

We continued walking making slight progress with every step. Keeping our minds busy with the talk about what was in store for our night while the steady thud of our converse hit the pavement like the erythematic beat of a drum in the perfectly still silent night. As if our mind were in sync with each other's we all felt a form of telepathy as our conversation came to an abrupt end mid-sentence. We all sensed someone else nearby. A great silence fell over us all as panic stricken faces peered into the thick darkness. Squinting our eyes to see any possible hint of head lights and straining our ears to hear even the slightest roar of an engine. We remained silent listening, looking, and fearfully over thinking. "Yes, it's a car! Run!" I cried as I realized the familiar sound of treading tires getting closer and closer. All at once we darted to the side of the road and without thinking twice, plunged into the deep ditch. Vigorously searching for an unseakable niche to hide, we tried our hardest to blend in with the lively field. Waiting in anticipation with my eyes closed tight, the scent of corn laced with fresh dew filled my senses. Trying to steady my breathing I just sat and waited. The stalks swayed with the slight breeze but to me every motion seemed ten times as significant as it was in reality. It felt as if the corn field actually came alive as the truck finally zoomed past, like it was trying desperately to give our location away.

As the steady rhythm of our feet returned, little did we know that yet another challenge lie in-between us and our final destination. When the most ear splitting bellow of a bark and a snarl reverberated off every square inch of moon light, illuminated, nature around us, so loud we were sure the whole country block was awakened by it. My eyes as wide as the full moon itself, backtracking as quickly as possible to avoid sheer death, we fled back down the road in a full out sprint. Stopping to quickly catch our breath we glanced at one another giving each other the reassuring look that we too were in pure horror as well. Then as we knew we had to, we began retracing our steps as smooth and

steady as ever. Putting every last ounce of effort into assuring each muscle I moved glided perfectly and silently to its next position. Feeling as if hours had passed, I tried to camouflage as best I knew how. Hoping with every last bit of my soul that we could slip past the ferocious beast without being noticed; for if we were who knew what was behind that country porch door they were guiding, without a doubt something bigger and badder than the fearless animals themselves. Still every movement dragged on. Sweat formed at my hairline just above my forehead. I wiped the droplet clean for fear that even a drip of sweat may avalanche into the sound of an entire rushing waterfall, awakening the beats sleeping senses once more.