

The Streetlights and the Moon

Footsteps pounded across the puddle-laden cement, the sounds of police sirens causing a distinct dissonance between the two noises.

"This way!" A tall figure yells, holding the hand of a shorter figure. They stumble as they run together, performing an impromptu two-legged race as they run in step, knocking into each other as they do. The grunts of the two die down as they get further away from the sirens, slowly turning into absolute silence as they hold their breath.

"...Are we safe?" The smaller voice asks, licking her lips to moisten the cracked skin. Her typically pale skin in view of the bug-infested streetlight was rosy with exhaustion. Her back slumps against the wall as she slides down, peeling off her gloves as she does so. The gloves slop to the ground, soaked and unable to fulfill their purpose. "Are you okay?" The voice pipes up again, looking down at her cold hands. Her voice was soft. At that moment, it seemed as if she was speaking too loud for the silence absolved them. However, despite the cold that caused a person's fingers to lurch and curl inwards, her hands didn't even shake.

"Yeah... yeah, I'm fine." His jacket crinkles as he joins her on the ground. "What about you? I don't know a lot of people that would be okay after something that-"

"Gruesome?" She interrupts, keeping her gaze focused on a brick that seemed to be a different color from the rest of the wall; one that was chipped beyond use and, if it were to be taken out from the rest of the wall, would have no effect on those around it.

"... Yeah," he trails off, resting the back of his head against the wall so that he can look up. The sky peeks just above the building in front of them. No matter how he craned his neck, he couldn't see the moon. Comfort, at the moment, was a commodity unafforded.

"What are we going to do, Kash?" she asks, her eyes starting to dart around at the rustling of trash. "They're going to find us, eventually. What am I going to say? Do I just go to the station and tell them that- "

"You aren't going to tell them anything." Kash's voice resounded, bouncing off the brick walls and trapping them together. His eyes begin to dart as well, but they end up focusing on the glove. The artificial light illuminated the two of them once again, showing that the once murky puddle that the glove bathed in was now a sickly burgundy. "He was a bad man. He was sick and demented, you knew that. He deserved everything that came to him, and I'll be damned if you go back on it when this doesn't even concern you." Kash breathed heavily, not having blinked for the entirety of his rant. Sweat dripped down his face and melded with the steam coming off his breath.

The girl froze, except for her slipping her hand into her pocket. Kash froze in response, but his shoulders fell as she pulled her wallet out and opened it to a photo. It was of a little girl and someone that assumedly was her father, but the fresh bloodstains on it from her thumb made it hard to see the man's face.

"We should get going, staying in one place for too long could be dangerous- "

"You said he was my dad, Kash." The whole world stopped. "Who did we just kill?"

