

# LOOT, STRINGS, AND HEARTBREAK

*Aoife Hughes*

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## PROLOGUE

In the depth of the night I have always felt most comfortable. The stillness and quietness, but for the sounds of the wind and every so often a creak as a building adjusts itself, lets me feel like I've some control over my thoughts. The lack of stimulation allows my mind to breathe, and I can think clearly and focus on the task at hand. That is at least until *he* ruins it by opening his mouth.

"Do you think they're out?", Bill wondered aloud.



01

CHAPTER ONE





O2

## CHAPTER TWO



03

## CHAPTER THREE



04

## CHAPTER FOUR



05

## CHAPTER FIVE





06

## CHAPTER SIX