# Sleeping Sound Chapter 3

Leon reacts first, with a lurch he grabs the collar of my shirt and pulls me back away from the door and towards him. My mind coming back to me I grab Cara’s hand and the three of us dart past Kieran into the kitchen. In the kitchen, dirty and old my eyes scan the room. The stove is still on heating what is left of the pork stew, the cupboards ajar and opened cans sprawled out over the counter tops. My eyes lock to the back door next to our oven. I open the door pulling myself and Cara through breaking out into a full sprint once outside, Leon tailing us. Our run was sporadic and panicked, eyes adapting to the night. The stars dot the sky and the moon full, high in the sky shine down on us. We run in the expanse plain that opens up to us, grass somewhat wet tickles my feet and the cool air cuts through our flesh and chills our bones. A tree grows bigger into view, a mighty tree, with a weathered trunk blossomed with leaves a lush green. We halt at the foot of the tree, Leon makes a dash towards the bush next to us and pulls out a shovel. His shovel cracks the earth in front of the tree splitting the grass in an almost perfect seem. I help him and together we pull away the two fold of grass to reveal a cellar door. Leon yanks the door open and gestures us to make our way in. Cara is first down ladder, then me. I am at its base and look up to see Leon’s face wracked with worry, he makes his way down closing the door behind him sealing ourselves in darkness.

A warm glow illuminates behind me. I look over to see Cara holding a night candle a flame dancing on the end of the wick. She covers the flame protectively to warn against the water dripping from the stone walls that surround us.

“Why did we run?” Cara opens the question to the room.

“Kratz, he is a high Warden in the Domas Reserves.” Leon says to her.

“That still doesn’t tell us why we had to run to the emergency cellar. What does a Warden want with use anyways?”

“The reason we ran is because Kratz is a War Officer, here either to recruit or to quell civil unrest.” Leon says darkly.

“Which is it?” I say.

“We haven’t had a war in two decades, if I had to guess…”

“That’s impossible, none of us has done anything against the Wardens we’re not guilty.” Cara cuts in.