

Never Look Behind You

George Jacobs closing his office, when an old woman felt free to walk right in.

Hardly anyone walked through his door these days. The people hated him. For fifteen years he'd picked the people's pockets clean of money. No one had ever been able to hook him on a charge. But back to our little story.

The old woman that came in had an ugly scar on her left cheek. Her clothes were mostly filthy rags and other crude material. Jacobs was counting his money.

"There! Fifty-thousand, nine hundred and seventy-three dollars and sixty-two cents."

Jacobs always liked to be precise.

"Indeed a lot of money," she spoke up. "Too bad you won't be able to spend it."

Jacobs turned around.

"Why - who are you?" he asked in half surprise. "What right have you to spy on me?"-

The woman didn't answer. She held up her bony hand. There was a flash of fire on his throat - and a scream. Then, with a final gurgle, George Jacobs died.

"I wonder what - or who - could have killed him?" said a young man.

"I'm glad he's gone." said another.

That one was lucky.

He didn't look behind him.

THE END