



February 2019

# Escape

Levi Wilson

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## Recommended Citation

Wilson, Levi (2019) "Escape," *SWOSU Sayre Student Anthology*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 3 , Article 15.

Available at: [https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre\\_student\\_anthology/vol1/iss3/15](https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology/vol1/iss3/15)

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# Escape

My heart was racing. “Did they see us?” I asked my friend clad in black. There was no answer; only silence. I looked behind me to only see an empty bush where my friend once stood. My partner must have made a dash across the large golden expanse of wheat to try his escape. Anger and fear welled up inside of me. Why would he just leave me by myself after he promised to stay close? It didn’t matter as I looked back to the uneven dirt road to see the dim lighting of an approaching car. I had to make a break for it or get caught. The wheat was waving at me as an invitation, but I knew it was a death trap. I heard the vehicle getting closer and decided to lay flat on the ground in hopes that they wouldn’t see my silhouette and snatch me up. With my face buried in the cool damp dirt, I heard the skidding of tire against dirt as the vehicle came to a stop. Voices filled the air.

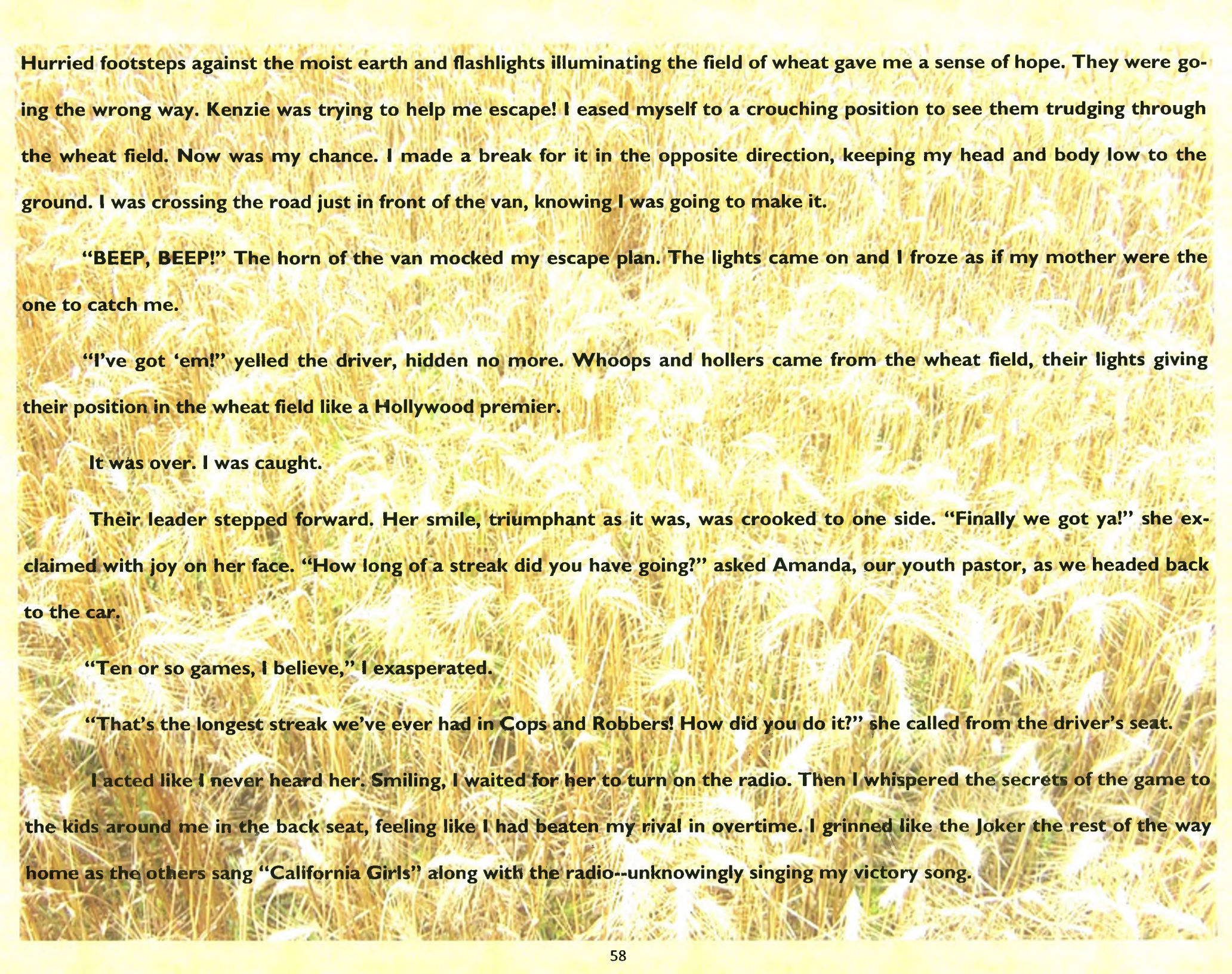
“I was just with him-- right over here!” a voice cried out. I knew it as my friend, clad in black, Kenzie. He not only was caught, he was to betray me by disclosing my whereabouts? I looked up to see a beam of light illuminating the gnats and mosquitos that hovered around my body as if I were the dinner buffet at Golden Corral.

“You are POSITIVE he went this way?” a female voice cut through the still night.

“I promise.”

“Spread out and find the little robber!” the woman barked.





Hurried footsteps against the moist earth and flashlights illuminating the field of wheat gave me a sense of hope. They were going the wrong way. Kenzie was trying to help me escape! I eased myself to a crouching position to see them trudging through the wheat field. Now was my chance. I made a break for it in the opposite direction, keeping my head and body low to the ground. I was crossing the road just in front of the van, knowing I was going to make it.

“BEEP, BEEP!” The horn of the van mocked my escape plan. The lights came on and I froze as if my mother were the one to catch me.

“I’ve got ‘em!” yelled the driver, hidden no more. Whoops and hollers came from the wheat field, their lights giving their position in the wheat field like a Hollywood premier.

It was over. I was caught.

Their leader stepped forward. Her smile, triumphant as it was, was crooked to one side. “Finally we got ya!” she exclaimed with joy on her face. “How long of a streak did you have going?” asked Amanda, our youth pastor, as we headed back to the car.

“Ten or so games, I believe,” I exasperated.

“That’s the longest streak we’ve ever had in Cops and Robbers! How did you do it?” she called from the driver’s seat.

I acted like I never heard her. Smiling, I waited for her to turn on the radio. Then I whispered the secrets of the game to the kids around me in the back seat, feeling like I had beaten my rival in overtime. I grinned like the Joker the rest of the way home as the others sang “California Girls” along with the radio--unknowingly singing my victory song.