

Somewhere out in the drab suburbs, a pretty girl was taking a shower. Over her shoulder, a female shape appeared on the other side of the fogged up glass. The girl in the shower did not seem to hear or notice this intruder.

The shape raised a hand held object and approached the shower...

The shape knocked on the glass and the girl turned off the water.

She opened the door to a younger girl wearing a print dress and hair pulled back in a conservative style. The newcomer held out a cell phone. "It's for you," she said.

"Can't you see I'm taking a shower? Hold on, I'll get a towel."

She stepped out of the shower stall and took out a big towel, wrapping it around herself. In case you were wondering, she was none other than April Fielding, the heroine of our story. She was tall and blonde, as these heroines tend to be, with a fit, athletic figure and determined, confident poise.

Her younger sister was named Angie. Angie was somewhat smaller than her big sister, sweet and feminine. Though her hair was a slightly darker colour, you could see some sort of a family resemblance, if you looked for it.

"You can't hear anything when you're in the shower," Angie said. "I could have been a serial killer, or something. Next time, I'll bring a knife instead of a phone!"

She made joke stabbing motions, no doubt thinking she was very funny.

Older Sis sighed and took the phone, leaving the bathroom.

Younger Sis, seizing the opportunity, ran water in the sink and started washing her hands.

April, wearing only her towel, made her way into the living room, now talking to someone on the telephone. It was a typical oversized suburban house, where the two sisters (presumably) lived with their parents. The living room was large and spacious,

with plenty of elbow room. Mod decor was in evidence, with the usual couch, fireplace, comfy chairs, TV and a coffee table. Her conversation continued...

“Ronny... Is that you?... You sound hoarse tonight, are you sick?”

She walked around idly, becoming mildly concerned with what she was hearing from “Ronny” (if it was he.) “Why yes, as a matter of fact I do like scary movies. Why do you ask?... Ronny, lay off the fake voice, it’s not funny.” She went over and sat on the couch.

Angie came in from the bathroom area and walked across the room behind her, climbing up the stairs on the other side.

“Oh I don’t know,” April went on. “*Scream*, I guess. I like the first scene, where the dumb blonde is on the phone with the killer, but she doesn’t know it’s him.... Ronny, please cut it out. My sister tried to scare me, I’m not in the mood...”

She stood and looked around. She checked out the room’s windows in various directions. No one seemed to be peering in. “Hey, how did you know I’m wearing a towel?... Oh... right, you must have heard the shower...”

She walked to the back door. April stared out the glass to get a view of the outdoor patio. “Okay, I’m looking out the back door. What is it I’m supposed to see?”

She put down the phone someplace, then she slid open the unlocked patio door and stepped outside, looking at the sky.

April went out into the backyard. The big house where the sisters lived must have been quite expensive, as it backed onto a cliff. April walked across the patio, stepping dangerously close to the verge, looking down. She saw there what she always saw there, a 30 to 40 foot muddy slope leading to a frog pond. She stepped back without incident, and looked up at the sky. She nodded to herself, and came back in, picking up the phone. “You’re right, Ronny, it does look like rain. You take care of that cold now. Bye.”

She hung up on “Ronny,” then closed the patio door behind her, calling for her sister. “Angie! Angie, where are you?”

Angie came back in from the stairs, stopping halfway down. “I’m right here, sis. Wassup?”

“That was my friend Ronny. He has a really bad cold.”

“I guess that’s why I didn’t recognize his voice.” A childish smirk. “He sure calls here often enough.” She added in a singsong voice “April’s got a boyfriend...”

April was too tired for her sister’s nonsense tonight. “You know that I’m going to the all night TV party at Becky’s place, right?”

“Thus the shower.”

“Thus the shower. Well, Ronny suggested I pick up *Scream* on the way. The guys decided to make it a scary movie night. Oh, and he warned me that it looks like rain, I should leave early to beat the weather.”

Angie shook her head, disapproving. “Mom and Dad won’t like that. They like you to wait ‘til they get home before going anywhere.”

April rolled her eyes at the suggestion, fed up with Little Sister. “I’m walking down the street to the video joint, and then going over to Becky’s house. What could possibly happen? Now gangway on the stairs, I have to get dressed!”

Angie got out of the way. April passed her and went upstairs.

April, now dressed casually for a night of TV with her posse, stepped out the front door and left the house. She waved goodbye to Angie, checked her purse, and started walking down the street. Angie closed the door behind her.

Off to one side, she never saw a menacing hand in a black glove parting the bushes for a better look. A Shape was watching April from a distance as she disappeared down the street. There was a menacing, low chuckle as the Shape departed in the opposite way, content, for now, to have found out where she lived...