

## Scent of Death

### **Logline:**

Their love for life and each other became their bond, which keep them together and gave them hope for answers.

### **Synopsis:**

Pulled into an alley-way her attacker began to kiss her violently on her lips, her cheeks, and neck; as he got more violent she tried to pull herself away from him; sick with disgust and shame. As she struggled he held her closer; he was stimulate to the point of frenzy, and confronted her with unleashed fury, living her lifeless with fear set on her face.

She was falling—falling—falling—into an abyss as darkness whirled about her, as she was more and more rapidly approaching what felt like deaths door; the sent was strong and unforgettable; when suddenly she awaken; her hair wet and her face dripping in perspiration. She seemed torn from the uttermost depths of her inter soul, as she set visually shaken; her face concealed in her shaking hands, weeping as she tries to gain control of her uttermost fear in what seem to be so real. Never, as long as she lives was she going to forget the poignancy of that cry of fear.

Her search for answers after became an experience she will not likely to forget; the visions she experienced and the love that developed there after played an important part in her quest for answers.

**Written by;**

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