

## RAINBOW

The alarm was really no more than an annoying \*beep\* \*beep\*, but they sounded like the blaring alarm of a nuclear power plant meltdown to her. Something metal had been detected.

“Something.”

“Metal.”

Her face felt hot like a hairdryer was suddenly blowing at it. Blood pulsed in her ears. This was her exact fear. Now would come the questioning. Detained in a holding room. Best case, they would send her back to her parents with a reprimand. Worst case, she was doing hard time in Guantanamo.

She searched her memory for what could possibly be setting off the alarm.

Keys? No.

A gun? Why would she have a gun?!

Nothing. And yet there she was, being pulled off to the side to get a personal sweeping and most likely a questioning that wouldn't end well.

The urge to run was never higher. But where would she go? Also, running wasn't something airport security would ignore.