# 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 comes back to me and 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 shines 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 folds of grass to reveal a cellar door. Leon yanks the door open and gestures us to make our way in. Cara is first down the 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 high Warden even want with us 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 are not guilty.” Cara cuts in.

“But we weren’t the ones he was calling.” I add.

Silence hung in the air as each of us realized the gravity of the situation. Dread ripples across our faces as we all stare blankly at each other.

“What do we do?” Cara says breaking the silence.

“We stay here, Kieran told us to run so we run. We spit in the face of her good will if we went back. Heroics won’t solve this situation, not against Wardens, no against this.” I say while internally hating myself as the words leave my mouth.

“You can’t be serious?” Cara says to me still holding the candle now staring at the flame trying to be lost it in.

“Dead. Whatever the situation it’s Kieran, she can handle it. I trust her.” I say hoping saying the words would help me cope with what I’m doing. Silence hangs again, this time it is heavier, seconds get longer each time it ticks by, breathes quicken with each inhale.

We are leaving her to die.

Is that what’s happening? It can’t be, she knows what she is doing, she’s dealt with Wardens all the time, even Abners if what she tells me is true. She can handle them, so I can handle this. “Let’s be calm, they can’t know we are here this is an emergency cellar no one else knows about we should be safe.”

BANG

A cellar door splinters along the crack fresh in the wood, dust falling. My eyes widen and fear overwhelms me. “Mercyhell they found us.”