

The gentle hum of the truck gliding down the highway was soothing too, but disorienting. I woke up thinking I should have been behind the wheel instead of in the sleeper. It also felt like I shouldn't have been alone – a fleeting memory of incredible warmth flashed through my head before I swallowed and felt the knot in my throat.

"Welcome back," Uncle Ken's familiar voice came from in front of me. "Sit up slowly, Jordan. You might be a little dizzy."

"What's going on?" I asked as I struggled up to sit in the passenger seat.

"How much do you remember?" Ken never took his eyes off the road.

I know he didn't understand the truth of my answer. "I remember everything."

"Then you know why we had to get you out of Dodge."

"I've never understood why they got rid of me."

Ken looked a little confused, but took a deep breath before he said, "Honestly? Jordan, you're the easy one. Your brother is going to take a lot of work to get back on the straight and narrow."

"So they just send me away? They don't even say goodbye?"

"They thought it would be easier on you this way."

"They were wrong." I said, knowing the words were absolute truth. I unbuckled my seatbelt and climbed back into the sleeper.

I had one thought as I closed my eyes – losing my family hurt way worse than I'd remembered.