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Run

Ariel Crank

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Run

Ariel Crank

Her shoes crunch against the ground,
her heart racing and pounding, arms and chest burning.
She's not so sure about the ifs, buts, and whys, or how she got into
this mess in the first place.

All she remembers is her mom yelling *what about the children* and then
the shattering sound of broken glass all over the kitchen floor. To the
best of her knowledge the color of the glass was
green. Then her father's shouting, slurred cuss words transitioned to
soft sobs that seemed so faint they were part of a dream, which she
tried to convince herself she was having.

Her brother had a good head start, but it was okay. He knew that she
was strong enough to catch up, that she knew these woods behind
their house, that they played games such as hide and seek and tag all
the time. They both knew, but not even a single word could escape
their mouths in their unbroken *run*.