

DRIFTING by Steven M. Cross

EXCERPT

The police won't get here before he kills me. My mom stirs, reaches into her pocket, gets some keys. She reaches for the table she just tripped over.

So this is the way it's going to end? My mom gets away while her insane boyfriend murders her insane son. Instead of fleeing though, she slips the key into one of the small drawers on the coffee table.

A crazy thought enters my head. She's getting one of her bottles, and this has been an elaborate ruse so they can kill me and then celebrate. They'll say I attacked him, and the police will believe it.

Danger to self and others.

She'll get my money. He steps in front of me with his fists balled. This guy's going to beat me to death while my mom drinks.

In the distance, sirens shriek. They won't make it in time. I can imagine the red lights reflecting in pools of—

Blood spatters my face and foams from his mouth opened in a big O of surprise. He drops to his knees. Through the broken glass, I see cop cars flying up our road.

A gun drops from my mother's hand.

I wonder if the bullet has gone through Paul into me, but I don't feel any pain. He coughs again, blood gurgles from his mouth. He crumples to the floor.

The police burst through the door with guns raised just like on a cop show, only it couldn't be any more real.