



LoveReading

**YOU LOVED YOUR LAST BOOK...
BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO READ NEXT?**

Using our unique guidance tools, **LoveReading** will help you find new books to keep you inspired and entertained.

Opening Extract from...

THE MEMORIES OF US

Written by Vanessa Carnevale

Published by **HarperCollins**

All text is Copyright © of the author

This Opening Extract is brought to you by
LoveReading Please print off and read at your leisure.

When I open my eyes, the first thing I notice are the dinner-plate dahlias on the table at the foot of my bed. They're café au laits. They struggle in cold soil and you plant the tubers when the soil temperature picks up and there's no more risk of frost.

My eyes flutter closed again. I can't seem to form any words to answer the woman who is patting my thigh. She keeps squeezing my hand, repeating the name, 'Gracie.'

'Open your eyes, Gracie. Can you hear me, Gracie?'

I want to tell her she's in the wrong room, that she has the wrong person, but I can't seem to find the energy to.

She squeezes my hand once more.

This time I find the strength to squeeze back.

'Good girl. Open your eyes now, sweetheart.'

I hear footsteps. A male voice. Hushed whispers. Pages flicking. A pen clicking. There is beeping that I hadn't noticed till now, and a steady hum. The room smells sterile. I open my eyes and the room slowly comes into focus. My eyelids feel so heavy.

The woman is wearing a blue shirt with white trim around the collar and her name badge tells me she's a nurse. Her name is Bea. Which means the man standing beside her with a stethoscope around his neck is a ... doctor. Which means I'm in a ... hospital.

'Hello, Gracie, I'm Dr Cleave. How's that head of yours feeling?'

My arm feels like lead, but I manage to lift it and run my fingers over the bandage that's wrapped around my head. Did I fall? I must have fallen. But when? Where? My heart starts to beat faster. Bea glances at the monitor by my bed and adjusts the pulse oximeter on my finger.

'Gracie,' I whisper, repeating the name that doesn't seem to fit me. I search for another name for myself, but nothing comes.

Dr Cleave narrows his eyes, appearing slightly concerned.

'Can you tell me your full name?' he asks.

I take a moment to think about it, but there is blankness in that space where my name should be.

'Not to worry,' says Dr Cleave, after an abnormally long silence, which makes me worry more.

'How did I ... get here?' I can't seem to remember yesterday, or last month, or last year.

'You're in the hospital. You were in a car accident and you've been intubated in the ICU for three days. You're going to feel a little tired, but that's to be expected,' he says.

I try to sit up, but it requires too much effort and I collapse back into the pillows. Everything in my body aches.