

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

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CHAPTER TWO

03

CHAPTER THREE

04

CHAPTER FOUR

05

CHAPTER FIVE

06

CHAPTER SIX