

Boomer's Trailer

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Becca really didn't want to go. Truth of the matter is, she was trying to quit the group and the job that went with it. She had only one real friend in the group, the rest were just part of the package. They all worked together at one of the largest dentist's offices in town. They were close knit, but that didn't mean that they were close.

What bothered her the most was that she was slowly, but surely turning into her mother. One bad decision after the next, with the last stop being unwed motherland. Her mother had her before she was 20. She and her mother had not spoken since she was 16 and went to live with her grandparents, whom she considered to be her real parents. They were getting up there in years and had devoted what few precious years they have left to raise their granddaughter. They refused to leave the area, which was the only reason she was still in town.

They weren't bad co-workers, they just couldn't leave their drama at home. Ben and Giselle had been dating for over a year. They had broken up a few times and had gotten back together. They were so wrong for each other in so many ways, but were still too young enough to realize it. Boomer was Ben's buddy. He owned the trailer at the lake. Ben suggested they all go up there for the Labor Day Weekend. On paper anyway it sounded like a good idea, as do most things on paper to a bunch of 20 year olds. Ricky and Jennifer were the other pseudo couple. They had just hooked up a few times over the last few months. He was really into her and Jennifer was really into herself. She had tattoos and piercing and all the rebellion type stuff. Rick was a dental hygienist, Jennifer was a receptionist/ insurance adjuster for the office. Giselle was trying to learn billing and coding as well. Rick cleaned teeth and Jennifer cleaned their wallets.

That left the last two, Paul and Becca. Paul was the nephew of the owner, Dr. Shallert. He was a nice guy who was good to his staff. Paul had gone to Dental School in West Virginia. He was the other dentist. He was 27. Becca would have dropped her panties for him in a second if he asked. He was cute and rich, student loans aside. They would often work together, side by side for hours. She loved the way he smelled. She loved the way he treated everyone, no matter who they were with the same respect. He was sort of the head of the group. Dr. Shallert didn't really seem to approve of his fraternizing with the help, but Paul was still too young to know better. It didn't start out that way. He barely said two words to anybody for the first few months when he began working in the office. He wasn't rude or anything, just not overly friendly. It all changed one night when Giselle and Ben met up with him at a bar. He was pretty buzzed and got into a pissing contest with a couple of drunk rednecks. Ben and one of his friends intervened and put a stop to things before they spiraled out of control. From that moment on, he and Ben became besties, or more appropriately, he and Ben and Giselle became besties. Giselle knew better, she knew that Paul only saw her as a third wheel. When Paul and Ben went out together, she usually stayed at home. Things could get a little out of control when the two of them were together.

It wasn't long before Rick joined the duo and made it a threesome. Rick had just turned 22 and already

had an arrest for DUI. He drank and when he did, it just wasn't pretty. Usually, he was upbeat and fun to be around, but that could all change in a heartbeat when he was drunk. She had witnessed it one night, a few years back, when someone accidentally bumped into him at a bar. The man even apologized, but Rick became angry and violent in a heartbeat. He grabbed the man and almost swung at him, but Paul and Ben were there to restrain him. Paul apologized to the man and bought his table a round of drinks. You just never know what someone is going to turn into when they've been drinking. Many people have a Dr. Jekyll and drunk Mr. Hyde type personality.

Becca knew she didn't really belong with this group, but she worked the front desk with the other two girls and was by far the most experienced and knowledgeable out of the bunch. They really had no choice but to accept her.

It would be a few years before Becca would realize that socializing with your coworkers outside of work was probably not a good idea, she pretty much already knew this, but she was just too lazy to go out and make friends of her own. She already had pseudo work friends, so why not just stick with them?

She had begun to realize that all of them, including Paul, were kind of on a path of self destruction. Drugs, namely ex and meth had found their way into the group. She knew Ben and Rick had smoked before, she was pretty sure the girls did as well. She made a promise to herself when she was younger to never do drugs or associate with people that did. She had seen what drugs had done to her mother. When her mom was clean, she was actually a nice person, but as soon as she fired up that pipe, it was like some kind of monster took over her mother's body. The last time she saw her mom get high, the two of them had gotten into a violent argument. She pushed her mother down a flight of stairs. The two of them hadn't spoken since. She heard from her grandmother that her mom had just completed court ordered rehab. Not that it mattered, her mother was pretty much dead to her at this point anyway.

She had no idea just how bad the drug use was up until that weekend. She had seen the changes in everyone, including Paul. She was in love with him, but in many ways, he was the most screwed up out of all of them. Like most naïve 20 year olds, Becca actually thought she could save Paul from himself. He was smart. Smart enough to know to stay away from drugs, at least he should have been. She just didn't understand why people felt the need to destroy themselves, or why they were totally oblivious to the pain they were causing everyone around them. She wasn't sure if it was the drugs or something else, but she had noticed a kind of a dark cloud hanging over the office as of late. The smiles weren't there anymore, no one laughed any more, they didn't even play games together on their phones anymore.

Had she known just how bad things really were, she would never have gone on that trip for the weekend. She figured this was her only chance to get Paul alone and maybe even make her move. She was 20 years old and had only had one boyfriend all of her life. She figured it was time to play the field. Ben told her that the trailer had no phone, but it didn't matter, cause Boomer said he got cell phone reception there. She told her grandmother she would call as soon as she got there. Her grandfather had to go into the hospital for some kind of testing, so her grandmother was a little preoccupied. Had she not have been so sidetracked, she might have thought to have Becca right down the address, or have some kind of general idea where the trailer is. All Becca knew was that it was on Lake Fontaine way down south, near the Kentucky border. Four hours from Bloomington.

Southern Illinois is nothing like the rest of the state. Not much farmland down here, just hill sand forests. It looks more like the Ozarks than the Midwest. It's a poor area, with lots of dirt roads and

hunting cabins. The trailer wasn't that far off the highway, but once they were off the highway, it was pretty much the middle of nowhere.

The trailer wasn't that hard to find, it was right where Boomer said it was. It was situated near the lake, not on the lake, so they had a bit of a walk ahead of them to the beach. Becca was still a few pounds overweight and very self conscious about her body. A bikini was definitely a no go for her. She didn't say very much during the trip. They took two cars. She drove with Ben and Giselle. Rick, Jennifer, Paul rode in Paul's SUV. They spent a small fortune on food and booze before they left. Boomer told them that there were two working gas grills out back. He had just filled all the propane at the trailer, so they didn't have to worry about that.

It started raining once they were past Marion. It didn't stop for the next two days. It was unusually cool for this time of year. Not really good beach weather. The kind of weather that just made you want to stay indoors.

Becca was the first to notice she didn't get any cell phone reception in the trailer. Neither did Ben or Giselle. This was not good. She thought maybe it would be better at the lake, but it wasn't. She barely had one bar. The only one in the group who had cell service was Jen. She called her grandmother and told them they had arrived and she would call her when they left in two days. It didn't seem like such a big deal at the time. Maybe if she had told her grandmother she would call her again that night and didn't, some of them might still be alive, maybe.

"Wait, we've got to sleep in this thing? Are you fucking kidding?" said Giselle in astonishment.

"Oh, come on, it's just for a few days. I got sleeping bags and cots in the car." said Paul

"Is this a real Air Stream?" asked Rick

"Damn straight it is. This baby was cutting edge back in 1985." said Ben lighting up a cigarette.

"None of us were even born yet in 1985." said Jennifer.

"Look, Boomer told me everything in here works. He said he spent two days cleaning everything. He also told me not to touch any of his movies." said Ben

"What movies?" asked Jennifer.

Boomer was a prepper of sorts. He had viewed the goings on here in America and elsewhere with a certain sense of dread and apprehension. He knew it was time to act and do something. He didn't want to be on of those caught with their pants down when society crumbles. He prided himself on being a forward thinker.

"You've got to be kidding me.....this place is so creepy. I'm not staying here." she said

"Dude, what's with all the pornos?" asked Ben picking one up off the shelf and inspecting it?"

Indeed the entire trailer was covered wall to wall with pornography. VHS, Laser Disk and DVD. His collection was gigantic.

“Well, Boomer was worried that if the world ended, he wouldn’t be able to watch porn, so he bought this trailer and moved his collection down here, just in case the world does end, he can still watch porn.”

“Ben, by any chance is Mr. Boomer still single?” asked Jennifer

“Yeah, why?” said Ben

“Just curious is all. So I take it there is electricity here?” said Jennifer

“Yup. He’s got two generators and LED Lanterns.” said Ben, turning on one of the lanterns. It lit up the whole room.

“How are all of us going to fit in this trailer. Where are we going to sleep.

“Ben and Giselle can have the bedroom. Jen and I can sleep on the pullout. Some one can sleep in the overhead.”

“We’re still short a bed.” said Giselle.

“I was planning on setting up my cot outside. I can set it up right under the awning.” said Paul

“I can sleep outside too. I love sleeping outside in the rain. Sometimes I sleep on the porch when it’s raining.” said Becca.

“Great, I got another cot.” said Paul

“Why doesn’t she just offer to blow him?” whispered Giselle to Jennifer as they stepped outside to have a smoke.

“I don’t think she knows how.” replied Jennifer.

The trailer was comfortable for two, big enough for four, barely capable of holding six. It was custom ordered from Air Stream at almost forty feet, it was much longer than a regular trailer, but still not single wide big enough. It was ok for an overnight, but anything more than that and it was going to be taxed. The septic and water were hooked up, but only one person could use the tiny bathroom at a time. I even had a small shower with running hot and cold water, not that any of the girls would even go near it. It had steps up to the front door and motion activated lights outside. As far as Boomer was concerned, it was all they needed.

The rain had let up somewhat from the downpour earlier. Paul and Rick decided to make the most of it and hoof it down to the lake and beach area.

“Anybody else want to go to the lake?” they asked

“Not if it’s raining. I don’t do the rain.” said Jennifer

“I’ll go. It’s stuffy in here.” said Becca. She grabbed a pack of smokes and a lighter. She wasn’t really much of a smoker, but since everyone else in the group did, she figured she could be a smoker for the weekend.

She put on her coat and boots and zipped up her hood. Wesley and Paul went outside in just their tee shirts. They almost seemed to enjoy getting soaking wet.

Paul and Rick brought their fishing poles with them, along with a few lures. This was the kind of weather that made the bass want to eat.

She carried their small tackle box with them.

“You guys go on ahead. Jizzy and I are going to start dinner.” said Ben

Jen had to go back into town when they realized they didn’t have enough cigarettes for the next few days and Ben needed some cooking supplies. That left the three of them to explore the lake and woods. “You know when I was younger, my dad would take my brother and I fishing in Golconda. I read this story once about a boy who got lost in the woods. He was out there for over a week before a hiker found him. He had been living on soda and candy bars for the whole week. At least that’s what he told everybody. A whole week out here and he didn’t see anything. That’s how easy it is to get lost in the Shawnee Forest.” said Paul

“It’s so beautiful down here. I never even knew this place existed. I should probably get out more.” said Becca

The three of them walked for about fifteen minutes through the woods and trails until they came to the lake. It was a massive lake that seemed to stretch on forever.

“There’s the beach over there.” he said.

Not too far from the beach were several small boats. They walked over to the last one, with the name “BOOMER” spray painted on the side. Paul took a small key off the key ring Ben had given to him and unlocked the chain holding the boat in place.

“We don’t have a pole for you Becca. I guess we can switch out.” said Paul

“I think I’m gonna head back. You guys go head. I just needed some fresh air.” she said

“Okay....you sure you can find your way back?” he said

“No problem, there’s only one trail.” she said

“Ok, see you back at camp.” said Paul

She walked away and headed back towards the trail head. She marveled at how nice Paul could be when he wasn’t drinking or doing drugs. It was this Paul she had fallen for, not that asshole that hung out with Ben and Rick. She thought dentists were supposed to be boring, not the type of people that partied until 5am. She hoped he would simply grow up and out of his self destructive phase, but it didn’t seem to be happening yet. She knew Rick had brought a ton of weed with him and she figured he probably had other drugs with him as well. That was all she needed, a bunch of her co-workers stoned out of their minds and she was the only sober one in the group. She regretted coming, but figured this might be her only chance to score some points with Paul. They had been talking quite a bit more lately,

he sort of asked her out last week, just her, without everyone else. Maybe he was doing this to test the waters, maybe he was just horny.

The old man looked homeless. He was just standing there in the middle of the trail. He said nothing at first and just smiled at her. She was holding a thick branch in her hand that could be used as a pretty effective club, if it came to that. They stood in awkward silence for a moment, before the old man spoke.

“Hello child, on your way back to your friends?” he asked

“Yes.” she said clutching the stick

“Well, be on your way then.” he said and moved out of the way.

She quickly walked by him. At the last minute, He grabbed her and spun her around. She was amazed that this skinny old man had that kind of strength.

“I’m going to take all over them child. They belong to me. I’m going to make them mine forever.” he said, exposing his rotten teeth.

She broke free and was about ready to hit him with her stick, when he turned and walked away. The whole thing was over in less than a minute, but she was still shaking. She turned and quickly ran back to the trailer. She was back in less than five minutes. When she got back, she was out of breath and had to hold herself up from collapsing on the ground.

“Holy shit.....holy shit.” she said between deep breaths

“The hell happened to you?” said Ben on his way back from lighting the grill

“There was this guy on the trail, this weird old guy.....never mind.....I need a beer.” she said

“Coming up.” said Ben, who threw her a beer from the cooler on the picnic table.

Becca decided not to say anything more to Ben and Giselle. They probably wouldn’t believe her anyway. It was such a surreal experience. She downed another beer and lit up a cigarette.

“So where are the other two?” asked Giselle

“They went fishing. Took that little boat that had Boomer’s name on it.”

“Those two have never been fishing before in their lives. They’re going out there to get stoned.” said Ben

“Stoned? In a fishing boat?” asked Giselle

“Yup. Rick had a few hits of acid with him. They’re gonna trip and try to fish. I just wish I had a camera.” said Ben

“Why would anyone want to take acid when they’re fishing?” asked Becca

“Why not? If they’re gonna have a bad trip, they’re gonna have a bad trip. Won’t make any difference where they are.” said Ben.

“Oh, Jen’s are back.....maybe we can finally start dinner.” said Giselle looking out the window. Jen came into the trailer a minute later with her arms full of groceries.

“Guys, we’re only here for two days.” said Giselle

“Well, I noticed there was no coffee in the trailer. If you have coffee, you’re going to need creamer and filters and sugar. I just hope the coffee maker works.” said Rick

Giselle unloaded the groceries and took what she needed to start dinner.

Becca was amazed to discover that Giselle could actually cook. She was surprised. She figured Giselle’s only skills were rolling joints and putting out.

Becca went outside for another smoke and took her still full beer with her. It was getting late and had started to drizzle again. The sun was setting and it was quite cool out for this time of the year. Southern Illinois this time of the year should still be hot and humid, not overcast and cool. The low temp tonight was supposed to get down into the mid 40’s which was unheard of for this time of year.

She looked around the woods and couldn’t help shake the feeling that someone was watching her. It is a strange feeling. You tell yourself that it’s all in your head, but is it? That creepy old guy on the trail had weirded her out more than she would admit. Scary and confident was not a combination she wanted to deal with. She kept playing the event in her mind over and over, wondering if she should have done anything differently. If she had hit him, it probably would have just made things worse. He could have called the cops and he could be charged. Damn cops will look for any excuse to arrest someone nowadays. Courts need those fines and bodies to keep the jails full. It’s a scam that should have ended decades ago, but it only seems to have gotten worse over that time. He was probably just some crazy old guy that lived nearby and didn’t get many strangers. She did the right thing, which was ignore him and get the hell out of there. If he really wanted to do something, that would have been the perfect place. Alone and in the woods, with no prying eyes around. It was a creeper’s dream come true. She saw Paul and Rick coming down the path a few minutes later. She could see they were both soaking wet. They walked over to her under the awning and sat down.

“Get any fish?” she asked

“No, the fucking boat sank.” said Paul taking off his soggy shoes and socks

Becca tried not to laugh, but it was impossible. She could just picture the two of them, stoned out of their minds, trying to figure out what to do.

“It sank? What happened?” she asked

“I don’t know. We pulled into a patch of weeds near the shore and all of a sudden, the boat starts filling up with water. I didn’t even see a leak. I tried to get the water, but it was no use. I’m just glad we were close to shore. We didn’t even have any life jackets and I can’t swim.” said Paul

“You can’t swim?” asked Becca

“No....I just never learned how.” said Paul

Becca thought she could offer to teach him. She was on her swim team in high school, but decided to just keep her mouth shut.

“Worse part is, this fucking old guy is standing on the shore, just laughing at us. I wanted to walk over there and punch him. Doesn’t offer to help or anything, just standing on the side of the lake, laughing. God, I can’t stand old people. They’re supposed to be all wise and shit, but in the end, they’re just pathetic. My dog has more wisdom than they have.” said Rick

“That’s pretty deep bro.” said Paul

“I worked in a nursing home. I saw these old fucks every day and had to deal with their bullshit. Why can’t they just die quietly and not make life so miserable for the rest of us? What the hell did I ever do to them?” asked Rick

“You have something they want?” said Becca

“What’s that?”

“Your youth.” she said

Rick said nothing and reached into the cooler for a beer.

“I think I met the same guy on the trail, when I was walking back here. He’s creepy.” said Becca

“We were gonna walk over to where he was and just beat his old ass, but when we got back to shore he was gone. It was like he just vanished.” said Wes.

“He’s probably just some old drunk who lives out here. He’s not worth the trouble.” said Paul

“I wouldn’t hurt him. I’d just throw him in the lake. Might actually clean him up a little. Come on inside I want to talk to everybody.” he said.

Rick took off his wet shoes and socks and the three of them went back into the trailer. Everyone was sitting around the kitchen. Giselle was hard at work on dinner. Paul told everyone to sit down. He opened a beer and began to address the group.

“Look, I just want you all to know that I love you guys. I mean it. So, saying what I have to say is not easy for me, but I think it needs to be said. We are turning into the type of person we used to make fun of in high school. We’re becoming junkies.....well maybe not you Becca, but the rest of us are. We’re becoming those types of people we swore we never would be. It’s fucking killing me to have to say this, but it’s true.” he said

Becca could tell by the looks on their faces that they knew he was right. The trailer suddenly got very uncomfortable.

“Come on man, we’re not junkies, we just like to have a little fun, that’s all. We’re not hooked on this

shit man.” said Rick

“No, not yet, but you will be. You and Jen are shooting up. I saw the needle marks on her arm the other day. Rick, you’re putting heroin in your body. What do you think is gonna happen? You think one day you’re just going to wake up and never touch the shit ever again? Sooner or later that drug is going to take over your lives. I don’t want to see that happen to you. I won’t let that happen to you.”

“Paul, we shot up a few times, just a little. No big deal. We’re not gonna become tweakers or junkies.”

“You look me right in the eye and answer a question. You got to swear to me you aren’t lying...okay?”

“Fine, what’s your question?”

“Did you bring a needle out here with you?” Paul asked

“What if I did?”

“Then the drug already has you. You’re already hooked man. Maybe not looking for change in the public restrooms type hooked, but it’s got its claws in you man. I know. I’ve shot up too. I know what it feels like the first time that shit hits your brain. It’s like heaven. Nothing else compares. No other drug can make you feel that way. It felt so good, it scared me. As amazing as it was, I never want to feel that way ever again. Once the drug is in your system, you’re hooked. You’re hooked and it’s all downhill from there. Yeah, right now, everything’s fine. You got Jen and a good job and a roof over your head, but a year from now, you could be giving out blow jobs behind Wal-Mart to get your next fix. You have to know how this is gonna end Ricky.”

Rick looked at Jen. As much as he hated to admit it, he knew Paul was right. He knew where he was going, even if there was nothing he could do to stop it. The drug was slowly taking over his life. Some nights, he would wake up in a cold sweat and dream of putting that needle back in his arm. That warm, electrifying feeling of the heroin as it hit the nerve receptors in his brain. Rick was a junkie in training.

“Ok, fine. You got me. I’m fucked up. I know that. But, Paul.....you’re no better. You just smoke rock and take ex instead of heroin. It’s all the same shit man. It’s all white death. You’re no better than we are.” he said putting his beer down

“You’re right, I’m not. That’s why I wanted everyone here tonight. I wanted this weekend to be something special for all of us. I want this to be the weekend we all stop using. No more drugs, except weed and beer, ever. After this weekend, if we see anyone in our circle using, we bust them. We do the unthinkable. We call the cops on them and turn them in.”

Everyone in the group just kind of looked at each other in semi-disbelief. This was not the fun loving Paul that everybody knew. This was not the Paul who once got so drunk he lost his shoes. This was not the Paul who did coke of some slut’s stomach. Paul was beginning to see where his life choices had led them.

“Wait, why did you say after this weekend?” asked Ben

“Well, I figured we’d all have one last blow out. One final rager where we all get so fucked up, we need the next few days to recover from it. The one we’ll all be joking about when we’re old and gray.”

“So then after this weekend, no more shit for any of us?” asked Giselle

“No, Jizzy. After this weekend, you all have to decide for yourselves who and where you are going in life. Are you gonna be a junkie or not? Cause if you are, then we as a group are going to have to kick you out. We can’t have one or two of us using and everybody else is clean. Ain’t gonna work. So when we get back to town, you have to decide for yourselves. You might be able to hide it for a while, but sooner or later, you’re gonna crack and we’ll know. Now if you are still gonna use, you can’t be one of us anymore. You’re out. That means no job at the office either. I’ll tell my uncle to fire you. I’ll tell him everything if I have to.”

“You’d do that to us?” asked Jen

“Damn right I would, why not? He’s running a business, not a halfway house. It’s not fair to him. I love you guys too much to watch you destroy yourselves.”

“You’d really fire us, you’d really do that to us?” asked Giselle

“Giselle. The septum in your nose is beginning to dissolve from all the coke you’re snorting. You are a human vacuum when it comes to cocaine. I mean Ben, if you really love, how the hell can you let her do that to herself?”

Ben didn’t answer and just looked away.

“Wait, Paul.....you’re the biggest screw up out of all of us. You went to dental school and every weekend, you get wasted. You’re a dentist and a junkie. Are you really telling us this because you want to see us stop using, or is here some other reason?” asked Jen

“Jen....I’m going to ask you a simple question and I would like a simple answer...please do not lie to me, okay?” asked Paul

“Fire away boss?” she said crossing her arms

“Did you take a bottle of Oxy and Demerol from the pill cabinet last Monday?”

Jen didn’t have to answer. The look on her face was more than enough to answer.

“Look, I know it was wrong. I knew we shouldn’t have taken them you idiot!” she said and punched Rick in the arm

The rest of the group was stunned. They all realized the seriousness of what had just happened. Jen started to cry.

“I’m sorry Paul.....really man, I am. We were going to sell them to.....” said Rick after he was cut off. “To buy heroin.....I know Rick. I know. So, you can see why I have to do this.”

Rick nodded his head.

“Please don’t tell your uncle, man, please. We still have the bottles at the house. We didn’t use any. We

can put them back and no one will ever know.” said Rick

“Well, except for all of us that is.” said Paul.

“Jesus Rick, how could you guys be so stupid? Do you have any idea what would happen if the office ever got audited? Our office is the only one in town that can give out meds. We’d be in some serious shit.” said Ben

“So then, are we all agreed? After this weekend, no more drugs. No more powder, no more pills. Break your promise and you’re gone....are we all clear?” Paul asked

Everyone in the group nodded. Ben put his hand out first. Then Giselle, then everyone else. Paul put his hand on top.

“From this day forward, no more hard drugs or alcohol. We are going to stop destroying ourselves. All agreed?”

“AGREED”. Everyone said in unison.

“Good, so let’s get fucked up.” said Ben as he turned on the cd player and began blasting music.

Becca watched in both amazement and horror as the group quickly went from sober to strung out within half an hour. Giselle was snorting coke like it was candy. Rick and Paul were smoking meth and Jen was getting baked. She watched Paul go from the educated, intelligent doctor to a hot mess in less than an hour. He and Rick were wrestling in the small trailer, knocking over some of the small furniture and appliances. She grabbed a beer and a cigarette and went outside. Jen followed her and sat down next to her. She knew she had to talk with Jen, but she was also pissed at her for the position she and Rick had put them in. Jen was baked and chugged a beer. She just didn’t understand how some people can abuse and destroy their bodies and look perfect, yet she watched what she ate and jogged a few times a week and was almost twenty pounds overweight. It’s almost like a lottery system before you’re born.

“Look, it was stupid to do what we did. I don’t blame you for being pissed.” she said in a very stoned kind of monotone voice.

“What were you going to do with the money?”

“I don’t know. I’m so tired of being poor. It’s like this dark rain cloud that’s always hanging over you. We were behind on the rent. It seemed like a good idea at the time.” she said

“Come on Jen, you guys were going to use the money to buy a rock or weed.” said Becca

“No really, we weren’t. Paul....well he comes from money. He drives a friggin BMW! He’s never known what it’s like to be poor, to have to decide if you’re going to buy groceries or pay your rent. It’s not fair for somebody like him to judge us.”

“His uncle is the boss. My grandpa always said that the person who signs the front of the check, not the back is the person who gets to make the rules.” said Becca

"I guess he was right. In a way, I'm kind of jealous of you." said Jen

"Me, why?"

"Cause you got your shit together. You're not like us. You won't spend the next ten years of your life trying to undo the damage of the first twenty. Ten years from now, you'll be married, with kids and I'll probably be stripping or making pornos.....that's my future."

"Come on Jen, that's ridiculous. You can do anything you want with your life."

"Sure, until I get high. I'm a junkie Becca. In the end, the drugs will always win out. I'm just not strong enough to say no. I wish I was, but I'm not. If I'm still alive in ten years, I'll be in jail or on the streets."

"It doesn't have to end that way. You're a lot stronger than you think."

"How do you know?" asked Jen

"I've watched you with people. I've watched customers scream at you and cuss you out and you never lose it with them, no matter how rude they are to you. I could never do that. It takes a very strong person to be able to put up with that kind of abuse."

"I'm not strong, I just don't want to get fired."

"No, it's not that. I think you're the type of person who tries to resolve conflicts. Even when Paul yells at you, you still never let it bother you. I have to admit, you are far better at dealing with people than I am. I don't think a weak person could do that." said Becca

"Paul's right. We have to stop. We should just have quit cold turkey. Having one last fling isn't going to help anything. They've got so much meth. I hope they don't intend to use it all on this trip."

"I'm sure that's exactly what they're going to do with it."

"My mom used to say that drugs were Satan's foot soldiers.....she was right. I should have listened to her. I used to want to get high, now all I want is to stay clean.....funny how things change when....." Jen trailed off. She stood up and looked out on the lake.

"What is it?" asked Becca

"Who the hell is that?" she asked, pointing towards the shore.

Becca looked and could see several figures in the shadows standing still....almost motionless. The rain had cleared and the moonlight was poking through the clouds. She could clearly make out three figures.

"CAN I HELP YOU?" she screamed

The figures said nothing and just continued to stare at them.

“What do you want?” said Becca loudly

“I’m gonna go get Rick.” she said and went back inside the trailer. Becca took her eyes off them for just a second. She got up too and looked back over at the figures. They had vanished

“Jen, they’re gone.”

“Where’d they go?”

“I don’t know.”

“I know we saw them. I’m not that fucked up.” she said

“Earlier this afternoon, when I was walking back on that trail going to the lake. I ran into this weird old guy. He told me he was going to take us.”

“Take us where?” asked Jen

“I don’t know, that’s what he told me. The guy was super creepy.”

“I’m gonna go get Rick.” she said

Rick and Paul emerged from the trailer a minute later. Rick was known for his “meth rage” and could fly off the handle at a moment’s notice. Paul was a hot mess, almost laughing uncontrollably.

“What’s up babe, we got bad guys out here or something?” he asked

Paul looked around and made his hand and finger out to look like a gun.

Rick ran over to where the figures were standing. He looked around and didn’t see anything.

“Where they at baby?” he said

“I don’t know, we both saw them, they were definitely there.” said Jen

“Well, they ain’t here now.”

“If they want to party with us, all they have to do is ask.” said Paul

“I don’t think that’s what they wanted.” said Jen

“Let’s get inside. It’s cold out here.” said Jen

Rick and Jen went back into the trailer. Becca sat outside and wondered why on Earth she agreed to go on this stupid trip. She had tried to call her grandparents, but her phone couldn’t get a signal. They were going to be pissed. Paul sat down next to her and put his arm around her. He looked at her and started giggling. She just smiled back.

“I’m glad you came.” he said

“Really?” she asked

“Of course, I was hoping you would. You’re the only sane one out of all of us.”

“You mean you need a sober driver.”

“No, I’ll be fine by Monday. No, I wanted you to come, because I thought we should get to know each other a little better. I mean we spend hours next to each other and I still don’t know anything about you.”

“Well, what do you want to know?”

“Well, you’re very smart and capable, why do you hang out with us? I’m sure you could make a hell of a lot more money doing something else.” he said

“I stay because my grandparents are here. They raised me. I guess it’s up to me to take care of them when they’re older. They……Paul, don’t look over, but those guys are back. Off to my right, in front of the lake.” she said

Paul just laughed and casually looked over. This time there were four of them.

“Becca, very slowly, get up and go over to my car and reach underneath the seat. That’s where I keep my nine. Go get it and bring it over.” he said still smiling.

She got up and walked over to his car. She opened the car door and felt around for the gun. She found it and brought it back over to him.

She put it down on the little behind them. He reached over for it. Her heart was now racing. They were out in the woods with no cell service and a group of sickos just staring at them. This was going south fast.

“What are you going to do?” she asked

“Nothing. Let them come to us.”

“Paul, maybe we should get out of here. We don’t know how many there are.”

“Just like a woman to run away at the first sign of trouble. No Becca, this is Boomer’s trailer on Boomer’s property. We have a right to defend ourselves.” he said

“You think this trailer is worth defending?”

“It’s the principal of the matter.” he said

“Paul, you can’t shoot them, what if they have guns?”

“Well then I guess things are going to get a little messy here. If you want to leave, go head. I’m not being run off by these redneck fucks.”

“I’m not leaving by myself. What the hell do they want?” she asked

“Don’t know. Maybe nothing. Maybe kill us guys and take you girls back to their hideout and have their way with you.” he said

“Paul, that’s not funny.” she said

“Go inside and get Rick and Ben, tell them to get out here ASAP.”

She walked back inside the trailer and found Rick. Ben was already passed out on the small sofa. Rick stumbled back outside and quickly ran over to where Becca told him they were standing. Paul followed closely behind with his gun in his hand.

“Ok, so where are they?” he asked

Jen came out with Rick. She brought a small flashlight with her. They shined the light around the water and shore line. They didn’t see anything.

“They were standing right here Rick. We both saw them.”

“Ok, then if they were standing right here in the mud, where are their footprints?” he asked, shining the light down onto the ground. Indeed, it was smooth. If someone were standing there, or even close by it, they would be in several inches of mud. There were no footprints anywhere.

“Damn brother, that rock is making you crazy.” said Rick

“He’s not crazy Rick, I saw them too.” she said

“I told you there was somebody out here looking at us.” said Jen

Guys, there couldn’t have been anyone out here. They didn’t just float over this mud, now did they? The only other way is for them to walk right in front of the trailer. I sure as hell didn’t see anybody, did you?” he said

“Rick, there was definitely somebody out here, watching us. Maybe it was the neighbors or something.”

“What neighbors? There isn’t anyone around here for miles. The only other cabins are on the other side of the lake a few miles away.” said Rick

“Fuck this, I’m getting high.” said Paul

“Me too.” said Rick

“I need a nap.” said Jen

Becca decided to stay outside rather than deal with the chaos of being inside the trailer. If these idiots wanted to kill themselves, they could have at it. She was done. She just needed to make a call. Her

Aunt didn't live too far from here. She could call her in the morning and see if she could get a ride out of here. She was going to have to sleep outside in the rain as well. She should have just stayed at home and binged watched all weekend.

The boys smoked more meth, while the girl drank and snorted coke. Becca thought the entire trailer looked like one of those anti drug ads from the 80s. She had never seen them so screwed up. Paul was babbling about Rick James and started cutting Rick's hair, while Ben was playing some game on his phone and laughing.

"I'm gonna make you look like a white 'Rick James'". said Paul.

Jen protested, but she was so screwed up, Paul actually convinced her it was a good idea. "We need a white boy with a little soul around here." he told her

Jen's eyes were bloodshot from all the coke and meth she had put into her body. She was nursing a beer and took off her bra.

"I hate these damn things. Why can't we just let our tits flop around? That's the way God made us." she said

"I couldn't agree with you more Jen." said Rick whose hair was now a complete mess.

Becca was buzzed from her beers, but was still sober enough to realize what was going on. Giselle had her phone playing music, while everyone got smashed. She wasn't sure she heard it, she ignored it the first time. When she heard it a second time, she knew it was real and not just in her head.

"Um, guys.....somebody's knocking at the door." she said to the rest of the group.

"What? Maybe they want to party too, why not, the more the merrier. They better bring their own shit though, I'm not sharing." said Rick

Giselle turned down the radio. This time they all heard the thunderous knock on the door. It wasn't a polite knock, it sounded like somebody was pounding on the door.

Paul ran over to his coat and grabbed his 9mm. Rick sat up in the chair. As screwed up as they were, they knew something was not right.

"Who the hell is that?" asked Giselle

"Are we gonna answer it?" asked Becca

Paul jumped over the couch and walked over to the front door. He put the gun behind his back and tucked it into his pants.

He looked over at Rick who just started laughing.

"What if it's the cops?" asked Becca

"Just don't shoot them Paul." said Giselle as she wiped her nose.

Paul opened the door slowly, just enough to see who was standing on the porch. He looked confused, then opened the door all the way. Becca walked over and stood beside him. She saw two kids, dressed up as ghosts, with two eye holes cut out. They were holding pillowcases. Paul looked at Becca, who just looked back at him.

“Trick or treat!” they said in unison and held their bags out in front of them.

Paul wasn’t sure if these kids were serious or not.

“Uh, kids, it’s not Halloween yet. It’s only September. You still got a month and a half to go.” said Paul
“Maybe they’re just practicing for the big night.” said Ben

“Trick or treat!” they said again and held their bags up.

Becca went into her purse and took out a candy bar. She grabbed a bag of chips from her bag and put it in the kids pillowcase.

“Thank you.” they said in unison and walked away.

Paul and Becca watched the two little figures disappear into the darkness.

“What the hell was that?” asked Jen

“Paul, we can’t just leave them out here.” said Becca

“They got here on their own, didn’t they?”

“Come on, let’s go give them a ride.” said Becca.

She walked down the steps to find them. She walked over to the cars and looked around. She couldn’t find them.

“Paul, get me that flashlight.” she said

Paul came walking down the steps a minute later with the flashlight. He turned it on and looked for the two kids. They walked down the road a ways, but couldn’t see them. They walked back to the trailer and looked behind it. They even went down to the shore of the lake. The trick or treaters had vanished.

“The hell did they go?” asked Paul

“They have to be around here somewhere. I only took my eyes off them for a second.” she said

“They’re gone Becca.”

Becca began to get a very uneasy feeling in her stomach. No way in hell did these kids just vanish. They couldn’t have been out of her sight for more than a few seconds.

“Come on guys, the party’s in here.” said Rick

“Paul, what the hell is going on?” said Becca

“Aw, they’re just a couple of redneck kids having a little fun. I wouldn’t worry about it. Come on, let’s get back inside.” he said

Becca turned off the flashlight and followed Paul back into the trailer. She turned around and looked out across the driveway and shore. This place was beginning to creep her the hell out. Maybe the rest of them were too screwed up to see it, but something about this place just wasn’t right. There was some kind of eerie darkness enveloping and closing in around the trailer. If she wasn’t so buzzed, she would have just gotten in the car and started walking. It was too late to call her aunt now, she’d have to stick it out until the morning. It was almost midnight and it had started raining again. She decided it would be best to sleep on the porch. She was just getting in the way inside. She’d let the boys do their thing and the girl sober up and then she’d pass out. Except Giselle was so strung out on coke, she wouldn’t sleep for days. Jen had mixed coke and booze, which is a bog no- no and was starting to feel the effects of it.

She went back inside to use the bathroom and started talking to Giselle on the sofa. She was also out of cigarettes. She and Giselle had a smoke and talked about work. Becca had saved her rear a number of times with billing and with insurance. Giselle would probably have been let go numerous times had Becca not been there to fix it. She owed her big time. The two of them were complete and polar opposites. Giselle had been the alpha female in high school. Cheerleader and whore for the elites of the high school. She was dating a senior her freshman year. By the time she was a sophomore, she was pretty much running the place. She and Becca had never really spoken much or interacted during their high school years. Becca knew Giselle could be one nasty bitch if she needed to be, but seemed to have really tried to remake herself as an adult. She was friendly with Giselle, but was also careful. She never got too close to her. They’d make small talk at work and even have lunch together and even once went on a charity walk together to raise money, but that was it. She knew Giselle was so screwed up at work, she could barely function. The drugs were beginning to take their toll. Giselle was the type of girl that peaked in high school and was on a slow steady descent downwards until she hit the ground, which some days seem to be coming sooner rather than later. She still looked great and had a body to die for, but how much longer it was in question. Giselle had better marry soon and get her hooks into some guy, because when her looks did finally run out, they’re really wasn’t much left.

“I fucked Paul the other night.” she said with tears in her eyes, maybe from the coke, or from the remorse, Becca didn’t know what to say.

“Does Ben know?”

“No. I hope he doesn’t find out. I know I should tell him, but I’m just afraid of what will happen. I love him so much Beck, I don’t know what would happen if I lost him.”

“Yeah, that might get messy.” she said

“We were both drunk after work. We were the only ones still in the office. Paul had to fill out some paperwork, so I stayed to help him. We used the laughing gas to get high. Can you believe that? Laughing gas, like we’re a couple of stupid 12 year old kids. Paul had a bottle of Jim Beam with him. We were talking and laughing. Next thing I know, our clothes are off are we’re doing it on the sofa in the waiting room. He didn’t even wear a condom. I’m so stupid Beck, why do I do these things?” she said and started crying.

“When you’re high, almost anything can seem like a good idea.” she said

“I know, but that’s no excuse. I really screwed up. I know I should tell Ben, but I’m afraid I’ll lose him forever. I think he even bought me an engagement ring. I think Paul got me drunk on purpose. He knows I can’t say no to some Beam and coke.”

Becca got a tissue and wiped away her tears. Last thing she wanted was anyone to ask why Giselle was crying, not in the shape they were all in. She grabbed her by the hand and was going to take her out to the porch, where they could talk alone, when she heard the same loud pounding on the door. They both stopped in their tracks.

“Did you hear that?” asked Giselle

“Yeah.....Paul, they’re back.” said Becca

Paul was watching a video on his phone with Ben and laughing hysterically.

He picked his head up and heard the pounding. Becca thought she actually saw the door bend in from the force of the pounding.

“What the hell? Come on boys, I’ve had enough of this shit.” said Paul. He pulled out the clip on his gun and slid it back in. He tucked it behind his shirt. Ben took a large piece of metal pipe that Boomer had used as a dumbbell and held it in his hand. The girl stood on the other side of the door. Rick looked out the window, but couldn’t really see anything.

“You see anything?” asked Paul

“Looks like two guys wearing sheets.” said Rick

Paul slowly opened the door. When it was fully opened, he saw two large figures in bed sheets with holes cut out in the head so they could see. Paul said nothing as the figures stood in silence. They raised their bags and again both spoke at the same time.

“Trick or treat.” they said

“Get out of here.” said Paul

Thee figures didn’t move, or even seem to acknowledge him.

“Trick or treat.” they said once more.

“I’m going to tell you one last time to fuck off.” said Paul

Becca noticed that none of them were even wearing shoes or socks.

“Trick.....or.....treat.....you give us candy.....we go away.....that’s how this works.” said the two figures in unison.

Paul pulled out the gun from behind his back and pointed it right at the figures. None of them even flinched, something that unnerved Becca even more.

“You’re going to shoot us because we asked for candy?” one of them said

“No, I’m going to shoot you because you’re an asshole.” said Paul

The two figures didn’t seem to be afraid of the gun at all. They looked at one another and continued to hold their bags up.

“I don’t think I like you very much.” said one of the men to Paul

“GET THE HELL OF MY PROPERTY!” screamed Paul

The two men looked at one another and then slowly walked off the porch. One of the men turned and looked back at Paul

“You should have given us some candy, mister.” he said and disappeared into the darkness.

Paul stood in the doorway and watched the men disappear. He walked down the steps and over to the cars. Becca came right behind him with the flashlight. They looked and looked, but couldn’t see where the men had gone.

“Where the hell did they go?” she asked

“I don’t know, they should be right here.” said Paul

“Paul, let’s get out of here, before they come back.”

“Let them come back. We’ll be ready.” he said holding up his gun

“Paul, that gun didn’t seem to scare them one bit. Besides, you aren’t going to shoot anybody.” she said
“How do you know?”

“What are you going to tell the cops when they show up? There’s coke everywhere in that trailer.”

Becca did have a point. It probably would not look very good if they were to shoot a local while they were all stoned out of their minds.

“Shit.” said Paul.

“What do you want to do?” she asked

“I don’t know, let’s all get back inside. That meth hit me hard. I can barely hold the gun in my hand.” he said

Becca knew they were in over their heads. She also knew it was no accident that these people showed up. Nowadays you have to expect somebody in the group to be armed. Maybe they were just testing us to see how they would respond before they made their move. Maybe they were just weird hicks. Either

way, this weekend was turned into a disaster that was only going to get worse. It was confirmed when Paul went out to his SUV and tried turning it over to start the engine to charge his cell phone. It wouldn't start. As soon as he turned the key over, he just heard a clicking sound. It could only be two things, either the battery was dead or the starter was dead. Ben came out and tried turning his engine over to give Paul a jump start. His car wouldn't start either. Becca watched all of this from the porch. It was now almost two in the morning. They were trapped in this trailer. Giselle told her that no one had cell service. They were trapped here in this trailer out in the middle of nowhere, with psycho tweakers in the woods. Not exactly her idea of a good time.

"You've got to be kidding me." said Ben

"Both of them? No friggin way." said Paul

Both were still higher than a kite from the meth. They ran around the cars for a few minutes and then sat down on the porch. As high as they were, they knew they were in trouble.

"What the hell are we gonna do now?" asked Ben

"Both of your cars won't start? What are the odds of that happening?" asked Becca.

"Knowing my luck, about ninety percent." said Paul as he lit up a cigarette.

"I've got 24 hour roadside assistance. I'll call them in the morning. Probably just a dead battery." he said

"Mine started acting up a few days ago. I wasn't even gonna take it. Never should have listened to Jizzy. It's her car. She treats it like it's her kid." said Ben.

Becca had this nagging feeling that none of this was an accident. Somehow the old man and the people wearing bed sheets wanted to make it impossible for them to escape. She wanted the two of them to see the desperate situation they were now in, but figured they were both still too high to care. She could almost feel them watching her and the rest of them in the woods. She knew they were out there, just waiting to make their move. She figured her best move was to try and get them to sober up, in case they were attacked. Paul had his gun, but she doubted it would do much good. It didn't seem to scare off the other two when they came to the door.

"Paul, one of us should stay out here and keep watch, in case those weird hicks come back." she said
"They aren't gonna come back, I pointed a gun at them." he said giggling

"Maybe they'll be back with guns."

"You gonna stay out here all night?" asked Ben

"Somebody's got too." she said

"Beck, ain't nobody gonna come back here with guns. This is what these hicks do, they just mess with the city folk, get a few laughs and then move on. They're not going to do anything. If they wanted to get us, they could easily have done it by now." said Ben

“Well, I’m gonna stay out here, there aren’t enough beds anyway. Something about those guys, it just wasn’t right.”

“You don’t have to sleep out here Beck.”

“It’s fine. It’s just the right sleeping temp anyway. The rain will put me to sleep.” she said

“Well, we can’t sleep, we’re too wired.” said Paul as started laughing.

Ben just started rambling about his car and how Giselle was slowly taking over his life. Pretty soon the two of them were having a full blown tweaker dialogue that made no sense to anyone but them. She went back into the trailer to get her blanket and pillow. She had her folding cot in Paul’s SUV and got it out of the back. The entire group was so completely out of their minds, it almost scared Becca. She had seen them smashed before, but this was an entirely new level of stoned. Jen and Giselle were kissing, much to the awe of the boys. Rick lit up another rock and started jumping up and down. She really wanted to record it and play it back for them Monday morning. She figured they really new it would be their last big bender and they wanted to make it a memorable one. She looked at them and was amazed at what meth could do to a perfectly normal, functioning person. It was like it reprogrammed your DNA and took control of your soul. Meth was not your friend, no matter how seductive she was, or how she made you feel, at the end of the day, every time you smoked her, she took a little bit more of your soul, one hit at a time. She knew she had to get out of there. She grabbed a beer and opened the trailer door. She was startled to find a man and women standing on the porch. The man was dressed in a dark business suit and the woman looked like she was just pulled out of the 1930s. They said nothing and Becca took a step back.

“Uh, guys, we got company.” she said and slowly backed away from the door.

They looked up just as the man and woman entered the trailer. Paul grabbed his gun and pointed it right at them.

“Get the fuck out of here!” he said pointing his 9mm at the man

“Whoa son, easy now. We’re just missionaries, trying to spread the good word of the lord. You don’t have to shoot us.” he said putting his hands in the air.

“Get out of here, or I’m going to blow a hole in you old man.” said Paul pointing the gun at the man’s chest

“The greater the sinner, the greater the resistance to accepting Jesus Christ into your hearts and minds. I was like you once. Indulging in sin and flesh. I was lost, but now that I have Jesus I’m a new man and you can be too, I’m just asking for five minutes of your time. That’s all. Five minutes of your time and we’ll leave and never come back.” he said still holding his hands up in the air.

Becca moved past them and went out on the front porch. She looked around, but couldn’t see anyone else. She thought if someone was going to attack, now would be the perfect time to do it. Get their attention, lower their guard, then pounce. She went back inside. Paul still had his gun pointed at them. She found it odd that neither of them really seemed too bothered by someone pointing a gun at them. If she were them she would have split as soon as she saw the gun.

“So, it’s now three in the morning and you two just happened to be out taking a walk in the woods and found our little trailer is that it?” asked Paul

“Son, let me ask you a question....in fact let me ask all of you a very important question: Are you happy with your life? Please be honest.”

“Is anyone really, truly happy with their life?” asked Becca

“I just can’t help but feel that happy people don’t try to destroy themselves with controlled substances.” he said

“Religious people scare me. You’re all like zombies who have lost the ability to think for yourselves. You want everybody to be like you. Passive, docile, just like a dog. They don’t call it the opiate of the masses for nothing.” said Paul.

“Son, I’m not here to try and convince you that you’re all bad people because you use drugs. I’m trying to convince you that you are all using the wrong drugs.” he said

“What?” asked Jen

“You’re using cheap meth that was made in some trailer park by a bunch of good ol boys. What if you tried the real thing?”

“What do you mean the real thing?” asked Becca

The man reached into his small black bag and took out a small baggie with a few rock of crystal meth inside. He held it up for all to see.

“Son, this is the real deal. This stuff was made in a real laboratory by real chemists. People with PhD’s. The disciples of God. You wanna really get high? Quit drinking toilet water and give this a try.” He put the small baggie on the table. The woman with the man walked over to Giselle and kissed her on the lips. Giselle was startled at first, but gave in. Jen just looked confused, as if her brain couldn’t process what she was seeing.

“Who the hell are you people?” asked Ben

“We’re just missionaries son. Doing God’s work. Saving one life a time?” said the old man

“Save us by giving us meth?” asked Paul

“You smoke a full rock and you’ll meet him.”

“Meet who?” asked Paul

“The God of Meth.”

“The God of Meth? Who the hell is that?” asked Ben

One of the old souls that lived on this planet centuries ago. He rides white horse in the sky. He’s the

long lost brother of Jesus Christ.” said the old man

“Jesus had a brother?” asked Becca

“Yes. You can meet him. He’s very sociable. He loves meeting new people.”

The entire group looked at the old man in disbelief. No one was quite sure what to make of him. Becca got a very uneasy feeling about this man. He literally made her skin crawl.

“So, how much will this little meeting cost us?” asked Paul

“Nothing my son. This trips on the house.” said the old man

“Free meth? Now I know you’re bullshitting me.” said Rick

“Son, I can talk all night, or I can just shut my mouth and let the rock do the talking for me.” said the old man

“So this shit isn’t gonna cost us anything?” asked Paul

“Not this time. Smoke away. You’ll be back for more. We can discuss payments when the need arises. We’re not greedy son. Greed is a deadly sin. I just want you to be able to say you met him. It’s an experience you’ll never forget.”

“Well, fuck....the man says it’s free, let’s fire it up.” said Ben as he grabbed the bag.

“Hold on numbnuts. I’ll go first. I want to see for myself. Let me test it.” said Paul as he grabbed the bag and put a rock in his pipe. He lit up the rock and took a deep hit. He coughed and stumbled back a little bit. He fell back on the couch. Becca had never seen one hit off a pipe do that to anyone.

“Sweet Jesus is that some good shit.” said Paul softly. He closed his eyes and seemed to pass out.

Becca left the trailer and went outside. She noticed a little pavilion with a roof cover on it to keep the rain off her. She was in the Girl Scouts and was no stranger to roughing it. She had her cot and sleeping bag set up in ten minutes. She grabbed some toilet paper and relieved herself in the woods. She saw absolutely no point in watching these idiots kill themselves. What kind of a sick drug dealer pretends to be a preacher just so he can enter somebody’s house and sell them drugs? She just wanted to fall asleep and forget about this trip. She never should have gone on it anyway. The hell with Paul. He may be super cute and a great guy in the office, but he’s a junkie and a messed up person as well. He hides it well, but Paul is a very ugly person with a nice exterior.

It was raining so hard, it seemed to drown out all the other sounds. She never heard the gunshots, or the screaming coming from the trailer. She slept right through all of it. In her dreams she opened her eyes and saw the two little boys dressed as ghosts standing right in front of her cot. This time when they held out their bags, the sheets were covered in blood.

“Trick or treat bitch!” they said

“I told you I’d take em.” said the weird old man she had seen on the trail earlier

She awoke from her dream and sat straight up. She opened her eyes and saw the sunlight poking through the clouds. She rubbed her eyes and looked at her watch. It was just past ten in the morning. She felt like crap, but knew she wouldn't go back to sleep. Her head was pounding. Her phone was almost dead and she still had no signal. One way or another she was getting out here ASAP, even if she had to walk for miles to do it. She figured she'd see if the other girls were awake and could make some coffee. She had even brought her own powdered coffee creamer with her. The day just wouldn't be right unless she got her cup of morning coffee. She got up and out of the cot and put her sneakers on. She turned around and that's when she saw Rick laying face down in the mud in front of the porch. She ran over to him.

She knew he was dead. His back and chest were covered in blood. The front door to the trailer was open. She didn't want to go inside, she just wanted to run away as fast as she could. She turned and saw two bullet holes in Ben's car. She ran over and saw Giselle, slumped over the steering wheel. She walked over to the side of the car and saw she was dead, with a puddle of

Blood dripping from the car door. Her first instinct was just to run. Run hard and run fast. She was just about ready to do that, but then thought that there may be someone left alive in the trailer, someone who needed her help. She walked up the steps to the trailer. When she was on the top step, she smelled the cigarette smoke. She wasn't sure if it was a good or bad sign, but at least somebody was still alive. She entered the trailer and saw Ben laying face down on the floor covered in blood. Jen was right next to him with part of her face blown off. She turned and saw Paul sitting on the sofa. He had blood on his shirt and was smoking a cigarette. He pretended not to notice her and poured himself a drink. He took another hit off the cigarette before he was focused enough to talk.

"Hey kid, what's going on?" he said nonchalantly

"Paul, what the hell happened in here?" she asked

"Well, I'm not really sure. I think I shot and killed all of them." he said nonchalantly

"Why would you kill your friends?"

"I think the reason was I didn't want them to meet him."

"Meet who?"

"The Meth God. The old man on his white horse. He's the God of Meth. I know. I've met him. Should have listened to the old folks. They were right. That shit was strong I think my heart stopped beating after I smoked it. Strongest shit I ever smoked. It was like a stairway to heaven. I saw him and the million of souls he has taken over the years. All the dead addicts. They were following behind him, screaming and yelling in agony. He's got them Becca.....don't you understand, he's got them. They're his for eternity. I couldn't let that happen to the people I love. What kind of person would I be? No, I had no choice. I had to kill them to save them from themselves. There was no way they were going to stop using. No way. We're all addicts. We can stop using for a while, but we're still addicts.....I've seen what hell looks like Becca.....I know that's where I'm going." he said and put the gun up to his head

"Paul, Jesus Christ, put down the gun. Just put down the gun and let's talk...please, please don't do this." she begged

"I'm done for Becca. No way I can buy my way out of this one. I'll probably die in prison for what I

did. I'd rather die than spend the rest of my life in prison."

"Paul, please....please just put down the gun. Please, don't do this."

"Maybe you should leave then. I don't want you to have to see this." he said sobbing

"Paul.....for the love of God, don't do this." she said sobbing as well

"The screaming Becca.....do you know what it sounds like to hear millions of people screaming in agony all at the same time? It's the worst sound in the universe."

"Paul.....I love you.....don't do this.....please."

"Aren't drugs great?" he said and squeezed the trigger, blowing half of his head off.

Becca stood frozen in horror at what she had just seen. Paul was dead. Rick was dead. Everybody was dead. They were gone from this Earth forever. She was beyond the crying point at this stage, that would come later. Right now she had to get out of this place and get some help. She tried to run, but her legs felt like Jell-O.

She took Paul's car keys and tried his SUV, it still wouldn't start. She started walking down the road, back to the highway. She just kept walking for almost two hours down the lonely forest road back to the cars and civilization. She wondered if man had created Meth God or if it were the other way around. She passed by a ranger who had decided to go out and check for unlicensed fishing on the lake. He waved at her on the road. She didn't even seem to acknowledge him. He stopped the truck and turned around. It was probably nothing, but he decided to check, just in case. She seemed rather out of place out here in the middle of nowhere. He backed up his truck and rolled down the window.

"Hi there.....you ok?" he asked

"No, but then again, who is nowadays." she said without looking at him.

"Can I give you a ride?" he asked

"It seems like the cops nowadays are just trying to save us from ourselves. Maybe that's the reason no one likes cops these days."

"I'm not a cop, I'm just a park ranger." he said

"There's a trailer at the end of this road. Everybody in it is dead. Paul killed them all. He was trying to save them from themselves too. I guess he kind of succeeded in his own way. It's a real horror show in there."

"What? What are you talking about? Whose dead?" he said and slammed on his brakes.

Becca just kept on walking even as the idiot ranger got on his radio for back up. She decided it was her life mission to one day meet the Meth God.....and when she did, she would kill him or die trying.