

Rebecka Vigus - Unnamed Novel - Excerpt

Maggie Parsons smiled as she walked down the hall. Her chestnut hair was pulled up into a bun on top of her head and the beige linen suit she wore outlined her lithe figure. The only sound was the echo of her heels tapping the floor. She had waited a long time to become a principal. Her first job took her back to her own elementary school. How small it seemed now. It had seemed so large to her when she was a child.

The center of the building was two stories high. It had a wing off either end. The offices had been moved to the south end of the building so that people entering the main doors would enter in the office area. With the way things were today, you wanted to be sure you knew who was in your building at all times. The best way to do that was to have people sign in at the main office, and of course lock all the other doors during the school day.

Maggie hated the fact that the children had to be locked in to be safe. Schools should just be safe. Parents should never have to worry about their children when they were at school. Times, like everything else in life, change and the world today made schools targets.

In another week the children would be crowding the halls. Pre-school, kindergarten, and first grade were in the south wing. Second grade was on the first floor of the central building and third was on the second. The north wing housed fourth and fifth grades. It was a nice set up. Maggie liked it that way.

It was almost time for her to go home. She took her last walk around the halls. She remembered what it was like when she was a child and smiled. As she was coming down to the first floor, she heard deep male voices. She quickly slipped off her shoes and picked them up. She made her way closer to the stairwell to see if she could determine who was in the building. Her secretary had gone home thirty minutes ago and the night custodian was not due in today. The building should be empty. She wondered who these men were.

“I thought I heard her walking this way,” said an unseen man.

“Well, you thought wrong. She’s not here,” was the gruff reply.

“Her car’s still in the parking lot.”

“You can search upstairs; she was probably leaving when you heard her.”

“Ok, where are you going?”

“To take care of business, I want this building to be unusable before the sun comes up tomorrow.”

Maggie quickly slipped into the restroom and pulled out her cell phone. She dialed 9-1-1 and whispered what was going on. She hung up quickly and hid in a stall. She pulled her feet up so that the stall appeared empty. She could hear heavy footsteps then she heard someone trying each of the classroom doors. The footsteps were coming into the restroom and closer to where she hid. Her heart pounded and she wished for some sort of weapon to defend herself. All she had was her shoes.