

Chapter 2

From my bed I could see a man at the door. He was holding a black bag. The man kept ringing the door bell. I can not sleep with the door bell ringing.

Ring, ring. Ring, ring.

What did this man want? I hid in my bed. I did not want to get up and go to the door. I felt too sick.

Ring, ring. Ring, ring.

I wished the man would stop it. I needed to rest. I did not need him there ringing the door bell. I wanted him to shut up and rack off.

He banged on the door. Then he picked up a rock and hit the door with it. This creep was standing there thumping my door with a rock!

He dumped the rock and got a brick. He bashed the lock on the door with this big brick. What was he doing?

Thump. Bang. He was smashing the door in. Then there was a crack and the door split.

I shut my eyes and hid. Well, what could I do? What would you do if you were sick in bed and a man was smashing up your door?

Then the lock snapped and he was in.