

An over-weight, over-middle-aged woman is witness to a murder, and is taken to a remote area of California to be killed. She escapes and finds her adventure is less about her physical survival than her emotional one.

Another Road

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/4063.html?s=pdf>

ANOTHER ROAD

Copyright © 2009 Du Sharboneau

ISBN 978-1-60145-751-6

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Printed in the United States of America.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Booklocker.com, Inc.
2009

ANOTHER ROAD

The men continued pointing, jabbing with their fingers to different areas below as possibilities of landing places. Back and forth, and in front of her, they were deciding on the place of her death as though it were nothing at all. She felt like screaming and crying and from that came a feeling of anger. Fran called the men violent, hateful names silently to herself while clenching and unclenching her fists.

The helicopter landed and the tall man turned to the pilot indicating instructions to wait. Fran yelled to herself, "Act now! Now!" She trembled with fear and anger. The man opened the door and jumped out turning to reach for her. Fran swung herself and her big purse out and on top of him knocking him down. She scrambled over him still holding onto her purse and ran towards the trees.

The pilot saw humor in it and laughed encouragement to the thin man who was swearing and rubbing his leg as he started the chase.

Fran ran clutching her purse to her breast. Her eyes searched for a refuge; someplace to hide. She tried to dodge around, scanning for big trees and brush. She slowed down, gulping in air, wanting to cry, screaming in her mind, listening for the man who was on her trail, but not sure where he was. She ran again as fast as she could and as quietly as she could, trying not to step on branches. Her breathing was difficult because she was so overweight. Finally, Fran couldn't go any further and fell to a sitting position behind a large tree with her back pressed tightly up against it. Her gasping breath was so loud, she tried to hold it, but everything burned inside her throat and chest.

DU SHARBONEAU

Fran turned her head to the side. She heard his steps coming her way. Tears ran down her face. A shot made her scream and a form somewhere in front of her fell heavily into the brush. What had fallen? She didn't know and it didn't matter because he knew where she was! Sobbing, she pushed towards the tree with her head and back. Her heart was racing so that the sound thudded in her ears. She looked. He was there pointing his gun at her and laughing. He started to say something and was interrupted by the snapping of branches. He glanced to the side, then back at her and laughed again. He indicated in her direction with his gun, opening his mouth to say something, when his expression changed to total fear.

He gasped, "No!" and covered himself with his arms as a bullet smashed against his chest.

Fran hadn't moved a muscle through the shocking experience. Somewhere, back in her mind, she grasped what had happened, and why. Mr. Mariani had taken care of two problems evidently. For whatever reason, the tall man had also been marked for death. Did the pilot think that she was dead, too? He might have thought that the first shot went into her and not into whatever lay on the other side of the bushes. While the thoughts swarmed and swirled through her head, Fran had dropped her head onto her shoulder and let her mouth go slack. She had relaxed her arms and opened her hands, palms upward as though she'd been shot. She waited. She listened. She tried hard to see through her eyelashes without moving her eyes. There was no sound. Was he standing right there looking at her? The only thing Fran could hear was

ANOTHER ROAD

the beating of her heart and the stuffed roaring feeling in her ears as if she were going to black out. Fran tried again to open her eyes ever so carefully and had a hard time controlling them when she noticed the dead man's gun on the ground a little in front of her right knee.

A gamble: should she dive for the gun and try to kill the pilot first, before he shot her, or should she continue to pretend being shot? She waited. Finally, she said to herself, "You fool! Don't wait to be killed!" and dove for the gun.

Fran swooped up the gun, turning at the same time, ready to shoot and possibly to be shot. No one was there. She leaned further around the trunk staring back toward where she thought the pilot should be standing, where the man had glanced before he was shot; when her ears told her the pilot was leaving. The sound vibrated overhead and Fran was afraid he would look down and see her – see that she wasn't dead and return.

It was a while before Fran realized that she was safe. She continued to look back towards the spot the pilot must have stood even though the helicopter had departed; her eyes searched.

Her own voice broke the stillness. Fran yelled, "Oh God!" and burst into tears. She put the gun down and continued to cry and talked to herself. She said things like, "Another chance! Another life! What will I do with this new life I've been given? I'll live it wholly," she answered herself. "I've been so close to death!"

She remembered about the movement in front of her and got to her knees to peek over the brush; then she rose slowly and looked

DU SHARBONEAU

around the foliage and saw a deer. She stared, not fitting together exactly what had happened. She decided the man must have seen the movement of the deer and shot. Her own screams had led him to her.

The pilot had evidently followed them both into the forest waiting for Fran to be shot before killing her pursuer. Strange that he had been so sure she had been killed that he didn't bother to look. Had it bothered him, Fran wondered, because she was a woman? Or, maybe not being a professional cold-blooded killer, had he needed to hurry away from what he had done? Surely, he must have had a lot of faith in the killer's aim and presumed her dead, if not dead, mortally wounded. And maybe, because she was a woman, he might have felt that she was incapable of surviving on her own whether injured or not.

Fran's wide eyes looked around. She was startled to see the man's body again; as though, now that he was dead, the body should have just disappeared. She wanted to run. She wanted to get away from the body; instead, Fran sat down. "Think," she held her head and repeated, "Think, think, think," she knew it would be easy to panic, so Fran started asking herself questions: how far am I from anyone? What do I need to stay alive? What have I got to help me? Fran knew she was just stalling. What she was really doing was resting. She needed to sit and rest. She wouldn't make a move until her body was ready and then she knew her mind would work better.

She hadn't delivered the contracts and designs to the office. Margaret would have contacted the police. Fran sat in a wilderness. She was alive. Nothing else mattered. The "stay in one place" rule was not

An over-weight, over-middle-aged woman is witness to a murder, and is taken to a remote area of California to be killed. She escapes and finds her adventure is less about her physical survival than her emotional one.

Another Road

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/4063.html?s=pdf>