**A Night on the Street**

I was walking down a road somewhere in the suburbs late at night, a row of identical houses on my right and left. The street lights above my head glowed an orange light, creating ghostly shadows on the grown. Between the next two lights, where a shadow was cast on the sidewalk and nothing could be seen something of an even darker shade of black darted across and disappeared into the bushes on the other side. I would have thought it was my imagination, but I heard the rustling of the bushes, as the shadow entered them.   
As much as I enjoy walking at night, this sort of thing ca really play with your imagination  
Suddenly the light behind me flicked of, it had done that a few before, but I still turned my head on reflex. Only this time there was a man standing in the sidewalk, the light behind him obscured his features, so that all you could see was a pitch black shadow.   
In one hand the man had a big plastic bag, that seemed to be perfectly human shaped, while in the other herald a long object, with a glittering metal tip, which heaved at me vigorously.   
At that moment moment, when I just started to think of who this person might be, a large band sounded from the left, and an awful high pitched howl followed it, the man dropped the bag and started in my direction.  
I ran.   
I ran until I reached my friends house two blocks, out of breath and scared as hell. We had a drink, high calmed me down a bit and allowed me to get some sleep. I was woken up next afternoon by my friends laughter.   
Mr. Johnson a old man, who lived few blocked down nearly had a heart attack yesterday, when he was taking out his trash, a  
There was a strange man in the street, who was staring at him, then there was a loud crash and a howl, and the man just sprinted away. It was later discovered that the crash and howl were a cat, knocking over a few metal bins in Mr. Johnson's backyard. You can guess what the shadow that darted across the street and into the bushes was.