

The lamp outside of Seashore Diner flickers to life. The diner is almost empty except for the few last minute customers and a couple of employees on the night shift.

Lydia Cox sighs, bored out of her mind as she cleans the counter with a rag. Occasionally she looks up from her work to look out the window. A few cars drive by. The lights in the windows of apartments and houses shut off, leaving the lamppost planted every few feet along the road as the only source of light. She continues cleaning.

“In other news, another attack launched by G.H.O.S.T. has taken down the presidential candidate Alan Fitzgerald’s debate broadcast earlier today.” Lydia pauses, arms resting against the kitchen counter as she watches the news. Pictures of a trashed news studio are shown next to the news anchor. Chairs were smashed to pieces against the wall. The walls were scorched to the point Lydia couldn’t tell what color the wall once was. The whole studio was as dark as the night sky outside. A single light held by a thin wire was the only source of light in the studio that wasn’t smashed to pieces on the floor. The light was planted in a position that illuminated the scarlet liquid that flowed from under the rubble like a river.

“Fortunately,” The anchor continued, “Fitzgerald was escorted safely away from the scene with minimal injuries. His opponent, Garret Larson, however was found under a pile of debris and appears to have been stabbed by one of the pipes. He now lies in the Ophelia General Hospital as we speak being treated. Once again, I am sad to report that the police were once again unable to catch any G.H.O.S.T members. Now to Parker Cove on the scene.”

Lydia tore her eyes away from the screen. The sight of the studio flashed in her mind. She shivers. She worked on scrubbing the counter. She no longer looks out the window.