

“I’ll tell you later,” Joe said, nursing his bleeding head. “When we’re out of here.”

They ran as fast as they could. The wind blew rain into their faces. Branches whipped out towards them but they pushed them away. Something was still moving in the dark of the woods. Could they hear breathing? They kept running. The wind whistled and the branches lashed.

They could see the lights of the street at the far end of The Lane. They ran faster. The wind raged. The bushes thrashed all around them. Was there something in the darkness?

The street ahead was close. They were almost there. The light started to brighten the path under their feet and they could see where The Lane joined the street, passing between two crumbling houses. One last branch hit Joe’s face. He swatted it away and just ran.

They were out of The Lane. They had made it to the other side, into the light. Joe and Mira

