

A nauseating uneasiness crept into his mind as he stumbled with his shopping cart through the back of the store toward the check-out stands. It was obvious something serious had taken place. Once at the front, four bodies lay just inside the front door covered in blood. The store manager had been shot in the head and his body lay between the dead shoppers and the cash registers. A young blonde teen-age girl next to Ephraim was making an emotional call to the police on her cell phone. Tragically, it was already too late.

Ephraim felt like throwing up, but he tried to suppress a feeling of panic. He decided to go over and see if he could recognize any of the victims. The stiff body of one of the elders of his church, a frail 80-year-old man, lay before him. Ephraim had often seen Glen at the store shopping for himself and his ailing wife, Julie. Tonight, Glen had not been lucky. Ephraim wondered if he should call Glen's wife and tell her that her husband was dead. "I'll let the cops do that," he decided as he put his cell phone back into his pocket.