

*She took a curtain in each hand and flung them open, holding her arms wide. It took her a moment to register what she was seeing. I suppose it would have taken anyone a moment. But when she did, she let out a scream. That's when the shots began. Tony pushed the cart out of the way and ran to Tina. He should have run faster, but his legs seemed only able to move at a turtle's pace.*

*He was yelling, but I couldn't hear him. I think I might have been yelling too, but I couldn't tell. As Tony leapt into the air toward Tina, I pulled my gun from its holster. It took minutes, or was it seconds, to get the thing in front of me and minutes more before I could pull the trigger. Tony had landed on top of Tina and glass was flying everywhere.*

*The man standing on the other side of what was left of the sliding glass door was holding something at his waist. Something that was spitting fire repeatedly. I tried to aim for the fire. I pulled the trigger over and over again until all I heard was clicking. But the fire was still coming. I tried to leap behind the sofa and that's when someone touched flame to my shoulder. I fell hard on my back. I would have gotten up, but the room went black.*