
Saturday Shock

by Leecy Wise



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Carlos felt something strange. What was wrong?

He woke up late that Saturday, as usual. The street sounds sailed through his window. People were talking loudly. He heard laughter, mothers calling for their children, kids playing, someone yelling. The music blared from the stand at the corner. What was wrong?

In his apartment, everything was silent. He didn't hear his wife fussing in the kitchen. Rebecca usually made a big breakfast on Saturdays.

He didn't hear his daughter, Katie, bumping her shoes or fists into Jerry's door. He didn't hear his son screaming for her to stop. Even the dog was quiet. What was wrong? No radio. No conversation.

Carlos looked at the clock across the room. Ten o'clock. Something was definitely wrong!

He pulled on his jeans and ran his hands through his hair. He went slowly to the door and

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listened. Nothing. He opened the door a little and looked around. Nothing. He slid his body through the opening. His heart was pumping. He could feel it pound his chest.

He started toward the kitchen. His feet moved slowly from heel to toe.

“Beca? Jerry? Katie? “ He thought he heard a scuffle in the kitchen. He inched his way through the kitchen opening. He jumped back startled. He nearly fell.

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