

Chronicles of a Girl II ~ Into the Unknown

They were quick, but the girl's movements were faster. She raised up her two hand guns, one at either open window, and Derek leaned back into his seat. And before the bikers could react, Chloe shot. Both figures slumped over, falling to the ground, and the bikes veered off.

With a shared look of relief Chloe grabbed at the shotgun and slithered over the seats to the very back of the vehicle. Derek swerved to avoid rocks and trees with one hand on the wheel while reaching with his other hand to comfort the small boy in back seat.

As the jeep moved from side to side and bumped on through the surrounding darkness, Chloe had a difficult time at steadying herself with the gun to get off any kind of shot. It was also hard to make heads or tails of who was following the trio. But from the bright white headlights Chloe determined that their tail was a pickup and a couple more motorbikes.

She then reached into a nearby duffel bag that held a rifle, but only grabbed for its scope. She preferred using it to binoculars, which seemed large and clumsy in her small hands.

The trailing truck loomed sometimes close, within feet, and then would fall back. Derek was driving as fast as he could.

Looking through the scope, Chloe could not make out much, but she definitely confirmed her thoughts on the number of following vehicles. She could also see multiple, shadowy, faceless figures standing in the back of the pickup as well as two seated in the front.

“What do you see?”

“Not much.” It was aggravating to the girl.

When Chloe quickly glanced at the front she was struck with a surge of satisfaction seeing that Derek was simultaneously driving the jeep and trying to sooth Johnny. He was actually doing this rather well. Johnny was only crying minimally and their vehicle had not collided with a rock or anything, so that was a positive.

A stray bullet once again pierced the back window but hit no one. Chloe wondered why they were not shooting at them more than this. She looked to the scope for an answer, and what she saw put her stomach in a knot.

The following pickup showed a hood ornament, the silver colour of it catching the reflection off the high above, dimly lit, quarter moon. It was a small statuette figure of a sprawling eagle, two small hand guns at its wingtips, and the word ‘DIE’ in block lettering across the top of its head. Chloe had seen this before, but not since her years growing up in Valley. She took a few double takes to be sure.

“How could it be?” She thought out loud.

“What?”

She ignored the question. “Keep driving.”

Drake was dead. How could his pickup be following them? She recalled that horrible night when she had shot him four times. She was certain he was dead; but there was no mistaking the hood decoration she saw. Randy was in her thoughts next, it almost made her sick to think that he might still be alive.

She recalled the rescue she had made for her Dad and Sally after she had broken out of prison. Sally had shot Randy, and he in turn, her. But Chloe never saw him actually draw his last breath the way she had with Drake, or felt when dealing with Richardson.

“Could it be?” She asked the question to no one.