

## Tour Life

The man ran as fast as he could. "Keep up!" yelled his partner, Seven. They weaved in and out of the neighborhood. They felt the confused stares of strangers as the pair ran past them. They didn't know where they were running to, their only goal was to get away. The man pointed to a house across the street. "Quick, let's hide here," said the man.

*Oh my god,* thought the man. *We are going to die here. And it was all because of my partner. He had to pull the trigger, didn't he?* "There was absolutely no reason to kill him. We had a deal with them," whispered the man. "He was rude," replied Seven. "Look, we are in this game, and we must demand respect. They didn't give it to us, so we had to teach them a lesson. But it's over now, let's just focus on getting away." Using his flashlight, the man looked around the dark room. There were a few wooden boards and some broken tools on the floor. There was no sign of the owners of the house anywhere. They could spend the night here, but there was a chance that their enemies would find them. Plus, they didn't know how long the house owners were out. The man was scared. After all, they had killed a man. There was no way the search would end in one day. He wanted to see his family again. He missed his daughter. If only he could see her face again, and go back to the way things were. Should he leave his partner? *I am definitely quieter when I'm alone. I have a better chance surviving alone.* And so he decided that he would leave his partner, and go back to his normal life. He didn't have the guts to tell his partner he was leaving, so he slipped away while his partner dozed off.

The man stepped outside onto the sidewalk. He slowly walked forward, alert for any dangerous sounds. As he walked, he began to think of the good times that he and his partner used to have. They had some wild nights together. *Maybe I made the wrong decision,* thought

the man. *I should go back to him. I've always trusted my partner to make the right move, so why stop now?* Behind him, he heard the sound of a car. BANG.

Seven woke up from his nap. He did not see the man anywhere in the room. *He must be in the house somewhere*, he thought. He walked upstairs, calling for the man. His commotion woke up the house owner, who was fast asleep in the bedroom. Fearing for his life, the house owner took his shotgun and opened his door. BANG.