

HUNTED bonus postcard story

The posters are so familiar I barely see them anymore. Or that's what I tell myself. I know what they say off by heart: "PARAS ARE A DANGER TO SOCIETY! REPORT SUSPICIOUS CRIMES TO OUR HOTLINE." But I can feel Alex beside me, clenching his fists as we pass another poster fastened in a storefront window.

"Doesn't it bother you?" he asks hoarsely.

I shrug. "Sure." I keep my gaze away from the poster. The hate emanating from it crawls into my brain and lodges there like a tumour.

"How can you just keep walking by, every day, and—" Alex shakes his head, his tight black curls almost gleaming in the sunlight.

"How can you keep walking through the streets every day, knowing someone will probably be racist?" I say.

Alex grabs my hand and squeezes it. "At least people know it's wrong. They usually back off if I say something. But you..." He shakes his head again.

"I try to teach them, just the way you do," I say. I can't believe we're walking down the street, holding hands. A Normal and a Para. Can't believe his mind-thoughts and emotions aren't pounding through my head, breaking down the walls of my mind. But they're not. And we are.

I stop, and look up into his face. His eyes are serious, but there's love in them, too. Love for me. I reach up and touch his cheek. This is what it's all about. This is what helps me ignore the posters, the hate radiating from them. Love. Friendship. Hope.

The people behind those posters don't know what they're missing.



HUNTED by Cheryl Rainfield

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*Caitlyn, a telepath on the run
from government troopers,
must choose between saving
herself or saving the world*

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