

## The Wrong Turn

They knew they had taken a wrong turn. He remembered that there was a MacDonald's on the corner and a Seven-Eleven just across the street from it, but this corner was dark, not even a street lamp to illumine the sidewalk.

He pulled the car over and turned off the engine.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"What do I think? I think we're lost, that's what I think."

"No, I mean, should we call Anthony and tell him we're going to be late, or should we just forget about it?"

She was still angry that he hadn't talked it over with her, that he decided to get mixed up with his old roommate all on his own. "Why the hell did you ever want to do this in the first place?" she asked him.

"For us. We need the money, right? Selling a little dope is an easy way to do it."

She was looking out her window. "I can't see anything out there. It gives me the creeps."

"It's just because of the tinted windows."

The sudden tap on the glass caused her to scream.

"Jesus, Susan, what's wrong with you?"

"Somebody's out there," she hissed.

"Are you serious?"

There was another tap, more insistent this time.

"Start the car, Mike. We need to get out of here."

"What are you talking about? Open the window and ask where McKinley Avenue is, for chrissake."

"Are you crazy?"

"You're being ridiculous." He opened his door and got out, slamming it behind him.

"Mike!" she yelled.

As the minutes slowly ticked by she became more and more anxious. Thinking that leaving him stranded would serve him right, she felt for the keys in the ignition, but they were gone. She rolled down her window but no one was out there. "Mike! C'mon, let's go!"

By the time he finally got back in the car she was a mess. "What the hell were you doing out there for so long?" she yelled as he quickly turned the key in the ignition. She was shaking and sobbing uncontrollably, her face buried in her hands.

After she had stopped crying, they drove on in silence. She was so angry that she still couldn't bear to look at him. It was then that she got a whiff of him, reeking of alcohol and cigarettes.

"You stink. What were you doing out there?"

The voice that answered her wasn't Mike's, it wasn't even close.

"Just shut up and you won't get hurt."