

There was a prickle of fear from the bottom of her spine to her throat. They could hear somebody's stomping footsteps coming up the moldy path to the tweedy garage. It was a not so lovely spring evening.

Bethany pushed Laura's head down and they hid behind a scattered, paintless, ancient car. The next few moments were agonizing for Bethany and Laura as a young boy marched in with what appeared to be a large gun and a transparent bag filled with bullets.

"Don't move!" Bethany whispered and she held Laura's mouth.

The light flickered off then on.

Written by Olivia Aguebor

