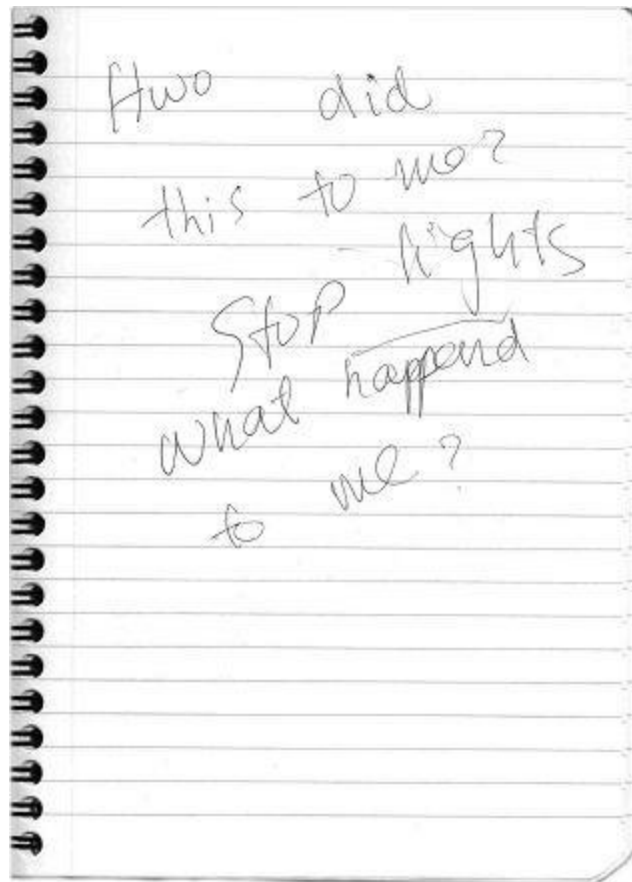


‘Hwo did this to me?’ I wrote, my letters still scrambled. ‘What happened to me?’



I also wrote ‘Stop lights’ as the bright lights were making my head ache.

‘Something bad happened to you,’ said Dr Fiona.

‘Was I shot? Was my father shot?’ I wrote.

She told me that I had been shot on the school bus. She said two of my friends on the bus had also