

December 18<sup>th</sup>, 2003

I was in the middle of a session with Shila (thankfully, one I was recording) when Taylor ran into my room, yelling at me. Screaming at me to lock the door, to help her. There were men chasing after her and she needed me to hide her since her parents were at work. She had run all the way here since she couldn't trust anyone else.

I told her to calm down and sent Shila away, promising to make it up to her next session.

"They're coming! They're coming! They're here!"

She ran over to my desk and hid under it. There was a knock on the door.

C "Doctor Lockwood!" It was Contact.

C "We know she's in there! We know she's a special child! Hand her over, no one gets roughed up, hear me? We got no problems with you, Lockwood. Just here for Taylor."

L "No, she's not here. I don't know what you're talking about, Contact."

C He laughed. "Lockwood. Lockwood, come on. We don't want to do it this way."

[gunshots, the door breaking down]

[Taylor screaming]

L "No, stay away from her! She's my patient! You don't have any right to take her away! She's not a special child!"