

DEAD HELP

 **WARNING:**
MATURE CONTENT

PJ Gray

A dark, atmospheric photograph of a snowy landscape. In the foreground, there are snow-covered evergreen trees. The background shows more trees and a cloudy sky. The overall tone is moody and mysterious.

LET ME PROVE IT

Bree and her brother stood in the dark, empty building. She was holding the box Andre wanted. Suddenly, they heard a click. It was the clicking sound of a gun ready to fire. The sound came from the shadows.

Bree turned and saw the shadow of a person with a gun. She threw the box at the shadow. They heard the sound of the box hitting something or someone. Then they heard a gun fire as they ran to a window. Bree and Andre got out of the building.

They ran as fast as they could. They ran behind many buildings until they felt safe. They stopped in an alley to rest. Nobody was there. Nobody was following.

“Who shot at us?” Andre asked.

“I don’t know,” Bree replied. “Did anybody follow you to the building?”

“No, I came by myself.”

They sat in the dark alley together. “What was in the box?” Andre asked softly. “Was it drugs?”

“No,” Bree replied. Bree knew she was lying. She did not care. Bree knew her brother. She did not trust him. She knew he would do anything for money.

They tried to hear if they were being followed. “Why did you say you saw our mother?” Andre asked. “She’s dead.”

“I know, but I saw her,” Bree replied. “I saw her in apartment 4A.”

“What are you talking about?” Andre asked.

“Come back with me. I’ll show you.”

Just then, they heard a sound in the alley. Someone was walking very slowly. Bree and Andre made a run for it. They ran down more alleys. They took two different buses to get home.





DANGER COMES HOME

It was later that night. Bree and Andre got off at the bus stop near home.

They checked the mailbox when they got to the building. It was empty. Their aunt's check was not there.

Bree and Andre stopped at the front door of apartment 4B. They looked at each other. They knew what each was thinking. Their aunt was dead. Life was going to be different now.

Bree and Andre turned and looked across the hall. They saw the front door of apartment 4A.

“Is the door locked?” Andre asked.

“I don’t know,” Bree replied. “Sometimes it is. Sometimes it isn’t.”

They walked over to the front door of apartment 4A. Bree turned the knob. The door was unlocked.

They walked in. It was empty and dark. There was light in the living room. It came from the streetlight outside the window.

APARTMENT 4A

Bree was barely holding it together. Her brother was getting into trouble. Her boss was shady. And her aunt was sick. Then there was the empty apartment next door ...

DEAD HELP

Book 3

Bree turned the knob of apartment 4A. The door was unlocked. It was empty inside. Andre looked around. "This is where we used to live."

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