

## The Encounter

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It was a rainy Sunday night when the rugged man with a strong, square jaw wearing a black leather jacket got into his car. The trees shook as the howling wind blew in gusts. The patter of rain on the roof of the car grew louder and it was harder for him to make out the road ahead.

The man pressed the accelerator and sped towards the house. He knew where to find him. When he got there, he pulled up at the drive way, darted to the entrance and grabbed the door knob. It was locked. He started banging furiously until he broke it down.

Peter was startled. The creaking of the wooden floor indicated that someone was approaching fast. Peter observed the man rush into the room. It was him. Beads of perspiration rolled down his forehead. "This is it!" he thought. He tried to shout but couldn't utter a sound. "I won't make it. I'm not strong enough." He stared at the man and, gasping, he gibbered incomprehensible words. Petrified and helpless, he shut his eyes. The man frowned and strode up to him, determined to do it. He grabbed him by the arms and pinned him down to the floor. Peter was lying on his back, his face pale and the man slapped him twice and started beating him repeatedly. Peter was unable to defend himself. He seemed dead. However, the man kept at it, relentlessly. Peter's body was limp. Unexpectedly, with a deep breath, his almond-shaped eyes were unsealed. The man breathed a sigh of relief. The pounding on Peter's chest had saved his life. What would have happened if his brother had not answered the phone in time to learn that he was having a heart attack?

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