

GROUP: 69
GENRE: Comedy
ACTION: Opening a window
WORD: sell

SUBURBAN EXFILTRATION

8:47am.

Movement inside the bedroom. One hostile awake. No sign of the target.

I'm perched on a sturdy oak across the street. I scratch at my chest. I'm nervous, but I'm always nervous. Been camped up here since dawn. Light traffic this morning. Hope it maintains, otherwise exfiltration could get messy.

12:12 pm.

The clattering of plastic and metal puts Hostile #1's position in the kitchen. T-minus 2 hours until go-time. No sign of Hostile #2.

I've relocated to a thick hedge just underneath the extraction point. More exposed, but better positioned for a quick retreat if discovered early. A few passing dogs give curious sniffs, but their owners are buried in their phones, too distracted to notice.

My stomach rumbles. My nose twitches. I ignore them, and wait.

1:47 pm.

The smell permeates through the window, selling my stomach on the promise of a hot meal. I do my best to stay focused, but continue to fidget.

2:30pm.

Movement at the window! Hostile #1 opens it. Gives a cursory glance outside. Disappears back into the kitchen. Still no sign of the target.

2:32pm.

Eyes on target!

Hostile #1 escorts the target to the extraction point... Wait for it...

Target is clear! MOVE MOVE MOVE!

I make contact, and see only red.

A bloodcurdling scream interrupts Kevin's afternoon nap. He rushes into the kitchen, and finds David fuming at the open window, holding the remains of a freshly baked cherry pie.

“GODDAMNED SQUIRRELS!”