

Skyjacker

I'm profoundly troubled, limbs weak with fear. My brain is working overtime conjuring ghostly images to match the din coming from above. What the hell is that noise?

There it is again. Heavier footsteps this time, so I know it's more than my negative thinking conjuring boogie men from beastly shadows. This is concrete. This is real. This is happening.

I flick my flashlight on under the covers and call dad on my phone.

I meet him in the hallway. He's carrying a cricket bat and passes me a wicket.

We're outside shining torches at the roof...

Beady-eyed possum! Magic!