

MASON'S WILL

EXCERPT FROM CHAPTER SIX

Jeremy risked a glance in Sabrina's direction. "Get to the truck – get it started."

Sabrina took off down the trail without a word. They were so close. She was beginning to believe they were actually going to escape.

She raced carelessly down the side of the plateau and reached the Land Rover without incident. The keys were still in the ignition.

She opened the driver's door, but then paused when she caught sight of Mason's urn. It was sitting about thirty feet away on top of a rock pile.

Sabrina rushed over and gently plucked it off its precarious perch. Thank God it was still in one piece.

She turned around and was stopped dead in her tracks by the spectacle that met her eyes.

The fiend was sitting cross-legged on the hood of the truck, grinning like a monkey. A set of keys dangled from his left hand.

Haji. How could she have forgotten about their old friend Haji?

Sabrina set the urn down on the ground and pulled the Makarov out of her waistband.

"You should give me that groovy gun," the boy said, smirking. "You will never use it."