

DEAD HELP



PJ Gray



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. She could smell the booze on him.

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.