

People

Lauren
Scruggs
&
Jason
Kennedy

THE
FASHION
BLOGGER
GETS
A DALLAS
DREAM
WEDDING

My Perfect Day

THREE YEARS AFTER SHE LOST
HER LEFT HAND AND EYE
IN A TERRIFYING ACCIDENT,
THE 26-YEAR-OLD TEXAN WALKS
DOWN THE AISLE WITH
E! COHOST JASON KENNEDY

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LAUREN SCRUGGS


MY NEW NORMAL



Nearly a year after losing her left hand and eye in a freak propeller accident, the 24-year-old says she's slowly healing—and feeling grateful

by **RENNIE DYBALL** ● *photographs by* **PETER YANG**



A portrait of a woman with long, straight blonde hair, resting her chin on her hand against a blue background. She is wearing a light-colored, textured cardigan over a bright green top. Her expression is thoughtful and serene. The background is a solid, light blue color. The lighting is soft and even, highlighting the texture of her hair and clothing.

“Sometimes it’s easy to dwell on the fact that I don’t look the same,” says Scruggs (who wears hair extensions since half of her head was shaved after the accident). “I still struggle with that—I want to look nice. But every day I’m feeling better and better.”

STILL FIGHTING

In one of a series of portraits shot for her book, Scruggs (wearing eye black with her favorite Bible verse) does push-ups with a workout prosthetic.



The Night of the Accident

In an exclusive excerpt from her new book, Lauren describes the night disaster struck.

My friend Mike and his friend both had pilot's licenses. "Who wants to go flying?" the friend asked.

I don't know how or why I got to ride first. Another friend, also a licensed pilot, came along to help me board. On the far end of the hangar is a huge garage door for the planes, and beyond that lies a tarmac area. Then there's a taxiway and a runway. It's like a house built around a golf course, except Mike's house is built around an airstrip.

With the guys' help, I climbed over the

plane's stabilizer bar and slid into the seat behind the pilot. It was a small plane with only two seats.

We put on headphones so we could talk to each other once we were in the air. The pilot went through his checklist, started the plane and warmed it up, and we taxied out.

The night was dark and rainy. For some reason I began to feel cold. The heater was on in the plane, but what I felt wasn't that type of cold. It was more of a tingle. A shiver.

"Nice lights," the pilot said.

"Uh-huh."

The feeling shot up my spine again. Unmistakable fear. This is stupid, I thought.

COURTESY STEPHEN VOSLOO