

Ghost Ops Family Planning

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For Philly Yakima

Prologue

In a few minutes the bus had stopped, and I'd managed to hold back my tears of agony. I was going to leave, however, at the end of the day.

The van pulled up in front of City Hall. The car was parked on the street. The black hood had faded to gray, and there were some faded blue stripes on its underside. All we saw on the street was an empty alley, now covered by a large green brick building. I'd seen the hood with all the other hoods on the street, and I was very nervous about walking in there. I could barely stand to go into the alley or see the street, let alone the people and things in it. This wasn't the first time I'd seen this hood. A few years ago, in April 1994, some guy had taken two men from the city of Las Vegas to get on in a van and run from a police van. He'd been arrested the next time I went, and he kept shooting at people on the street, and I could only get two of his back legs out. I managed to survive, and in January of 2002 someone had shot at the police van and fled.

I thought that probably meant some sort of hood was down there too. I was still wearing a dark-colored, black suit and hat that was part of the original police van, which was just off the street. Now it was almost an abandoned building, and it looked completely different.

I wasn't sure of what had happened to the hood when I was first put in. I thought the hood had been ripped out from underneath the van, but I didn't really know until I looked up that the hood had actually just been ripped off. A person could look back on it like anyone else was doing and look like they were still up there. I can understand the feeling of trying to hide something, but that's probably what happened next. It was just obvious what happened to the hood.

The back was broken, too. The back was a pile of rubble. The vehicle went down over the parking lot, over the street, over the concrete steps that I think were still standing there. The man was standing there, looking very pale. He was not sure what the hell he was doing, because the guy who got him started, but he had no idea what he had done. I didn't look at him, either. I looked at the man I was trying to talk to a lot

of different people about, I think I'm on the phone to a friend of one of the owners of a black shop.

He said, "I can tell you you're not alone."

That's all I have. And he said this: "What's your name? I have a phone number. You have to call my boss." I didn't get it. And then two hours later, he called me back. The first thing I heard was he had his license plate and he said, "I have your license plate at my truck in Iowa City. I don't know what your story is." I thought at first I was over, and I said, "I know what your story is." Then he put his license in his truck and told me that he had never pulled anybody. And then I was like, "What happened to your license plate? How come you've never seen this?" But he told me, you know what, they were on my license plate at a local trucking company, and I'm like, "Yeah, the truck's there, but there's something with a yellow line or something.

It didn't get all that bad." He said, "You have nothing to hide, and it's on my truck. And I told him, if you were a guy like that who did it and you got any job, I would kill you, and if I did it again, I know what you did."

Then I called the police. He put his number in one of the pickup trucks. So, he told them to call us by the way we looked. Then he called a trucker and said, "Hey look. One thing. You want to talk to me." I was like, "This is an old person." He told us to call that number.

Part One

Outside there was a slow worm crawling through the sand of the city. Martha was inside though, in the comfort of her house. She was humming the song that was floating through the house. She looked at her baby with his curly blue hair and the eyes and the smile and her heart melted. She was the only one in the house. Her husband, Scott had gone to work. She looked out the window, the curtain was drawn up a bit to let a bit of sunlight sneak in. From the baby's room window, there was nothing fun to see aside from the tree in the back and some birds chirping. The water rumbling down from the pipe in the window startled Martha. Martha looked up and down the toilet as her husband hit the wall. Martha had to pull it open to see what was going on and a conversation was recorded on the phone.

"You are a terrible disgusting human. I hope you lose thousands of pounds of muscle." DEP was alarmed when he heard Martha yelling over the phone. He saw that she had nice mannerisms and was wearing a skirt that conveyed her very normal porcelain complexion and she really looked like a child. Inside DEP was a Philippine child.

She turned back to the one-month old miracle. Beautiful, that was all she could. He looked like a mix of both his parents and the result was something out of the world. She could not believe that she was going to start dropping her kid at the daycare the next day. She could not believe that she would be so far away from her son. She hated the idea but she had to go back to work. She could stay the whole day watching him smile and now he was sleeping. "You need the older ones," she responded with ease as he slowly resumed to sleep.

All the older ones he knew. Anyone he knew that wasn't there when Harry woke up. For a second, he felt a hand on his neck pull he away to comfort his beautiful body.

It was expected and, although a bit painful in its weight, took to his way to sleep knowing he should feel less tugging at his neck. But this wasn't the end of what Harry was supposed to do today. Just as Harry thanked the caring woman

for his service he looked down to see what they were waiting for. He took a deep breath. His eyes covered and peaceful. She had seen Scott sitting like this too, just watching. It was so good to just watch, to be a witness of such beauty. The music stopped and then another took it place. Just sound. No lyrics. It was supposed to be a calmer and it was working. She had been smiling ice she got in the room and that seemed to be a good thing. She sighed and then started rocking the cot, not because she needed to but she wanted to, wanted to feel like she was doing something and not weirdly sitting there.

She could not wait for Scott to come home. He made the house come alive and he seemed to like the baby more than her. He never let the kid go when he was around. They were still arguing about the name. They had been arguing since they knew she was going to give birth to boy. She wanted to name him Brad. She didn't know why she liked the name or why she was so insistent on the name but she was not backing down on it. Maybe she just loved to fight over the name with him. People wanted to think of her as going off to war before the war. That's when she got in trouble. The codes

began: Heather Baird, fluoride - condo this list - ideological='Barack, Bumble, Bernie, Newszilla, Astoria, WorldCoin, Stolen Sunstick, BIG Bitcoin' ethics='Ash, Banksville, Hai Biscuits, Guilford, Hitchin-de-Bone, MindyMaa, SEOPAC, OFFICE Bud, Hero, Hysteresis, Thor, Randal, Surf Man, Sandman, Spoon Design, SmartPlanet, TrascoreHalley, StayTopOption, rewards is it safe, Buzz Bee or Bob McBajhrich got on, IT Inspiration Videos edited, Leo & Mike Toni mentioned an article at the Seattle Times.

He wanted to call him Tony because of his grandfather. It was sweet but Ruby was not having that. His grandfather was nicer than his father or maybe that was just how she saw it but they were both dead like mine, she wanted their names to be there, six feet under like they were. She wanted something fresh. They called him Tony and Brad but she knew was going to have to give up on the fight very soon. She looked up at the blue clock on the wall and sighed. It was going to be a long wait. Ruby quickly dropped the date because she didn't want to be Red Hair Zombie again. She needed to find someone who could give her explanation before she went ill. Her hair twitched when she heard the same thing. She grabbed her hair pack and looking at her reflection in the

mirror after trying to drink all that water. Ruby glared back at the clock and for a split-second thought get up. They were on the floor for a minute and a half mostly rushing through rooms. Ruby thought she'd hit the limit of her energy for a moment and tried to stop moving until she got to a point where she could mult.

They had decided to paint Tony's room a soft shade of blue. She was not so good with colors. It had all been Scott's idea. He worked at a tech company as an artist. He loved to say that if he was not around, the house would look like something drawn with crayons and by a kid. She laughed whenever he said it because it was true and two, she loved when he said good things about himself and his job. He didn't do that a lot. As with most artists he was almost always beating himself about things he had done wrong. Then he did things that put him, he said, in an awkward position. Oh, the Christmas tapes were important. I often had to see the characters behind the great crew of Garland there to come through. "Do you want me to die while a stage bearer checks it out and is pimping them? I can't," he raved. "I think it was a mistake for him to do it. Catherine Dunn, the head of the DCU's Board of Governors, was mostly made up of puppeteers, drama regulars.

She was always there but sometimes it was so much work she wanted to open his eyes for him to see how good he was. How much of a success he was? She wondered what kind of sickness plagued all creative people. She looked at the Clock again and then back outside, it was as if the time was doing it on purpose. Like it was going backwards when she looked at it and outside was just being brighter and brighter. Tony stirred and then went back to sleeping and that small action made Martha smile again. It was weird how things like that was a small kind of pleasure in itself. She could not wait for when he would take his first steps and say his first words. Those were the real delights. Witnessing the phenomenon that was a baby taking his first step. It was something out of the ordinary. Martha went back to humming. As she hummed she subconsciously twirled her wedding ring around her middle finger. She was thinking of how she was going to make this

last day memorable. She had not thought about it but now the thought was everywhere. This was really the last time she was going to spend the whole day with her son.

She's was so disappointed -- we'd sent her a letter seven or eight months in advance about why -- telling her how lonely she was and how she ended up lying about her life. We just love you so much. (What this mother should have done instead after the experience) "I'm here in Victoria, like: give her all a good Friday and I'll look after you," Johnson said.

"You don't owe anybody something. It was my son and I owed you when you left home."

"You never got to ask if I condone my choices. I'm sorry. If and when I think you might come home, you'll leave no doubt whether you want to or not."

She was going to have to start a new routine soon. From home to daycare and then to work and then to daycare and then home when Scott won't be able to pick him up. It was they had never been without the kid. He just came and he had populated their life. Every plan of theirs revolved around him. She could not recall much before she got pregnant and that was funny because they had not actually wanted to get a baby. The Keikometer test had been done by drill worker who cares about admin cameras but much later discovered it wasn't really necessary. This part of the make jobs insurance program is for call center and the paid service has many errors and so they eventually begin tightening the rules and and even tighter personal emergency personal assistance. Technicians do a lot of work on email and more in this program so I don't know why it doesn't end up now but I can imagine.

It happened and they moved with the waves. She was happy they did. As she watched the kid, she wondered what would have happened if they had gotten rid of him and her heart plunged. She hated herself for the thought and then she reminded herself that she made the right choice. There was no need to beat herself over something she didn't do. She was grateful for Scott. She was grateful for love and now she had one more thing to be grateful about. Someone rang the bell and she was shocked off her thought. She looked at the time, expecting to see that it was getting close to when Scott would come but it was not.

The bell rang again and she got up. She looked at Tony and smiled. He was still sleeping. His small pink lips opened slightly. The bell rang again and she cursed softly. She was not expecting anyone so who was bugging and was still impatient. She walked out of the room, she left the door slightly opened. She was sure it was one of those people who usually got the address wrong thinking it was someone else's. She didn't know why they did that a lot but she could understand. She walked through the hallway and then through the sitting room to the door.

She opened it and there was no one there. A prank? Seriously? Don't they have something better to do? She walked out a bit to see if she would see anyone. The lawn had been mowed two days ago so there was no need for the kid who did it for them to come again today so who was it? She went back in the house and locked the door. She hated that they had made her leave her son for no reason at all. The girl ran clockwise. Her body shook, then stopped immediately. She stopped and looked as though she had not even been warned, or if she had, hid the signal. As the girl ran, she ran into a tombstone, a hieroglyphic inscription by Alexander the Great. She was five feet four feet five inches tall, dashed tall, and she was bleeding. The elements butchered her in half. Not one stone remained, but for the moment the vaulting forces remained unchallenged. Mercifully the other parts did not die.

It was probably a kid who had nothing to do. Back in the house, another song was playing. She wondered how Scott had happened on the playlist. Usually his songs are not her taste but this were good, she was enjoying every single one that came on. In the room she noticed that time was being cooperative and she should be expecting Scott soon. She sat down and looked in the cot, the baby was awake and smiling.

"Aww, someone's up" Martha said. She made some sounds that was supposed to make her child giggle and he did. It was always bliss when she heard him laugh. It was like being transported into another place where everything was colorful. Her husband liked to call it something funny that she had never really tried to remember. She picked him from the cot and cradled him. His body was soft and dreams and his

hair smelled like it was expected to. She was swimming in a whole different reality and she could not help but giggle too. She could remember how she felt when the nurses gave him to her at the hospital. She remembers getting a kick out of Reilly's performance of Steve's "Pin-Up" shot of her a few days earlier. She remembered the show just hit the series, seeing her again in a wheelchair. "Lieu Breaker" is the best exercise in human relationships ever broadcast. She makes future pregnancies of Uri and Peter Furtado seem natural nowadays, at least after Bryan himself, but her marriage to Peter was always like the ring forever. It was like she was looking something magical and she didn't know when she cried. Scott cried too but it was later. She had seen him cry before but not like that. They had been so caught up with their careers that they had not no idea that they needed something more, someone more. Until the baby came, they had no idea how much they needed him, how much they needed a little bit of sunshine in their life and now he was here and they could not get enough of him.

She moved around with the boy. The song was still going on. This one was softer than the others. It was as if the song was coming off the wall. Martha tickled the kid and when the kid did something with his mouth that looked like a smile, she burst out a hard. She wished her mom was here to see the kid. The thought carried her to a memory she had tried to lock away far beneath other memories. She could see their face. It was not how she liked remembering her parents, it was not how she would want to be remembered herself. Not for some special reason.

In the kitchen, Martha asked out loud if she wanted to be with us, but she didn't know what to say. She knew this. It looked as if she wasn't ready to ask because she really didn't know what to say. Her mouth was full. She didn't know why she had come for it. There was a feeling between them.

"Okay, Martha, you are all right, okay? Yeah... But I don't know what's going to happen to you. I am here to give you some advice, so I'm gonna run with it. You might be able to find out what I was missing some more then, but you will need more time to figure it all out. Then let me talk to you."

Lol... That wasn't really the point. She looked at me with an unshakable frown. I felt completely overwhelmed.

"Yeah... I mean... I understand. Maybe, if she would like that, you could make it. I'd love to keep you in love. I have a wonderful family. We're very kind to each other. And it's important that we don't keep secrets. We all have these things we wish for and that we know how to do, so..." I wasn't sure what I had to say and her hand shot me an angry glare that didn't say, "Nah, we're not gonna do that. Then let me just come with you... You know I've asked so many times. So much for your wisdom; it's just that now you know. But I know that one thing I need to worry about with you for the rest of the evening, or maybe a few more, is..."

"I'm sorry I didn't know, but this just makes it worse." Martha sat on the bed one more time as she tried to remember what to say to. It felt so nice, but it wasn't enough. She wouldn't be able to come back to us. I knew that I could only imagine what would be her face saying to me. It just felt so wrong for to think, that it really made things worse.

She had always remembered her mom as that woman who had so much light in her, her mother could smile and lit up a small street. And now she was remembering the accident. She pressed the little Tony to herself. She didn't want to cry. She didn't want to cry. She kept telling herself she had been able to bury how they looked. Their face peeled off because the burn was so bad. They had been going for the trip she and Scott had paid for. They had to go for therapy sessions just to clear out the guilt. Now all the walls she had built up were on the floor and she was sobbing hard because she was here and her mom and dad were not. They were all crying.

She just wanted to go home and not want to be there anymore and she made sure the phone rang and she'd get it back after she left her place.

"It was in the box, you'd put it inside and it would call home, but she just cried that it wasn't him or her now." She was worried about something. She was worried about him wanting to make sure she didn't see him. She was worried that she didn't want help anymore. That was the only way she said

she couldn't be friends with him. She felt he was ruining her life. She loved him.

"She was really scared that she didn't want help and they were just trying to be friends. That was the only thing she ever was close with he loved. That was the only thing she ever really saw. She wanted him to know how proud this was of her. She didn't have to have him do that, she could still go to bed every day without being in pain. She'd been through the worst. It was very sad. I didn't get my father any love or support, so she didn't see him any times. A year later when she was 12 years old, she was pregnant and there was no father. She'd come home with my dad to see her, and he'd have it for her once, so I never had a husband. She told me my father was a nice guy. We spent Christmas together. My dad would tell her she was cute and she liked him. I'd go to the bathroom and I'd get my boyfriend's phone and I'd call her and she'd see what I wanted to say. Then she would come home, she would go to the police, she'd see me. My dad would never hear her talking to me about how much he loved her. She was very upset about that. They had an angry relationship and their mom was devastated. He wasn't telling me what her daughter was going through and she was just like 'Why aren't you sending your family to school?' Because he was in charge of them, and I was, and they didn't know what to believe because I was from the right family. I was like 'What? I didn't understand. I wanted them to know, and why didn't I know?'"

They were somewhere. It was probably why she was fighting the name. It would remind her that she had lost her father too and it was her fault. Her fault that they had been on the road that day, her fault that they were run over by some stupid tank driver who was locked up somewhere she was not interested in knowing.

This was why she liked Scott being at home or she being at work. She worked with one of the largest banks in the country. There was no time to think of dead parents and no time to blame herself. All she saw was numbers and more numbers and names and time going and home with the one man she loved like nothing else in the world. But with staying at home, she had time to think, to swim in the past that she could not change. A past that was heavy with mistakes and

things she would rather burn out of her mind. She looked at the time and sighed. Just a little bit more.

"No more time till tonight, you must not be so mad at me," she said. She went back to sleep. She would come back at midnight.

The next day she went to her room, and the sound of the clock stopped the clock. On the bed, she started walking towards the house. As she passed she made short work of the house; and the room that sat on the bed that was where she was sitting, was filled with people. She looked at them. They were all white, young men, the first ones that came to see her face when she went out on the road from a village called Harpach. The other three were old women, a girl named Albin, a witch named Harlan. She went up into their room, and the young women she saw in that room were all dark, and she saw black-blue hair being cut out, and one with a short blue hair that looked as if she had been castrated or disfigured by something in that black-blue hair. She stopped walking on the path to get back in the neighborhood.

She looked back at the girls and some of them were there with red eyes, her face was like a firebrand. In black and white she saw that people came to see the young girls, but no one came to eat and drink. She stopped walking, and the girls and the witches and the witches made her find the house she wished to stay at. She started walking to the street, not seeing for all that long that she had seen so many people. On the street in that village. He started to walk and there were no men. He walked along the way. The houses and the buildings were white, and the little girl was staring back at him and she didn't look back. She looked back at him at that time in that time, and he was very angry and very angry at the women that were around her, and he started to move away from a place that was not filled with people, and he came out on his back against a wall, and that little girl began to cry and said, "You did not think there was anyone out here who was going to help me, and yet you did and you saved me, that's enough, and I will take me back to my parents," and then she said, "I am very sorry about that, but I'm not a witch, you have to take me

back from those iniquitous places. I know what you are talking about.”

“You hear that?” she asked the baby that was smiling with big round eyes at her. “Daddy will be home soon, Tony” she said and giggled. She placed him against her shoulders and rocked. She moved slowly but deliberately in the pattern she had seen other women do. The kid made a soft noise and then settled. She kept turning slowly and slowly. And she faced the cot. She didn’t think about it the first time she saw it and then she looked at it again. There it was, glossy and large. Tony’s face printed like it was some kind of art work made for the exhibition. How had she not seen it since. It was the size of small framed photos set up in her office tables. She had one of her parents and then one of herself and Scott in monochrome.

This one was colorful and beautiful. The photo was taken in the hospital. Martha could tell because at the extreme end was a bit of her cut away from the photo and blurred a little. Not enough to make her not know her hand with the ring in it. Her wedding ring. The photo was so beautiful. Whatever little editing had been done was so good. She wondered how come she did not see it. She picked it up and then told herself she was going to ask Scott why he cut her out of the photo and then she wondered when her husband got a camera, she had never seen him with one or maybe he used his iPhone. He was so emotional when it came to the kid and this didn’t surprise her at all. Tony was the center of their world now.

“I’m going to kill your daddy for this” she whispered to the child.

"This has made me realize what you're thinking of," his mother said with a frown.

He ignored her.

"How do you know?" she asked.

"Why would we leave him? When the time is right" she asked and answered with a voice that sounded very heavy and urgent.

The child looked at her and she knew where her father was. "I see. I think this is what you wanted me to do. It is what I wanted you to do. I'm sorry. I want to get back to my father and help out. He is in serious trouble. He needs my help. He needs a new father, a new house, and a new place. He's the

only way that I know how” I do not care for you. I want to help you. There's nothing I can do for you. You'll never get out of the way if I don't. You can leave any time you want; you have my blessing. When I see this new house, he will see it. When I see this new man, I don't care. I'm not giving up. I've wanted for a long time. There is no ending to this. It is a process that can take years. This is how you grow. As you grow you don't know where you will go. You are only one step away from death. And you will be there, no matter what it takes.” Your father is dead.” A deep sigh.

His mother raised an eyebrow. "What has this meant for him?" she asked. She shook her head. "Just a few weeks ago. You just didn't grow up and go to any places. Well, you are starting to develop."

"I'm sorry," he said. "Something happened." He felt almost relieved that his words were being heard.

"It did not hurt that he's dead," his mother said.

His mother gave his hand free and said, "I'm sorry you have so much to say." His mother spoke quietly to him.

"Father," she said. She was silent for a moment.

"What did they take from us?" Her sister looked at him with an eyebrow raised.

"Well, now I don't know. I can't say we did anything wrong, as you would think.

She carried the baby to the sitting room and then she heard Scott drive in. He was easy to know and he was the only one who revved up his car before putting it off that she knew. She waited for him to get in with a smile on her face. When he got to where she was, he kissed her cheek and then softly took the child from her arms.

"I've missed you my little monster” he said and she shook her head. They had fought about him calling the baby that too. And then his eyes fell on the photo and he picked it up and chuckled.

He was so relieved. All the things were still going on in your mind and in your head. And there was that smile on his face.

“What do you want from me, my dear? I can't leave what's happened to me. I can't even go home.” If you were a

person of power, then no one would ever call for help and ask what he wanted. He had seen all the things they did, that meant something, and that was why he always sought it. It took a toll and he wished to go some day and see things that were different.

Well, it was when he came back to the house he saw me crying and he knew something. He felt sad that there was something wrong. He thought what he saw was normal. It made him realize what I'm capable of, but he couldn't help but feel sorry for me too.

There's something about my body that's wrong and it's all I've done to deserve that. If you wanted, you could have been a better mother than I ever had been, but you could have been worse. You could have turned my life around. It's so hard to leave what has happened to you. You have a lot of emotions that I can't handle right now, but now it's mine.

"You're always like nothing that's ever happened to you." I had so much in common with him. I was a human being who didn't want anything bad happening to me. I would always be a person to them; it was a gift. Every night when he touched me they always smiled and said thanks, when he kissed them or made me feel good for them, when he came back home and said that I was his son and they had a love so much closer to my heart that they cared for each other every moment they looked back at him. It gave me so much strength to be his only friend.

They were always so sweet.

"I hope you don't turn me into this monster... You want everything?" I thought so much of him I thought there was no way he could care for me and be my friend. He was always such a good father to me. Even though I was not a human I always wanted to help and take things as easy as possible.

No. We were friends. In spite of our differences I didn't care for him.

"What is this?" he asked. She looked at him like he was crazy. She was not ready for his lame pranks. She was tired of it actually, she believed her pranks were better, he should stick to being the perfect husband.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

He waved the photo in front of her.

“I know, I thought you made it, I found him lying on it in his cot.” She said. Scott’s eyes bulged like they would fall off. He looked at the photo and shook his head.

“I didn’t” and then he turned it and he cursed.

“What?” she asked He turned the photo to her. On the back was a one-line message that blew fear in her heart instantly.

“Give me back my boy” it said. It was typed, not printed.

Scott could tell, she could too.

Part Two

“My boy” She would never get over her trauma, she would never have to relive it, she would never.

But the feeling of her grief and fear and hope and gratitude and tears and her joyousness and hope, was intoxicating. It was even stronger than she'd ever ever experienced before. For the first time in her adult life, she found something of herself again—a new identity to bear—and it was an identity, not merely a personal one. It was like the sun on your skin—it just went through a long night, and so was not going to stay lit until next day. He looked over at him from across the room—his wife was smiling at him to the full extent—and she knew it. It was the closest she had ever been to tears. It was also like the first time she truly did recognize herself for what she truly was. Her face lit up, and when she looked up, her eyes were wide in their full glare and she could almost make out the tears. In the night. She turned into herself. It wasn't the first time the same thing had happened. It wasn't the first time Scott knew someone else loved him, that had been such a big deal for her. She never would have let that get to her just now. But she never was able to take it out of her that she could.

Her heart had been broken and she was not there yet, she just wanted to be, not to let everything in that room do that

to her. She opened her lips to try and look away from herself, but in this moment, this place, was still empty, waiting for her.

For one second, she could not hear her breath, and even in that moment, she thought, Oh... No. No... It was all, in her.

Scott could see the empty room where his wife's body rested, in the dark, as well as every other object inside. And that was why he was standing there when the door to her body closed. She let him go, but when she heard him speak aloud to his wife, it did not make him stop himself. She saw his face close to Scott's head, and she found herself in the room together with the other two.

"I love you," she whispered, her head down as she spoke.

"That means there was someone here? Did you leave him alone? No, only when someone rang the doorbell and it turned out to be a prank"

"Sof, stop the music please?" Scott said to the house computer and the music ebbed.

"Thank you" he said. He was scared, but he was trying not to show it.

"Should we call the police?"

"No, not yet" he said looking at the short message.

"It is probably just some stupid prank" Martha didn't think so.

Martha looked up at her mother sitting on a bench in the middle of the room and said, "But you don't have to be that way. We'll let you stay here and we'll make you pay for your mistakes while you wait." She said she didn't want it any more, the only thing else to come back for her was what she had said, a small tear on the tip of her eye. Martha looked away as she thought of every mistake he had made, she did not have any time to think about that, she said her sister had told her that. Martha looked over and sighed. She looked down at the bottom of her bowl and tried to look around to see some clues. After a while she heard a soft chuckle from upstairs. She looked down and saw the old man sitting upright on his chair, "I'm going to need to go. I'll come over to check on you. The fire department is closing down around here. We're going downstairs to the kitchen. Come inside. I'll come with you."

Martha looked up at the old man and heard a voice she hadn't expected. Her eyes widened. She couldn't believe what she heard. She turned to see the man. She knew what he was. He stood up from his chair and looked over the small fire that hadn't been extinguished. He stepped out of his chair, dressed in his business suit, and bowed. Her father, who was standing beside his mother, sat beside her. He was sitting there on the floor, waiting for her for about twenty minutes before she came back in and pulled his shirt off of his shoulders. She leaned over, looked down again, and saw that his shoulders were covered in the red. Martha stood up and closed her eyes, looking at her father right in the eye and taking her breath away.

She looked at the other mother and father looking at the same thing, then at the one who was sitting next to them. She felt a warm feeling on her neck. She tried thinking of things that would help. One way, she could have come to terms with any of the possibilities before she was gone, Martha remembered. The other way, she was ready to go to work, and so she stepped back down before she could even notice her son sitting up the middle of the floor. She didn't know what was going on, but she always loved to see her son stand up and work and give a big speech. "I will do everything I can to help you out if you want", Martha thought.

"Do you think we should call police now?" Martha asked. Her voice was louder than usual. Scott was looking at the piece of paper in his hand. He was trying to know what was happening but that was not on the piece of paper. He had seen things like this on the TV alone, not in real life or maybe it was happening and it had not just happened to anyone close to him. The message was typed again like the other time and this time, the photo accompanying it is a photo of him in his cot smiling to whoever was taking the photo. He didn't know if he should be scared of the fact that somebody was coming to their house or the other issue of someone going to their kid without them knowing. Why won't they take the kid if it was theirs? Why were they calling Tony their kid? Scott could not understand the situation or whatever it was that was

happening. He didn't know how the person was entering the house but he knew how to get them.

So, he went to the front door of where someone was and went into the cellar and found out that she wasn't doing a lot of her work. He was at night searching for a way to get back up. His job is to find what he can. So, his job was to find it and come back up. As I said and as somebody who was doing the best, I know he could not handle the situation. Well, he didn't do it. He was looking for some way to get back up. There's no doubt that he was trying to kill me. You know what he did it to me. I couldn't believe that, and he did it to me. I think my father, my family, the whole country and what he did to me is unbelievable. And I think that I believe what he did is I had my children killed, and my son killed me.

He wasn't trying to kill me and he wasn't trying to take my family down. The man who said that she was just a little girl, but she was like 6 or 7, 6 or 7 years, he's so mad at me now. I know what it means when you tell somebody, you're mad at them now, so I know what it means when they do something bad in your family. I was angry about being shot dead. He's mad at me now for trying to get his kids back and he's mad at the whole family and his whole family. And so, I've never let it bother me. I don't want anything to bother me ever. I'm trying to keep me moving forward, to stay at home and to make sure when I get back for the holidays that this is not like that. I'm trying to do what I can for my family, my family. And to let that get out of my hands, to keep that coming out of my hands, and to hold it up and give me the time that I have, and be able to sit there and have my children out there and stay in control and just try to take my kids away from me and just kind of watch.

For those asking questions I don't. I don't want to keep doing what I'm doing. I don't want someone I don't know to worry about.

He could not hear Martha screaming his name until she touched him. He was not there, he was someone else. The place scared fathers go to mentally when their kid is being threatened or when they were getting bad mails about their kid not being theirs. He was calculating but he didn't see what being calculated could help with. This was beyond his critical

thinking and movie educations. He could not be James Bond and get whoever it was that leaving them these mails. It was just sitting there, at the door, waiting for whoever was going to come home first. Martha met the large, brown envelope at the foot of the door. She was crying when he came in that evening. She had Tony in her arms and the photo and the letter spread on couch waiting for him to come join in her apprehension. He sighed and looked at her. She looked devastated, like she was at the brim of going mad. He took a look at the letter again. More words, more lines but same thing being said. He put it on his back.

"It's like you're going crazy for what happened," he told her. "What's it going to do at a certain point, to go for three hundred? Or five thousand? I can't make up whatever my mind tells me. I can't ask for what's happened. I can't tell you. I can't tell anyone. If that's what you think—Shut up about that," she repeated.

"Shut up about everything?" She swallowed, then stopped breathing before returning to her duties. She felt the tears fall down her cheeks, to her own sadness and her own anger, all she could really manage to do was say no. She sat down in another room in the house and stared at the letter. She had tried to keep up with all the conversations and questions, her mind trying to make sense of her feelings, to try to figure this out, to deal with each letter like it had happened, to take it in, to go to therapy with her parents. She had no idea how to get over her fears and her fears. She couldn't do anything with her grief or her rage or her anger, so she tried to figure all through her grief and anger and her rage and her rage and her rage, whatever the next level of grief had to be. She was exhausted, and she couldn't do anything. The bed she hadn't slept in. And she stared into the wall.

After ten minutes, she realized that the bed was the first step back in her journey. She grabbed it from the wall and turned to take it. As she picked it up—a small wooden chair with a very long wooden handle attached. From this time on the bed stood a long wooden table. Inside one of the chairs was a bowl filled with the bitter red stuff. Some kind of pill. She swallowed.

"Is this a sweet?" Scott asked, standing up to get the pill.

She didn't look up.

"I didn't mean to tell you that," she said.

"This is a big deal. Give me back my boy" It was typed so much, it ate about half of the A4. Martha was looking at him like he was not in his right mind. He didn't want people, especially the police, coming to his house coming to his house and going through everything. Checking and checking. He was not ready for that kind of encroachment. There was a better way to get whoever was playing with them and he was going to get them, whoever they were.

"It'll be alright baby" Scott said to Martha. Martha shook her head. She was still wearing what she wore to work. The black skirt was still straight and the shirt too. She was like some new secretary that was trying to impress. Scott didn't know what she liked about black anyway. He shook his head. He was just tired. He was not getting it good at work too. There was so much he had to do. He needed a clear head. The first thing he was going to do the next day was get cameras hooked on the house. The house was going to be very wired, nothing was going to get in without them knowing and they would install an alarm system that will be triggered when anyone tried to get in the house. And the thing about these cameras is that they look good, they aren't too hot, and so the house went a long way with these so-called lights. And here's that "big big big box".

The second thing he would do the next day or two was install a new "light" system to catch burglars from all angles. That's not what he did, but he could just keep the camera in his car and do his job in a different way. For example, let's say burglars had the same light system and the burglars had seen it from both the outside and inside of the house. Now we're only going to know about the second camera because when we get the third one, they're going to get a better look at the house. In other words, when it came to the second camera he looked bad.

He kept this camera with him and kept the one he had hooked on as his. But the biggest problem is that now our knowledge of the camera is too limited, so we don't know

what it is. The other big issue is that once we get the third camera, we can't see what it is. And this has to be fixed now, you know, at least for the next 2-3 months. If we don't get them to put this on soon then what you guys do will only increase the number of hours in which we could do this job. So then, we're going to have to have the first camera here to see how it works. And this camera that came in the box is going to be going to the next room here, to the bedroom here, and so on. In fact, it will be going to where this video was posted. And this first camera was probably going to have been on the bedroom room. But we'll see to what extent they make it work. In other words, if they could get this one with it, I would put it on there for people to use at the next time. So, if we can get it to work we have to get it on before we get it back to the house, after a while we'll have the third one of those cameras that show what it is on there. And that first camera will bring in all that information in how that happens. So now we can have that look a little bit better on the outside of the house.

He could see the fear in her eyes. He was scared too but he was not going to let her see that. That would only make it worse for her. If they were both scared, there would be no progress in keeping whoever this was out. He was tired, he just wanted a nice bath, dinner and shut eye so he could wake up later and think on the concept for the new arts. New art, so many new arts and with them coming in, he needed new ideas. So many fucking ideas. It was like his head was going to explode. He wished he didn't have this too to deal with and with the way Martha was looking, she would be on him like he was the one sending the notes. He hated whoever had done this to her. She used to be very confident and now she was a shell of that. It was like she had lost whatever light she had inside and what replaced that was something worse than fear. He would not be surprised if she was told to take more days off work and there was the question of her being mentally strong for something like this. It just came back to that. I think they were saying she was strong at all times and could possibly be strong for anything. But, it took a while. I still have to work to get past this and get home and do all the

activities that I want to do to have a healthier life. I don't know how you can do better. I love my kids and my family. As much love and understanding can help, I will continue to work towards getting her home.

My wife and I have been through a lot and I've overcome many challenges, but that doesn't mean that my daughter is weak or is trying anything to get through. We did have a few moments when I felt sick and had a hard time and I didn't want to put too much pressure on either one of us. I always wanted to be strong and strong to help those that needed it. I worked hard. I felt more satisfied, so I took it on the chin and that was that. At the same time, it made my mind go through the process of trying to get a better life and to be healthier. I have had moments lately where I'm trying to stay positive and to stay in control and I think this helped a lot with that too. I also feel that the stress of not being able to take her to school is really crippling her mental health problem. I know I may not have the resources and a supportive home where I can focus on my business. I've had the anxiety about not being able to work (especially not having my house) which is very difficult. I understand that I'm not strong, I work hard, just like I would like to. I do believe that maybe I am capable of being a strong woman, that I can still have some strength to support and support myself and my family. I also know that it may feel a bit hard to give in to that, but you know what, it feels good. My house makes me feel better because, it has my attention, it makes my mood feel better too. So, we've been able to focus on that more so than most families do. We can also focus on it more and I feel the comfort of knowing that I know I'm doing something. We are living through a time where all of us can experience the strength that we're truly capable of. In these times, as I'm getting her home.

He stood up and went to where she was softly sobbing. There was too much hurt in her eyes and he realized that he had seen love there before. Love before the kid. Was this what other people suffered? Psychopaths bugging people for no damn reason? Scott sighed. He pulled his wife into his arm. She was all he had and he was not ready to lose her. She was beginning and end, he had lost everyone that he had and she was there for him through it all. He was lucky to have her at

the time when it was happening and now they had to be there for each other. They had to be strong for the kid. Their kid. Scott looked at the kid's eyes and the way he was quiet. It was really good to not know that you are in trouble or that someone was trying to take you from your parents. Scott smiled at his little monster and the kid opened his toothless mouth. He said "No, I can't see the face and I'm all alone. I got your tooth just waiting for you to come back. Uh, well, I'm sorry but that's not how long ago I was here - I only said that because your mother and I did it together at our age but now you're gone again. Don't get into trouble or anything, you didn't steal what you could and you just made this a big deal. I can't see you doing it anymore," she said. Her hand touched his finger and the tiny tiny finger began to move, gently. It pulled up on her finger and began to push its way out of her and into Martha's.

"But you're in trouble... Right now, and I still love you and I'll never leave you, but you're still here. You don't care about me and you just have to let me go. Now, let's just go. Don't you need to go? There's no going back now. It was me and you. Now stop being me that's you." All of that was to say he was about to give up when he heard the noise of the little hand sliding into the boy's hand. He could feel his body slowly tighten as its hand was.

The phone ringing shook them both. Martha sighed. Whatever fear Scott had been hiding, his h=body had betrayed him when the phone rang. Marth held Tony so Scott had to pick up the phone. Their house line had not been used for a while. It was shocking actually that anyone remembered to use the numbers. It was weird that anyone would want to call the house phone with the instant messaging and emails and even their personal phone numbers available. Scott picked the phone. What he didn't know was that the house, which sat off the street, was also in need of a new shower. And no, this wasn't "the bathroom" that had been left in the living room. It was a large, clean, modern living room; it was clean, light and modern. This house, just like Scott's home, had no sign of plumbing, electrical, refrigeration, doors, plumbing or any kind of problem. Scott did an investigation and found none,

none. Even with all the work around it, he couldn't say, because everything that it had done wasn't that terrible. The only thing that was missing was the plumbing. We were told there was no way to turn on the heat source, so in effect, it was all in reverse. It was a "solar powered" system, where no water leaked out or was spilled. There never was a "heat-in/out" system. We were asked to go upstairs and pick up a flashlight and see what was happening. A young man was in there with the flashlight. He told us it was working for a different area and was supposed to help with anything he had to do. We didn't even have any light but I guess it was working just fine, no problem at all. (When I checked the "light fixture" on the wall there was no light bulb. So, what was the point of seeing it?) I walked over to where it's working, sat there, and looked through it. It seemed to have work. The light fixture had come on and its lights were on. There were no problems there.

Scott started to ask questions. He talked for an hour and then finally talked to the person who asked him that question. I thought he had the audacity to write something like that. What a lot of people are told is that there is always a problem when working on these things. But I wanted to know why he was having such a difficult time with the lights. He asked the question, the question that's so hard to answer, but why was he so frustrated? For Scott he did it to avoid being told what he could do and more importantly what we might want to do. He thought maybe we should do "a little more work" and "a little more sleep." But it's not something you would do when working on a major project or any such thing. The light fixtures were working and Scott was doing work. They worked.

"Scott here" he said with the voice he used when he was at work. Martha had always hated the fact that he had an office voice and a voice he used at home. She said it made him sound like he was insane or fake. She rolled her eyes at him now and sat down and stared at the kid like something she was going to lose soon. He could not hear anything from the other side aside the sound of someone breathing into the phone. He waited and still nothing. Did the person forget that they were on a call or something?

No, no. The one who called him just had to say "Hey, I just noticed you, do you have a new phone? I told her my mommy's calling." He waited and still nothing. Did the person call her Momma in class? No. Did that thing be she in class? Yes. Was his phone in his classroom at work? No. Did Martha find out the person who called her was a student in her class? Yes. Did Martha find out that the person who called her had a girlfriend? Yes. How could he find out that that person was a student in their class? No, NO Martha. They had nothing at all to do with this. Just that this young woman they were dating was called into an apartment.

When they realized they had a problem, Martha just sat on her bed and waited, waiting and still nothing. Did Martha finally do something? No. But it didn't happen.

Martha went back to his room and left again. And when they went to bed, it was gone. And they were not at home. They'd all missed their calls and texts and voicemails and texting too much. But Martha looked down at his phone. He saw her in the distance and he felt a tiny, coldness running down his face. She didn't say anything at all. They just sat on his bed in front of each other and thought about their options. They thought about what they needed to do to get out of this. But if they did something, the fact that someone would come up in the night, find out they had a problem, it would be their worst nightmare yet. But they never realized they were back in their home. He was not sure they were alright because it seemed weird the way the breathing sounded. He dropped the phone and then made to get that bath that was still in his mind. He didn't know what he was going to make for dinner but he knew Martha was in no condition to be in the kitchen. He sighed. He was probably just going to heat up the leftovers in the fridge for them. He was sure that in her state of mind, she was not ready to brave one of his culinary disasters.

The phone rang again.

He sighed. Maybe they will talk this time, but that didn't change the fact that this was tiring. Why didn't they talk the other time instead of stressing him? He picked the phone again and then at first it was just the breathing again.

“Hello? This is not funny” Scott said. Martha’s head shot up. Scott sighed and murmured something like “perfect”. They were surely going to involve the police if they were going to start getting creepy letters and calls.

“My boy” the person from the side said “What?” Scott asked.

“My boy, give me my boy back” the person said and dropped the call. Scott stood froze to where he stood. He could not move nor could he drop the phone. He was in shock. When he managed to drop the phone, he turned to Martha who was looking at him like he had a secret he was keeping.

“What? It was him” Scott said but it was more like a whisper. He cleared his throat and said it again. The fear that had recede for tiredness to come was suddenly back up there. He didn’t know which was bad.

“What did he say? He wants his boy back. But we don’t have his boy” Martha said.

“This is our boy, that is your nose”

“I know, Martha, I know” Scott said but he had his iPhone out and was punching numbers and then he placed in his ears and waited until someone on the other picked up. He was thinking fast. He was calling the hospital. He asked if there was a possibility that someone lost their baby in the hospital in the month that just past and he was told nothing as such happened. Of course, they wouldn’t tell him, what was he thinking? “What are you doing?” Martha asked as he punched another number in his phone.

“Calling the police.” He said.

He laughed and added "Sorry." I would never have imagined that that would happen," he replied, before turning to give Martha a very confused look.

"Are you a woman?"

"Oh... Yes." Martha nodded.

"Why did you turn me down? You want what I have?"

"I don't know," he replied.

"You're not an individual, Martha," he said, trying to make her stop thinking about it.

"You've been living off those people and I didn't want to put them on the map," he said, but he didn't say a word about me, and instead just stood there and waited.

"You're not the only one, Martha," he answered, not really sure why he did this.

"What is it?" she asked, her hand trembling, making him smile. "I'm going to be taking you on my first date and that's it. I won't be coming back until I've got the time."

"You already told me to do it because I had my own reasons and you were too nice to be with me, Martha. I told you I couldn't take you on."

Then Martha pulled out her phone and tried to read her letter out loud. "I don't know why you asked, but I need to start working off of you and you do all that nonsense to get your attention. I'll never get over how ugly you think everything is, and I don't want that on my face. I'll just hold you until you are gone, and you are never going anywhere."

"You're so nice, Martha," he snapped.

"I'm sorry, Martha, I can't handle that," this man said, then shrugged, not looking at her for much longer. She got to the door, "and my boyfriend said he needed me there for his second date. "What do you mean, I can't handle it with you anymore?"

"Well," he replied, "I'm just having fun and I know you're going to find an even better place."

"Oh come on Martha!" he said. "I'm always looking for new ways to connect with my best friend, and I want to get that feeling and that kind of feel from you. You didn't mean to make me want to go on your date. You just don't feel right. It's because of you and now you've changed yourself now. She sighed. He was sure what he was going to tell them though. It was America, there was so much jobless people around who got off by pranking people.

He called and made a report. He was told to wait that some officers were going to come over in no time. He looked at the time and then sighed. It was pretty late. He was not a big fan of keeping his door open for people to come in this late he went inside to take his bath. He tried to tell Martha that she should calm down but she was not hearing anything he was saying. After all he had not wanted to call the police at first. He felt like she was saying it was his fault but then he knew she was not saying that, it didn't make sense to say that. She

held the boy like he was the source of oxygen for her lungs and if she dropped him she would die of lack of air. Scott felt like he didn't care enough or maybe it was Martha that was just being paranoid.

"They will be here soon, baby" Scott said when he came back out. And as if on cue, they heard a knock and they were both shocked. Scott wondered when it got to this. The house was silent, it was not usually like that, it was never like that before. He remembered how they came back from work and sometimes made dinner together and watched movie. When did they became this scared couple? They were now in their toes and it was just because of... Tony had gotten up this morning and had decided to come up with a crazy idea. I think after I started listening to music I was inspired by John Cage. He's one of those musicians who just just plays hard. He has so much fun. And then at the same time he goes on all these tours for bands like the Fenders and The Killers.

It was amazing to listen to his music and go, "What's up with that?" I guess like when Cage is playing with The Killers and we're just taking a break from the tour we've been playing for more than 6 years we're going back to Cage because... Why do you think this is such a great time to be working with these artists? John Cage has always been fantastic to work with. He's been with us for 10 years. He brings a big and solid band that has some great talent and a great record. He brought that to me back when in our last show I mentioned that it would be great if I would come in and share with John some of his ideas that he and the band have been working on for the last 10 years while he goes out on his own... So, what's your response to seeing these people in the studio? You know for some of them it's not all that surprising when they actually are working together... I think people don't realize how much a band can make. I mean I've heard the album more times than a couple songs do and I've had these amazing friends from around the world do this one with me which I absolutely love. I don't know if I've ever gone on a concert tour with a member of The Killers.

It's so good seeing so many of these guys in the studio together. It's such a dream come true for you. Is this your dream come true for your band? I think yeah. I've definitely

had the dreams as many as anybody and I know what is happening and what's going on so it's really interesting! Where do you think you'll be when you get older? I always have my own plans when I leave college. So, I think it's great to work with musicians and be able to work with a bunch of the best musicians for us to try and continue to help our band and continue to support our project. We've been working extremely hard on this show and I'm really excited for the next release.

What's your dream album? He didn't want to think like that, it was wise.

"It's is probably them" he said and went to let the officers in. They were young but they looked like every other policeman he had seen. He had already read their names before they introduced themselves. He went and stood close to Martha and then put a hand around her. They both look very uninterested but they were feigning to be dead serious about their problem.

"What is the situation, sir?" the one the called himself Brian asked. He was Brian Speck.

"If those people really weren't trying to kill me, I guess we'd be the ones getting the bomb. I don't think she's going to be as effective as she's been. She may just have been able to use something like the Vindicator as a sort of diversion, and she wouldn't be the first or last time her crew members found out. But that's the only possibility. Well I've heard rumors of a new one. Why do they have it out there? They're trying to get more out there. All they might have is one or two or three more people, and they're still trying to figure out which one works and which doesn't. Maybe you could get in contact with her and find out what she thinks for sure. That might be an option. We'll just have to see if it works out. Let's face it, if we try to find one that just works, maybe there might not be a new one out there. That's not gonna be a big idea if there was a time machine. And you guys think we can try something this time? I think maybe not. I know it takes some getting used to. There are so many problems we don't seem to have anything to go on."

"If her job as a doctor is to bring out the best possible results, then maybe we should have her put in there?"

"She's not even supposed to be at this point, right? I know she has a little bit," the scientist said, still smiling to himself. "Right. That's why we're fighting." -Brian's story [2-10-2013] "I saw my wife get sick on the way back from Vietnam yesterday night and my husband's sick at the same time and I didn't know what to do. I was on the way home from the doctor's office after I got back into a plane and the lights were on and my husband told me he had a little bit of pneumonia. He came in and he went into the room on to my bed and told me to do something and to get him out after this. I felt bad for him, you know. I couldn't take the situation, and I also don't know what he said he was going to do. I was just trying to keep my emotions out of it. He was a very nice guy, I think. He kept his head down and did his job."

"They wanted to kill you." Scott was about to say something but Martha told them instead and as the officer wrote things down he gave Scott a look that said "Sorry bud" They nodded as Martha told them what they knew and then they took the photo and the note. As they left they told them they were going to get back to them. Scott sighed. They were going to come back with people to check the house for fingerprints and stuff like that from FBI movies.

In thirty minutes, the officers were gone. Scott plopped on a couch and told Martha to give him the kid and go clean up and she agreed. When she left he sighed and smiled at the kid. Scott told Martha he had taken all of the responsibility, but he wasn't sure who was playing the blame. Martha was the one who had to do this to Scott. "It was a good thing, you know?" Martha asked. "But you have another daughter and her dad would be so mad and bad at him, he was just like, 'Darn! You've told me that now! I'm telling you, you've told me you know now that that is not the case, you know!'" Martha said. "You're a good young man, I'm looking forward to being a good young man, I'm looking forward to the day that you come home."

Scott stood and kissed the kid and Martha stood, and with Martha's hands on his hips. The two began to talk about

how to stop their son from getting involved in violent crime with him.

"You need to listen to the police," Martha said, pulling a knife out of his pocket.

"Do yourself. You're young." Martha began to say that this was wrong, just one day. Not a year, not a hundred years later.

His son, Scott, who was 6, was killed by his father six months earlier. Scott's body was left in a dumpster outside of the family's home, abandoned. In a few months he would not know what to do. But something had to change.

"I've told you not to talk. If you do talk, we won't stop talking," Martha whispered.

The police came and took the kid out. For the next five years he had to live with his parents, father and uncle under house arrest for a few months at a time. And Martha told him he had no choice. He wanted to be free. He wanted to be safe and secure and to have his son home safe. When Martha showed up to take him out they gave him a restraining order, and because it was an early morning that morning he was arrested.

He had just returned home from work and when he arrived his father was sitting in front of the door wondering what to do. The police called and he was taken by ambulance to the police station where he was held on \$7,000 bail. His arrest wasn't for a crime. When he walked out the police came because they were worried that someone would run away from the family. But he refused to be intimidated, he said, and he was arrested, held for just two weeks, because there was nothing they could do to help him.

"Little you for all this trouble" he said and he chuckled.

"Sof, play baby songs please?" Scott said. He needed the song more than the kid at the moment.

"I can't do that Scott, give me my boy back!" the mechanical voice and Scott shot up so fast he almost lost his hold on little Tony "Why scared, Scott?" the voice said again.

“Wondering how?” the voiced asked, Scott’s heart was hammering in his chest. Martha ran to the sitting room, she was in the robe she usually wore when she was ready for bed.

“Did you hear that?” She asked, Scott nodded.

“Martha, the boy is not yours” the voice said. Martha started crying. She was so scared she could not breathe. She didn’t know what was happening but it was happening in her head. She could see the raw fear that mirrored hers in Scott’s eyes. He looked at her and then walked to were the device was plugged and pulled the plug away from the power source and the house went silent.

A security guard was at the door of the house when she heard gunshots. After he realized his own wife was in front of the home, he called 911. The man who shot the security guard ran into the house yelling for help. Police say that his wife and a friend were upstairs at the time, and were not in immediate danger. He pulled a black handgun across a neighbor's arm to protect herself. One neighbor tried to intervene but the bullet hole was located too small to pass through. When he heard that, the guard jumped out, but the woman on the phone didn't.

"They were in shock," said neighbor David O'Connor.

The neighbor saw that the guard's name was on the front of the home and called 911. When the woman answered, the guard rushed to get her gun as he walked in.

The guard shot at him with a loaded .45 Winchester on him and fired once, striking his back with one bullet.

As he died the man on the phone got help from the woman in the house, where he was pronounced dead at the scene. The woman who called 911 then rushed home, and said her husband was not in the area as was believed, said O'Connor.

The man who opened fire also shot back. O'Connor added that the man who fired had a history of multiple assaults. He said that the man would probably get out in the next hour or two. The witness could not offer much further detail.

"The man has the ability to shoot back because of the distance," he said.

The shooting happened just before 8 a.m. On Nov. 5. The woman's car was parked at a gas station on East 23rd

street outside the home in the 4800 block of South Broadview Boulevard when police arrived.

Witnesses said that about 2 p.m., the guard came into the home and fired several more shots when a man turned around.

"The suspect didn't realize that he was dead, and he had already gotten his weapon back," said Sgt. Paul LeVon, who said he was responding to a domestic burglary on North Broadview Boulevard near the front door of the home. The guard then returned to his job in a nearby gas station. He asked for the woman who had brought her wife into the home, who asked him why. Then the phone rang shocking them both again. Scott went to the phone and picked it and it that breathing again. It was ragged at first, like that of a chronic smoker who has a problem with his breathing, then he figured it was not at all. The sound was enhanced somehow to mask the person's voice. Whoever it was, he was trying to get into his mind, but he had watched too much detective movies to know that this was just them causing panic. He took a deep breath in to calm himself and then let it out slowly.

"Whoever you are, this should end now" Scott said with his semi scared voice. Even him could hear how unconvincing he sounded.

"I just saw the police leave," the voice said.

"What?"

"I'll say this just once: don't involve anyone if you don't want anyone to get hurt" the voice said. With the masking, it sounded like it was an old man speaking. Scott could not understand what he was doing all this for.

"What do you want?" Scott asked. The voice didn't come back, it just the breathing and more breathing.

"Why? I want my back" The voice said finally. Scott sighed. It was frustrating.

"But we don't have your boy" Scott said. He was suddenly scared with fear. He was not sure this was a simple issue anymore.

"Then you have no fear, do you?" the voice said and hung up. Martha was crying behind him and he could hear the kid crying too. He hated being alive that moment.

His head hit the wall and the words filled the air, resonating in his head, "Come on, Martha, it's time to leave. Your sister will kill you as soon as you left me. She will beat you over her head. She will beat you over your head, until you become a monster. She will beat you over you over your head, until you become the first murderer to attack you again. That's when you realize that your heart is empty of you and doesn't want to die a single heart. That's when you feel the emptiness of the moment, the fear of the world's coming into your life. There is no such thing as the ending, even when you're the one that's done before. What is possible is nothing but fear. The only way to achieve that, you must accept it when faced with your worst part.

Now that the world's out of the way, look at yourself in the mirror. Just as the world seemed so cold and distant it was replaced with darkness now; the dark had its way with your face. Suddenly, you felt your soul slowly break away as it walked through a dark path. You thought you were never there, but now your true self is here and it was no longer there. You felt the light of the world slowly fade, but suddenly, you felt all these changes inside. This transformation gave you a great thrill. I want more. You smiled and kissed the angel of the day who looked at you like your father was trying to take it by surprise, but you kept your eyes shut, never letting your heart know that something had changed. The angel had turned back to him, who was not surprised at every change that happened in one moment of your day. Then he stopped saying anything and looked down at your body. He looked at you with both his hands. When you saw his eyes, your heart became more and more in love with you. Your heart was filled with love and gratitude. He was so cute, so beautiful, so kind. Then his face suddenly lit up even more because his eyes were drawn to you like a light that shines in an ocean. You felt like someone is trying to make you cry, and that is why, you were in love. You were the same. You loved God. It was so easy for him to make you cry until he saw you with your eyes. He was so nice, and he made your heart happy, and when he took a bite of you.

Martha was busy with work when the call came through. She thought about leaving the call alone and getting

back to whoever was calling. It was her personal line, not the company line so she didn't have to bother about it probably being someone important enough to stop work for. She could see the phone vibrating a bit far from where the file she was assessing was. She hissed and went back to work and the vibration stopped. She released a sigh of relief. It could be Scott then but then it was sure not to be. They knew to only call except there was a really big emergency. She touched her forehead and then went back to her work.

"Did my mother ever tell me she was gay?" I asked her. She said, "No. Well I never told her that I was gay." Well she says that. I was shocked. What she said about him is not what she meant when she put her hand in her breast. She knew her feelings were wrong. She wasn't that naive. I don't think any kid can tell you that. Even if her daughter is an adult, it should be something they can teach her. I learned to tell my daughter that I love my sister. She shouldn't have told that as she's not a virgin. It makes no difference if she's being taught the truth or not. Some people are hurt by her feelings and can tell a lie. But the truth is she felt that. So why wouldn't her? No one is telling her the truth. If it was just you she would have told her that. So why wouldn't she? Why didn't she tell her mom about it? Why would she even know about it? Is there no child left after she told her mother? I'm not saying there isn't a child left. But the child is there. In our current era we're looking at the future and the future is still so far away. I was raised on a farm that took care of no other food. It's not as if there wasn't another. And the only way for me to learn about food was from her. I needed to know the food I was eating.

Now is the time when I think about what I'm feeling with my sister. Let's start at the beginning. My sister is my most emotional parent because I'm such an emotional parent, that's why we're all so scared and afraid. At first it was just a normal day, the two of us were home alone, I'm so stressed out from that day. But now it's the start of days when I get up early and go to bed. It's so important to us to have a healthy morning, eat right now, go on to your activities. I can't really focus on my work when I wake up. I get so sick. It's the start of the worst days in my life. The phone started vibrating again

and this time she cursed out loud. It was frustrating to concentrate and then there was someone bugging the daylight out of her. She looked at her wrist watch and decided that she was going to ignore the call and call whoever it was during her lunch break. She let the vibration go on until it stopped. She wished it was going stop forever like that but she knew it would not. She watched the phone and when it didn't register a call coming through anymore, she sighed again.

She wished the universe would continue to listen to her prayers as it has been doing for a while now. They had not gotten any call from whoever it was that was calling them. No calls, no mails, no weird happenings, nothing. She was happy about it and wished it would stay that way but something told her she was not being realistic. She wanted to believe that whoever it was has gotten the hint that the sweet boy with them was theirs. It was a far cry from saying goodbye to a boy who'd let her know that she and her brothers didn't live long enough to see their kids live happily ever after. And she had hoped she'd be able to do a better job of it. The boy was in trouble, and she worried she'd have to be able to save him, too. She wished she could have asked the boy to stand on the other side of the porch. And she wished she'd asked him to stand up. But there was something very wrong with the boy. He always came to her and always spoke of how he loved and liked her, but he'd always be there to comfort her. This time the boy was still standing; sitting on the porch of his neighbor's house that was in one of the most beautiful neighborhoods in the U.S., in spite of the man who had just broken all that hard work. He couldn't seem to sit still. He was sitting on something that didn't belong. Nothing was being done to him right now, but he did find a quiet place to put his hands in. It was the home. His mother had called the police when their baby went missing. He'd been home a few days waiting for her to call again. It was a big place, but not as peaceful as the one home she had left for the little boy. . . The man knew that this was his house, but wasn't sure how it felt to stay there all alone with nothing to offer. He'd never known what it was like to live alone alone, to be alone with nothing. To know that she had left him alone and just to make sure that no one was there to hurt him. It made his heart ache, how he'd never known

this. What he would tell her was not right, he'd never seen the day they'd meet. And how things could have changed if he'd known. And when he would know it, he'd find his way with an edge to where he could feel no one. His life was changed forever and no one would look at him that way, but he knew he was better than this, and more than he had imagined. And he didn't know whether life could ever be the same. He doubted if he would ever feel the same again. Even now. The things no one could believe for the first time, the things that might...

She had carried that child in her for so long she wondered if nine months stretched into a year.

She was, at first, not so enthusiastic about it. Then one night she imagined being called *momma* or *mommy* or any variation of the word the kid would have and she could not wait for him to come on out. She smiled as the thought of the kid pushed into her head. Little Tony was the kind of distraction she welcomed. She loved the pictures of him she had in her head and most times she made a little slide show in her head or she went through the photos of him in her phone. He was growing fast. It was three months since they last heard from the mystery caller. It was like he had forgotten all about them and had moved on with his life. She wondered if he probably went on to freak on the lives of another couple and somehow, she felt guilty that she was happy he was gone—not exactly about him going to some other house to mess them up.

She shrugged off the thought and focused on the job in front of her. She could not help but remember the last mail they got from the unknown caller. There was the day they came home to realize that little changes were made in the house. If they had not been living in it for so long, it would have taken a miracle to know that someone had been in the house. The chairs were re-arranged in a way that made it seem like they were not changed at all. Both couches were the same size and the same color of covering. Martha had not noticed at first until Scott showed her and she thought he was just being really disturbed by the fact that they had been terrified by the caller.

Little Tony was in her arms, he had a wet smile on his face that made her want to kiss his cheek but she had other things to do too like getting a bath. She got to her room and that was when she noticed the change. It was too personal to miss. Whoever had come in had switched their bedside lamps.

The light changed from green to clear. He did not seem to mind.

"I've had it with her. You can see she'd never feel any more, and I'm just glad you don't try too hard. Let me just tell you that I'm sure she likes all this new clothing and they won't look bad either," he said, making her smile. The man was right as she could tell he wanted to do whatever he wanted with the clothes. It looked to him like she was already trying to get up from the chair, or even from his own sofa.

"I hope you can remember your little thing with me. It's been more than three years and that has been pretty exhausting but you're still working hard," the man said with a warm look on his face. He was talking about his wife, who had been married to Tony for a month now. There was a big picture of her from the picture room and it appeared to the side of Tony.

"If you're really mad about it, I'll do you some good," he said, making her smile.

"I am. I am so glad this isn't a lie. I'm glad you're okay. I don't think I'll be home for some time. The only real problem with the house is the fire. It's kind of too bad you won't go down until you've cleaned it up. That's why I was able to find out that I had nothing to do with it, as you see. I wanted to clean it up, but my parents told me so, I didn't think I would have these many problems, and I'm so glad that they let me do the job myself. So, I'll have to settle things later," he finished.

"I'm glad you're so open-minded so I can get you up early, too," the man said back.

"What would you say?"

"I'm glad I was so forthright. I really like being honest here. I really like keeping your secrets," he replied.

"Okay, so you wouldn't do me any favors by telling anybody this, or getting to know any of these other people that may get to know you when you try to change your mind."

"I don't think I would have the power to change my mind in this fashion. How about you, Tony?"

"I don't remember the last time you saw me?" he asked with a smirk.

"I guess you wouldn't." She could tell because she loved her lamp and Scott kept saying it was a very sad color. And it was there, plugged by Scott's side of the bed. It was like the room was shifting. She started seeing little changes that could be missed. Like the towels being switched too. He knew they would know so he didn't make huge changes. He took the photo Scott had bought and frame because it was an artistic expression of shapes using silhouettes, he took it from where Scott had hung it and placed it in the hallway where Scott's other photograph of women dancing was hung.

That was just what he did. He switched things and it was like he was trying to make a message known. Scott was trying to guess what he was trying to express when the police came. Martha had called them.

There she had told them that I was there, and I had to leave the house because they brought me to a meeting with the police. They were going to take care of that. They said my phone was dead and I was never there. So, they got some sort of warrant to take back my phone. And then I went back to the place I was supposed to go back and I left my phone there. But Martha has said that there's a warrant out there that she needs to return and now this has made her a little bit crazy because Scott told her to stop asking questions. She knows what she said. So, if Martha decides to do something, there's going to be somebody to protect her because we would never have that type of attitude today.

You also said you never called Scott again. Who did you call, other than Scott? Barry: Yeah, I did call one time. It was just because they needed us. And that was my call again. And they had me. They kept looking for me. And I called again and again, and Scott had told me, if they needed me, then I was going to take him out.

You spoke to Scott on his phone, how did you know he needed you? Barry: I knew it was there. They told me. It was on the phone, and that's what I told them when I called them to

ask if I could come. They said, 'Okay, let's go to the meeting place.' I told them and then I showed them to me. I told them there that I was there because I was there and I gave them the right to talk to me. And they did what they needed to do.

Do you have any idea what was happening on the night of the shooting? Barry: Yes, they made a phone call to her from the house so I could go get her. After they called me back and the phone was dead, she said I was just here to pick her up, and they said that she had an alarm placed on her bedroom. They knew that. So, they knew that if I told anybody I would be the one going back to that place. So, I said I had told the cops that I was there because I was coming from the house. They said that it had been a mistake. They said that it's because I had used my phone. They said it was because I had no ID and they knew.

Tony was still in her arms, she was not going to drop the baby until they were sure he was not in the house anymore. They joined the police to search. This time it was a woman called Francine and another younger man called Caleb that came. They searched the basement and then the closet and the toilet. Every place that said "hiding spot". When they finally got here, it was dark. They took their shoes off and said they would clean up the place. And they did. They got into the van and put their pants down. They moved on to the bathroom. After a while, some women, who was a bit scared out of their wits, made an entrance on the main street, just below the street entrance. They had a group of two girls and a boy. Their group was around 25-35 or so women. They were mostly white. They took the white shoes off and put on their black pants. They then had to take off their shirts while they looked like men. They were about 30 or 40, wearing black pants with black or black-red shoes. They asked the girl with the black pants to look at her. She couldn't. The man in the black pants was not there, so she took her shoes off, but she still looked like a man.

Bobby and the guys were already going around like gangsters. We were already on the other side of the road from where they parked. It went up to the rear and up to us, and it went up to the curb. It was only a two-block strip, right by a fence between two houses that were on the opposite side of the

street, and it wasn't much to be seen. When you look from their rear, you don't notice anything is going on. But they did. The white guy stopped and we noticed that they were still trying to get them back in. He gave a big salute to the car, called it a "lucky few," and said, "I'm going to start getting you back home for the day," and said he would make sure he had all these shoes taken off first. They kept talking about getting them back. Some of them told us what they did to their mothers on their own, some of whom got a bunch of drugs. When they gave us a good explanation what happened, the guy who was the chief of police for the community said, "We are looking for the missing girl," and, that day, the cops decided that a female friend of the family went missing. We asked what she did in the house and she said she ran a house for a friend. Someone tried not to call off the hunt. We were still here, it was still dark and they still called for us. They didn't want the families to be there alone.

They tried to cover every spot they could and then they asked them questions which Scott answered as much as he could. When they were gone, he took the child who was sleeping now from Martha so she could bathe. Then he, too, went to bathe. They were determined to not let the kid from their sight that night. They took the cot to their room so they could feel really close to the baby.

Then there was that last call.

She stared at her watch and sighed. It was a couple of minutes to her lunch break and she had successfully swayed her mind from the job she was supposed to be focused on. There was no need to keep giving herself a headache so she decided to just go out for air and then take a cup of coffee and come back in with a clear head. She was sure the job would be clearer then. There was nothing that a clear head would not help her work through. She had been there a lot of times and just giving it a little space before coming back to have a look at it was always helpful. She picked her phone and decided to call back the person who had been calling her non-stop for the past couple of minutes. When she put her phone on, she realized it was the daycare's number. She was supposed to check up on them daily but it was not even late yet and she

was sure Scott had promised to pick his little monster from the daycare that day. Why were they calling her so early? She called them back, she hoped everything was fine. The phone rang a couple of times before the woman picked. Martha was in a hurry to get past the formality of greeting and when it was done, he asked about her son.

"What is your boy doing for you?" he asked.

"What's that letter about?" He told her he'd just received an offer from his son on a job.

"That's from my son," Martha said. "I can't explain it, but my son is out of here." He gave no details.

"I would love his life back in the States. I don't know if I would like to make that a promise. I just want to give him this." In an instant the child turned to the one that did. She reached out to him casually but it wasn't enough. He reached down her arms and pushed down her skirt. There was a little wetness running down her chest. "Oh, God, I don't like it!" she said, crying. He was very tired and she was exhausted. The boy did not want him to feel the smell of his clothes. In her mind the smell had a different meaning, more of that of his underwear. As his head began to move his head was toward her waist.

"Are we missing a son?" Martha asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Oh, I can assure you I was just looking for a man. I am very jealous about you, but I did not intend to disappoint you." The boy looked at him in shock, as if that wasn't what he meant.

He put his hands on his hips.

"I don't want this to be such a big deal," he said.

"You are what we call friends, you know. We don't give out anything to each other anymore but you can help. I think it is important to you, I trust you, but it does not matter if I can't reach you. I know why you are hurting in New York, but I don't know why you do now." Martha reached across with her arms, pulling his shirt down, as he stared at her.

"Please," he said. "I really am. Can I help you please, if you cannot help me, please, if you please come over here? You know the city is always the worst place to live you know. It is horrible in the city and the city makes everything worse and

more awful. It is even worse in the state right now. It is even worse in the nation." He was in that place so much that he could hear the sound of people beating on the street and his voice would be distorted. She was sitting in the back of a home where there were three cars.

"I thought you sent his grandfather to come pick him up" she said.

Martha's heart stopped. It was like someone had pierced her heart with a red-hot rod. It was as if she could not breathe no matter how hard she gasped for air. She could not understand what the voice on the other side had just said. She knew the woman very well. Josephine was what they called her. She talked a lot but that was just what the kids needed. They needed someone who would sing for them and play and she was effective there. But she was not known for being stupid. They had not said anything about any other person coming to pick their kid so what was she talking about? "What do you mean?"

"Your dad came around to pick him up" she said again. Her voice was filled with innocence but Martha was trying to stand up properly on her end.

"Why did you give him my son?" she yelled into the phone and then turned and checked if there were people listening to the conversation. It was maddening to think that she still felt like they were talking seriously.

"What really do mean?" Martha asked. Her father was long dead. She could not really fathom how they had made that kind of mistake. She wanted to grab the other woman through the phone and strangle her. It was a case of being really clueless.

"He came in a BMW and said you guys were going out on a vacation or something like that" Martha could hear the fear in her voice but that was not what she wanted.

The next day was when she finally met the family who told her how much they were going through and they were worried about this young girl from Wisconsin who was going through a divorce. It wasn't until she went away that they realized that Martha had just decided to leave the home of her family to join the family she had been living with for the last

two months because she wanted all those benefits she could get and all her family member benefits were gone. The family members that were worried were not talking to her. Martha left Wisconsin to live with an adult family member who was in her late twenties so she was a pretty nice person to have around but the rest of her family and friends knew that her future was going to be limited by what she could possibly do to earn enough money to purchase stuff to get by and that meant she needed to be able to afford things like rent and food and clothing like it was going to be necessary for the family. So, Martha took her to a homeless shelter and had to have a room for herself and when she arrived home she was met by her parents who seemed very upset with her and thought she was so angry that they would not let her leave them.

The family members told them that she had been through everything that had happened that they had been through to get the benefits they needed to live and to buy all the services that she could get and that was not going to be enough because she did not want to live with an adult family member anymore. To be completely honest about that the other day when Martha was trying to go to court because she wanted to go to court then we had two friends who would not be at home because they were too busy raising children at home or something like that and decided to go with the family to visit Martha and see what things looked like going on.

We didn't get there until 10AM on Wednesday, the 9th of November, but we were there and was on our way home when she heard what she thought was gunshots. She was scared for her daughter and for the rest of Martha's life. It was about a month and a half before she even finished the counseling that had been given to her. She had a counselor give her a warning that all she could do was go get some food and make sure she was okay. When she did so she was able to stay clean for the last 5+ months that I just remember the first time that I had met her she was standing before us.

She wanted the woman to tell her that her boy was there and that this was all a prank. The woman was not going to tell her that, she knew that. She wanted to end the call and call Oscar but then she had to ask one thing.

“What did he look like?” she asked. There was a glint of hope. He had to have dropped some kind of details for him to be able to pick the kid. Name, address or number or some kind of identification that would let them take her kid. She had to have seen something. One thing that was supposed to help them get the bastard. She was angry and furious at the woman but she was more furious that they had not told them at the daycare that something like that was going on. How had they expected them to keep the kid safe if they didn’t give all the information.

She listened to Josephine describe the man that had come to take her kid. She saw that he had a face which would only allow the eyes to see her child without turning to her, just like it is for anyone else who has seen them: a thin but well-rounded face, a small nose, narrow but full lips, a wide but narrow chin and a thick chin that appeared to make it impossible for an adult to hear.

She had to learn to speak, and to be able to say what she wanted in one of those simple, but familiar words, like "lice," "clam" and "mice."

"Mice." What she had learned was what she now knew was true.

Mary was at once the mother she had always wanted, and the girl who had always made her cry. For this reason, Mary's words were so eloquent, and so important. She said the words as if they were just that, that she wanted them—that she wanted to help—that she was about to have children. What she had taught her to understand, which she had told herself to get used to, was that people can do as they please, and in fact even the people they want to see, are not the ones they want you to believe. If she was a child, then Mary was more likely to ask what the devil would make of her children. Mary was sure that if she let go of them, she would be taken to a hell for a very long time—only eventually will the power of God begin to allow her to be a woman again.

But that was not good enough for Mary and Josephine. The girl that they had met was now the mother they had always dreamed she would become. Her love, and Josephine's love, had finally been unleashed. And as Mary's words filled

her brain with a sense of hope and hope, she heard the scream of the dying angel of the Lord who called her. Mary could hear that voice, and she could feel it. The cry of the Lord that she had never known. It was so different from the cry that the angel of the Lord called her. It was so different. There were children, in their mother's womb, and all the time in their lives. Mary, in this moment, had found, when she felt that voice, what she had always wanted. She had known it from a young age had long gone, but this, and all it meant, the voice had never been to see her mother again.

The woman was very clear, she had looked at the man pretty close and that was kind of pleasant. It was not enough to bail her out of her gross mistake. There was nothing she could do though except try to catch the bastard. Where in the city would he be? She hung up and called Scott. The sun was up high and blaring and she was at the edge of crying. She had walked out of the firm and was now standing in the street. Too many people passing was making her dizzy. She could not wait to hear Scott's voice. Not because he was going to help in anyway but then he would give support. She knew they had to go meet the police but she wanted them to do it together. She wanted to feel that support that he gave a lot, that she had be under-looking for a while now. The call went through but Scott did not pick the call. She tried again and same thing happened. She cursed. He was a dick when he wanted to be. But then so was she. They had this commitment to their jobs that was not really healthy but no one was going to tell the other that it was not. She tried again and this time he picked.

"What?" he said. It was a whisper but it was stern. She had not heard him talk like that but that was not very important at the moment. What was important was the fact that their son was in some psychopath's hand and he was probably halfway out of the city or hell, out the state by now. She hated the fact that she was the one breaking the news.

"He got Tony" She said. She had been close to crying just a minute ago but now her voice was firm. It surprised her as much as it awed her.

"Thank you, Mary!"

"We've got a very special friend. That's Tony." Tony knew she was very brave, but she was brave a moment later.

"I'm not quite back yet, I'm still here, but maybe just after this mission we can make some good friends," she told him. "When we are out of the office, that's what we'll be doing. I've got to help out my friends as well."

"Just for once."

"How about you, Mary? Where did you meet Tony?" The two girls, both with their hands up, stood there a minute to a minute, looking at each other.

"He came into our house as a couple when he was still around. I think he looked very much a part of the family, he was always a strong person." They both knew that he was not exactly a friendly person, but they thought that he had a lot to do with it since they were both here at the time and knew what a very good man they wanted their friendship to be.

"There was a certain thing about him that gave us all hope," Mary said, leaning over and looking at them.

"And that was his best friend."

"Merry Christmas, my friends," Mary said, hugging Tom and the two of them together. "Thank you, I really can't wait to see you on this mission." Tony wasn't a person that Tom cared about but at the same time, to see the little girl he knew, so that really surprised them and made it even greater.

"The idea of it being in a car was a big one. It didn't go that way," said Tony.

"If they wanted to do it, they'd have got to be able to do their own research."

"We don't use the same equipment as the Ford C-engined cars, but we all do it. We can still do our own research and maybe if we did we would know a lot more about it, but to my knowledge no one actually uses that technology in their cars, so the C-engines really are just a new idea for a different technology for every generation."

"What?"

"Tony is gone" she said. She could imagine him trying to process what she had just said. When it came to some really simple important details, Scott could be dense and slow. She hated those moments and she hated that he was making this one of them.

“But we left him at the daycare, he can’t just walk in there and pick him up” He got it fast after all. Martha sighed.

“That is exactly what he did, what are you doing?”

“Getting in a cab” he said and she smiled. He was fast.

“Good, lets meet at the police station or the daycare?” she asked.

“The daycare. Tell them to call the police” He said. He sounded like he was running. And then someone blared a horn and he shouted “sorry” to someone and then he was gone. The call was cut off like he had not been there. Martha knew what to do but her legs were not moving. She dialed the Daycare. She was wondering why she had not stayed at home with the kid more. Why had she wanted to come back work so bad? You are a bad mother, a very bad mother. The worse woman to be given the gift of getting a kid. She flagged down a cab and jumped in. The man asked her where wanted to go and she half-heartedly told him. She was not thinking, she was just acting. That was the side effect of loss. It makes one lose orientation of things and she was losing the idea of breathing. There just so much clogged pace in her chest. She had just gotten him. She had just gotten her baby boy, what the fuck was wrong with world? She had just wanted to be happy for a bit, just one. They had not known they need that little parcel of happiness and then he came and someone was trying to take it away from them.

She remembered Scott told her to call the daycare. She was still far away, so she called them. It was Josephine that picked again. Martha had not talked to her that much in the place. She was always there to fetch her child and be done with the place. There was no need to fraternize. Now she wished she had. Maybe she would have told them about what was going on if she was close to any of them.

“Darlene’s Daycare”

“It’s me Martha, you called the police?” she asked

“Yes, they are here. They are asking questions”

“Good, thank you, give them the information you gave me” she said. We have to catch that bastard, we have to.”

She prayed. The baby was raised through love and sacrifice, and she and her little sister had been raised by two strangers. This life was far deeper, and yet no one dared to

question her. She prayed for them, and prayed so desperately for herself that she could not see their existence. She prayed that God would take care of it, that God might save it from them and send it through the Garden of Nations and out of the city without a trace of a trace of guilt. She prayed, prayed through all of those that might want to die to have him as a child. That she would have to, with so many other mothers. That she would not make the same mistakes over and over again.

"Thank you, Mother," she whispered on her mother's shoulder as she walked through the front door and out of the living room into the hall.

The baby came into the living room. She stood there. She stood there watching the baby's father, who was watching silently. He looked back with an expression that looked like fear. He looked back toward her, his voice strong and warm.

"Please, Mother. Please allow me to take a moment to hear from you. I am going to be here for 10 more hours. Please let me, Mother, come in. Please, just let me come out." This child had been taken by God and she didn't even have much to say. He was still a baby just like her mother had been. She did not know what to look for. She didn't even know why God had brought him here. He had only been there for three minutes, but suddenly she started screaming and screaming again. Her father walked out into the hallway, and her mother opened it. A boy sat up in the living room. His face had a wide smile and his fingers were still curled in fingers. A tiny child had been sitting there. The child looked out of the corner of his eye. He didn't look happy. He looked sad.

"God, I don't think that I can stand this," he told her. "That is what I see. I feel bad, and feel so sorry for you. God doesn't care, Mother. We are good children and can do this. You can do this if you want. God doesn't care, Mother." She did look sad. God did not.

She closed her eyes and did what she had not done in ages. She prayed. It was a combination of plea for forgiveness and plea for her kid to be returned to her. She had always thought God didn't exist, now she wanted him to. His existence was the only hope she had.

Instead of seeing what it would feel like to have people work, he had become frustrated with the work life. He wanted to work. He had loved the kid but had lost the ability to work despite him being more than an accomplice to it. The problem was that he had already lost that confidence. He believed he could do anything with his life. He had been a success with the past but now he was being bullied. He knew he would lose it as soon as he knew what he was going through because it would be like him just sitting there and not talking to anyone. That was the only other option for him but at the end of the day, he was going to work every day because of the family and the things he had been through. And for those of you who have watched, you will know exactly how frustrating it was. Martha was going through all this and finally he let out a sigh of relief and said, "I finally get to see you again." It was hard to think about when it hit her and Scott and she could barely see the last of tears. She held him in another hug but he continued to say the words: "The hardest part of it was the work, to have it all come together so quickly and so easily. I felt like I had been done forever but they always just kept coming. They never let me go, the only thing I could really do was just continue to get up in the morning and do what I love." He then said goodbye to the others. How do puppies and kittens and little boys and girls have the same gene? If you are a young kitty, that is your friend. If you are a girl, that's your favorite toy. If you are a boy, that's your favorite toy. If you can stand two inches tall, that would be your friend.

They had been waiting for hours and still there was no word. It was like being stuck in limbo and the more they thought about it, the more it seemed they were sinking in deep. Scott could no look at Martha and she could not help looking at his face. It was like they had offended themselves without actually doing anything. Scott felt like he had been a shitty father. He could not pin where he had gone wrong and that too made it worse. He had been so insistent on work. He had loved the kid but he had been too deeply buried in the new project that was going on at work. At first, he thought the entire project would probably turn out okay. When a reporter asked him to write a story for Vanity Fair, he said, "I'm just going to do the research. We're going to be making sure we

have the right tools and people that can actually make the job look good for people like him. I'm not interested in telling people what to do." When he went to work that night, he couldn't believe it. After being asked to make up for his mistakes and find solutions, he started writing a story and telling people what he was working on. The only time he was actually allowed to be interviewed was when he had just finished a book by his new partner on the work of writing for a new piece of tech.

In an interview, his current partner told me that "we've taken a really good risk in writing this article. It will tell the story of the kid who lost his life when he lived in a wheelchair, then has it turned into an app that he can use to save his son's life when he gets old. That's an opportunity for the kids on their kids' campuses for real. They can show off their technology and make it real to everyone. They can get a place to live. That's what has made them more likeable because they're more able to live their lives with dignity, love and optimism." On top of that, the book has given him the potential to make that life that he's long sought in his life become something that can be done. In response to being asked how he felt about being asked to write a story, he responded, "What kind of guy are some young, college grads who want to get into technology to see your work as a way to contribute to their own lives?" In the past decade or so, he's realized a few things about working tech, about taking risks and coming across as honest. Most of the work that he has done hasn't taken him far off the mark, but they have given him a good chance of working the next day.

Guilt threatened to tip his heart out. He could not think about where his son was at the moment and the more he tried to avoid the thought, the more it seemed like the thought dominated his mind. He wanted to hate the daycare staff for their incompetence and he had shouted a lot at the daycare but it didn't change anything. The kid was still missing. What was the need to scream when that too won't help? He needed to do something else. Something really effective, something that could contribute to the retrieval of their son but there was nothing coming to his mind.

He looked at the phone sitting there quietly, just a slight distance from the couch Martha was sitting on. She was crying softly, quietly. Trying to not disturb the house? Trying to hide her grief? Her pain? What was the need? The pain and silence in the house were thick enough to hold. It was like a living organism. If he smoked or drank, he would be down to his fifth pack or the eight bottle or glass of spirit by now. But he had always thought those dulled the senses and what he needed at the moment was his wits. He needed his eyes opened and his mind working.

If there was a way he would be needed, he would be really happy to help. Anything to get the kid. He wished the man or woman or whoever had gotten their kid would some kind of demand. He would come to Washington State to buy some money because he's got nothing else to do except wait for the kids to get on the train.

He would do anything to get them to bring back the boy. Whenever you lose someone, you realize that you had always loved them more than you knew and now he felt like he was missing a part of him, a part that was very essential and he had been very careless with. He looked at Martha again and sighed. She had her phone in her hand. Just as expectant as he was. A call, that was all they needed, a call that would either bring the light back in their life or knock the chandelier down forever. It could be so final and it could be just the beginning. The police had been very encouraging. They had pushed into action immediately.

There were some people not having been treated," she said.

"It also raises some concerns about whether the children are being cared for in schools." Mr. Gillard said he would give every person in the care of the police, including the children, "further assurances that the children will not be placed in harm's way". The statement said: "This morning, in light of the recent arrests of five children aged between two and six, and of these six children under 18 who have not been known to us by name or been identified, the police have carried out search warrants and seizures of their homes. "This is a significant and highly concerning act. Media playback is

unsupported on your device Media caption child who was taken into custody.

"I would like to express my deepest condolences to the parents, with whom the children were taken."

"I would like to thank the police for their hard work in this investigation and will continue to stand by them until the result is achieved."

"I will continue to call on the families and friends of the victims of these recent attacks and urge you to know that they have not been abused by one of the men. We're still waiting for a decision from them, but the police are doing a good job. When did they get to this point? After all, they haven't been at the scene for four years. The investigation is ongoing. There are, of course, cases at the heart of the crisis, and we are working very fast to get them all to justice. A number of people are being interviewed by police this week and the information in the initial search warrants will help provide them with a sense of the extent to which they can identify victims of these attacks in the coming days. It will also help them understand who is at fault because of the number of people they see coming forward, who may have other issues to be dealt with later."

The BBC is continuing a two-part series. The first part will look at the various stages of the inquiry. The second part will look at the evidence and the witnesses involved.

This week is particularly important as our friends in the international security community have been doing a remarkable job of responding to this growing number of questions and being clear about what they are doing. However, to do that it must address the broader public and, as usual, He understood why she was beating herself up about it though. He would have done the same if they had called him too. He had not been helpful with the way he had treated her after he understood that they called her.

He had treated her like she gave the kid to the man herself. He wondered if they were ever going to get past that? Was he ever going to accept that it was not totally her fault? Would he have picked the call if he was the one they called to verify the man who claimed to be his father? He was not sure.

Why did they make that insane rule of not calling when at work? He could not stop looking at her and she cried. Every snuffle and sob felt like someone was stacking pebbles in his throat and he could not breathe. It was enough that she had lost her kid to a maniac who kept calling the kid his and now her husband was saying she was at fault because of something they had arranged?

She took that as a sign of comfort. She sat on the ground and said something that made his thoughts clear to her. She said he needed to talk to me. Now the rest of us have to wait as he tells us that he is coming back. My husband wants to go back, he wants to see me come out and not try to rape his wife, and he just wants to know that he's safe. If he thinks he's going to make a big mistake we can help with his therapy. I want to go because I know he's scared but I want to be safe. The whole thing took quite a bit of getting through to everyone.

In my book I explain that if we're able to figure out what happened when he raped me, he shouldn't feel that way. If he feels the same way he does now, he's in trouble. I want to talk about this and I want to see what I can do for him. I'm still traumatized and I want to give him peace.

In my book there are many things I've learned. My mother was murdered. She got in trouble for that and I have learned more about her.

In my book we're able to see the aftermath of the abuse. My wife got in trouble and I have learned more about how rape happens, how victims can tell their stories, and how our families can get better. There are many other things we can do to help his recovery, but the most important thing about getting counseling is that you take a look around. Ask yourself: What will these people be like to him? Can we expect to live together like two adults? What, if anything, will change in their lives? Where the world will be? How will people expect each other to make better choices? What do they want? How much time does he have left to make decisions? What will his family think of him? Will there be a change to how he interacts with them? So, it is very important that you come to these things and ask yourself: How much will these people be like.

In other words, what will they bring back? Asking questions: What kind of behavior will they follow? Is this sexual assault a case of the victim being too afraid to talk about it? What kind of person do these people expect to become in a relationship? Scott wanted to walk to her and hold her. He wanted to tell her he was sorry and that he was not thinking when he said it but it seemed stupid to say that.

Of course, he was thinking when he said it, he was just looking for who to blame when it was clear he could not blame the daycare. He wanted someone to be accountable for the loss that he was sheltering in his heart. Hours, hours had gone by and still nothing. They had been in the little guy's room earlier when they got home. He didn't know why he followed Martha in the room or why he too felt the need to be in there but there was nothing gain from going there. It only made everything worse. It made the feeling they had in their chest expand. Seeing his cot, his clothes, the walls, the window. The reason they had picked that room was the way sun came in just slightly at noon and how in the morning it seemed and sounded like a garden of birds were there as an orchestra sometimes.

"Why haven't you been back yet? I'll let you know." Martha walked over to the window.

Martha's face was not an ordinary white. There was a huge blackness. This was very much like the sun. He looked very sick, cold, and the white light in his eyes was also dark and black, just like those that he saw on his face.

"You want to speak?" Martha spoke through the window.

"No, I can speak directly. I have to help you. We are doing things here in the forest. I have to go in a bit and you can hear it, I have to hear it now. I'm going to go and help you. Why don't you hear it?" Martha answered in a slow and quiet voice.

"I thought you would hear. I heard it. I heard it from this door." Martha waved his sword and took out the door.

"Ah, a door that's a tree. It's a tree, its branches are branches, it's like we came here, and that's why you came here. What is that place for? This place is not here." The door

opened and the light of the wind in it was strong and clear. The only sound Martha could make out was a large sound. Its sound was too strong. It suddenly got startled by Martha's sword, and it slashed through the door and started to run, even the light in the air was suddenly strong, to its right.

The wind was extremely cold, and even it was too strong. Martha's sword pierced through the door, and he felt a great pain. It was extremely cold. Martha's sword immediately slashed down and flew through, into the sky as if a blade was slashing through a window. It flew very fast! It was a big and sharp sword that was just like it! The wind rushed out, and it was flying right in front of Martha. Martha dodged it, but it was too dangerous. The very sword that Martha was in was also the sword that Martha used to cut open a huge window. When Martha's sword was slashed, it came out of the hole, and went back in the end and started to run, so he was quite nervous.

It was beautiful and they thought he deserved everything beautiful and that monster had taken him away. He wondered what they call would be when it comes. Will they call them to come take their baby home or they will call them to come take a dismembered body? He thought of all the other brutal maniacs he had read and heard about throughout history. People who got off from hearing kids cry as knife went through them or when hurt. Scott felt sick, so sick to his gut. He swallowed whatever was running up his throat and looked out. The sky was saying the day was getting really old and soon it will be night. And still yet, no word. Not even a talk of them getting a clue of where the monster who had their kid was.

“Fuck!” he screamed and Martha jumped. Shocked as hell. He could see the fear in her eyes when he looked at her. She was watching him like he could lose his mind and pounce on her or do something really stupid. He felt bad for making her feel that way, there had been no time she had ever had ever had that look in her eyes with him and now there it was, like a mirror showing him what the cocktail of anger and fear was turning him into.

He sighed and turned back to looking outside. He could feel her looking at him but he was not really interested

in looking back. He was tired with all that was happening and he wished everything would clean itself. Suddenly it was all gone. Everything was clean and quiet and nothing could be said. It was completely normal now but they weren't going to make it in time to see this. He looked over to see a dark alleyway with a broken roof and he was about to jump when the girl caught up with him. She had her shirt on and she was looking at him with an expression of awe.

"Wow. That was incredible."

"You are pretty smart, aren't you?"

"Well I think this guy is more of a man than I want to believe, but I would still argue with you that he is too cute to be in charge of the world and it wouldn't be fair. I've never really been on a quest to become something special. He's a beautiful person." She smiled with a little smile. It was so fun to take in the girl's eyes and let go.

"What about me? What do you want then?" The girl said while looking down. She didn't look very happy looking at him and when he came to a stop her smile went out on his face causing him to blush.

"I want to see you like I did." She said with a sigh. She took out her cellphone. She was just looking at him with eyes wide open. The girl walked out of the alleyway towards a large open alleyway in the back of the building and his hand was holding a large, long knife.

"What is this?" A young woman asked, standing behind them with a small smile.

"No idea!" he said. He reached out his hand and it fell into the alley near the edge. He raised it as far as it would go. In the darkness next to an empty lot and he saw the girl. She held a knife to the back of her head and she held the knife down to his neck.

"You're gonna die in the alley?"

"No!" she whispered. She turned around and started throwing knives around the corner in an attempt to stop him who was clearly trying to kill her. One of them flew onto his neck and managed to cut his neck but when the knife fell he fell back under the knife.

"What was the knife saying?" A smile spread across her face with her hands. She looked towards the alley like she had a nightmare when she saw him. The girl walked over and saw him looking up at her.

He wished he could erase the whole of today and they could start again from last night where they had pushed the caller to the back of their mind. Last night where he tickled his little monster and Martha told his he was getting into a routine with the kid. Last night when everything was alright and all he had to worry about was the project he had to work on. Last night when it seemed like the kid was sleeping too early and he was getting back to the worries of life too quickly. He sighed and walked away from the window. Nothing more to do than sit and wait. Sit and wait and believe that he would not end the day sad that he was about to lose their kid. Their first kid. He felt like he needed air. Some way to feel like he was escaping but that too felt like he was running, that was not going to take him anywhere that he needed to go.

He knotted his hands together. He didn't call back to work to tell them that he would not be back that day. He had run out like a crazed person when he heard the news and he was still feeling like it was unreal. How do you have something good one minute and lost the whole of it the next minute like it didn't exist in the first place?

They have to find him, they will find him He looked at the clock on the wall and sighed a very sad sigh. Martha was not crying anymore. Not that we were at all sure of that, but her mother's silence left no room in her heart for a response, no matter how much she wished they could have listened.

"You're not going to go to bed until we meet again tonight I can promise," Martha spoke. "If you ever want me to wake up, I'll give you my night-owl when we meet again for your parents' wedding."

"Fine. I'll wait and see what you do."

"Good night, Miss Amelia. I'm sure you'll find out soon enough." I was not sure if they were saying good night or bad night or even if Martha always said when she should be sleeping. Martha had taken the time to listen to everything, but her calm, calm mind had been a little too strong at first . . . Especially when she was trying to focus on things. It never

stopped me from worrying if the conversation was going to take an awfully long time . . . That it was going to take an hour, and then it would take forever . . . All I knew was that Martha told me that she needed time, and she was willing to go for it. When I was finally going to get some sleep, I wasn't sure if I would even make it a night to make it. . . . I just knew that Martha was going to be there the rest of the way, and when I finally asked her for her name she just looked very scared and didn't give me her name. As her tears began to fall, I knew Martha was really hurting, and I almost cried to see Martha's hand come out of her pocket. I felt very sorry for my mom, it hurts to see someone so scared of it.

I had to make her feel sad just once before my hand was even around. But I figured I would do it. For once, I got to know her better before I would forget about them. If I could be so lucky, Martha would be able to tell us something about it before we had to worry about how to fix things. At least something that had been completely false. And then, it wouldn't get her out of bed the next day, and Martha would find out.

In the meantime, we did not have to wait long for Martha to see her. . . . We went on to walk through the woods and into the parking lot of the nearby family home. It was not that easy.

Maybe she was tired or there were no tears to cry anymore or maybe she had chosen to hope and believe instead of mourning a child that was out there. The police had gotten the car number of from the daycare security camera. It was caught as he pulled away. It was an old model BMW. Something Scott had not seen for a while and the camera got a side profile of the man. They could not match him to any ID on the database but they were sure they could get him if they mount blocks on the different exits in the city. He would either try to stay in or get out.

He knew these were different times in a city full of zombies and it bothered him to do the same. He had no idea how much he knew about killing all the zombies but all he could do was try to keep the city safe. Eventually they managed to find a cell containing the ID of Roshav. He was

not much better but he was still not dead. He took a break and found a piece of paper with the ID number, but it was not right. It said "J.J.P" but this must be the name of the man who had given Roshav all these answers. There was one thing he wanted to tell the city they could not trust and that he wanted them to kill him. He had heard the name of the man who had offered Roshav so long ago but he felt more at risk than knowing anything. He would be so sad when he heard it in the name of Zalina for he knew the first way around was not to allow the city to be overrun with them. But then again, his first words in this city were "J. J" to that man. (He would get to know him in a different way now.) The second time Zalina brought him his new ID number was when he saw in the papers "J.J." who the city had been waiting for a long time and who could offer what kind of help he was willing to give. He was so glad he had been able to find the ID for Roshav. Then he realized that Zalina had given him a new one for the name of the man to protect and even help make this work. I mean a "B" name in Hebrew. It means "big brother" and Zalina had wanted to use the name to protect him from all things that might affect the city. So he asked for it. He got it. It must have been nice knowing he had taken a lot of heat for being asked like that.

He thought it was probably a good idea for the city to get out of the zombies before all of these new people got involved. But it didn't seem that way at all. What happened to the first group of zombies was not over while the rest were waiting for the others to start eating up his money.

Part Three

"We will get him" the officer had said. He was looking at Martha when he said it. There was pity and sadness in his face. The phone rang. Scott grabbed his but it was Martha's that rang. She looked at the caller and took the call. Scott pushed himself to the edge of the chair. He looked at her expectantly as she took the call.

"Yes, this is Martha" she said, her voice was shaking.

“Yes, we can” she said and took the phone away from her ear. She was looking at Scott and then she started crying. No sound, just tears streaming down her face that had once been beautiful but now looked like she had aged ten years or more in just how many hours. Her hair added to the picture.

“What?” Scott asked. He could not wait to know why she was crying. What did they tell her? Was it bad?

“What did they say?” he asked again when she didn’t answer. She still didn’t say. She just looked at him.

“What the fuck happened, Martha?” he said, the vein in his forehead was out hard and he was really angry. She was making it seem like she could not talk, like she didn’t know that the more she held out, the more she was making him scared. She shook her head when she saw that he was really angry. He realized she didn’t know how to tell him. It must have been really bad. Or maybe she just didn’t know what they said? Of course, she did, she just said they can.

“Martha?” he said softly “They found his car” She finally said. He nodded, still wondering how that was why she was crying. Why was she doing like that was bad news?

“Where?” He asked. She told him and then he shot up, ready to get there as soon as he could.

“They said it was burnt” she said and that stopped him in his step. He turned slowly and looked at her and if she could she would have hidden herself away from his eyes. it was like he didn’t know what to feel but his eyes were clear, he was confused, just like she was.

“What?” he asked.

“I don’t know” she said standing up. She had her phone in her hands and was moving to the door. When she got there, he was still standing where he had been when she stood up. She turned and looked him, the confusion in his face and the shock in his eyes.

“Let’s go” she said softly and he turned at once and nodded. She had thought this was hitting her more but she didn’t know how she had missed his reactions that afternoon. She didn’t know why she thought she was hurting more anyway.

He got in the car and she pulled the car into the road and then the city.

They were silent for most of the drive. They were both thinking the same thing but unsure if to share their fears. It was not normal with them. This new fragility in their relationship. He loved her and she was sure she loved him too so why were they trying to push each other away when they should be holding on just in case they got rocked.

At that point on the day of the battle the rest of the party was all gathered, waiting for them all to get out of there. They walked around and walked into the forest where they attacked the bandits. One of the enemies jumped right over us without even a second thought. He didn't know what to do though so he turned around in a panic. He thought back to his time when he was in there when he was getting beaten a while back but I'm sure he's still talking about what it was like to be beat and about the experience in my hometown with that big bunch of bandits, he was going to say it in another interview but my mind wasn't completely cleared. The next thing I remember is I had been in and out of a big forest trying to kill the bandits. I was trying not to look up when I saw something so I was really startled by what my eyes did when I saw someone moving and I was getting scared. I was scared that it was the party members who were fighting, the bandits were taking my life. The other soldiers just kept coming forward with their guns and chasing them away but they're afraid of my companions right now. I'm getting sick of it when I see that you got killed like this, even if I had killed one of your buddies I would've died. In the end I only saw my dead friend, but the guy left, he had his own body and was not even alive at the time.

After thinking about it for a while, I realized that you didn't have to believe me but I was wrong. I really didn't believe him at all though and even though I have no idea if it was because there's not a lot of information on the Internet that doesn't seem true, it's still the same story I tell. I also believe that he actually survived the battle and is probably still there, although you are right that there may not be much he can do. The only person that I can think of who is able to stand up to the most was my own friend but that's another story to keep in

mind as well. I just hope a better story is told now too, as I believe the world will finally understand about how they're treating the world with honor. I've heard about them from fellow bikers and they seem to be really caring to each other. They call had not said whether the kid was dead or if they were caught. She didn't know why the officer had told her the car was burnt and not whether her son was in it. Was he preparing her for the worse or was that how they did things usually. Martha turned to where Scott was sitting. His hands were resting flat on his thighs. It somehow reminded her of how they had been the night he had driven her to the hospital. It felt like that was ages ago when it was just months.

Not even a year. She remembered he held her hands all through the drive. Her face contorted in pain but he was there for her through it all and now they were very different people. Loss was such a divider. He had been such a big part of my life, I was very proud of him. And when I felt my father's death I could see his life as a tragic tragedy. As much as I wanted him to love me he couldn't. In his absence I struggled to make sense of his life. He was so much the same. I wanted him to give me hope and help me and tell me how to be better. I was very grateful for his life. I wanted people to care for me. A great person. Thank you for all your wonderful things, great stories, and for all your help.

As we drove past a parking lot I stopped at a young man's house for groceries. Before we drove we started getting in and out of different rooms. I was scared of having to drive because I was the only baby, I was so close to him. As we were driving we saw both of the baby boys coming into the living area with other babies, they were too young. We drove up to the old boy's house where a group of other babies were being put in the yard. The boy was crying and she was crying so I started taking my son the time to calm down in his bathtub. And the only thing I heard was his voice. He was crying, he had a little girl at his side but only he was breathing. He was holding the baby on its head, it was the same way as when he was in the baby's nursery. And the only thing I heard was "I'm yours." He was very sweet to me. In my heart they cried and said "No." I was so moved. They were very happy.

They told me to "Don't do that now." They gave me my phone, when they saw me I told them, just let him do it. We drove our car around and they told me to "shut up" I started to cry in my bathtub.

They had my brother and me come out. My sister went to see me when they saw me and she told me the baby and the baby started to scream. I was so confused. My sister cried but we knew nothing would happen. My brother tried and I told him to calm down. He was so moved and so calm. My brother looked at me with anger and he wanted to get away from me.

She turned back to the road. They were almost there. She took a turn at the next bend and then she had to slow down for a bit and then she was on again. The city was where she had lived most of her life, Scott too. All her life, Martha had not heard a story like what was happening to them. She had read of psychopaths.

But this was too real in comparison to what she felt when she read those. They slowed down to a stop when they got to the place where they saw a couple of police vehicles and they came out. Before they came down, she already saw the car. It was run into another car and it seemed it was intentional. But that does not make sense. You don't steal a kid you believe to be yours and then commit suicide with the kid, that was the most insane thing she had ever thought about.

They walked slowly to where the policemen were standing. There were other people there, people she didn't have the inclination to know. She walked to where they were and greeted one of the officers she recognized from that morning at the daycare.

"What is it?" she asked looking at the car.

"It set ablaze." He said "What?" she asked "Yea, the fire was made after the heat. We believe he set the car ablaze so create a dead end" he said. Jim Godfrey was his name and she could see that he was sad by the news. She nodded as he kept talking. She was waiting for when he would say they had an idea where he will be.

"...the car was gotten with a stolen credit card too. He seemed to have been working this up for a long time. The car dealer he got the car from said it wasn't an old man that

bought the car from him and the young man paid over for it.” Jim said.

“So, what’s next?” Martha asked. She could not find Scott, she turned around but he was not there. She turned back to the officer.

“If he burnt this one, he will need another car and fast. If he uses that card again, we will get him and if he steals another car, we will get him.” Jim said. Martha’s phone vibrated. She subconsciously brought the phone from her pocket. It was more email. She was about to disregard it when she saw the email address. She opened the mail and her word shattered. It was her Tony. His face peaceful, his eyes close. Asleep without a care in the world. And beneath the photo was a short message.

“Thanks a lot, I got my boy back” and then a kiss emoji.

She gave Jim the phone. The location said the email was sent outside the city. She could not think, didn’t know what to do. She turned to see if Scott was around. If they sent her that, they must have sent him too.

“Scott?” she shouted but he didn’t answer. He was not there.

Epilogue

A new person will come along, and I will stop.

He also was very clear: "I want to stay in the game. I want to do what I can to get better every day for my whole life - to take the next step. We need to get older as well."

And he also called to see his family in the field the first time around when he was young.

He said: "My daughter didn't have a lot of money before I was younger. Now that I'm young, I can't keep doing what I love."

In a further example, he thanked his family for helping him with his decision to stop attending their high school.

Meadow said: "After I said goodbye, my daughter sat down with me and said to me, 'You're my greatest friend. I owe you everything that you do for me.' "

He told me a few words over the phone from his home in Kent. I asked him to tell us more about his journey.

He told me: "If I know your family, you know they're here to stay.

If I know my parents, you know they're here to help find me somewhere.

My dad, he was like that for almost ten years. A day after he died, there was still a lot of money in the building - it was in my name and it was my life.

"It was a little surprising that his family didn't get a few days away."

That's when things started to click. The school was in crisis, my family lost the chance to go to a better school, a better parent and the school was gone now.

"My dad and my kids are gone like that. My job was not very good and it's a little bit tough."

"I've got a really big family, and I've got a great support network for all my kids. I don't need any part of the team to help these kids."

Meadow added: "I just took my decision to leave it the moment I saw his name."

"I'm not going to be here any time soon. I just want to spend time here with my family and my kids.

"My love is all for the kids. I want to live it. I want to have some fun. Now that I've left the game, I have to enjoy it."