

Whistle
in the
Dark



Lisa M. Caretti

Whistle in the Dark

Lisa Caretti

Eloquent Books
New York, New York

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Copyright © 2009 Lisa Caretti. All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information storage retrieval system, without the permission, in writing, from the publisher.

Eloquent Books An imprint of AEG Publishing Group 845 Third Avenue, 6th Floor – 6016
New York, NY 10022 <http://www.eloquentbooks.com>

ISBN:978-1-61204-554-2, 1-60693-743-X

Printed in the United States of America

Book Design: Bruce Salender

The wise man in the storm prays God, not for safety from danger, but for deliverance from fear.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Journals*, 1833

Dedication

I dedicate this book to Richard, Maggie and Joey. Though you do not know this, you were my inspiration.

Acknowledgments

All my appreciation and gratitude to:

My sister Laura and my brother-in-Law Tim, for your continuous support, guidance and endless encouragement.

My dear friend Slim (Sharon Shea) who would eagerly wait in anticipation each morning

for a new chapter to be emailed over. Thank you for falling in love with the story from the first page, you kept me going.

My mother, thank you for your editing and proofreading talents.

My editor Kathleen Marusak, who was a joy to work with. Many thanks for all your hard work and patience.

Betsey Backe, for your professional contributions, helpful suggestions and inspiration.

And last of all, to my husband Joe for having absolute belief in me without actually having read the book.

Chapter One

Dena whipped her car into the driveway, jumped out and ran up the brick path to her recently painted red front door then fumbled to get the right key in the lock.

Finally getting the old door unlocked, she dashed through her spacious colonial house to the newer addition that sat in back. With lots of windows to allow the sun to come in while offering a breathtaking view of the landscape's trees and flowers, it resembled more a sunroom than a psychologist's office.

Dena hated to be late for anything. Hair appointments, lunch dates or even church. She was always on time. In fact, she usually arrived at least fifteen minutes early, just to be safe. That was one of the reasons her patients came to her. She never had to worry about getting caught in traffic or bad weather. She was never late to their appointments; she simply had to run down the stairs.

That is why it brought her great distress to realize *she* of all people was going to be late. To her, it was unthinkable that she would be late to visit the new home of her oldest and dearest friends. However, after ten minutes into her trip, she discovered that the directions and, of course, Marcy's not yet published phone number, had been left behind in her office. Dena recalled taking down those directions while chatting with Marcy and, in her excitement to see her friend, forgot to grab them.

Dena tossed her purse and keys on the desk and frantically began her search. After a few minutes of scattering papers around, she became aware on some level that she was hearing voices. She tilted her head to the side as she tried to concentrate on their source. Male voices. Perhaps someone was out back working on the power lines, she thought as she looked out the window behind her desk. Her backyard appeared peaceful and inviting and its only occupant was a blue jay in the bird-feeder. She most likely left the radio on in the kitchen and made a mental note to check it on her way out.

She continued her search for the missing directions when abruptly her hand stopped by the answering machine. The "in use" light was on, and she realized that the voices seemed to be coming from her phone. Wondering if perhaps she had hit the play button by mistake, she leaned towards the machine to take a closer look.

The delicate hairs on the back of her neck stood on end and a deep shiver traveled down her spine. Something was wrong here. This was a conversation, not a recording. Her purse must have hit the speaker phone button when she threw it on the desk. Two things then quickly became clear: someone was talking about her and that someone was in her house.

“Yeah, that’s the info I got,” the deep voice said. “The doctor’s here alone every morning until her first appointment comes at 10:00. But, like I said, she’s not here. The house is empty.”

A crisp, professional voice replied, *“Well, our client will be very disappointed. Today was definitely the day to take care of this.”*

Though the words made no sense, she felt fear and knew she had to get out. Hastily grabbing her car keys, her hand hit a stapler on the desk and sent it flying into the metal wastepaper basket. Its landing made a thunderous crashing noise that gave Dena’s heart a start.

“Wait...” the deep voice said, “I think she’s here. I’ll call you back.”

He’s coming for me. Run! Get out now! Dena’s mind screamed.

She ran through the hall towards the front door, aware someone was pounding down the stairs just behind her. She tripped over a rug by the front door and stumbled, knocking over a coat rack on her way down. Pulling herself to her feet she pushed the coat rack behind her, just as his hand made contact with her hair, snapping her head painfully back. His face was so close behind her that she could smell his sour breath. She gave the heavy oak coat tree a hard thrust backwards; one of its branches made contact with what she thought was his eye.

“Bitch!” he yelled, his hands automatically going to his face.

She made a break for it, afraid that at any moment a hand would grab her and tackle her down or shoot her in the back.

She ran to her car and was unbelievably grateful she was still clutching her keys and that this one time, she did not lock her car door. She willed her hands to stop shaking so she could get the key in the ignition, and after several attempts, they finally obeyed.

She felt him getting closer, but she refused to look. Instead, she used all her concentration to perform the simple task of putting the car in reverse, backing out of her driveway and getting the hell out of there as fast as possible.

She used the drive to the police station to calm herself, using the techniques she taught and knew well. Now you get to practice what you preach, she told herself. Besides, this is not the first time you have been terrified. Hell, you should be a real pro at this by now.

She only hoped this encounter with the police would be more positive than her last.

Buy the B&N ePub version at:-

<http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/whistle-in-the-dark-lisa-caretti/1015778091?ean=2940012303226>

Buy the Kindle version at:-

<http://www.amazon.com/Whistle-in-the-Dark-ebook/dp/B0028Y55OM/ref>