



Classic Revenge...an excerpt

Trish looked over at the open window and grimaced. So much for luck. She went to the window and opened the drapes fully. Just as she had hoped, the screen was old and not secured by any security measures. She pushed hard and it flopped out onto the open ground. "Okay, I'm going first so I can help you on the other side."

Just then they heard the front door open. Millie was jumping nervously from one foot to the other. "Just hurry, for goodness sakes!"

Trish landed on the ground with a thud. It was further down than she had anticipated, but it was still manageable. Millie's head poked through the opening. "No!" she whispered loudly. "Legs first! I can't catch you if you take a dive head first."

"Oh." Millie's head ducked back in and then one leg jutted out. Soon, she was sitting on the ledge.

"Ready?" It was a pointless question because Millie

jumped at the same instant she uttered it. It wasn't quite what Trish had in mind. She hadn't planned on actually 'catching' her friend, she was going to help her crawl down. Instead, all she managed to do was break Millie's fall with her body as they both tumbled to the ground, arms and legs akimbo.

"Are you okay?" Trish asked breathlessly. The thought of Millie breaking an arm or a leg . . . or worse, had Trish worried.

"I'm fine. Now, get off of me so we can get out of here!"

Trish's eyes widened and she held a finger to her lips. She thought she had just heard the bedroom door open. Oh, oh. Gesturing frantically with her hand, she motioned for Millie to follow her. They scrambled over to the next door neighbor's trailer and ducked behind it a second before a stream of obscenities flew out the open window.

But then the cursing stopped, followed by only low muttering, and then nothing. Grabbing Millie's hand, they made a mad dash through the mobile home park – well, as mad a dash as two old women could make – ducking between trailers and keeping an eye out for anyone following them. It seemed that all they left behind, though, was a wave of barking dogs.

What seemed like an eternity later, they saw Edna sitting in the car at the entrance of the mobile home park just as she had been instructed. "Let's go," Trish said breathlessly as she practically pushed Millie into the car and then fell in after her.

Edna looked at them in shock. "What . . ."

"We'll tell you in a minute. Just get the hell out of here!"