

Five, Six, Seven, Eight....
By
Jake Bible

God how they danced!

All through the night and into the next day. Tango, waltz, samba, mambo, foxtrot, salsa, lambada, you name it.

When the soles of their shoes began to wear thin, Jessica started to cry again. Will tried to brush her tears away, but his hands were occupied in a complex move resulting in a lift, spin, drop, catch and one.

“I’m so sorry,” he whispered, his voice hoarse from thirst.

“Me too,” she croaked.

God how they danced!

All through the night and into the next day. And the next and the next and the next and...