those two and a half years together with him were.

How happy I was when I found out that I was pregnant.

How I planned various scenarios of how to tell him the good news.

Then the Cop Hunter. From one moment being gloriously happy, to the next moment being kidnapped by a criminal. These were memories I didn't allow myself to remember at the time. I knew that I would have to cope with them sometime soon but I wasn't ready then, nor right now.

I often asked myself what Sara would think of Jane. Would she despise her or would she like her. I've done my best, so much is certain. Didn't Jane deserve respect for being a hard working woman, for being a caring mother?

Who would ever have thought that Sara Sidle could be a good mother.

The whole incident had one positive side effect. Now I knew for sure who the father of my son was and it gave me a warm feeling of peace.

If I wouldn't have had the car accident, my memories would never have come back, and I wouldn't have known it for a long time to come.

Connor has my dark hair but piercing blue eyes. The most beautiful eyes I've ever seen, beside of his father's.

My little sunshine was always so intelligent, much more than other children of his age. Soon after he learned to walk he loved it to spend his time in the park where he didn't want to sit on the swings or to play in the sand.

No, he loved to crawl on the ground watching the various six and eight legged creatures there. He had an unnatural patience for a child his age and his little face lit like sunshine when he found some new specimen.

Does it surprise you that his first word after Mom was bug?

This child was truly Grissom's and soon I would have to talk to him.

My heart beat faster with the thought of talking to him again, seeing him again.

But was it possible to pick up the thread of former ties?

"Jane... I mean Sara. Sorry my dear, I still have to get used to this name." Pamela looked at me apologetically.

Since I laid in the hospital she had visited me every day. Today was my last day here for tomorrow I would be released.

"It's ok Pam. I sometimes don't even know who I am anymore."

I looked up at her and her deep brown eyes looked back with a look of friendship and concern. Sometimes I didn't know why I deserved the friendship of this wonderful woman.

She wasn't really a 'beauty' but an inner fire burned in her.

She'd always had a hard life, always had to fight. As the fifth daughter of a Senegalese mother and an Irish father, she had two problems to face. First of all there was no one who had really time to care for her, so she basically raised herself alone.

Secondly, her siblings and her had to endure a lot of spiteful remarks because of their skin that was the color of creamed coffee. That was something that mustn't be in a quarter of Boston where usually only Catholic Irish emigrants lived.

But Pam was strong and she made her way. She was intelligent and got a full scholarship for college. She was forty years old now and worked as a social worker for around the last fifteen

years. She had never lost her burning passion for justice and she was the most admirable person I knew.

Pam's voice brought me back to reality.

"Darling, have you decided what you'll do? What you'll do with Michael, with Connor, with Grissom?" her voice was quiet, comforting.

I had told her about Grissom, about all of my memories, and Pam told me the same thing that I'd known for days now. Grissom deserved to know that I was alive and that he had a son.

"Yes I have. Of course I'll call him. My heart craves to hear his voice, you know. It's only that I constantly ask myself if he forgot about me, if he is engaged or married to another woman, if he doesn't want me back in his life. What if I have to realize, now that I found him, that it couldn't work between us again."

I had spoken swiftly, sure that my fears were evident in my voice.

"Sara, you'll never know if you don't try it first. And don't you think that Connor wants to know his dad? It's a pity for Michael for he is a good man, but he isn't the one you love and you know that."

We talked a lot more that afternoon and when Pam was gone I laid curled up in bed thinking for a long while.

As the clock showed nearly one o' clock at night, I had made up my mind and grabbed for the telephone.

Without hesitation I dialed the number once so familiar to me.

TBC