

# HIDE AND SEEK by Jo A. Hiestand

## Excerpt

The area in back of the pub was illuminated by one light fixture plopped in what looked like an approximate center of the wall. It cast a feeble yellowish tint to the ground immediately beneath it before fading into the night. McLaren could see no one in the immediate area. Cursing, he jogged toward the building's far corner.

He stopped several feet from the end of the pub. If he angled his torchlight around the corner, he might alert the assailant of the pursuit. If he switched off the light, he might be stepping into a trap.

Thinking it less likely the man would be plastered along the wall, waiting for McLaren to appear, he shone the light onto the ground, several feet ahead of him, and eased around the edge of the building. No one.

No one hid along or near the wall.

Thinking the man had either run onto the main street or doubled back in the darkness to finish off the victim, McLaren retraced his steps.

As he eased around the edge of the building near the car park, an opaque form lunged at him and knocked the mobile from his hand. Darkness enveloped him, and a moment later something slammed into his stomach.

He cringed and grasped his midriff as he doubled over. A kick to his shin brought him to the ground. A second kick smashed into his side.

The last thing he heard was a scuffling sound that faded into the silence.