

August

Billy grabbed Sidney's hand as they bolted into a run, staggering awkwardly over rocks and potholes, holding each other up as they raced towards the car. Billy's eyes startled at the familiar sharp crack behind them of a shotgun locking barrels in place and he pulled Sidney along even harder.

"Come on!"

Sidney was mute with fear. Blood pounded in her ears and her heart raced as she tried to run in the uneven gravel. She hopped and buckled when a plate-sized hole twisted her ankle, but Billy yanked her up. They braced themselves when they finally reached the car, Sidney fumbling in her purse for the keys.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Grabbing the keys, Sidney rounded the hood of the car to reach the driver's side door. Her hands shaking, she unlocked her godfather's vintage Chevy Impala and reached over to pop open the lock on the passenger side.

"Get in, get in! Hurry!"

Billy slammed the door shut as Sidney turned on the ignition and the old Impala roared to life. The first buckshot exploded the rear window into thousands of glass pebbles. Sidney screamed, and Billy hunched down with his hands covering his head. The tires dug deep into the gravel and spun rocks in all directions as Sidney punched down on the

accelerator. The second shot shattered the front windshield and showered the interior of the car with marble-sized glass pellets that peppered their faces. The car weaved crazily down the gravel road and slammed onto the asphalt highway, fishtailing with tires screaming. As soon as they straightened out, Sidney heard the wail of a siren behind them. She glanced in the rear-view mirror at the CHP black and white bearing down on them. Glass pellets swirled crazily in the wind that blew through the unprotected car at 60 miles per hour. Sidney didn't want to slow down, but there was little choice. She checked again to see if anyone other than the CHP was following them. No one was. She slowed and pulled off the highway, her hands shaking as she stopped the car and waited, breathless. Billy brushed glass off his jacket. His sunglasses were pockmarked, and tiny cuts on his cheeks and forehead bled freely. Sidney gripped the steering wheel, staring ahead in shock.

The CHP officer approached on the passenger side. He walked slowly, looking over the entire car. Both front and back windshields had disappeared, becoming jagged, yawning holes. Glass littered the interior like hail. He removed his sunglasses and leaned over to Sidney, jerking his chin in Billy's direction.

“What's with the Indian?”