The phone rings. I run to get it, thinking it may be my dad, coming to rescue me from Myrlie's house and tell me everything about Elizabeth and then everything would be alright. Mom would stop crying, Elizabeth would just be some girl Mom knew during childhood, and everything would be alright.

I finally reach the phone. "Oh, Elizabeth!" the person on the other end cries. It's not my dad. It's mom.

"Mom? This is Bethany. Not Elizabeth."

"Oh, Elizabeth, you silly girl! Is this one of your made up aliases? Listen, Elizabeth, I've called to say good-bye."

"Mom? This isn't Elizabeth. This is Bethany. What are you talking about?"

"Elizabeth! I know you're a little doped up on the medicine the hospital's been giving you. Ever since the crash I've been knowing exactly what would happen."

"Mom, you're scaring me, please," I beg. But mom will not listen.

"I wanted to say good-bye, to tell you that I loved you, even though you're not the same, and that you will be with us again soon after you...pass away."

"Mom? Is that you? Mom, please! Tell me what you're talking about!" I cry

"We've saved some of your cells, and we'll make an exact copy of you. There are only a few left so the next one will have to be the last. It'll be like it never even happened, Lizzy!" Joy is amidst in her voice.

There was a long silence on the phone. "What do you mean?" I whisper.

"Oh, Elizabeth, you'll be alive once more, you'll look exactly the same. So will Mommy and Daddy. Your thirteenth birthday has come, and you will die tonight, just like all the others. I love you so much, sweetie. Myrlie will give you your poison, then the next one will can be started." Then she hangs up, leaving me with the haunting monotone "boooop" noise.

My heart is racing. I hear Myrlie's footsteps. I skirt out of the kitchen and run out front. That's when I notice that the doormat is gone. Written in chalk in all capital letters is: "BETHANY: Place of figs; a town of resurrection." Then, "DIGISPUR CLONING."

The next feeling I feel is a piercing ache, silver bullet in the brain.

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"Oh, she's beautiful, what will you name her?" the nurse says.

"I don't know. I have a good feeling about this one, perhaps Elizabeth."