

Attention-Getting Leads from *Now What?*

Scene

I nocked an arrow in my compound bow and shot Joey.

Just before I released the arrow, he turned around in the doorway of my bedroom and saw me. "T, what are you doing?" he shouted.

I answered softly, "Don't move."

I let the arrow fly. It penetrated the outside of his coat and nicked his arm. He quaked, his eyes white with terror as he looked at me. "That lets you know I'm good at what I do," I told him. "So from now on, you do what I tell you!"

Joey learned that day not to disappoint me. He was lucky: He was family.

"From the Ghetto to God"
Tony Nelson as told to Terry Arries

Startling statement

Death was Grandma's hobby. For her, funerals were a celebration of life — heavy on the word *celebration*. White bun pinned tight, she attended every funeral for every associate she'd ever known, and some she didn't.

"Laid to Rest"
Sandra Carpenter

Dialogue

"Mrs. Rudberg?" A dark-haired, petite young woman approached my bed. "I don't want to upset you, but we need to know what to do with the body."

I felt my much less-rounded tummy and knew for certain that my baby was gone. "I don't know," I stammered. *What should I say?* Emotionally drained, I said the first thing that came to my mind: "You take care of it."

As she bustled out of the room, I stopped her with my quavering voice. "What was it?"

"It was a female," she said matter-of-factly and continued out the door. Not "baby girl" but "female."

"Finding Closure"
Shirley Mozena