Maya crouched behind the couch in her small room, shaking uncontrollably. There was someone, or something, in her room looking for her. She knew it was coming for her because she knew a secret. A very dangerous secret, to be exact.

When Maya had first heard it, she was glad she knew and had sworn to herself that she would be the only one in this entire boarding school that knew it. But now she wished she had never stepped into that library and eavesdropped on those two men’s conversation. She wished she had moved on and minded her own business. Maya should have known that no one knew a secret like this and lived. Those two men had somehow found out that she knew, and now she was going to die. No wonder why her mother had always told her not to eavesdrop.

 “Maya?” a quiet and familiar voice whispered.

 Maya gasped. Was that who she thought it was? To be safe, she didn’t move. She listened in case the person called again.

 It did. “Maya, are you here?”

 There was no doubt about it, she’d know that voice anywhere. Maya jumped up from behind the couch. “Don?”

 Don rushed over to her. “Oh, thank goodness I found you! Are you all right?”

 She nodded. “What’s going on?”

 “I don’t know, I was hoping you’d tell me. But we have to go. Now!” Don said hurriedly.

 Maya didn’t need any more bidding. She allowed Don to grab her hand and pull her out of the room, through the hall, and out the back door into the dark deserted streets.

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