

Obsessed

Coming  
Soon

## PROLOGUE

“To die is natural; but the living deaths of those who waken into consciousness, though for a moment only to find a coffin stifling their last breaths, surpass every horror known to mankind.”

Percy Russell, 1906

As consciousness started unfolding, the scent of cedar filled my nostrils. When my lids lifted, there was only darkness and silence. Feelings of disorientation and confusion filled my head. A distinct chill rippled over my body as fear crept up my spine. Out of sheer instinct my arms reached through the darkness only to encounter the resistance of rough, splintery wood. My hands immediately recoiled as if I had touched a live wire. Panic rifled through me. Then a dead still gripped my body while my mind struggled to understand what was happening.

*Oh dear God! This... this can't be happening... not this!* I quickly clamped my eyes shut in denial and took a deep breath. “This is just another nightmare,” I told myself. “Just like all the others before, I’ll wake from this one, too.” As I slowly exhaled, I repeatedly whispered under my breath, “This isn’t real... it’s just a dream. Wake up... it’s just a bad dream,” as though willing it to be.

But when my lids lifted again, the cold, hard reality rushed in, seizing my gut. All of a sudden I couldn’t breathe. Panic was upon me. My sanity and reasoning quickly succumbed to near madness as I found myself living my greatest fear. I was... buried alive!