

## GHOST BUSTERS

by  
Snoopy

She was short and cute with her red sweater and black beret. She was holding an AK-47 in her right hand by the pistol grip and pointing it vaguely into the room she was leaving. She had a sneer on her pretty lips. Then she was gone and her headlights led her car out of the sloping driveway into the darkness.

She was going to ride shotgun to make a delivery of a hysterical woman from the YWCA to the secret battered woman's shelter.

[Gentle Reader: Some of this story is not real. Some of it is. It is your responsibility as reader to sort out the absurd lies from the not so absurd lies from the truth. I suggest a scale of 1-3. The AK-47 is highly improbable, the red sweater and black beret are far less so.]

It was just another mission for her. I think they pick her for this kind of work because she is the only one of them who really enjoys firing a machine gun. Her pale face and short black hair stands in stark contrast through the smoke and flames from the machine gun, with the sneer transformed into a thin smile. She isn't a particularly good shot, but with a machine gun, how important is that, really?

I wondered when she would return. One never knew. Sometimes an hour, sometimes several days. She always had that glow of accomplishment on her face when she did return. It was a job well done.

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