

In *The Wrong Address*, Amelia has wrecked her car and has come upon an odd character who seems all too eager to help.

By the time I reached the place, I was heaving from trudging that steep hill. My coat and beige pantsuit were soaked through to my skin. The dump ahead was a gray gloomy blur. Worse yet, it looked deserted.

I sighed. Back down the road or continue forward? My imagination eased into the haunted house scenario (my personal favorite). As I imagined ghosts jumping out of shadowy places, a shaky male voice called, “Hey! Need help?”

“Uh....”

I looked around. Where had the voice come from? I saw no one.

“Well?”

“Yes, please,” I said.

I moved closer to the house. There he was, a shape lingering on the porch.

“Come on lady. Get up here before you drown.”

I came face to face with a white haired unshaved creature in dirty Levis and a ragged green sweatshirt. All of mother’s warnings about strangers rushed into my consciousness. While I guessed him to be too old to commit any bodily injury, my mother’s voice whispered, *Careful, Amelia.*

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