

# Okkervil River, Westfall

Im surrounded, each doorway covered by at least twenty men. And theyre going to take me and the  
anything. But all of these  
people making all these faces  
didnt seem like my kith and kin. Colin Kincaid from the  
twelfth grade, I guess you  
could say he was my best  
friend. He lived in a big tall house out on Westfall  
where we would hide when the rain rolled in. We went out  
one night and took a  
flashlight, out with these  
two girls Colin knew from Kenwood Christian. One was  
named Laurie, thats what the story said next week in the Guardian. And when I killed her it was so