**Ways to start a flashback: As I clutched on tightly to the handle of the saddle, my knuckles white from squeezing so tight, it took me back to the night of the accident…**

I thought back to that moment. The moment when my life changed forever…

Accident – the word echoed in my head.

I thought about my mother. I remember her so clearly. However, I don’t remember what happened, exactly; the bits I do remember are a blur.

I can’t help but think back to how different things used to be.

\_\_\_\_\_\_ thought that this could be the perfect place to forget. But I didn’t forget. I couldn’t.