

Timmy and the Bad Place

“Only bad boys run and hide,” the voice burbled at Timmy.
“*Good* boys come out when called.”

Timmy didn't need to be told twice. Running and hiding sounded *really* smart. Or at least running. If he hid, he'd *never* get out of this horrible town. It'd be like that old movie with the pods, and the messed-up dog. They'd catch him, he'd go to sleep, and wake up a 'good boy.' At least on the outside. Inside, he'd be screaming for, like, *forever*. So he couldn't get caught.

The heck of it was, *They* didn't want to catch him, either.

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