

# Mr. Sunshine

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John Boston

"I double dog dare you," said Kent

"It's just a house. There's probably nothing in there but crack heads," said Kevin

"So, why not go in? Half an hour, that's all you have to do. Go upstairs and wave at us from the window." said Jasper

"That's it? What happens when half an hour is up?" asked Kevin

"Well, you win. Then you can think of something for us to do," said Kent

"OK. Half an hour, that's it?" he asked

"That's it. No backing out now," said Jasper.

Kevin sighed and walked up the steps to the old farmhouse. Twenty years ago, it was probably somebody's showplace, but now after years of neglect, it was barely habitable. Kevin turned around to see his two frenemies standing there waving him goodbye. Kevin didn't come unprepared. He had his little LED flashlight and his switchblade he had bought at a flea market last year. He managed to buy it right underneath his mother's nose without her even knowing. It was nearly six inches and locked back, just like in the movies. Any homeless people or junkies tried to mess with him, they were as good as dead.

The front door had been boarded up pretty well. He decided to try and find another way in. He walked around back and saw that the backdoor was boarded up just as tight as the front door. He did notice the boards going over the cellar windows were not very well fastened. He found a piece of rebar and pried off one of the boards. There was no glass over the window. He was thin enough to slide under the other board and through the window. His feet hit the concrete floor of the basement. He quickly found his flashlight and turned it on. There was nothing in the basement but junk. He looked around and found a copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED from 1995, as well as a can of coffee from God, knows when. He made his way over to the stairs and began to walk slowly up to the top. Holding onto the railing in case one of the steps gave way. He made his way to the top of the stairs. At one point there had been a door at the top of the stairs, but it was long gone. He shined his light across the kitchen area and out into the living room. He could hear nothing except the sound of his own heartbeat. The kitchen was a mess. Most of the cupboard doors were missing. There was a refrigerator in front of him that was not working. He opened the door and was surprised to find several old juice boxes on the rail. He made his way to the living room and walked up the stairs to the bedrooms. He found one and opened the door holding his knife in his other hand. There was nothing in the room but a mattress on the floor and

several used needles. He could see several candles nearby that had been used to cook the heroin the junkies shot into their bodies. He opened the window and waved to his friends outside.

"How am I doing?" he asked

"You've got 22 more minutes to go," said Jasper

"Ok. I'm gonna look around some more," said Kevin.

He left the bedroom and walked down the hall. The second bedroom was still pretty much left as it was the day the owners walked away from the house. There were still clothes in the drawer. He opened the closet door and found some empty boxes. If there was anything valuable in the house it was taken away long ago. He looked under the bed and found an old SEARS catalog from 1992. He left that bedroom and went down the hall to the last bedroom. There was nothing in the bedroom but a small recliner and an old TV set. Kevin had seen pictures of them on the internet but had never actually seen one this old up close before. He turned to walk away and that's when he heard the sound of the TV turning on. He spun around and saw the old TV screen warming up. The picture came into focus. It was in black and white. It looked like a giant greenhouse with all these weird-looking plants. A moment later a naked woman came running into the greenhouse. She looked like she had been crying. Her makeup was smeared and she had a bruise on her face. She was looking right into the camera.

"Dear God.....somebody, please help me. Please? If anyone can hear me, my name is Holly. Holly Hunter. I'm 24 years old and I'm from Fairfield, Connecticut. My parents are Donald and Linda Hunter from Fairfield.....please, find them. I don't even know where I am. I don't even know how I got here. This place seems to go on forever. It has no windows or exits....oh Jesus. He's coming back. Please...please help me. She said and started running. He saw a man wearing some kind of bunny or rabbit suit chasing her. He caught her and could hear her screaming. Kevin tried to turn away, but he just couldn't. He had never seen anything like this before, not even on the internet. The man in the rabbit suit was raping the girl. When it was over. He stood up and zipped up his fly. He knelt down beside her stomach and patted it.

"See you in nine months little buddy," he said

"Fuck you!" screamed the girl.

"Aren't you going to say hi to your mother, Kevin?" said the man in the mask.

Kevin turned and darted out of the room. He nearly tripped and fell down the stairs, but caught the railing at the last minute. He stopped at the bottom of the stairs and looked up. Standing at the top of the stairs was the man wearing the strange rabbit costume. He said nothing and waved at Kevin.

"On the eighth day, God created many wonderful and exciting creatures. I am one of those creatures." said the man in a very strange voice.

"My name is Mr. Sunshine and I live in your funny bone, along with all of my friends," he said

Kevin turned and ran back down the cellar stairs to the window. He dropped his light as he hoisted himself up to the window. It was much harder to climb out of the window than it was to climb in. He could hear the man coming down the stairs. Just as he was about to grab Kevin, he managed to squeeze through and pull himself through to the lawn. He looked back down and could see the man staring at him.

"See you soon little buddy," he said.

Kevin ran away, back towards the front of the house. Jasper and Kent were sitting on their bikes, playing on their phones, they seemed genuinely surprised to see him.

"What the hell Kevin, you still have eight minutes," said Kent

"Let's get out of here," said Kevin

"Why?" asked Kent

"Cause there's somebody in that house. He wore a mask. He might come after us."

"Oh shit....okay," said Kent.

Kevin looked up and saw the man in the mask watching him from one of the bedroom windows. He waved at him. Kevin and his friends sped off.

None of the boys did get much out of Kevin about what he had experienced in the old house. They didn't buy his story, figuring he just got spooked and panicked. Still, none of them would spend any time in the old house alone, so they couldn't really give Kevin a hard time about it. Kevin didn't sleep for two days after the incident. Every time he closed his eyes, he would see the man wearing the mask. At this point, Kevin wasn't even sure it was a mask at all. It might just be his real face. He knew his parents kept a rifle in the hallway closet along with two boxes of shells. They made sure Kevin knew how to use it. He checked it twice and had a magazine fully loaded. He also had a crossbow he had gotten last Christmas. It shot out arrows with enough force to go right through a 2x4. Should that man in the mask ever try and get him, he'd be ready. Kevin wasn't sure how the man knew his name. It was almost as if that man in the mask wanted Kevin to see that clip and nothing else. Kevin also didn't watch any TV for the next few days, just in case, the man tried to contact him again. He also did some searching on the internet for a Holly Hunter from Fairfield, Connecticut. Sure enough fourteen years ago, a woman that looked exactly like the one in the picture disappeared one night after a party and was never seen or heard from again. Why did that man say she was his mother? It didn't make any sense. Not much did when you were fourteen.

Kevin got along well for the most part with his parents. His father was the pastor of the local church. His mother was the Librarian at the local High School. It was weird going to the same school where your mother worked, but for the most part, she left him alone. He never made any trouble at school, for him or her. He pretty much kept to himself. He discovered at an early age that the fewer people he had to interact with daily, the easier his life would be. People were usually a big disappointment. Once in a while, it would yield positive results, but usually, it just

ended in despair and frustration. It was a roll of the dice., you just never knew what you were going to get.

His parents loved him, but they also expected a lot from him. Not just in school, but in everyday life. They expected him to be and act like a Christian at all times, even when no one was looking.

"God is always watching." his mother would say.

His father had just gotten back from a four-month-long mission in Syria to distribute food and clothing to the war-torn nation. His father didn't just talk the talk, he walked the walk. 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, he was on call for Jesus and company. His parishioners worshipped him. The family always had plenty of money, the problem was Kevin knew from the first time he was in church that he just didn't belong there. It almost made him sick to his stomach to be inside. There was always this little voice in the back of his mind saying "They've got it all wrong, this just isn't the way it really is. I can show you the way it really is."

Kevin's lack of faith and Christian values were a sore spot for his parents, but they never let it get in the way of their family life. They just hoped that one day, the power of the holy spirit would erupt inside of him. They would just have to wait for the eruption and hope they didn't lose him between now and then. Life was just a waiting game. Waiting to die and then waiting to be reborn.

His hobby was making face masks from famous movies. No one showed him how to do it, he just kind of picked it up on his own. He made several from the movies he had seen. He had shown them off in school and was beginning to get quite a following online, with several people asking him if he could make them a custom mask. His parents kind of frowned upon the whole thing, wishing instead that he would just play football or basketball. Something American, something that could make them proud.

Kevin simply marched to the beat of his own drummer. He wasn't a leader or a follower, more like just an observer. Kevin was fast becoming his own man. That in itself was quite an accomplishment these days.

He spent three hours working on the mask the man was wearing from the horror show at the old farmhouse. He made the ears and the nose and the bright red lips. When he was done, he put the mask on and looked at himself in the mirror. It gave him chills and he quickly took it off. There was a knock on the door. His mother poked her head inside his room. He put the mask on his desk and sat on his bed.

"May I enter?" she asked

"Of course, you may enter, it's your house," said Kevin

"It's our house, Kevin. It's just as much yours as it is mine and your father's." she corrected him

"It doesn't always feel that way," he added

"What's this?" asked his mother holding up the mask

"It's my new mask, do you like it?"

"It's kind of creepy looking," she said

"It's supposed to be kind of creepy looking."

His mother stared at the mask for a minute, then put it down and sat down next to him on the bed. She put her hand on the back of his neck.

"Mom?"

"Yes?" she said

"Mom, I want to ask you something and I want you to be honest with me.....was I adopted?" he asked not looking at her

His mother seemed taken aback by his question. He could tell by her response, or the lack thereof, that he indeed was adopted. His mother put her hands up over her face and took a deep breath.

"Honey, your father and I were going to tell you. Honest, we were. It's just you are doing so well in school and with the church, we didn't want to...."

"Want to what?"

"We didn't want you to get off track and start doubting our love for you."

"That wouldn't happen."

"We just didn't want to take the chance. We were going to tell you, honest."

"When exactly? When I was like thirty?"

"No.....no we swore we would tell you on your eighteenth birthday. Look, remember the Parent Kids? Ben and Julie? They used to go to our church."

"Yes, I remember them? I thought they went away to college?"

"Well, sort of. Julie spent one semester at BYU, then dropped out. Ben wound up going to jail for a year for selling drugs. They were both honor roll students when they were your age. Well, their parents told them they were adopted and everything just sort of fell apart for them. We just didn't want that to happen to you."

"Mom, I'm not going to freak out or anything. I just want to know the truth."

"Well, now you have it. Honey, this really doesn't change anything. The fact that you didn't come out of my stomach doesn't mean that you weren't meant to be my son."

"Who were my real parents?"

"You mean your biological parents? We are your real parents," she said

"My biological parents, I mean."

"Kevin, we don't know that. There are records at the adoption agency. You were given up for adoption, that's all we know."

"Is my mother someone named Holly Hunter?"

The look on his mother's face said she knew far more than she was telling him. It made Kevin more upset to have his mother lie to him than to find out he was adopted.

"I don't know Kevin. Why do you think her name was Holly Hunter?" she asked

"I saw this really weird video on this old TV screen at that farmhouse on the highway. I don't know mom, I just don't want you to lie to me. I won't lie to you."

"All that matters is the present and the future. The past doesn't matter. You can't somehow go back in time and change anything. What matters is that you are here now, with us. You have God and the church on your side. Where you came from before you allowed Jesus into your life, doesn't matter one bit."

"Well if it doesn't matter, then why didn't you tell me before now?"

"Kevin, please...don't do this, not now. Your father is at the church getting ready for tomorrow's prayer breakfast. There are going to be some very important people there and he needs to make everyone feel welcome and not run out of anything. I have to go to a meeting for my prayer team. We have to go to the hospital and visit with the sick and dying."

"You guys are never home anymore," he said, sighing.

"Honey, we do the Lord's work. We go where he needs us. He gave us you. We owe him."

"I need you too," he said

"Look, I'm only going to be gone for a few hours. Lauren said she would come over and watch you for a few hours."

"Mom, I'm fourteen. I don't need a babysitter," he said, getting upset.

"You probably don't Kevin, but remember her father is on the Town Board and has a lot of pull in this town. We want to stay on his good side."

"You mean you want to pump her for information."

"Something like that.....oh Kevin.....you are a very, very special boy. There's not another one like you in the whole wide world. Please, for mommy. Don't ever ask about your parents again.....and please throw that mask away. It creeps me out."

"Fine....can I have Woody come over?"

"Yes. I'll give him a ride home when I get home."

She walked over to her son and gave him a big hug.

"Never, ever forget that we love you more than anything else in the whole world. You are very special Kevin. God has big plans for you."

"I can't wait."

Kevin heard the doorbell ring and his dog Sparky began to bark. Lauren let herself in and hung up her coat on the rack. Kevin's mom ran down the stairs to greet her.

"Lauren, thanks so much for showing up on short notice, you're a lifesaver.....so how are your parents doing?" she said and pulled her into the kitchen. Kevin just shook his head. He'd give Woody a call here shortly. Right now, he just wanted to stare at Lauren for a while uninterrupted. The girl was a real feast for the eyes.

Lauren really wasn't a babysitter, though at times she tried to act like it. Lauren was a senior at the local high school and as white as snow in just about every measurable category, there was. She had a body to die for and no one was getting anywhere near it unless her parents, namely her father gave his approval. Her parents lavished her with just about anything the girl wanted. She had done mission work in Central America and Africa and spent her junior year studying in Germany. She was on the honor roll, valedictorian, etc, etc. The one thing she hadn't ever experienced in her whole life was to come face to face with pure evil. No one's expecting it and when it does happen, most people don't really know what to do.

Woody came over a little after five. Kevin's mom had two large pizzas delivered with some soda. The boys sat down and devoured one of the pizzas while playing XBOX. Lauren stayed in the kitchen texting her boyfriend and nibbling on a slice of pizza. She heard Sparky start barking. She had never heard the old dog bark like that before. She then heard what sounded like a scuffle and then a whimper. Sparky stopped barking after that. She walked over to the kitchen window and turned on the porch light. She didn't see anything or see Sparky. They had a big backyard with lots of trees. She opened up the back door. The security door was still locked.

"Sparky?" she called

"Sparky, come here boy," she said

She got no reply. It was almost completely dark outside. She closed the back door and made sure it was locked.

"Stupid goddamn dog," she muttered

"Kevin, come here please," she yelled down the hall.

Kevin appeared in the hallway drinking his soda.

"Kevin, I think Sparky might have gotten hurt outside. Go see if he's ok."

"I'm sure he's fine," he said and walked away

"Kevin.....go look. What if he's hurt?"

Kevin rolled his eyes and put on his jacket. She found a flashlight in the kitchen drawer and put it in his hand on his way out the door. He turned on the light and went out back. The wind was blowing pretty hard.

"Sparky? Where the hell are you, come here boy," he yelled

It was not like Sparky to ignore him when he was called. His father certainly wouldn't stand for that.

"SPARKY!" Kevin shouted

Kevin shined the light into some trees and saw what appeared to be a figure standing next to them.

"Hello?" he said

The figure disappeared into the woods as Kevin got closer. He stopped on the edge of the lawn. There was no sign of Sparky. He turned and quickly walked back inside the house. He closed the door behind him and looked out the window.

"What's wrong?" asked Lauren

"Nothing....I just thought I saw somebody in those trees over there."

"That's it, I'm calling the cops," she said

Woody came into the kitchen eating the last slice of pizza.

"Kevin, you're up," he said with a mouthful of pizza

"Not now Woody," said Lauren, fumbling for her phone.

"Lauren, relax, it was probably just somebody walking their dog. People walk by all the time."

"Where's Sparky?" she asked

"He always takes off. Last year he ran all the way across town chasing a squirrel or fox or something. He was gone for two days. He just showed up on the steps exhausted two days later."

"I don't know Kevin, this just doesn't feel right," she said

"If I see somebody out there again, you can call the cops, ok?" said Kevin

Lauren had to acknowledge that Kevin might be right on this one. The last thing in the world she would want was for Kevin's mom to see her as someone who panics. She did not want to be seen as just another pretty face in the crowd. She wanted people to respect her. She wouldn't get any respect if she went to pieces every time something got out of whack.

"So what if there really was someone outside that wanted to get in here, what would you do?" asked Woody

"Relax. My dad has two rifles in the closet with loaded clips. .22 Magnum rifles. Blow a huge hole in just about anything. I'm pretty good with them. I practice at the shooting range."

"Well, what if the bad guys have guns?" he asked

"Then, I guess I would just have to shoot them first," said Kevin

An hour after Sparky went missing, the house had returned to normal. Kevin and Woody were busy saving the universe on the XBOX network, while Lauren was texting her boyfriend and eyeing the liquor cabinet, wondering just how much she could down before Kevin's parents became suspicious. Knowing them, they probably measured the liquor level in the bottle every time they were done using it. Kevin and Woody had never even so much as smelled alcohol, let alone drinking it. She looked at Kevin and always wondered just why the kid needed a babysitter at all. He seemed to be taking care of himself just fine. Lauren never really did understand these uptight religious asshole types or buy into their way of thinking. She figured Lorry, Kevin's mother, was just another control freak. She knew they type well, her mother was the same way. She had caught Kevin looking at her when he thought her back was turned. Lauren knew the feeling all too well, she was a pretty girl in a small high school. A lot of boys looked at her that way, even a few of the teachers as well. She figured she'd have to tease Kevin a little bit before he was too much older and Lorry wouldn't need her services. Maybe even give Woody a little show as well. Any good girl worth her salt has got to know how to tease the boys.

"Lauren, is there any pizza left?" asked Kevin.

No sooner had Kevin spoken than the power went out in the house. The boys looked at the LCD TV screen which was now jet black.

"Man, all that work down the tubes," said Woody

"I know where we keep the flashlights," said Kevin, getting up. He turned on the flashlight on his phone and made his way into the kitchen. He returned a minute later with two large lantern-type flashlights. He turned them both on and gave one to Lauren.

"Kevin, turn your flashlight off for a minute," said Lauren looking out the window

"Why?"

"Just do it," she said

Kevin did as she asked and the three of them were now in total darkness.

"Um, Lauren, what are you doing?" asked Kevin

"The lights are on down the street. I can see the house lights," she said

She turned on her flashlight and walked into the living room. She turned off her light and looked out the window.

"I think the houses next to us have power as well. It's just this house that lost power."

"Maybe we blew a fuse. Where's the box?" asked Woody

"It's downstairs. Go head Lauren, I'll be right behind you," said Kevin

"Very funny Kevin, now get going," she said and gave him a little shove.

The three of them made their way down to the basement. They found the breaker box and opened the door. Sure enough, the main switch for the house was turned off. Lauren switched it back on and the power came back on.

"That's weird, how did the power get turned off?" she asked

Kevin and Woody just shrugged their shoulders. The three of them went back upstairs into the living room. Kevin stopped as he thought he saw someone in the hallway. He went down the hallway but just found an empty clothes hamper. Lauren sat back down on the sofa and reached for her phone. She looked over and noticed that it was missing.

"Very funny you two, now give it back to me." she snarled

"Give what back to you?" asked Woody

"You know what....my phone. I left it right here on the table.

"We didn't touch your phone, Lauren."

"Well, it didn't just get up and walk away." She said, gripped by a very unsettling feeling.

"Kevin.....where's your phone?" she asked

"It's charging in the kitchen. I plugged it in right before the power went out," he said

"Go get it," she said

"Lauren, I don't have a lot of minutes left. Text your boyfriend later," he said

"Just go and get it," she said tersely

Kevin got up and walked into the kitchen. He returned a moment later empty-handed.

"Ok.....who took it? I know I plugged it in," he said

The two of them looked at Woody, who was playing XBOX. He turned around and looked at them.

"Don't look at me, I didn't take them. What the hell would I do with a phone? I don't have anyone to call except Kevin."

Lauren was now very worried. She looked all over the room, but couldn't find her phone. She was certain, she left it on the table before they went downstairs.

"Guys.....there's somebody else in the house with us," she said

The two of them stopped playing and looked at her.

"What are you talking about?"

"Kevin, I left my phone right here on the table. If you two didn't take it, then who did?" she asked almost shaking

"Dude, did you take my phone?" asked Kevin

"No, I was in here playing," said Woody

"Don't lie, Woody, now is not the time," said Lauren

"Look, I didn't take your damn phones!" he said, putting the XBOX controller down.

"Then who did?" asked Kevin

The three of them looked at one another uncomfortably. Kevin raced into the hallway closet and grabbed his rifle. He took out the clip to make sure it was loaded and slapped it back into the rifle. He chambered a round and put the safety on. He walked out of the closet and closed the door behind him.

"Kevin, Jesus, put that thing away before you shoot one of us," said Lauren

"Lauren, what are you going to do if there is somebody in the house? Flash them your tits?"

"Kevin, I'm warning you."

"I'm just keeping it here in case. The safety is on. It can't fire. We may need it." he said

"Look, let's get out of here and go to my house. It's only a few miles down the road."

"We're gonna walk three miles in this weather?" asked Woody

"At least we'd be safe there."

"Maybe, maybe not. I'd rather deal with whoever is doing this right now in my house, not someone else's house."

"Why don't we just look around the house and see if anyone's here?" asked Kevin

"Yeah, we got the gun. Why not?"

"They could have a gun too?" she said

"Then why haven't they used it already? What are they waiting for?" asked Woody

"I don't know. Okay, fine, let's have a look."

The three of them searched the house room by room, closet by closet, shelf by shelf, and came up with nothing. They searched the garage and locked the door. They didn't go down into the basement but locked the deadbolt on the cellar door. The three of them went back into the living room. The boys turned back on the XBOX and finished the soda. Lauren made sure the front door was locked as well as the back door.

"Way to overreact there Lauren." said Kevin

"Kevin....." said Lauren looking over to her left.

"What?" he asked

"Where's the phone cord?" she asked

"What phone cord?"

"The phone cord that goes from the phone to the jack in the wall. Where is it?"

Kevin looked over at the phone in the living room. Indeed, the phone cord was missing. He grabbed the rifle and ran into the kitchen. The other phone hanging on the wall was missing the phone cord as well.

"Oh shit," he said softly

He ran back to the living room.

"It's gone too," he said

"Woody, do you have a phone?"

"Yeah, but it got taken away after my last report card," he said

"We're totally cut off. The nearest house is probably a mile down the road," she said

"Let's just lock ourselves in my room until my parents get back. We've got the gun. We'll just sit tight until they get back."

"Maybe that's what they want. All of us in one house, then they can put their plan in motion," said Kevin

"Why would anybody want to hurt us?"

"Who knows? People do crazy shit all the time. Maybe it's tweakers."

"We looked over the damn house. We didn't find anything," said Woody

"Alright. We're out of here. We'll just hoof it to my house. Kevin, take the gun. Woody, you grab the flashlights." she said

The three of them put on their jackets. Kevin put on his baseball cap. Lauren opened the front door and started down the driveway. She stopped when she saw a man standing at the end of the driveway. He was wearing some kind of rabbit or bear costume and had a weird mask on his face. Kevin ran over to her and aimed his rifle at him.

"Dude, get the fuck out of here, or I'll blow your head off," he screamed

"Kevin, is that any way to talk to your father?" the man said

Kevin seemed completely taken aback by what the man said. He pulled out their cell phones and crushed them in his hand into little pieces.

"Does anybody want to play a game? I love games." the man said

The three of them ran back into the house. Lauren bolted the door shut. Kevin ran down the hallway and into the closet. He grabbed the other rifle and made sure it was loaded. He ran back and gave the rifle to Woody. Lauren grabbed the rifle out of Woody's hands. She chambered a round and took the safety off. The two boys seemed surprised at her knowledge of firearms.

"I'm not just another pretty face," she said looking out the window.

"What the hell was that thing? And why did he say he was your father Kevin?" asked a very upset Woody.

"I don't know Woody," he said

"We got enough firepower here to blow him in half. What are we waiting for?" asked Woody

"Woody, you're right. Let's go get this guy before he gets us," she said and opened the front door.

The three of them ran outside and looked for the man. He was nowhere to be found.

"I should have shot him when I had the chance," said Kevin

"This is too fucking said Lauren trying not to panic

Kevin just realized that he had never heard Lauren swear before. It really turned him on.

The three of them went back into the house and locked the door.

"I still say we should run while we have the chance. There's no way he can catch all three of us," she said

"What if there's more than one of them, Lauren?"

Lauren paused for a second. She had never considered that. Made sense. It would have been difficult for one person to take their phones and remove the phone cords in the very brief time they were in the basement.

"I say, we lock myself in my room. My parents should be home soon. Anybody tries to come in, we blast them."

"I'm with Kevin, Lauren, it just seems too risky to try and run in the dark to your house."

"Alright, look. Somebody has to go for help. I'll take the rifle and run to my house. You two stay in your room."

As crazy as it sounded, it really was their only real option. Things were going from bad to worse here. Lauren was in pretty good shape. She should only be about twenty minutes.

"Ok.....Jesus Lauren, be careful. Remember, shoot first, and don't ask questions. You don't have any time."

"Ok.....ready?"

Kevin unlocked the front door and she ran out. He grabbed her and kissed her lips. She seemed to lose her focus for a minute and tried not to smile. She was out the door and out of sight within ten seconds. Kevin shut the door behind her and locked it. He ran over to the hallway closet and got the extra box of bullets. They both ran up to his room. Kevin opened his closet door and saw that it was empty. He closed his bedroom door and locked it. He and Woody proceeded to move as much furniture as they could to try and barricade the door. Fifteen minutes later, anyone trying to get into Kevin's bedroom was going to need a chainsaw.

"Do you think he went after her?" asked Woody

"I don't know. If you were a psycho maniac, which one would you go after, the two boys or the really hot girl?"

"Probably the hot girl."

"Yeah, me too."

The boys were locked and loaded, ready for whatever tried to make its way through the bedroom door. The boys sat in silence for a few minutes. The room went pitch black as the power went out in the house. Kevin fumbled for the flashlight lantern. One would not turn on, but another one did. They turned the flashlight on the bedroom door. A minute or so later, Kevin could see someone trying to turn the knob on the door.

"Stay back. We've got guns and aren't afraid to use them!" Kevin said nervously.

The knob kept turning. Whoever was at the door pushed the door slightly ajar and knocked over some of the furniture barricading the door. The boys had just about enough. They both fired several shots through the door in quick succession. Who or whatever was behind the door let out this weird, painful scream. The boys then quickly moved the desk and sofa seat back against the wall. They reloaded and waited for the next wave of the attack.

There was an eerie silence for a minute. The boys could hear nothing but the sound of their own heavy breathing.

"God, I hope Lauren gets back soon." said Woody

"If she's still alive, she'll bring help," said Kevin

"Look, just take what you want. I don't care, we have insurance anyway. You try to get in this room again and you're a dead man." he said

"But Kevin, what I want is you." said the weird voice behind the door.

A chill went down Kevin's back as soon as he heard the voice. He recognized it from two days ago at the old farmhouse.

"Well, you're not getting me!" said Kevin defiantly

"We'll see about that.....besides, don't you want to come home and be with your family, Kevin?" said the man

"I am with my family," he said

"No, your real family Kevin. The people who made you, not the people who stole you," he said

"What are you talking about?" asked Kevin

"Son, you know you don't belong here, with these people. Deep down inside, you know you're different, you know you don't belong."

"This is my family," said Kevin

"Really? Your own mother just told you that you were adopted. They stole you from me and tried to reprogram you the way they wanted. They don't want a son, they want a good little Christian soldier. You'll never be one of those. What do you think will happen when you reject their religion? Still think they're going to be the same loving parents? You know they won't."

"Who the hell are you?" asked Kevin

"I've been called many things by many different people. My name is Mr. Sunshine." said the man

Woody leaned over to whisper to Kevin.

"We hit him, I can see him bleeding. He can't possibly hold out much longer, he's losing too much blood."

"That's not my blood Woody." said the man

"What.....then who's blood is it?"

"I believe her name was Lauren," he said

The boys looked at each other, stunned. How the hell had this guy managed to get Lauren, they never even heard a shot.

"You're lying," said Kevin

"You know I'm not." said the man

"You asshole! I don't know who or what you are, but I will never be your son....do you hear me, not ever!" shrieked Kevin. He ran over and looked out the window. He also looked at his watch. His watch stopped a few minutes after his mother left and Lauren arrived. That's what you get got buying a \$9.99 watch at China-Mart.

"He just wants us to open that door, that's all Kevin. He knows we've got guns," said Woody

"I'm going to kill that son of a bitch if he hurt Lauren.....I'll kill him," he said under his breath.

The boys heard the closet door open slowly. Woody tried to shine the light on the door, but the flashlight died. The room was now in total darkness. The boys began firing as quickly as they could. The bullets tore into the man in the rabbit suit, causing him to collapse against the door. He regained his composure and grabbed Woody's gun and bent the barrel. The last thing Kevin heard before being taken by the darkness was the sound of Woody going through the bedroom window. He landed on the soft, wet grass. The force from the impact knocked him momentarily unconscious. He looked up and saw the man in the rabbit suit standing above him, holding Kevin over his shoulder. He tried to get up, but couldn't. He watched the man take Kevin into the bushes and disappear.

Kevin's father arrived home exactly seven minutes after Woody passed out from the fall. There were deputies on the scene within minutes. Half an hour later a state-wide alert had gone out for Kevin and his attacker.

Lauren's body was found at the top of the stairs, where the boys had made their last stand. The entire house was riddled with bullet holes. The two boys had not gone down lightly, they had put up a vicious fight. Every law enforcement agency in 3 states was participating in the search for Kevin. The police had few clues and no fingerprints or DNA to go on. The attacker had obviously wanted Kevin. The authorities tried to find Kevin's biological parents, but the adoption agency had no record, having lost them in a building fire a few years back. CNN, Fox News, and just about every other news agency around the world interviewed the parents. Kevin had just vanished without a trace.

The authorities grilled Kevin's parents for hours, believing they knew more than they were telling. Neither one of them said anything. They both had two lawyers by their side any time they spoke to the police. Grilling the parents went nowhere, and neither did their investigation. Over the next few weeks and months that followed, the leads simply dried up. The authorities believed the parents were hiding something, but couldn't get anything out of them. They both had rock-solid alibis for the evening and none of their blood was found at the house. The blood didn't match up to anyone, in fact, it didn't match any blood type at all. It was a cross between animal and human blood with characteristics of each. That little tidbit of info was kept out of the media. Kevin's parents adjusted to life without Kevin, as best they could. His father quit the church for a while and took a sabbatical. His mother would just sit at home, watch the blank TV screen and drink herself to sleep every night.

Friends and family asked her, just why she was watching a blank TV screen. She would just reply that she was waiting for Kevin. People were beginning to get worried about her. If they knew what she did, it would make perfect sense. It was one night, after finishing a bottle of Merlot that she crawled off the sofa and looked right at the TV screen. As drunk as she was, she knew exactly what to say.

"He's mine, you son of a bitch! He's mine and I'll get him back if it's the last thing I ever do. This isn't over." she said

The TV screen lit up in black and white. She recoiled back a few feet and watched in horror as another woman came running through the greenhouse not wearing any clothes. She looked right into the camera and then quickly took off. We then see the man dressed in the rabbit suit following after her. A moment later, behind him was someone else. Someone much smaller, like a child, wearing a rabbit costume and holding a sharp kitchen knife. He looked right into the camera and waved at his mother.

*"Hi, mom! I'm finally home, back where I belong... ..back home with my family, having the time of my life."* before taking off after the woman.