

Chapter Eleven

The day came when Ana could go home. She would make a trip back to the hospital three times a week for a while for rehabilitation and her new prosthetic leg. It would be another week before her doctor, and the prosthetist was ready to help her with the task of walking again. Like so many other places in the country, the hospital had experience with this process because of the wars in the middle east. Hospital policy forced Ana into a wheelchair for her ride out pushed by an orderly with Owen walking next to her. They wheeled out to find a hot pink van with a pearl-white roof and pearl accents down the sides. Owen said, "*Wendy thought you might like it.*" Ana asked, "*for what?*" Owen smiled while he helped her into the van saying, "*she wants you to use the van until you're ready for something else or just may be ready to keep it.*" Ana smiled saying, "*I can see some girly girl type seeing this rolling bottle of Pepto-Bismol and going all crazy and while I appreciate the thought, I just don't know how long I could drive it..... you know out in public looking like this.*"

Owen pulled into the parking lot of the gun shop and around to the back were a new manufactured home sometimes referred to as a trailer, or mobile home was set up with a ramp and large covered deck. Owen said, "*this was a gift from Uncle Sam. That is my uncle.... Sam and not the government.*" Ana made her way up the ramp to the porch with tiny misting sprays and a couple of ceiling fans turning what would be a heat sink into a cool place away from the sun. They had brought the furniture from that apartment down into the trailer, but it still had a feel of a place that no one lived in like a model home. Owen said, "*I didn't want to live here without you, so I waited until you were ready.*" She had known Owen for just a few months, but it felt like it had been years even on that first day down in Mexico. She kissed him and said, "*I love you.*" Owen got this lost look on his face and said, "*I love you too.*" Ana looked at the door and said, "*show me the house..... Start in the bedroom.*" Owen asked, "*feeling tired?*" Ana responded by putting her hand down the front of his shorts and saying, "*I'm feeling something, just not tired.*"

The construction site was in full build mode with the old motel gone and a new almost out of place building going up. Alice said the place would be something akin to a prairie-style ala Frank Lloyd Wright's Robie House with long low flat roofs to keep the sun out of the windows and plenty of brick. Alice and her contractor took a simple rebuild and made it into one of the largest projects built in the area since the highway. Alice stayed back in Arizona leaving the daily work to a contractor named Gregg Wright. He wasn't related to the famed architect. When he went into the business, he legally changed his name hoping he could find work in projects designed with Wright's aesthetic. He was also an architect and had planned out many of the homes he built for Alice in the small planned communities across Arizona, Nevada, and California. Gregg saw this place as his masterpiece and wanted everything to be right or as he would say Wright by emphasizing the W making it almost sound like white. As the building went up, Wendy started to understand she couldn't run this place like it was a side job or cover for their other operation, so she made it her job to find someone else to do the job of running the place.

A shot rang out across the desert. *"low and to the left..... I don't see what's wrong with that floral print guy.... You know.... what's his name?"* Cathy lowered the binoculars and looked at Wendy laying in a firing position with her new rifle. Wendy worked the bolt and said, *"the fact that you can't remember Smith's name is a sign on just how good of a candidate he was for the job."* Wendy fire the rifle. She asked, *"or was his name, Jones?"* A metallic ping rang back to them as Cathy said, *"up and on the left but you did hit it this time, and it was Smyth with a Y."* Wendy quickly said, *"as in why hire this guy."* Wendy worked the slide and fired. Cathy said, *"hit"* just as the metallic ping came back. Wendy said, *"the new scope is making it easier to hit at two-thousand, but I think we can do better if we use our own loads so we can tailor the rounds to the job."* Cathy replied, *"well no shit and stop changing the subject we need to find someone soon."* Wendy worked the bolt and fired again.

Wendy let the next applicant into her office. She had spent the last two interviews tapping on his application wondering if thinking about him was more about his daughter than his ability to run such a program. Juan Cassio came in wearing a slightly wrinkled suit that seemed too

small on the big man's frame. Juan worked as a carpenter going from job to job never knowing when he was going to be home, but with his wife's death, he had to be home every night for the children making his living that much harder. He was working as a framer on the job site when he heard about them looking for someone to run the business side. As an independent contractor, he ran himself as a business something akin to a subcontractor working with other contractors making sure as he put it, "*shit got done.*" Wendy liked the idea of hiring someone that knew how to make things happen and not just rely on others to do the work while they sat in an office. Juan sat down and said, "*I know I'm a little out of the box when it comes to such a project, but I know how to work people, and I think that's what matters.*" Wendy handed him a set of files and said, "*I'm going to take a chance, but that chance I'm giving you comes with a caveat..... Fail, and that failure will follow you forever.*" She tapped the top file and said, "*this is your contract, and the other files are potential employees as well as nannies.*" Juan looked up from the files and asked, "*nannies?*" Wendy replied, "*this isn't a 9 to 5 gig, and we'll need to send you to a school to learn basic medical information so you can understand the business.*"

Part Two

Noah "Skuzzy Depp" Franko sat on his corner around 4am in El Paso Texas waiting for his supplier. He was called Skuzzy Depp or Skuzzy D because he looked like a dirtier meth addicted version of the actor Johnny Depp. His supplier was a mule that came up from Mexico with above grade heroin. He sold other drugs, but the China White was what he was known for, but the drug was harder to come by with all the violence along the border. His clientele went from the party going college somethings to people of almost every age and description with only the connection of drug addiction. Many people found themselves addicted to opioids with a medical profession both giving them out like candy and cutting them off when addicted. Noah thought the whole thing was just a ploy to get people addicted and make money on rehab turning doctors into the cause and cure. He liked the new clients with their clean money and perks. More than a few of the soccer-moms would go to their knees for a hit.

A young woman approached Noah but stopped when he put up his hand and said, "*I'm not holding. Come back in an hour.*" Jill did her best to play the part of the junkie with an exaggerated twitch while scratching at her arms. She looked to the van where Wendy, Scott, and

Gina were wondering what she was doing. Wendy said, “*yeah, just tell him we’re watching.*” Scott wondered, “*is she trying out for the Walking Dead?*” Noah said, “*get the fuck away bitch.*” Jill walked around the block to the back of the van. Gina asked, “*what the fuck were you doing? I mean what the fuck was that? Were you trying to give our position away?*” Wendy asked Gina, “*are you?*” Jill said, “*I think he’s waiting for a delivery.*” Everyone turned to the thin dirty little man as he stood there waiting.

Wendy said, “*he’s probably not holding any cash or drugs. Most of them use bitcoin or some other way to pay for deliveries.*” Gina said, “*if we wait, we can follow them and get every dealer they sell to, or we can take them out cutting off the supply.*” Wendy added, “*if we split-up one team could follow the supplier and tag the dealers while the other team takes them out.*” Wendy knew she was the only one that could follow the suppliers without being seen, but she was also the only one that could kill that many people in one night. Gina said, “*I’ll drive the follow car with Jill behind the gun.*” Jill looked at Scott then back to Gina who said, “*if something goes wrong Wendy will need help, and well, Scott is a better high-speed driver.*”

A box truck pulled up to the curb where Noah was waiting and tossed a couple of tied newspaper stacks onto the sidewalk. One of the stacks had a blue plastic ribbon around it. Noah took the one with the blue ribbon. The truck pulled away as Wendy gave it a six-count then followed in an old Honda, they brought with them to blend in just in case they needed to make a getaway. They followed the truck to another stop where a man doing his best impersonation of a stereotypical movie pimp from the 1970s took the papers. Scott took his picture, marked the location with GPS and sent it to the others. Gina waited for the Honda to slip away then they drove up to Noah who had a “get the fuck away” look on his face and shot him in the head spreading his brains across the wall of the building nearby. They left him and the drugs on the corner and went to the next stop. Wendy and Scott came to the next stop and saw something they didn’t expect. The papers were taken by a small boy of maybe nine or ten. He opened the package and folded the papers placing them into plastic sleeves along with packets of a white powder. Wendy took a picture that got to the others just as they shot the seventies pimp. Gina sent a message, “*no.*”

The four left El Paso and drove back home. About ten miles away from home the Honda broke down. With everyone in the van, the mood turned from quiet calm to a tense-filled quiet. Gina said, *"I can't kill a child, nor could I work with anyone that could or would ask me to do it."* Wendy said, *"I would never ask, and anyone that could leave should leave."* Jill said, *"now that we know how they send out the drugs we can find them again and."* She stopped talking when she realized anyone with an ounce of brains would see the death and how it followed their route. They would change how they deliver the drugs making this chance a one-off. Back home, Wendy and the others went to bed while Jill Skyped with Jeff. He was both teaching her how to sign while they worked on their Skype-sex. Cathy looked out into the common room and saw more of Jeff than she ever wanted to see. Cathy turned to Wendy who was topless in bed and said, *"I think we should put one of those smart-TVs in Jill's room."* Wendy got up and went to the door seeing a naked Jeff signing something to a naked Jill as she fingered herself. She turned back to Jeff and whispered to Cathy, *"Jeff isn't so little anymore?"*

Part Three

In the morning, Owen drove Ana back to the hospital for a fitting and more therapy. A specialist was going to come and start the build for a leg and foot that would mimic the real thing as close as they could. Owen dropped her off and waited in the van. He called Darrel, *"tell me the Jeep is ready."* Darrel stepped away from the open hood of the Jeep he was rebuilding for Ana and asked, *"something wrong with the van?"* Owen looked at the pink and white leather with neon-green edging and said, *"this color is making me sick, and Ana said she would rather walk to the hospital then go in the Pepto Abysmal."* Ana didn't say she would rather walk, but she did say Pepto Abysmal. The Jeep was a 1995 Jeep CJ7 painted in desert camo with large tires and every bell and whistle they could attach. Ana had said she wanted one as a child and Owen was happy when Darrel said he had one he was rebuilding. For his part, Owen volunteered to do the work for free, and Wendy paid for the parts.

Cathy asked, *"there using children?"* Jill shook her head while Gina just sat and stared at the video of the young boy packing the papers and drugs. Wendy said, *"they are using children,*

but they are not. We can do what is necessary to protect people including the children they are using.” Cathy wanted to break the tension and just maybe end this meeting. She said to Jill, *“I want to buy you a Smart-TV with a camera for your room.”* Jill gave her the dog tilted head look. Cathy wanted that look. She said, *“while it’s nice you and Jeff are having a good relationship, I saw more of him than I ever want to see again.”* Wendy chimed in saying, *“no one wants to walk into the common room and find you and him Skype sexing.”* Jill tried to sink into her seat while the two on the couch moved away from the center part that faces the TV and camera. Gina said, *“I don’t have a problem with it as long as I can see him from my room.”* Everyone looked at Gina. Jill said, *“let’s go now.”* Cathy and Jill left in one of the trucks while Wendy went to her office to read her email. The day started off as usual until Jack walked back into the common room. Jack James had vanished after the tunnel without a word, and now he was here, but he did say something to someone before he left. Wendy saw him and looked at the others. Wendy had told the others she had sent him to kill the mother of a child that was killed while crossing the desert in a truck loaded with people and heroin. This caused a rift between him and the others.

Gina walked over to Jack and said, *“I can’t believe you came back.”* For a hot second, they were on their way to becoming something, but then what he had done changed how she saw Jack. He hated seeing the hate in her eyes, but he knew Wendy wanted them to think the woman was dead and not in a place along the coast of Texas settling in and making peace with the death of her son. Wendy saw the look in Gina’s eyes and knew this was about to get ugly. She stepped out and said to Gina, *“do you remember that night? How people were acting after the death of the boy and George? Most of them were worried about the mother and what she knew so I told Jack to act like he killed her. He set her up in a house in Texas and has been there helping her with papers and a job.”* Gina didn’t say anything, but her hate for Jack started to vanish as an angry look appeared for Wendy. Jack said, *“my work in Texas is done. I think, no I know she will be alright so I’m back, and I want back in.”*

Jorge sat in a car watching a house waiting to see her. A few weeks ago, he gave a teenage girl a gun. She was in trouble and needed help, but instead of helping her directly he gave her the gun and a chance to help herself, but now he wondered if he should have done the

job himself. The media named her and talked about her and her family with one national news network suggesting they brought the home invasion on themselves because they homeschooled their children. Luis was scoping out their new target, and he was supposed to be finding a dealer to question, but instead, he found himself here watching Jessica and wondering if they should blame all Americans. Jessica was about the same age as his sister Maria when the cartel took over their village, and she became someone's property. This next job was something they could never take back and could never be forgiven. Their goal was to bring in the American military making it too difficult for the cartel to use this place along the border. They knew the cartel would move their operations away from their village and the border to escape the military. They tried to link the gas station attack to the cartel, but the American news media wouldn't drop the terrorist theories. Luis had said, "*nothing says America like their schools, malls, and churches.*"

The Trinity Church was established in 1994 to serve the people who came to work along the border. The congregation was growing in an age where many faiths were diminishing. The return to faith after September 11 had slowed to a stop and started to reverse. People gathered on what was a nice sunny Sunday. By 11am the church would have over three-hundred people inside, but at 9:30 people were just starting to arrive while the choir practiced, and a guest speaker stood at the pulpit looking out wondering if he should think about the audience naked or was that a sin. A woman dressed in what most would call her Sunday best was followed by three young children. She was showing them the church letting them see there was nothing to fear. One of the children was just a toddler. She saw something shiny and blinking up by the stage near the man that looked like he was about to vomit. No one would ever know it, but young Annie Franks saved many lives. She walked over to the shiny light and tried to pull it out by grabbing it by the wires setting off the bomb. People on the outside said how there was a flash of light then all the windows exploded out. Inside, the building was hollowed out with just the outside walls and the roof still standing with no one left alive inside.

Part Four

"*Please explain to me who thought that was a good idea,*" Wendy said as she put a Glock-19 with a suppressor on the table. Jill turned to Gina and asked, "*what?*" Gina looked at Jill then back at Wendy trying not to stare at the gun. After a moment of silence, Gina said, "*it*

all started with a girl." Jill asked, "what?" Gina fought the urge to smile knowing it wouldn't end well.

Four hours earlier, Gina and Jill sat in a car on a corner watching a man as he stood there waiting for something. He was in black-leather pants with a black button-down shirt, black tie under a black leather jacket and a black pork pie hat with a quail feather. Gina said, "*he looks like the kind of guy that if he isn't trying to touch your ass is singing about how he wants to touch your ass.*" Jill was behind the wheel with Gina riding shotgun. They found this guy the day before giving off this, "I sell drugs" vibe, and they decided to wait and watch. Some time passed with nothing happening when Gina asked, "*I saw you are taking a few days off, are you going away?*" Jill didn't answer for about a minute. She finally said, "*I try and take my mother's birthday off so I can go see her.....That is my real mother than those people from the car.*" Gina could see this was a topic Jill just wanted to let go, so she asked, "*you want some company? maybe making the trip would be easier with two?*" Jill wiped back a tear and said, "*yes that would be nice, and maybe I could show mom I'm not alone.*" Gina nodded to the man and said, "*OK here we go.*"

A group of teenage girls approached the man. They were in school uniforms with knee-length tan skirts, white polo shirts underneath dark blue blazers. The man did little to hide his glare as they passed. One of the girls turned and walked back to him. She was tall with long straight ash-brown hair with just a few freckles across her face to add character. She was maybe sixteen or seventeen. Like all the other girls, she had her phone out in her hand. They couldn't tell what they were saying to each other, but it must have been something. She blushed as he smiled and ran his hand across the stubble on his face. The girl moved in closer as she showed him her phone. The guy put his right hand into her jacket around to the back and whispered something into her ear that made her smile.

Jill turned her head away from the two until Gina said, "*and there it is.*" Jill looked up and saw the girl walking away with a fearful look. Jill asked, "*there what is?*" Gina asked, "*what,*

you didn't see it?" Gina turned on her iPad and replayed the video. She pointed out, *"first she shows her payment to his account on her phone, then he slips his hand behind her and drops the drug into a pocket on her skirt or sown into the lining."* He kissed her neck then stroked her breast through her shirt with his left hand almost holding her in place. The girl's look changed from slightly flirty to wanting to get out of there. Gina said, *"she knows that once her cash runs out, he will get more than a quick kiss or touch."*

Jill asked, *"what?"* Wendy picked up the gun and pulled the slide back and unscrewed the suppressor. She eased the slide back and put the gun down while holding the suppressor up. She asked, *"what's this?"* Gina said, *"yes I know it was stupid, but I didn't want to give this ass hat any more of our time, and I thought it would be ok."* Jill asked, *"what?"* Both Gina and Wendy stared at Jill. Wendy said, *"this suppresses not silences, and you need to use subsonic ammunition for it to work."* Jill said, *"I don't know what you two are saying. All I can hear is my heart and that fucking gun, but if you are saying don't shoot a gun inside a car then don't worry, that shit isn't happening again."* Wendy sarcastically asked, *"what?"* Gina lost her battle as she started to laugh. Wendy said, *"Darren is replacing the windshield from where the brass chipped the inside, as well as the powder-burned liner. I also think you two should apologize to him, or you might end up in one of the crap cars from now on."* Gina made a jerking motion with her hand. Wendy said, *"a simple sorry would work but..... You know, do whatever comes naturally to you."*

Jill pointed to the television in the common room and said loudly, *"what the fuck is that?"* They turned to see a news broadcast just outside a church. The windows were blown out, and smoke poured out. The broadcaster was talking about a blast and terrorists. The blurry images of bodies being carried out filled the screen with some of the shapes being child size. The three women joined Gina's children in the common room as they watched the news. Gina's eight-year-old daughter Maria Rose made a jerking motion and asked, *"what does this mean?"* Gina responded, *"it means your grounded if I ever see you do that again."* Maria Rose put her hand down into her lap then she looked at her younger brother's lap and made a disgusted realization. The news talked about the church and how many people were inside as well as how many it

could have been if the bomb had waited. Wendy said, *“just listen to them, it’s like they wanted a bigger body count.”* The church shifted then caved into itself. Maria Rose asked, *“is this like the gas station?”* The broadcaster’s face changed from an almost hungry look to one of sorrow as they confirmed the presence of a daycare in the basement of the church and the many young bodies.

Part Five

Jorge said, *“we’re going to hell…… We’re going to hell…… we’re going to hell.”* Luis turned to him and asked, *“you don’t believe in hell, do you?”* Jorge opened a book with his family’s picture inside and stared at them. He said, *“I don’t know what I believe in, but what I do know is that we need to make this right.”* Luis replied, *“nothing we’re doing is going to make anything right. You don’t kill your way to right, but…… I just don’t care. I want them all dead.”* The broadcaster reported over thirty children ranging from the age of three months to seven-years-old died in the church. Jorge turned the television off. Luis stopped cleaning his gun and said, *“where’s the outrage for our people? Where’s the outrage for all the children dying in the drug war and crossing the border? They only care about little white children.”* Jorge got up and went to the window looking out. He said, *“can we really do this?”* Luis got up from the table and walked over to Jorge. He rubbed Jorge’s shoulder working his way down his bare back to his loose-fit boxers. He put his head on his shoulder and whispered, *“this act will win us the war so how can’t we do this?”*

The national news covered the church all that day and into the next. Gina took her children out to a park to get away from the news. After some talk, Gina decided to take the kids with her and Jill on their trip to California to see Jill’s mother. With some talk, Jack was able to talk his way onto the trip. In what had become their usual morning, Cathy was left to clean up the morning dishes. She fought the urge to scream or yawn. She was entering what had to be the third month of her pregnancy and like the one before she was feeling rundown to the point of exhaustion. When she lost her last baby, she felt the same way, but that was because of David poisoning her and not another problem. Her doctor told her she was fine, but nothing felt fine. Worst of all she couldn’t tell Wendy because she could see how her condition reminded her of something she could never have. Wendy said she wanted this to be their baby, but since then

they did nothing. It wouldn't be too much longer until their baby was there, and they had to address their lifestyle. Cathy turned around and saw Wendy behind her washing dishes. She hadn't said a word she just joined her, and together they cleaned the kitchen then the common room. By the time they were done, Cathy felt better.

As Cathy and Wendy cleaned the kitchen, Darrel and Scott drove the Jeep to the hospital to exchange it with Owen for the Van. The digital-desert-camo paint had a mix of flat, gloss and metallic paint causing places to shine in the sun. On their way there they stopped at Owen and Ana's home and took the removable top off and replaced the doors with the smaller doors so she could experience the full open top effect while still having doors. The van was going on a trip to California with Jill, Jack, Gina, and her children. They met up with Owen who couldn't get over the look of the jeep with the paint job and all the extra touches that were a part of her wish list right down to the LED light bars on top and two winches. Ana came out looking for the van and for a second, she looked worried like they had left her, but then she saw the Jeep, and everything was good. She was wearing a specialized prosthetic leg to help her learn how to walk with one until her final leg was finished. She was on what was a very long list of people waiting for a prosthetic. Darrel whispered to himself, "*I think we can do better.*"

That night Owen and Ana slept in the same bed for the first time since she was attacked. She still couldn't stand him touching her other than a simple hug or kiss, but she was able to sleep with him in the room. Her therapist said this was a journey and not a race and getting back to a place where she felt comfortable again would take time. For his part, Owen made sure to hide the ring, so she didn't feel pressured to get better. The first couple of nights after she came home, she slept with the door locked and a chair underneath the knob. When Owen was working in the shop, Zoey would come over and stay with Ana, but that didn't last long with Zoey and Gary taking another trip out of the state. For a while, Ana thought about going home and seeing if her father would take her back, but with enough time, she soon came to see her place with Owen as being her home and Mexico her past.

Gina dropped off Maria-Rose at her elementary school then left to take Francis to pre-school. Gina started them in public school, so they could have social interactions with people their age and just maybe away from all the talk of killing. Maria-Rose tested at a sixth-grade level, but they decided to keep her with her age group so she wouldn't feel alienated while they provided special classes on the side. Her school offered an open curriculum like how Gina was teaching her which gave each student a specialized course of study to meet their needs. The school gave Gina Maria-Rose's course work, so she could study on the trip as well as receive class work online. On her way out of the school's parking lot she passed a van with two men inside and the sign, "Two Juans Can Make it Right Handymen Services." She passed Jorge and Luis not giving them a second thought. Jorge thought the truck looked familiar, but many people drove pickup trucks. A utilitarian vehicle used like a minivan and not a work truck. Luis said, "*OK its time.*"

Every day for the past thirty years Principle Edward Antonio Dyas stood in front of his school and met with the children as they walked in. He knew many of the parents as they dropped off their children as former students and they liked seeing him. Part of this daily greeting was to make sure every student was in the school mandated uniform, but he thought of it as showing a warm and friendly presence of authority. The school had a U-shaped driveway so that the parents that dropped off their children could without blocking traffic, and in theory, it should have worked, but in practice, it wasn't big enough for all the parents, so the road became snared with cars every morning. It was Principle Dyas that saw them first. A van pulled into a place where there was usually a police car and an officer to direct traffic. Parents knew that this was not allowed. The side door opened and a flash of light as something streaked overhead then gunfire. People dropped to the ground as cars bashed into each other with people trying to get away from the gunfire. Principle Dyas turned and saw a hole where the doors should be and bodies. The gunfire seemed to be aimed at the building, so Dyas directed students away from the van and the building. Thirty-seconds after the van opened fire they were gone only leaving an AK47 with a few magazines on the side of the road along with the bodies of forty children, six teachers and Principle Dyas who died while shielding three children.

Gina sat in her car paralyzed with doubt and sorrow. Sitting next to her in the passenger seat was a Glock-19 and next to it were several magazines loaded with hollow-point rounds. She sat about a block away from the school watching the police and ambulances come and go. From behind her, Francis was crying. Maria-Rose leaned forward and said, “*mom let’s just go home.*” Maria-Rose was covered in blotches of blood from two of her friends and a teacher that was trying to guide them to the school, but Maria-Rose went away from the school and the gunfire. She saw as the unknown teacher was hit in the back of the head with her face exploding outward. A local talk-radio station was located across from the school with windows that overlooked the parking lot where they saw the assault. Gina was listening and turned around passing Luis and Jorge as they left. Gina found Maria-Rose in the chaos. Seeing the blood on her daughter as well as the panicked look on her face Gina drove away. Ten minutes later they were home to find everyone there waiting for news.

Owen stayed up watching the news talking about the school, church and gas station remarking on all the recent violence along the border while simultaneously saying how there was no discernable connection to the border or the growing illegal immigration. Ana went to bed trying to put the sight of little Maria-Rose covered in blood out of her mind. She went to sleep and found herself in a school uniform in front of her old elementary school waiting for the doors to open. As she stood there someone ran by then another. Both had blood on them. She turned and saw Jeb, Andrew, and Ricky walking up the sidewalk with AK47s firing into the crowd. She turned and tripped falling onto a wood floor. She was spun around by Jeb finding she was in the trailer again. He was on top of her with that wicked grin and nasty breath. He said, “*you will always be my peach.*” Ana grabbed him by the genitals forcing him off. She spun around and out of bed grabbing her gun and shooting Owen as he came into the bedroom.