

Day 7 - January 7, 2002

I stood up. What else was I going to do? "Hi guys! Can I, uh, help you?"

I smiled, hoping to come across as friendly as I could. Their faces were hidden in shadow as they approached. About ten feet away, they stopped. "Oh! I bet you want that card key! Yeah, that's it, you guys are with FedEx and you're here to pick up the package that was mis-delivered, am I right?"

The three shadows didn't react. They didn't move, either.

"You know, if you want that package, I can show you where it is." I pointed at the house.

One of the Mustang drivers looked to one of the others and then back to me. He raised his arm and I could see a stainless steel pistol in his hand. I remember swallowing sharply just before he pulled the trigger. I must have moved as well, since I felt a sharp burning in my left shoulder that I assumed was a bullet that grazed my left triceps muscle. Since I'm such a wuss, it still caused me to spiral into the fence and then to the ground.

I landed on my back, right next to Ariel's scooter, clutching at my shoulder.

The first dark figure approached and I shut my eyes and did my best not to protest or do anything that would hinder him from taking the card key. I let him search every pocket when I opened my eyes and saw his face--he wasn't a him--he was a her. She was almost vampiric, her skin was so porcelain-white and smooth. To me, she looked like she was probably in her thirties or forties. She had long blond hair (not a dye-job) pulled back into a pony tail. Before I could notice anything else, a piece of silver metal poked through her chest. She instantly gasped.

I looked behind the female driver who had been searching me and there was Ariel--she held the hilt of a small sword she had thrust into the woman's back. She quickly spun the woman around to act as a shield as the others began firing at us.

My ears popped as the sound of gunshots reverberated off of

the walls of my father's house. The woman stuck on Ariel's sword blocked the shots from hitting her. She dropped her gleaming gun into my lap. I grabbed it, sprung up and started firing. I dropped the two other dark figures with two shots each and winced in pain from my shoulder. I was surprised by my own accuracy.

"Bitchin' shot, brutha!" Ariel commented using her foot to push the dark woman off her sword.

"Thanks, but just WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE, GOD DAMN IT? I just killed two men in my dad's *backyard*! And now," I pointed to Ariel, "fucking *Frodo* with your sword here! What the HELL, man??" I was understandably upset.

"Jesus, not this again." Ariel shrugged. "Look, there could be more of these guys--in fact, these guys might not even be dead, yet!"

I looked down at the one with the two bullet wounds and the sword-shaped hole in her body and smiled. "Oh, this one, she's dead, all right!"

I started kicking her. *Very hard*. I was a little freaked out. "Oh, she's dead, Ariel! She's GONE!"

Just then, she grunted. I froze and all the anger flew out of me. I looked to Ariel. "Let's talk about this later."

She rolled her eyes at me. "Come on."

Moments later, Ariel had replaced her sword in its hiding place under the running board of her scooter and we were on our way to the train station. But all was not well. Ariel's gunshot flesh wound was bleeding badly thanks to her efforts to save my life. My wound fared much better thanks to my crappy circulation. But I was worried she was going to go into shock on the back of her scooter as she held onto me. We raced as fast as we could to the train station.

-Scott