

Prologue

We had been friends for years, until we weren't. I imagined hearing about her secondhand—seeing her in the society pages or in news of a gallery opening or charity function. I imagined being jealous of her and longing to return to our early friendship when our differences seemed meaningless. I remembered her amazing talent. I never imagined her not being there. Now, all I can remember is her lying on a gurney surrounded by the familiar, yet strangely discordant, sounds of a hospital ER. I remember being paralyzed by the reality of what had happened and the persistent thought that I was to blame, that I had failed her completely.