

Name: _____

PD: _____

It Was a Dark and Stormy Night

Roslyn looked at her reflection in the elevator doors. Tall, slim, with silky blond hair past her shoulders and piercing blue eyes, all she noticed was the dark circles underneath her eyes and the tired expression on her face. Glancing down at her watch, she saw it was almost 9 o'clock at night. "I've got to stop working such late hours," she thought to herself. At 22 years old, Roslyn was an intern at one of the most popular law firms in town. She desperately hoped for a job offer from the firm when she graduated law school in the spring. As a result, she worked so hard she was usually the last one leaving the office.

The elevator doors opened, and Roslyn crossed the office's lobby, heading for the parking garage. She tossed her hair casually over her shoulder and called out, "Say hello to the wife for me, Frank." There was no response from the security guard. She paused. Scanning the desk, then the rest of the lobby, Frank was nowhere in sight. "That's strange," she muttered out loud, to no one in particular.

Roslyn hurried across the parking garage with an uneasy feeling in her stomach. Usually Frank walked her out when it was this late. Locking the car doors, she zipped out of the parking garage and onto the street. It was a moonless night, and the day's steady drizzle turned into a blinding downpour. Her windshield wipers made a scraping sound with each upward stroke, so she turned up the radio.

She vaguely recognized the song that was playing on the local radio station. "I've really got to stop working so darn late!" she thought again. As her mind was wandering through all the work she needed to complete over the weekend, the DJ interrupted the song.

"Listeners, we apologize for this interruption, but we wanted to inform you of late breaking news. Three hours ago, a dangerous convicted murderer escaped from the local prison. He is believed to be armed and very dangerous. Police are asking that you keep your doors and windows locked and that you stay alert to your surroundings. Please report any suspicious behavior to the police."

Roslyn barely listened to the announcement, focusing still on her busy weekend. Pulling into the driveway of her quaint, two-bedroom house where she lived alone, she noticed that the light on the front porch was out. "Light bulbs. I have to add that to the list," she thought. She had turned it on when she left that morning; it must have burnt out.

Turning the key in the lock, she had the strange sensation that her door was already unlocked. Shrugging it off, she entered the house and flipped the light switch. The small, dim light on the table in the corner failed to turn on. "Just my luck. Of course another light bulb would burn out," she mumbled.

She dropped her purse and briefcase on the floor and walked down the narrow hallway to the house's tiny kitchen. Behind her, the wooden floorboards creaked. She froze, chills running down her spine. "Deep breath. It's been a long day. It's okay," she said reassuringly. As she moved forward, the floorboards behind her creaked again, and she heard low breathing.