

Triangle

Prologue

The fog hung ominously, like a veiled curtain all around her. What had happened was too terrible to remember, the potential ramifications too great, so she shut it out of her mind.

Wait. She could hear something. Her daughter's voice, very low, very frightened. She was crying.

"Mommy, mommy, I'm here, where are you mommy?"

"Oh my God, you're okay, I can hear you baby, mommy's coming, mommy will find you.

Don't move. Stay where you are."

Her legs felt like jelly and the ache in her arms was almost too great to bear but she forced herself to walk. The visibility was zero ---- she could hardly see her hand in front of her face.

Every now and then she would pause to listen, to try and calibrate her distance from the sound.

At one instant she thought she heard them both. Maybe they were together. Oh Dear Lord, let them be together. Better yet, let them be okay.

The fear poured off of her in a clammy sweat that she could smell. She kept moving. It was getting somewhat easier, so she started to run. Then she hit it straight on, a solid wall of hard blackness.

The last thing she remembered before she passed out was the sound. Did she really hear it, were they really there?