

“It’s my fault, this waste of her time. Not mine, but my body’s, if there is a difference. Even the Commander is subject to its whims.” (91, C14)

“Each month I watch for blood, fearfully, for when it comes it means failure. I have failed once again to fulfil the expectation of others, which have become my own.” (pg 83, C13)

“She looked disgusting: weak, squirmy, blotchy, pink, like a newborn mouse. None of us wanted to look like that, ever. For a moment, even though we knew what was being done to her, we despised her.” (82, C13)

“*Her* fault, *her* fault, *her* fault, we chant in unison. Who led them on? Aunt Helen beams, pleased with us. *She* did. *She* did. *She* did. Why did God allow such a terrible thing to happen? Teach her a *lesson*. Teach her a *lesson*. Teach her a *lesson*.” (82, C13)