

Tears of the Wounded

In the dream, Wil had a chance to save Tara...

Even though she'd committed suicide, by some cosmic miracle, she was alive and standing in front of him with a gun to her head, which was bizarre in itself since she'd died by hanging.

A phone rang and he knew if he answered it, Tara would pull the trigger. But what if it was the station and they had an emergency? Even in the dream, he realized the thought was crazy. His wife holding a gun to her head was an obvious emergency.

Still, he let his gaze flick to the phone. When he turned back to Tara, she was gone and Abby stood in her place.

Now he leaned more toward ignoring the phone and felt guilty about choosing Abby over Tara.

"Please don't," he said in a strangled voice and even though he knew he was dreaming, he was also aware he'd spoken out loud, because he could feel the strain in his throat.

The ring became more shrill and his eyes snapped open. He looked at the alarm clock. Two-fourteen a.m.

He fumbled for the receiver and lifted it to his ear. "'allo," he mumbled into the mouthpiece.

"Wil? It's Lesli."

"Lesli? From the station?"

"Yes. I need you to come down to the beach. Komano Bay."

He rubbed a hand over his face, trying to clear away the last vestiges of the dream. "What is it?"

"I'd rather not say until you get here."

"What the hell happened?" he demanded, now wide awake.

There was a pause, then, “It’s your daughter.”