

-Chapter Three-
Slim Escape

Lular stared at the aftereffects of the scene he had just witnessed. For more than just a few minutes, he stood there, with his hand out towards Mrs. Dyer's motionless body as sirens were beginning to be heard. Families had begun to exit their homes to see, for themselves, the disaster that had just occurred on Medialuna Lane. Men comforted their women with warm embraces, and women sent their children back into their houses, as a means to ensure that they wouldn't view the horror picture in front of them.

Lular's head suddenly became too heavy for his shoulders to carry. His right arm came down to his side and he tumbled backwards onto his already destroyed front-lawn. *I'm going to have to do something about that later*, he thought, trying to avert his attention from the harsh happenings that just took place and think back to a somewhat simpler time. Then he remembered, *Lissy!* Lular hurriedly crossed the street over to the house that once belonged to the woman whose corpse was now being hoisted into an ambulance, on a stretcher. He had reached the middle of the street when he tripped on something hard and fell onto the hard gravel. A loud shriek was heard from a woman exiting her SUV.

'Ahh!' Lular yelled, and he immediately saw darkness, followed by another concise dream he was able to envision.

He had just entered Mrs. Dyers round front door and slowly made his way into the house he had never ventured into before. He had seen that Lissy set up the table in the center of the kitchen, ready for

the tea party promised to her by her old friend. How was he to break the news to her? How do you tell a girl of 10 years that her close friend had passed away? Then, he saw the girl. She turned her head to see who had come to visit her, one leg propped up on the sink's faucet. She probably thinks I'm Mrs. Dyer, Lular thought, beginning to shake, worried about what the child would think of him. She turned on the spot and slipped, quickly dropping towards the ground.

He awoke. Lular pulled a piece of Lissy's demolished remote control car off his now-bleeding hand and threw it beside him. He had to get to Lissy as quickly as possible. He immediately darted to the other end of the road and welcomed himself into Mrs. Dyer's home; a few neighbors watched as he did so. A warm breeze hit his face and he made his way into the kitchen, wiping the fog off his eyeglasses. The door shut behind him, and he heard a kitchen cupboard slam shut.

'Mrs. Dyer?'

He turned his head and there, with her left leg propped up on the kitchen faucet, was the back of Lissy Humperdinck's head. She slowly turned her head around, her foot slipping off the faucet, and began to plummet straight towards the ground.

'Lissy!' he yelled, as the child closed her eyes, obviously awaiting a great amount of pain. All his attention had been drawn towards the girl dropping sharply toward the kitchen tile; it took him a while to notice a pair of hands that quickly appeared under her and cushioned her fall. By the time he looked back up, the savior had already disappeared, with the screaming daughter, out the kitchen's back door. 'Hey!' he screamed at the top of his lungs, and followed the kidnapper. 'HEY!' He chased the hooded

man up the alleyway and watched him throw the girl, then hop, himself, into a car that looked an awful lot like that of the Peverett Brothers' Ford Explorer, and drove away.