

# Night Thoughts: The Drabble Forced Into Corners

by Luka

The First Night of the rest of their lives, and Bodie felt like he was on The Rack. Involvement? He knew he was on a Hiding to Nothing. He was always the sucker, always the one made to Backtrack in relationships. And that little shit Doyle would leave No Stone unturned in laying his soul bare.

He sighed, his breath misting the window. Another bloody Stakeout. Bodie's finger doodled idly on the steamed-up surface. Was this a Long Shot worth taking? Or should he do a Runner?

A voice came sleepily from the bed: "Don't worry, mate, You'll Be Alright!"

-- THE END --

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