

NIGHTFALL'S GRASS



The Rain at 47 Alder Street

Mason Sang

By **S. BLACKWOOD**



Rain streaks the windshield as Officer Malik sits in his patrol car, watching the world turn into a blur of neon and gray. The quiet of the midnight shift feels heavy, a calm before an uncertain storm.



The silence is shattered by the crackle of the radio, reporting a disturbance at 47 Alder Street. Malik straightens his uniform, the blue and red lights beginning to dance across the wet pavement as he responds to the call.



He pulls up to a silent, dark house where the only sign of life is a faint, rhythmic flicker from a window. The street is empty, and the air is thick with the scent of damp earth and tension.



Malik approaches the front door and finds it slightly ajar, a sliver of darkness inviting him inside. He calls out a firm warning, his voice steady even as his pulse begins to quicken in the shadows.



Inside, the living room is a chaotic scene of tossed cushions and open drawers, bathed in the eerie glow of a television screen. Shadows stretch long across the floor, dancing to the hum of white noise.



A sudden thud echoes from the back of the house, followed by a fleeting glimpse of a figure moving through the hallway. Malik moves with practiced precision, his flashlight cutting through the gloom.



The suspect bolts toward the rear of the house, and Malik gives chase, his boots thundering against the wooden floorboards. The adrenaline surges as they race through the cramped, messy corridors.



Cornered at a locked back door, the suspect fumbles in a moment of pure panic. Malik seizes the opportunity, pinning the man against the wall with a firm but controlled grip.



Metallic clicks echo in the small room as Malik secures the handcuffs, ignoring the man's desperate claims of innocence. The suspect insists he belongs there, but the evidence of the ransacked room tells a different story.



As Malik leads the man out into the pouring rain, a final question lingers in the cold night air about the nature of truth. He watches the rain wash over the patrol car, knowing that the real story is often hidden beneath the surface.