

Sal and The Boy

Sal rose to his feet, arms extended towards the ceiling, screaming at the top of his lungs. “Wowowow’ louder and louder ‘Wowowow’ Closer and closer until they was right but on top of me. ‘Lord, save my soul I beg of you!’ I shouted, and then...it got all quiet. The chants stopped. The footsteps had gone. My pistol and my gold were still by my side, but they took one thing from me.”

“Whats that?” The boy stammered.

Sal turned his back towards the boy, quickly plucking out his glass eye, before turning around, holding open his dead socket.

“This!” Sal shouted.

Consumed with fright the boy shrieked and fell onto his backside. The broom flew from his hands, landing in the corner near the supply closet, while everyone else howled with laughter...

