

Those Odds  
By  
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I can't stand total silence. It freaks me out a little. Usually Garth is grunting and complaining about something that's bugging him, but even he is silent. Not good.

Garth can tell when other necs are close by. He usually hoots and slaps my shoulder. But now he's shaking. He never shakes.

Not good.

The first necs break the tree line. Dozens. I lift my 9mm and prepare. Then lower it as I spot the hundreds behind the first wave. Hundreds. All hungry. And all eyes on me.

You don't stand your ground with those odds.

You run like hell!