

## Stephanie

By Melissa Rendlen

While driving my daughters home, soft air

And loud music were our companions.

Their excitement contagious,

one more day of school.

Passing Stephanie's, we saw no one, but waved.

That evening, forcing his way in, Stephanie's  
home was invaded.

As we sat eating dinner, her battle had

begun, and as we said goodnight,

they sped past us, the river his destination.

Her last car ride lost in violence and terror. Signs

of her struggle lay strewn along the bank, and

the moon on the water was covered in blood.

As friends lay sleeping, she fought for her life,

losing.

**Melissa Rendlen bio:** I am a 65 yr old practicing physician and have recently had the opportunity to be more involved in my writing. I live in Michigan City, Indiana. When my eldest daughter was 13, her friend Stephanie was brutally murdered by a disgruntled customer of her mother's business. The following day would have been her last day in eighth grade.