

She tried hard to stick to the speed limit but anxiously waited to pull into her driveway. The highway wasn't busy the passing storms kept most motorists home this evening. She had driven this route most of her adult life yet tonight felt different. A sense of dread hanging over her and she couldn't shake it. The radio was playing her latest playlist an upbeat tune was playing yet it seemed distant as she focused on the road ahead of her. The car felt as if it were on autopilot gliding across the black pavement, she trusted in it to get her home safely. The new moon left the skies dark. The few stars that appeared on the horizon almost seemed duller tonight. The roads were dry and only a thin fog laid across the night air, a passing car lit up her windshield leaving an eerie haze across the glass. Turning on the wipers and defogger a chill overcame her. She looked in the rearview mirror a few times not trusting her own eyes, nothing was back there. She told herself to get over these paranoid tendencies but her fears got the best of her. She turned down the road, "just a few more miles and home sweet home", she thought. She calculated the route in her head, remembering how much closer each passing turned brought her to safety. The last bit of road, she hadn't realized how loud the radio had gotten and begun to turn it down. She peered into the rearview mirror one last time. Switched on her turn signal she can see her place, it looked smaller than she remembered and darker. She pulled in to her home, for a second she stared blankly into the front porch, her senses on high alert as a prey sensing danger. She turned off the car and approached her home. The door was unlocked and she entered the dark living room, the house was silent as if all the noise was sucked out into space. She walked towards the kitchen and placed her belongings on the table, everything seemed in place. She sighed, but it did not give her any relief. She finished getting ready for bed in the master bathroom and tried to wash the concerns from the drive down the drain. She looked forward to the comforts of her blankets and the warmth of her husband. Slipping under the covers, she leans over to kiss her husband but he wasn't there. Strange, the air conditioner is on which meant he would have fallen asleep in the room, besides she hadn't recalled him on the couch when she entered the house. She got up and checked the couch one more time, empty. Weird, maybe he was asleep in the boy's room. Creeping slowly across the floor hoping to avoid the creaking boards beneath her feet she cracked open her son's door. No one was in the bed either. Panic started to rise in her chest. Ok, deep breath they probably got scared of the storm and went into the baby's room. She went to her daughter's room. What she saw put her in a state of shock, there they were all sleeping in the middle of the floor and her daughter in the crib.