

Caught In The Concrete  
By  
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“Help!” Milton screamed, his throat choked with concrete dust. “Please! Anybody! Help!” The sound of rubble shifting and then a small ray of light made his heart leap. “I’m right here!”

A flashlight caught Milton in the eyes.

“You okay, buddy?” a man asked.

“Help, I’m trapped,” Milton squinted.

The man was silent. “I saw you earlier,” he said finally. “You did this. You left that bag in the lobby.”

Milton’s blood ran cold. “It wasn’t me. I swear.”

“Yes. It was,” the man growled before the flashlight smashed into Milton’s forehead. Milton’s consciousness faded. “Nobody here! Move it on!”