

Where the Bodies Are Buried

Panting, I ducked behind a tree. I'd always sworn, "If someone ever holds a gun to my head, he'll have to shoot me then and there so my family won't wonder what happened to me."

I didn't count on car trouble down a dark country road. Or being caught witnessing a murderer stabbing the earth with his shovel, digging a grave for the lifeless form in a heap beside him.

I'd still ended up where murderers bury the bodies.

Hearing a twig snap, I grabbed a stick. "This won't be my grave." I leaned in, ready to ambush the fiend.