

The Entitled

by **Nancy Boyarsky**

EXCERPT

The Abigail who emerged looked different from the cool, self-confident young woman who'd walked into the pub the night before. Her left eye was swollen shut and beginning to turn purple. Even more horrifying, dull red stains were splattered down the front of her white coat, unmistakably half-dried blood. Her face was dirty and streaked with tears. Her hair stuck out on one side and was flat on the other. No wonder the desk clerk hesitated to send her up.

"Oh, my God," Nicole said. "What happened? Who did this to you?"

Abigail gulped and tried to speak, but no words came out. Instead she put her hands over her face and began to sob.