

SHOOTING AT SHADOWS by Forest McMullin

EXCERPT

Someone outside began pounding on the truck in time to the chant and within moments it sounded like everyone who could reach the sides was pounding too:

“BOOM BOOM BOOM! BOOM BOOM BOOM!”

“KKK! GO AWAY! KKK! GO AWAY!”

It was deafening, like being inside a giant bass drum. The thin metal walls of the truck amplified the beating and Ethan could feel the horrible reverberation in his chest. Everyone moved toward the center of the bed as if the walls could come crashing in on them at any second. The two holding the rear gate down were fighting the door as people outside tried to raise it.

Suddenly the pounding stopped and Ethan felt the truck moving. The crowd was so loud he hadn't heard the engine start. But how could they get through that mob without running anyone over? Maybe if Kevin went slowly enough, they'd let the truck pass. Surely the police would be able to get there and see to their safety. Then he realized it wasn't forward motion he felt. The truck was swaying side to side. The chanting changed too. “O-VER! O-VER! O-VER!” They were trying to turn the truck on its side. Ethan didn't think it could be done, but with this many people it was impossible to know for sure.

Everyone inside moved away from the center and put their hands against the sides to steady themselves. It was like trying to stand in a boat on choppy seas. Back and forth, back and forth the truck rocked, gaining momentum every time. Ethan saw the men holding the door down lose their balance and fall. The door rose and blinded them with brilliant sunlight.