Mr. Sandman, bring me a dream.
Make him the cutest, that I’ve ever seen.
Give him two lips, like roses and clover.
And tell him that his lonesome nights are over.
Mr. Sandman, I’m so alone.
Don’t have nobody, to call my own.
Please turn on your magic beam,
Mr. Sandman bring me a dream…

HALLOWEEN:
The Destiny of Michael Myers
By J. Smith
Judith
Michael!
Laurie
Michael……Michael stop!
Jamie
Uncle Michael, please don’t hurt me!
John
Oh God……Michael?!?
Kevin
Michael, don’t kill me. Please.
Stephen
Michael.
Part
I
The Evil, The Ties of Blood and Water,
and The Sacrifice of Jamie
Prelude.
Haddonfield, Illinois
May 14, 1980
The sun shone brightly across the city of Haddonfield as all the children were laughing happily, still glad that it was the last day, and school was finally over for the summer. One of the favorite hang-outs was none other than the Haddonfield Village Diner, which not only had the best food at cheap prices, it also had a park right next door, making it an ideal place for all the teenagers to go to. And on this particular day the entire area was overflowing with teenagers, many of which sported rollskates. Several radios were playing different songs, making it practically impossible to hear the chirping birds overhead. Inside the diner, many of the booths were occupied by teenagers, who were busily chatting away while eating hamburgers and french fries. The juke-box was on, and loudly played the Ramones’ hit, Rock and Roll High School. At one particular table, two girls named Marcie Sadrine and Donna Price were engaged in a lively discussion. Marcie, 17, had long, dark frizzy hair which complimented her blue eyes. Donna, 16, had blonde hair which she just recently cut into the ‘feathered’ fashion. Donna swallowed her french fry, “Leif Garrett is getting old, but he is still so fine.” “No,” Marcie argued, “John Travolta is fine. Besides, I heard Leif does drugs.” “Yeah, like John doesn’t?” Marcie looked at her friend, “What? Did you hear he did?” Donna smiled as her eyes spotted a figure not too far away, sitting at a booth, “Hey, look over there.” Marcie casually looked to where Donna was pointing, “Oh god, it’s her! I heard she never left the house.” “I know! Look at her! Now she looks like she’s on drugs, huh?” Marcie held her finger up to her mouth as she swung her head around quickly, “Shhhh! You know she probably heard you!” “So what?” Marcie shook her head, “I don’t know, I kinda feel sorry for you. You know, her friends all were killed. I knew one of them.” “Oh, which one?” “Lynda Soles.” “Yeah, the cheerleader!” Donna took a drink of her Pepsi Free. “Yeah, when I was in JV Cheerleading, she helped me learn hand springs.” “Was she like, nice?” “Yeah, she was. But she was also boy crazy. I think she dated like ten guys in her grade.” “Ewww. So, uh, how many guys do you think she dated?” Donna pointed quickly over again. Marcie smiled, “Who? Her? Oh, I don’t know. I really don’t care.” Donna’s eyes lit up as she glanced at the front entrance, “Oh my god! Todd and Randy just came in! Come on! Let’s go sit with them!” Marcie smiled, “No. Do you want them to think we’re interested?” Donna nodded, “Hell yes! Look at Todd….oh man…” “Okay, let’s go.” The two girls quickly stood and left their booth, oblivious to the person who heard their entire conversation. Laurie Strode sat nervously in the Haddonfield Village Diner, drinking a small glass of red wine. She kept looking over her sholder to the door, waiting impatiently. Who cares what those damn girls thought? They…they…they don’t know what it’s like to be me. Some days I’m almost happy, but those days are far and between eachother. She then turned around and watched as a young couple, both of whom graduated two years before her, cuddled together in the next booth. “Hello Laurie,” Dr. Samuel Loomis smiled. Laurie gasped as she turned to him, obviously shocked. When she saw him, she happily sighed and stood to hug him, “Hello Sam. I’m so glad you’ve come.” Sam sat down across from her, “When I said I would always be here for you, I meant it.” Laurie smiled, seeing the burned scars on his face. He has those because of me, Laurie thought. She sighed, “Well, I do need you.” “It can wait, however…” Laurie’s eyes wandered up to him, puzzled. Sam continued, “‘Untill I congratulate you first on your upcoming wedding. I plan to attend.” Laurie, hurtfully, tried to smile but was unable to, “There isn’t going to be a marriage. And that’s partly why I need you.” Sam nodded, and quietly gave Laurie all the time she needed to continue. He noticed that she didn’t look healthy. Her sholder-length hair was pulled back in a ponytail, and the bangs that covered her forehead were practically weighed down against her skin. She also had deep circles under her eyes. “Sam, I don’t know where to begin. It’s…it’s the dreams mostly. Seeing all those people, my friends, dead. It’s Michael. It’s learning about my real parents, my dead sister. My whole life was a lie.” Sam nodded, understandingly. He took Laurie’s hand, and offered a compassionate face. Laurie began tearing in the eyes, “And….oh god…I’ve committed a horrible sin. Look at me. No really, look at me. I’m a mother. I was to be married. But….well….the nightmares, they’ve changed me. They….they….they don’t know what it’s like to be me. Some days I’m almost happy, but those days are far and between eachother. Some days I’m almost happy, but those days are far and between eachother. I need to bury all the memories. I need to die.” Sam shuddered, “Laurie, I don’t think…” Laurie cut him off, “Not literally. I mean…well, Nolan and I talked about this. He’s agreed to come with me, but no one else will know except you. Sam, Laurie Strode must die. But I must get on with my life somewhere far away from here. If I just….move away, people will find me. I don’t ever want that to happen.” Sam thought, “You mean something like a ruse. Faking your own death, changing your name, that sort?” Laurie nodded. Sam continued, “Why did you come to me?” Laurie shook her head, “Well Sam, I trust you for one. Also, I can’t go to the police because there isn’t a valid reason for me to do it. Chances are Michael will die soon in that hospital. But we both know that’s bullshit.” Marna brought Sam his tea. “Thank you,” Sam said, not smiling. Laurie waited for Marna to leave, “I know it sounds ridiculous. It sounds like I’m
running off on some spur of the moment thought. But trust me Sam, I NEED THIS. I need to forget the shit in my past and try to make something of myself.” Sam offered, “You know you might get Jamie back someday.” Laurie sighed, “I keep telling myself that. But ya wanna know the truth? Jimmy….the courts….their right. As a single mother, I am unfit. I’m like a zombie most of the time, just walking around like an empty shell. I don’t want that for Jamie. My baby, well, I’ll have Nolan to be there for me. But not here. Not Haddonfield. Not as Laurie Strode.” Sam narrowed his eyes, “Laurie, you do understand that even if I was to help you pull this off, your wish would be granted in the most deadly plain way. You can NEVER see your parents again. You can NEVER see Jamie again, or any of your friends, nobody. When your parents die, their inheritance cannot go to you, it will all be gone.” Laurie nodded, “It won’t be easy, but it’s really for the best, I think you know that…” A long, long silence. Sam deeply sighed, “Okay. I can only promise I’ll try. I may be able to pull a few strings with the governor. He owes me a favor or two.” Laurie half-smiled, then quickly grasped Sam’s hand, “One more thing, before we go any further…” “Yes?” “Jamie, Please, you must do this for me….watch over her. I don’t know if Michael will ever even walk again, but even if he doesn’t, please, keep track of her from time to time. Don’t let what happened to her happen to me. And if you ever meet her, oh god, don’t tell her about me. I’d rather she thought I died, than have her know I just left her.” Sam nodded, “Of course.” ~~~ America has had it’s share of serial killers, but none like Michael Myers. It all started in Haddonfield, Illinois on October 31, 1963. Michael Myers was only six when he stabbed his older sister Judith to death. Shortly after, he was admitted into the Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium where he was put under the care of Dr. Samuel Loomis, a local psychiatrist who saw through Michael’s deception. Dr. Loomis knew that Michael was the embodiment of pure evil, and he never wanted him to be set free. Michael lived in the sanitarium in a catatonic state for 15 years. He was simply immobile, staring into nothing. By 1972 the doctors believed his muscles to be useless, but they were wrong. In 1978, Michael escaped. He returned to Haddonfield where he killed 16 people trying to get to his younger sister, Laurie Strode. If not for Dr. Loomis, Michael would have killed her, too. Michael was shot a total of 13 times that night, not to mention set on fire in a hospital explosion. Michael was then sent to the Ridgemont Federal Hospital, where he was pronounced an invalid and lived in a coma. In 1980, Laurie and Jimmy Lloyd, another survivor of that night, had a daughter named Jamie Lloyd. They never married, however. The following year Laurie was killed in a severe car accident. Jimmy himself married a woman named Clara Higgins. In 1987, Jimmy and Clara were killed in an accident themselves, and Jamie was adopted by the Corruthers family. On October 30, 1988, Michael escaped in a routine patient transfer from Ridgemont to Smith’s Grove. Once again he returned to Haddonfield after a decade, this time trying to kill his niece, Jamie. Dr. Loomis returned as well, but could not stop Michael from killing 12 people that night. Jamie was protected by her foster-sister Rachel Corruthers. Also that night, Jamie attacked her foster-mother, Darlene, but officials opined that it was under the influence of traumatic shock. Although the police reported they had killed Michael, he returned in 1989. There were rumors that stated Jamie and Michael actually shared a telepathic link. It seemed Jamie could sense where Michael was. Of course, these rumors were never officially proven to be true. Michael killed 11 people, including Rachel. Sheriff Benjamin Meeker, along with the help of Dr. Loomis, set up a sting operation at the Myers house, where Myers was eventually caught and arrested. He was to be sent to a maximum security facility in Chicago. Unfortunately, something that can only be described as bizarra happenened that night. An incident so strange it left the entire country baffled and frozen in fear for years. The Haddonfield Police Department was blown up. Both Michael and Jamie vanished. People searched for months, but no sign of Jamie was ever found. There was, of course, a vague rumor that they were still alive, but no one knew for certain. Some believe they are being hid away. If that’s true, may God have mercy on Jamie Lloyd’s soul. Sam Loomis

You’ve fooled them haven’t you Michael? But not me.

1.

Haddonfield, Illinois

October 31, 1989

Halloween

The Haddonfield Police Station was dimly lit, the lighting outside made a grim, grimy glow that seemed to symbolize Halloween itself. Sheriff Ben Meeker sat at his desk, looking at a picture of his deceased daughter, Kelly Meeker. We got him. I’ll be damned. How the Hell can a man survive a round of fire and still walk? Maybe Loomis is right. He just might be the face of evil. Either way, he’ll rot in prison. Hell, I should go right in there and shoot his ass. Kelly didn’t deserve to die. She didn’t do anything wrong. Maybe DeLoris Baxter is right, maybe Halloween should be banned. A lot less kids would be killed, then. Jamie Lloyd walked quietly into Ben’s office, “Sheriff Meeker?” Ben looked up. Everytime he sees Jamie, he thinks of last year when she stabbed her fostermother. He saw her at the top of those stairs, looking down at him. Sissors were in her hand, covered in blood. Dr. Loomis at the time thought she was evil, too. But then, later, he said Jamie was acting under the influence of Michael. He said Jamie wasn’t
dangerous, but I saw her eyes. I saw those eyes, which are now looking at me again, only this time they are full of sorrow. Jamie stood very still, waiting for him to speak next. Ben put down the picture of his daughter, “I talked to Dr. Onward. He told me Dr. Loomis is stabilizing.” Jamie was happy to hear that. Then she remembered what she wanted to ask, “Did you call my fosterparents?” Ben shrugged, “No one answered at the cabin. We’re still trying.” Deputy Marc Smith entered the office, “Sheriff, we administered the thaurazine into Myers. He should be sleeping within a matter of minutes.” Jamie cocked her head, “Can I please see him before I leave?” Ben hesitated. I guess it’s best if she sees him behind bars. That way she’ll know he can’t get her anymore.

“What happened?” Ben led Jamie to the cell that occupied Michael Myers, who just an hour ago was trying to slaughter Jamie, but is now quietly sitting on a bench. Jamie couldn’t read into his mind. It was a total blank. Ben saw Jamie staring at Michael and decided to speak up, “The National Guard will take him to a maximum security facility where he will stay till the day he dies.” Jamie remained somber, “He’ll never die.” Even though Ben is a very logical person, he knew that Jamie was probably right. God, I really hope he dies. “Okay, take her back to the clinic.” Officer Tim Jacobson nods at Ben and puts his hand on Jamie’s shoulder. Jamie took one last look at her uncle, then followed Officer Jacobson out of the jail area. Outside the Haddonfield Police Department, Dr. Terance Wynn flips his cigarette to the ground. He is dressed entirely in black, including a black robe and a black fedora. This is it! After an entire day of walking around Haddonfield, I’ll get what I came for. I suppose this is now or never. Terance walked to the back door. He picked the lock. This is easier than I thought! To think, not only will I get Michael, I’ll get the little girl as well! Thank you Thorn for giving me this role in life. You’ve opened up my world with new possibilities and probabilities. Terance walked into the Jail. He saw a lone guard standing by Michael’s cell. Terance took out his gun, which had a silencer, and shot the officer. Officer Chris Chromy fell before he knew something happened. Terance set two small sticks of Dynamite against the bars of Michael’s cell. He then ran for shelter. Outside the Haddonfield Police Department, Tim Jacobson let Jamie crawl into his car through the driver’s side, then he sat in as well. He didn’t like what he saw when he looked at her. She looks like any nine year old, except she looks like she’s been through Hell. Her ripped-up princess costume has blood stains all over it. She looks like her mother, they have the same eyes. Oh, that poor girl. No telling what will happen to her in the next few days. The Corruthers are fair people, but the death of Rachel may drive them to put her up for adoption. Richard is a kind man, he’ll want to keep her. Darlene is another story though. Jamie stopped breathing. Her vision blurred. Her sight went from the dashboard to jail bars. She knew she was looking through Michael’s eyes again. Something is going to happen… Both Jamie and Tim jumped at the sound of an explosion coming from the police station. Tim opened the door, “Wait in the car!” He ran to the station doors. Terance pulled out a second gun and began shooting stunned police officers. Because of the smoke and confusion, many of the policemen couldn’t see the gunman, so they shot where they thought the gunman was. Officer Gerold Wallace accidently shot Officer Kevin McGill, who shot back at Officer Wallace. Ben Meeker grabbed a shotgun. He entered the hallway, “Spread out!” Ben hid behind a trash can. Terance continued to fire. He watched many of the men fall. Tim Jacobson entered the room. He was shot in the jaw, and fell. Ben squinted and saw a man in black shooting a gun. He lifted his gun, aimed, then fired at him. Terance was shot in the shoulder. He grimaced in pain, but was able to controll himself. He hollored out, “Sorry Sheriff Meeker, your services are no longer required!” He then shot Ben five times. Ben Meeker thought of his dead wife Loretta. Then his dead daughter Kelly. Michael, I swear you’ll die. You’ll pay. I’ll see to it no matter what…… As the smoke cleared, Terance walked into Michael’s cell. Michael began walking towards him. Terance remained calm, “Thorn.” Michael stopped, and tilted his head. Terance withdrew a needle and injected Michael with a mutated form of Narcinal, which had a green tint to it. Michael passed out within seconds. Jamie entered the Haddonfield Police Department. She had to know if Michael had escaped. But, more than that, she felt what could only be described as a force drew her in deeper. Eventually, she saw corpses of dead policemen. She tried not to look at them as she walked on. “JAMIE, COME TO ME!” Jamie heard a voice in her head, but she didn’t understand it. She walked up to Michael’s cell. The bars were ripped up, and there was a small fire around it as well. Oh God! Why didn’t I just run away? Michael’s out! He’s gonna kill me! Help me, God! Jamie, with tear-filled eyes, cried out, “No….” Ter Vance entered the room. Jamie saw a man in black approach her. She knew he wasn’t her uncle Michael, but she also knew he wasn’t there to help her, either, “No!” Terance smiled, “Jamie, come with me.” Jamie ran. She went down a small hall, and saw a door. She opened it, and stepped outside. She saw her uncle, and he was being pushed into a white van. She stopped, and blinked. Why are they doing that? Terance grabbed Jamie, not concerning himself with her screams. He then stuck Jamie with a needle. Immediately, Jamie began breathing slower. She cried out again, only this time it was weaker, “no!” Jamie fell into Terance’s arms. He frowned, “Poor girl, it’s not your fault your a Myers.”

2.

Smith’s Grove, Illinois

November 3, 1989

Jamie woke. No! No? What happened? Where am I? This isn’t my room. My head hurts. Michael! He’s coming for me! Jamie jolted up. Terance entered the room. He saw Jamie, looking a lot better than she did three days ago, sitting up in bed. He smiled,
“Good morning, Jamie Lloyd.” Jamie looked at Terance, “Who are you?” “My name is Dr. Terance Wynn. You are at the Haddonfield Memorial Hospital.” Terance saw no reason to lie to her now, but soon she’ll have to know the truth. Jamie started shaking, “Michael! He’s loose! He’s…” Terance interrupted her, “Shhhhhhh! It’s okay! Your safe, I promise! Tell me the last thing you remember.” Jamie thought, images in her mind seemed blurred and unfocused, “I remember the police station. There were dead bodies. Michael was gone…” Terance interrupted her a second time, “Jamie! That never happened! Michael never escaped. He’s still there. Remember last night? At the children’s clinic? You had an epileptic seizure. Nurse Rosa Palsey drove you here, immediately. Remember?” Jamie sat silently, “No. I don’t remember.” Terance smiled again, “Memory loss is common in these cases. Don’t worry, your memories will return soon, I promise. And if it makes you feel any safer, we have guards all around the hospital, inside and out.” Jamie sniffed, “It won’t do any good.” Terance put his hand on her sholder, “Why not?” “He’s not just my uncle, he’s the boogyman.” Terance grinned, “There’s no such thing as the boogyman. Your fosterparents left only three hours ago. We didn’t want to wake you so they left. They were very heartstruck because their daughter died.” Jamie felt like a hand slapped her across the face. Oh God no! Rachel! Rachel is dead! I remember! She was in the attic! She was stabbed in the heart. Her eyes were open, she was looking at me! Terance watched as the girl began crying. For an instant, he felt that what he was doing was wrong. Remember, Thorn does know best. Everything done here is for the best. Terance decided it was time to leave, “I’ll be back later. Get some sleep. I’ll wake you as soon as your fosterparents arrive. Goodnight.” Jamie watched him leave, and then she still continued to cry. Why does Michael have to do this? Why does he kill everyone? Everyone died because of me! Tina, oh God Tina, she let Michael kill her so I could escape! Why?!? And Rachel! God why did Rachel have to die? I just saw her! Oh, Rachel! Jamie knew she had to sleep. Normally, she would kneel down beside her bed and pray. But tonight, she decided to pray inside her head, she just felt too weak. She was already begining to nod out. Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord me soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. God bless Mr. and Mrs. Corruthers, God bless Rachel, God bless Tina, God bless Billy, God bless me, and God bless Mommy and Daddy in Heaven. Amen… Jamie fell into a deep sleep, dreaming of happier times. Terance walked into his office. He dialed a number, then waited for an answer. “Haddonfield Star Ledger. This is Nancy, how may I help you?” Terance opened his briefcase, “Yes, is Nickolas Thatcher in?” There was a pause, then, “Yes. Hold please.” Terance took out three manilla folders. Each had a label: Myers, Michael A., Lloyd, Jamie L., Myers, Kevin J. “This is Nick Thatcher.” Terance smiled, “Nick, it’s your old pal, Wynn.” The voice both deepened and softened, “What can I do for you, doctor?” “Well, I was wondering if there are any new developments on your paper’s hottest story.” There was a short pause, “Well, there is a possible eye witness to the Police station explosion. I can give you her name.” Termace nodded, “I’m listening.” “Melody Harris. I guess she saw a white van during the time of the explosion behind the police station. She’s supposed to give a full testimony this evening I believe.” “Very good. Anyone else?” “No. A few people reported seeing Myers, but nothing relating itself to you.” Terance smiled, “Thank you Nicholas. You will be rewarded.” “Thank you.” Terance hung up the phone, only to pick it up again and dialed a second number. “Hello?” Terance grinned, “Hello Raymond, it’s Terance.” The voice laughed a full, hardy laugh, “Well Terance, I haven’t heard from you in a dog’s year. How have you been?” “Fine. How’s the wife?” “She’s very stressed out about what just happened. She bought three new locks this morning. But,” more laughter, “that doesn’t stop her from going to get her hair done.” Terance snickered, “I need you to do me a favor.” “Name it.” “Well,” Terance said nonchalantly, “I need you to bring me someone.” “And who might that be?” “Do you know a lady named Melody Harris?” “Melody Harr…Yes! I do know her. She lives right down the street! Nice lady.” “I need her here immediately. Please bring her to me. I need you to start this now.” “Sure thing, Terance. I’ll get right on it. But out of curiosity, what did Ms. Harris do?” Terance hung up the phone. He looked down at the folders. These reports themselves were not for the public eye, but for his personally. He opened the first folder, inside were several pictures of Michael Myers, several of him as a boy, one of him shortly before he escaped Smith’s Grove in 1978, and one of him at Ridgemont Federal Institution. Besides the photographs, there were several reports, many made by Dr. Loomis. Name: Myers, Michael Audrey Age: 32 City: no official address Address: no official address DOB: October 13, 1957 Mother: Myers, Margaret Hill (deceased) Father: Myers, Peter Thomas (deceased) Sister: Myers, Judith Margaret (deceased) Sister: Strode, Laurie (deceased) Any/Other Relatives: Niece: Lloyd, Jamie Lee Uncle: Myers, Jonathan (deceased) Aunt: Myers, Amy Sue (deceased) Grandmother: Myers, Mary Lou Angles (deceased) Grandfather: Myers, Charles (deceased) Grandmother: Hill, Kathryn Nordstrom (deceased) Grandfather: Hill, Jacob Evan (deceased) Cousin: Myers, Kevin James, Sr. (deceased) Cousin: Myers, Suzanne Lynn (deceased) 2nd. Cousin: Myers, Kevin James, Jr. Brother in Law: Lloyd, James Allen (deceased) 1957-Michael was born at Haddonfield Memorial Hospital. 1963-Michael complains of hearing voices and has dreams of violent nature. Margaret Myers, Michael’s mother, went to psychiatrist Dr. Frank DeKaro, telling him that Michael had recently heard voices. Apparently the voices told him to hate people. Also, he had violent dreams, and got in several fights at school, not to mention a few with his sister, Judith Myers. 1963-Michael stabs sister Judith to death. On October 31, 1963 Michael stabbed his sister Judith Margaret Myers to death in her bedroom, supposedly after seeing her and her boyfriend, Gary Hunt, make love. Michael was found by his parents, Peter and Margaret Myers. 1963-Michael admitted to Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium. Apon recogmendation from Dr. Frank DeKaro, local psychiatrist, Michael was admitted into Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium on November 2, 1963. There, Dr. Samuel Loomis was put in charge of him. He logged in an extensive 480 hours with Michael over the following six months. 1964-Michael sentenced
On May 5, 1964, Judge Walter Ward sentenced Michael to the Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium. Dr. Loomis advised Michael be sent to the Litchfield Mental Institution. But the review board felt Dr. Loomis’ reports to be misleading, and instead used Dr. Robert Foster’s notes instead. Dr. Loomis commented that he would keep Michael as a patient. 1965-Michael’s parents, Peter and Margaret, die in car crash. Shortly after leaving Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium, Peter and Margaret Myers were involved in a head-on accident on Hardin Rd. Michael was handed over to the state. Laurie was adopted by Morgan and Pamela Strode. Her adoption records were sealed. 1978-Michael escapes Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium. On October 30, 1978, Michael Myers broke free from his room at Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium. After creating panic by letting other patients escape, Michael stole a state car driven by Dr. Samuel Loomis and nurse Marion Chambers. 1978-Michael kills 16 people. Shot 13 times and set on fire. Survived. Michael returned to Haddonfield, Illinois. There, he killed 16 people. It appears he was trying to find his younger sister, Laurie Strode, 17. Dr. Loomis, who was able to attain a car due to Dr. Terance Wynn, chief administrator, returned to Haddonfield. He, while working with Sheriff Leigh Brackett, shot Michael a total of eleven times throughout the course of the night. Laurie shot him a total of two times. At the Haddonfield Memorial Hospital, Dr. Loomis set Michael on fire. He survived. 1978-Michael taken to Russelville Hospital. Michael was taken to Russelville Hospital on November 1, 1978. There, he was treated for his bullet wounds and severe 1st. degree burns. He remained there for three months. 1979-Michael admitted to Rigdemont Federal Institution. On January 14, 1979, Michael was transported from Russelville Hospital to the Ridgemont Federal Hospital. He was put in Maximum security under the request of Dr. Samuel Loomis. He was in a coma, and Dr. Kieran Thorpp, head surgeon, stated Michael would be a paraplegic for the rest of his life. 1983-Security from Michael discussed Rigdemont Federal Hospital. Chief Administrator Richard Hoffman, went to trial against Dr. Samuel Loomis over whether Michael should stay in maximum security. In the end, judge Leonard McGill granted Dr. Loomis’ requests be met. 1988-Michael to be sent from Rigdemont Federal Sanitarium to Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium. Despite Dr. Loomis’ protest, after a ten year tenure, Michael was ordered to be sent back to Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium where he was to be put in maximum security facilities. 1988-Michael revives and escapes confinement. On October 30, 1988, transfer personal from Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium arrived at Rigdemont Federal Institution to pick up and transfer Michael back to Smith’s Grove. During the transfer, Michael revived and killed four hospital personal. He managed to steal a truck from Penny’s Truck Stop and headed for Haddonfield. 1988-Michael returned to Haddonfield and killed 11 people trying to get to niece, Jamie Lloyd. Michael returned to Haddonfield on October 31, 1988. Dr. Samuel Loomis, along with Sheriff Benjamin Meeker, tracked down Michael. Because Laurie Strode has died, Michael tried to kill her daughter, Jamie Lee Lloyd, 8. While trying to kill her, he killed 11 Haddonfield residents. A police squad found Myers several miles outside of Haddonfield, close to the Lost River. According to the state police, Myers was shot at least 12 times before falling down a well, which also enveloped TNT that exploded. 1988-Unknown. Michael’s whereabouts unknown. It is uncertain how Michael survived the police shoot-out or the TNT explosion. Deputy Gordon LeVille stated that there was a small opening in the shaft that led to the river. It is possible he escaped, but very improbable. After that, no one knows where Michael resided. Three things are sure: Michael’s wounds were mended, Michael was fed, and Michael was protected. 1989-Michael returns to Haddonfield. Kills ten people trying to kill his niece, Jamie Lloyd. Michael came out of hiding and killed eleven people trying to reach Jamie Lloyd, who was residing at the Haddonfield Children’s Clinic. Dr. Loomis, along with Sheriff Benjamin Meeker, set up a sting operation to capture Michael at his house in Haddonfield, it worked. Michael was captured and arrested. He was taken to Haddonfield Police Station, where Dr. Terance Wynn broke him out. 1989-Michael resides at Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium. *Note-Michael’s great grandfather, Fredrick Nordstrom, also heard voices before killing numerous people. This suggests possible inherited traits. Terance then flipped a few pages and read his favorite paragraph written by Dr. Loomis: August 8, 1963- Spent 4 hours in therapy with Michael. He continues to keep his true self hidden inside. But, it seems, when I talk to him I can feel the anger he has for me. Sometimes, if I look hard enough, I can see the anger. This in itself is all the evidence I need to support my conclusion. Michael is indeed evil. Pure and simple. Being a professional psychiatrist, I know many of my colleagues would not share my analysis, and I wouldn’t blame them. But the fact is Michael is extremely dangerous. I honestly believe there may be a deeply hidden agenda inside Michael, but I am also convinced his motive is nonexistant. Michael will kill again, I am sure of it. Next therapy session will be August 11, 1963. I expect no changes in condition, he’s waiting for something. Wynn went through the papers until he found one that had his handwriting on it. He began writing: November 3, 1989. Michael is showing similar behavior as he did previously. Although heavily sedated, Michael sits straight up, motionless. I will begin experimenting on him next week. I believe it will be safe, Thorn operates on Samhain. As a preliminary safety precaution, he will be administered 20cc of Thaurazine before experimentation begins. Terance shut Michael’s folder. He then opened Jamie’s. There were three school pictures of her, as well as a picture of Jamie next to her mother, Laurie. Also, there was a report on Jamie not to dissimilar from Michael’s. He read the report. Name: Jamie Lee Lloyd Age: 9 City: Haddonfield, Illinois Address: 299 Oak Hurst St. DOB: April 24, 1980 Mother: Laurie (deceased) Father: Lloyd, James Allen (deceased) Stepmother: Lloyd, Clara Higgins Foster-mother: Corruthers, Darlene Higgins Foster-father: Corruthers, Richard Lee Any/Other Relatives: Aunt: Myers, Judith Margaret (deceased) Uncle: Myers, Michael Aubry Aunt: Lloyd, Kathy Jo Uncle: Lloyd, Zachary Grandmother: Myers, Margaret Hill (deceased) Grandfather: Myers, Peter Thomas (deceased) Grandmother: Lloyd, Gertrude Knoll
Michael's evil is directed right from Thorn?
Terance tilted his head, “Well, I’ve known Michael for over two decades. I can honestly say he is the evillest entity on Earth. But Michael himself is not the cause of this evil. It’s too anchient, too violent. And Thorn is the center of this evil. The druids helped create it, and this is what it is today. I have spoken with Thorn, in dreams and visions, and I can tell you right now the evil that is in Michael is unstoppable, but not unpreventable.” Dawn’s eyes widened. “Join Thorn Dawn,” Terance soothingly commanded, “and you wont have to face the evil on the opposite side, but be behind it, out of it’s reach. It’s up to you. Half of the hospital is joining me. I could use a good secretary like you.” Dawn stared at Terance, “A lot of what the book you gave me makes sense when I hear you. I’d be lying if I said no, I don’t want to join. I do.” Terance smiled, “Welcome to the family, Dawn. The ceramony will be tonight.” Dawn smiled, but this time she did not blush.

Kansas City, Kansas

November 3, 1989

Robyn Sheridan stepped from her 1987 Cutlass Supreme and walked into her bulky two-story white house with green shudders. As soon as she closed the door, she heard screaming. She ran up the carpeted stairs until she reached her foster son’s room. The door was locked. She began knocking on the door loudly. Inside the room, thirteen-year-old Kevin James Myers, Jr. had previously awaken from a rather terrible nightmare. In it, he and a little girl, who was no more than ten, were being chased by a demon. The demon had many shapes, but frequently looked like a small boy, even younger than the girl. Every time Kevin would scream, all he could hear was the word ‘Thorn’. “Kevin! Answer me!” Kevin stopped breathing. He looked around his room and saw that, indeed, he was in his bedroom. Yet again the victim of another dream. Also, his mother was calling him. Kevin stood and ran to his door and unlocked it. Robyn was alarmed to see Kevin. He was covered in sweat, his brown hair in wet locks. He was breathing hard, and tears were streaming around his face. “Kevin! Are you alright?” Kevin nodded. Robyn nodded back. “It was another dream.” “I’m sorry I locked the door. I must have forgotten,” Actually, Kevin liked the independance and freedom that came with locking his door. Robyn entered Kevin’s room and looked at the bed. It, like Kevin, was covered in sweat, “Kevin, we need to talk. Please, tell me what happened.” Kevin sat down on his bed. He knew what his fostermother was talking about. Three days ago, while most kids were enjoying Halloween, Kevin spent the entire day going into hypnotic episodes. When Kevin would leave the hypnotic state, he would begin screaming wildly. Robyn had no idea what was going on, nothing like this happened with her real son, Todd. She decided to take Kevin to the hospital the next day, but Kevin was better by then. Kevin convinced her not to take him to the hospital. But after that, the dreams returned. The dreams Kevin began having last year around the time Robyn’s husband, William, died. To Robyn, it almost seemed that Halloween was the cause of Kevin’s nightmares and delusions. “Well”, Kevin recalled, “it began actually four days ago. It was very late at night. I had a dream that someone was taking a mask and putting it on. Then the person killed an elderly man. It was very confusing.” Robyn tried to smile, “It was only a dream.” “That’s what I thought too”, Kevin pulled the shades and flooded his room with light, “But the next day I kept seeing things even when I was awake.” “Like what?” “Well, there was a huge brick house. Inside it was a big black dog that barked. And inside also was a pretty teenage girl with blonde curly hair. She was stabbed in the heart.” Robyn felt a cold shiver run down her spine. How could Kevin think of such horrible thoughts? “Is that it?” “No, the visions always changed. I saw all sorts of people, none of whom I’ve ever seen before. I saw a girl with black curly hair in a car with me, well not me, but you know what I mean. Anyway, she went to a store to get cigarettes, but the police stopped her from getting back in the car. It didn’t matter, she died anyway later in the woods after I chased two kids through a forest with the car.” Robyn began trembling, “Kevin, how could you say something so horrible?” Kevin felt bad, “It’s not my fault, it’s what I saw! I know what I saw, and I’m not crazy!” Robyn calmed Kevin down, and also tried to calm herself down in the process, “Your not crazy. I know Halloween isn’t a very easy time for you, or me, since William died. I feel sometim…” Kevin interrupted her, “No! It has nothing to do with him! I really don’t know where it comes from. The things I see are so disturbing, just like what I saw last year when…” Kevin’s voice trailed off. Robyn finished the sentence, “When you got frightened from these visions and lost control and William accidentally went off the road and died. I understand. It’s not your fault he died. He just didn’t expect you to do what you did, even you didn’t expect it.” Kevin felt sad. He really liked William. Ever since his grandmother gave him up for adoption, he felt like no one cared for him untill William and Robyn adopted him. Robyn sat next to him. She put her hand on his shoulder, “Do you think there’s a reason you see these things?” “No, but there is a connection between the things I just saw and the things I saw last year.” Robyn remembered Kevin talking about the things he saw last year. Some of the things Kevin had said involved people getting thrown into power lines, people falling off roofs, and killing people on a truck. Then there was the vision Kevin had that caused William to lose control of his car and drive off of Muhullen Road. Kevin had told her that he saw someone enter a bathroom and stab a woman with sissors. Then the woman fell into a bathtub. Kevin waited for Robyn to respond. “How”, Robyn finally asked. “First of all, it’s the same place. I’ve never been there before, but the place just seems the same. Almost like I’ve known the place all my life. Wierd, huh? Anyway, do you want to hear some other things I saw?” Robyn wanted to say no, but nodded instead. “I saw these two people in a barn. They were having sex. Anyway, I, or the person, killed them. It was
Bye Beverly.

I know I'll be leaving by the end of the year. I'm not your momma, just trying to offer a friend some advise. Have you heard about the new job offer? The State Department of Health is pretty impressive.

I'm just not sure.

You know you deserve it.

Beverly said quickly, "But everyone's talking about your job offer. You're leaving us?"

Beverly nodded, "Not your cup of tea, huh?" "Too many bad memories", Marion offered. Beverly decided to leave it at that, "Well, I'm not your momma, just trying to offer a friend some advise. This place may not even exist in a year or two. I know I'll be leaving by the end of the year. Well, I've taken up enough of your time, I'll talk to you later, okay?"

Robyn smirked, "Thorn, huh. Well, you know dreams can't hurt you." Kevin nodded. He felt stupid. Thirteen, and I act like a nine year old. Robyn smiled, "Hey, I have an idea. How about you and me go to the mall today? Take a shower and get ready. We'll have fun today, I promise." Kevin thought about it, "Okay." Robyn stood and, after taking one more look at her fosterson, left the room. Kevin reached under his bed and found a tablet that had a pen clipped to it. He took the pen then wrote, 'Thorn is out there. The girl knows it too. I don't know where she is, but she needs my help and I need hers. I wish I knew who the people I saw were. Maybe tomorrow I'll learn more. But at the same time I'm afraid to go to sleep." Robyn went into the kitchen and turned the small television on. The morning news was on, "...denies claims. In North Carolina yesterday, an annual celebration turned to disaster. The residents of Ludlow, a small town located near the southern border, were devastated when a stage collapsed underneath the high school's choir. Thirteen students lost their lives, and seven are in critical condition. School officials are now facing serious lawsuits, but have not commented yet on why the stage, which was built in 1943, was not tested for durability.

In Illinois, state police are still searching for Jamie Lloyd, nine-year-old niece of infamous serial killer Michael Myers, who escaped from the Haddonfield Police Station three days ago when it was set on fire by an unknown assailant. Police still have had no leads as to the whereabouts of Myers, or the arsonist who caused the blazes. Eighteen dead is the official number, which is tumultuous compared to the number of deaths last year caused by Myers, counted to be sixteen. In Washington today, President Bush had no comment as to whether the Berlin Wall will fall or not. He was stated as saying, "The entire ordeal is..." Robyn frowned. Didn't Kevin say something about an explosion at a jail? Jeex, now this is all starting to get to me! Maybe I should take Kevin to a psychiatrist. Todd thinks I should. Then again, Kevin probably wouldn't take it very well if I did that. Oh Lord, give me strength. It's now been over a year since Will died and I still feel I can't go on. Kevin stepped into the shower. He then knew, as the water splashed on him, that his dream was not a dream, it was his life. He wasn't sure exactly what that meant, but he knew. He knew. Robyn turned the television off, and the radio on. Becca's latest song, Romeo, was playing. Robyn thought of what Kevin said earlier. The visions he had of people dying. She spoke to herself, "What am I going to do?"

Robyn then put her hands to her face and began crying.

4.

Detroit, Michigan

November 4, 1989

Detroit Medical Center was, when it first opened in 1976, a state-of-the-art health center. Now, it's rundown and in danger of closing. There were six crimes committed on the grounds in just October, and recent salary cuts are making staff, security guards and doctors alike, angry. Inside the three-story brick building, doctors and nurses scrambled around the corridors due to a bus accident that occurred only a half hour ago. But walking quietly through the chaos was Marion Chambers, chief administrator. Since she first took over in 1986, she has seen more death and injury than she would care to admit. And it only seems to get worse. Dr. Jared Wittington saw her and yelled, "Marion! Hold up!" Marion turned around. When she saw Jared, she smiled. "What can I do for you, Dr. Wittington?" Jared stopped and smiled also, "I was wondering if you heard the good news?" "No. Can there still be good news around here?" Marion's question slightly stunned Jared, "Um...well, would you call getting the five thousand dollar grant good news?" Marion blinked, "Are you serious?" Jared nodded. Marion felt like yelling out, instead she drew close to Jared and kissed him. Jared immediately looked around, "Marion, I thought we were keeping this secret!" Marion shrugged. "Well, this is cause for a celebration. Besides, there's no rule against staff fraternization." Jared grinned, "If you insist!" He then kissed her back. "Uhuh!" Marion and Jared turned to see Dr. Beverly Kendall, head nurse. Beverly was standing stern, but smiling, "If you two hopeless romantics are done, your needed in surgery Dr. Wittington." Marion gave Jared one more kiss, "Go save a life." Beverly then began walking with Marion. "Are you ever going to get out of here?" Marion looked oddly at Beverly, "Yes!" "No offence", Beverly said quickly, "But everyone's talking about your job offer. The State Department of Health is pretty impressive. Lord knows you deserve it." Marion nodded. "Well I haven't said no yet. I'm just not sure." Beverly added, "Can you honestly say you like it here?" Marion looked around the hallway she has walked down hundreds of times, "When I first came here in 1986, I would have taken the job right away. I didn't even really care about this job so much, but I knew I was ready to stop working in the Mental Health Department." Beverly nodded, "Not you cup of tea, huh?" "Too many bad memories", Marion offered. Beverly decided to leave it at that, "Well, I'm not your momma, just trying to offer a friend some advise. This place may not even exist in a year or two. I know I'll be leaving by the end of the year. Well, I've taken up enough of your time, I'll talk to you later, okay?" Marion smiled, "Bye Beverly." She smiled as she walked to her office.
When she arrived, her secretary, Haley Johnson, smiled and stood up.

“You had two calls this morning”, Haley handed Marion two yellow pieces of paper, “One is from your mother. She wants you to call her later. The other is from a Dr. Terance Wynn from Smith’s Grove, Illinois. He claims he’s an old friend.” Marion almost laughed, “More like an old enemy. But I haven’t heard from him in at least seven years. What could he want?” “He didn’t say,” Haley answered, “But he left you his phone number.” Marion smiled, “Thank you Haley.” Haley smiled, then returned to her morning coffee. Marion entered her office. She sat, staring at the yellow paper with ‘Dr. Terance Wynn’ scrawled on it. What could he possibly have to say to me? Maybe he’s ready to apologise. Figures, he knows that everything that happened that night was his fault. I’ll never forget his hands, through the car window, trying to strangle me. Sam was right, about everything. I watched Sam fire those bullets into Michael at the clinic, and Michael lived! If Terance would have listened to Sam, hell, if we all would have listened to Sam. I remember apologising to him that night. In the Marshall’s car. God, how stupid I was. I’m sure the last thing he wanted to hear was an apology. Just the night before, Michael’s hands…through the window…choking at me… “Marion, are you okay?” Haley was speaking rather loudly. Marion blinked hard. “Haley, is something wrong?” “I was bringing you your coffee, and you were just sitting here. I called your name and you didn’t respond. I didn’t know what to think.” Marion nervously giggled, “I’m fine. Really. I just need a cigarette.” Haley nodded and gave Marion her coffee. She then smiled and left the room. Marion took a sip of coffee, picked up a cigarette, and lit it. Then, she picked up the phone, and spoke quietly to herself, “Why hello Terance, you old son of a bitch. How’s life?” Marion giggled. She then began dialing the number on the paper. Dawn Thompson answered the phone, “Smith’s Grove Warren County Sanitarium. Dawn speaking.” Marion felt nervous, “Yes. I need to speak to Dr. Wynn.” “Dr. Wynn is currently busy. Who may I say is calling?” Marion suddenly felt annoyance, “You may say that Marion Chambers is calling long-distance from Michigan.” “Marion!” said Dawn, “Please hold.” Dawn put Marion on hold. After a moment of silence, “This is Dr. Wynn.” “I never thought we would be talking again.” Marion took another puff of her cigarette. “I know you still blame me, but I think you should know that we all miss you around here. It hasn’t been the same.” “I bet.” Terance laughed, “Oh Marion, you still very strong-willed.” Marion was not impressed with his attempt of charm, and took another puff of her cigarette in response. “I have a proposition for you. It’s extremely urgent. I need you to come back to Smith’s Grove.” Marion began shaking her head, “No. Not for all the tea in China.” “It’s not what your thinking. I need your help, very badly. I know it doesn’t make sense, but it will if you come down here.” “What’s this concerning?” Marion felt like hanging up. “It’s very confidential, and very private. All I can tell you is that you won’t regret it. I’ll pay for the plane ticket.” “Terance, when I told you to go to Hell, you know I meant it.” Terance laughed, “Yes, I know.” “Can I verify your ‘proposition’ through the Mental Health Department?” “You could, but they won’t know what your talking about. I’m afraid this is not for their eyes. But it is for yours.” “Would Dr. Rogers know anything about this?” “No Marion, and neither does the governor. Besides, Oscar Rogers died three years ago. I thought you knew. And the governor doesn’t have much of a say in these matters anymore.” Marion thought for about ten seconds, “Terance, I’m sorry, it seems I forgot to tell you something all those years ago.” “And what is that?” Marion took a puff of her cigarette, “I told you to go to hell. What I forgot, was to give you directions. Good day.” Marion hung up the phone and took another sip of coffee. She then put her cigarette out, stood, and walked out of her office. She went to Operation Room 4b, and waited for Jared to walk out, I need a vacation. Dillon is usually right. Where did he tell me to go? Bermuda? Maybe Jared could be…..persuaded to come with me. Oh Marion, you know you love him. Admit it, you do have a soul. You do have a heart inside you, it’s not being used as a doorstep. Jared smiled at nurse Eleanor McHarris, as the patient, Caroline Graw, was wheeled out of the operating room. “Another life saved, thanks to us,” Eleanor grinned, “And they want to shut this place down.” Jared looked distant, “It will happen,” he saw Eleanor look downward, saddened. Jared decided to finish his sentence, “Unless Marion does something about it.” “I hope so”, Eleanor tried to smile. I’ve worked here for ten years, Eleanor thought, I can’t afford to lose this job. Jared removed his gloved and mask, “I’ll be in my office.” He stepped from the operating room and saw Marion sitting in the hallway. “Marion, what is it?” Marion stood and smiled dimly, “I just wanted to talk to you. A ghost from my past just called.”

5.

Haddonfield, Illinois

November 4, 1989

The huge clock embedded at the top of City Hall chimed three times, indicating three o’clock has arrived. The C.W. Lampkin Park, loosely located in the center of Haddonfield, was host to at least one hundred and fifty residents, all of whom are attending the memorial service for those who died Halloween night. Pastor Timothy Maasch stood on a platform which also carried his alter. He raised his hands and signaled everyone to stand, “Fellow residents, we are gathered here to honor the memories of eighteen fellow brothers and sisters who have been called home. Before the service begins, may we all bow our heads in a moment of prayer.” When he saw each and every head lower, he began praying, “Lord, please give us strength in this most troublesome time. We do not
know why you work in such strange ways, but have faith that your ultimate plan will, indeed, triumph over all evil. Amen.” Two men, Harold Ganes and Edward Nuncia, began walking to the altar holding what appeared to be a board covered in red velvet. They set it on an easel. Pastor Maasch continued, “On October 31, 1989, serial killer Michael Myers returned to our small town and took the lives of ten beloved friends and relatives to us all. Namely, Deputy Tomas Durkheim, Deputy Nickolas Frank, Deputy Edward Hayes, Deputy Charles Judd, Dr. Maximillion Hart, Michael Chapin, Rachel Corruthers, Samantha Glynn, Matthew Spitz, and Tina Williams. In addition to this, there was an explosion at the Haddonfield Police Station which resulted in the deaths of eight police officers. They are Officer Chris Chromarty, Lieutenant Nolan Delnato, Officer Timothy Jacobson, Officer Kevin McGill, Deputy Marc Smith, Officer Gerald Wallace, Deputy Scott Wilson and, finally, Sheriff Benjamin Meeker. I knew each and every one of these individuals from church and I can say, without a doubt, they are now in the kingdom of God. Their suffering is no more.” Pastor Maasch looked at Harold and Edward, “Now.” Harold and Edward removed the red velvet covering to reveal a marble plaque. It had Haddonfield in large letters on top. In smaller letters was a list:

Myers, Judith-1963
~
Alicia, Janet-1978
Alves, Gloria-1978
Brackett, Annie-1978
Bruner, Alice-1978
Garrett, Clifford-1978
Mixter, Dr. Ford-1978
Moyer, Jill-1978
Rossi, Bud-1978
Soles, Lynda-1978
Shoop, Karen-1978
Tramer, Bennett-1978
Quaid, Bob-1978
~
Anderson, Buck-1988
Barnett, Earl-1988
Brady, Sasha-1988
Hollister, Ted-1988
Logan, Deputy Jacob-1988
Meeker, Kelly-1988
Musters, Officer Daryl-1988
Smith, Officer Mary Marie-1988
Tomas, Lieutenant Jon-1988
Tramer, Al-1988
Travis, Lyndin-1988
Wessex, Harry-1988

Chapin, Michael-1989
Chromarty, Officer Chris-1989
Corruthers, Rachel-1989
Delnato, Lieutenant Nolan-1989
Durkheim, Deputy Thomas-1989
Frank, Deputy Nickolas-1989
Glynn, Samantha-1989
Hart, Dr. Maximillion-1989
Hayes, Deputy Edward-1989
Jacobson, Officer Timothy-1989
Judd, Deputy Charles-1989
Meeker, Sheriff Benjamin-1989
McGill, Officer Kevin-1989
Smith, Deputy Marc-1989
Spitz, Matthew-1989
Wallace, Officer Gerald-1989
Williams, Tina-1989
Wilson, Deputy Scott-1989

May these souls find peace in the kingdom of God.

For being struck down by the demon Michael Myers,

has left us all in sorrow.

“What you see here before you,” said Pastor Maasch, “is a complete list of Haddonfield residents taken from us by the abomination known as Michael Myers. It will be displayed at city hall if any of you would like to observe it up close. I would now like to read a scripture that I believe…” Veronica Williams, whom had just lost her daughter Tina, decided that she had heard enough. She stood and interrupted Pastor Maasch by screaming, “No!” Everyone looked at her. Veronica was in tears, “This is just like last year! We all gathered here last year to bid farewell to innocent people who didn’t deserve to die. And what did we do about it? Nothing! Now, my daughter is dead! She’s dead! We all thought Michael might come back, but we took no precautions! Now, here we all are again! What do we do this time? We make a plaque! That’s not enough! If Michael comes back next year, who will he kill? Sheriff
Wyatt…” Veronica looked at newly hired Sheriff Miranda Wyatt, “you have a daughter don’t you?” Miranda, shocked and still getting used to being a sheriff, nodded, “And a son.” Veronica narrowed her eyes, “Oh, well, if you look at that wonderful plaque you’ll see two names up here who have something in common. They’re names are Brackett and Meeker. Annie Brackett and Kelly Meeker. They both were daughters of sheriffs in this town. You see? If something was done in this town, those two girls, everybody on that damn plaque would still be alive. Don’t you see? Halloween must be banned in this town. Kids need to be locked up on Halloween night, not out in the dark.” DeLoris Baxter stood as well, “She’s right. I told Sheriff Meeker that weeks ago, but he didn’t listen. Now, he’s dead. I don’t care what you all think. Even if that evil child Jamie Lloyd is dead. Michael will return. I feel it.” Richard Corruthers, Jamie’s fosterfather, stood, “Jamie Lloyd is not evil and she is not dead.” Darlene Corruthers, who was sitting next to Richard, could only cry. DeLoris stood firm, “Jamie did stab your wife, Michael did kill your daughter. Maybe if she were killed as well none of this would have happened.” This time Darlene stood, as Richard broke down, “You listen! It wasn’t Jamie’s fault Michael killed my daughter. And, yes, she did attack me. But it was from shock. You can go to hell, DeLoris.” DeLoris nodded, “Right. Keep telling yourself that.” Richard blurted out, “Jamie’s not dead. When they find her, we’ll still take care of her. We love her as much as our daughter.” DeLoris shrugged, “Why not? After all Rachel’s dead and…” Darlene was getting ready to go after DeLoris when Pastor Maasch called out, “Silence! This is Satan working through all of you.” DeLoris shook her head, “No, Satan’s in Jamie and her uncle. It’s…” “That’s enough,” Miranda said, “I’ll have to ask anyone to leave if there are anymore outbursts. Do you honestly think we are honoring our loved ones by bickering like children? Please continue Pastor.” Veronica interjected, “No Sheriff, it’s not enough. I think Halloween should be given up in this town. I won’t wait another year for an answer.” There was silence. Richard and Darlene sat down, as well as DeLoris. Veronica stood, “I know it’s unusual to do something like this, but it’s necessary. Considering the situations,” Veronica turned around, “Who agrees with me?” What started with a few hands, gradually turned into many, and ended with practically all raised. Miranda lowered her head, “If this is what you want, I suppose it will be considered. No, I’ll do more than that. I’ll speak with Mayor Farlow tonight. I guarantee you that something will be done. Now, if there aren’t any other comments, Pastor Maasch will return to his sermon.” All of Haddonfield’s residents looked around at eachother. Several of the children in the seats felt sick to their stomachs. No Halloween? 7.

Smith’s Grove, Illinois

November 4, 1989

The room was white. It had a white bed, rug, and absolutely no signs of electricity or any modern technology anywhere. Just a large bright open window, with waving white curtains, letting the light come flowing in. Laurie Strode, on the bed with a white nightgown, was brushing her hair, letting all the tangles straighten out into straightness. Jamie Lloyd and Rachel Corruthers stood in the doorway. Jamie looked up at Rachel, “Is it alright?” Rachel smiled, “Yes. Go visit your mother. You deserve it.” Jamie hugged her and walked to her mother. She didn’t wonder how she could know what her mom looked like, except in pictures. Laurie turned around and smiled, “Oh Jamie! I’m sorry you thought I died, but I was just gone for awhile! Your dad is downstairs making french toast. Give me a kiss.” Jamie kissed her mother, “Momma, I had the worst dream, do I have an uncle Michael?” Laurie still smiled, “Yes. But he’s far away. He’ll never hurt anyone.” Jamie frowned, “I need to know why I see things others don’t.” Laurie smiled even warmer, “Never forget Thorn.” Jamie’s eyes narrowed, “Thorn?” Rachel called out, “Jamie, where are you?” Suddenly, a boy stood in Rachel’s place. He was about thirteen, “Oh no! I’m sorry you thought I died, but I was just gone for awhile! Your dad is downstairs making french toast. Give me a kiss.” Jamie kissed her mother, “Momma, I had the worst dream, do I have an uncle Michael?” Laurie still smiled, “Yes. But he’s far away. He’ll never hurt anyone.” Jamie frowned, “I need to know why I see things others don’t.” Laurie smiled even warmer, “Never forget Thorn.” Jamie’s eyes narrowed, “Thorn?” Rachel called out, “Jamie, where are you?” Suddenly, a boy stood in Rachel’s place. He was about thirteen, “Oh no! I’m dreaming again!” Jamie shook her head, “This isn’t a dream. I’m Jamie, this is my mother. I’ve seen you before. I remember you.” “I’m Kevin. I’ve seen you before as well.” Laurie began brushing her hair again, “If you two know eachother so well why don’t you talk? I’ll be here if you need me Jamie. I love you.” “I’m not dreaming?” Kevin seemed confused. “No,” Jamie reassured him, “This is my house.” A boy appeared. He had dark hair and brown eyes. Jamie smiled, “Billy! I knew you were here. My mom’s back.” Billy Hill, smiling, gave Jamie a present, it was a bracelet. “I’m holding a card and it says to hide. I don’t understand what’s your problem?” Jamie frowned, “Billy?” Kevin interjected, “Jamie, you are dreaming. None of this is real. I’m dreaming, too. I need your help.” Jamie began crying softly, “What do you need me to do?” “Tell me what Thorn is?” Before Jamie could reply, Laurie called to Jamie. “Don’t. Your uncle’s the Boogyman. He’ll come for you if you tell.” Then Laurie was gone. “Thorn will come for both of you,” said Billy. Kevin looked at Jamie, “Tell me!” “Kevin, what the Hell are you doing?” An older teenage boy appeared. Kevin recognised him, “Todd? What are you doing here?” Todd looked mad, “You never should have came to my house. I hate you. I hope you die. Your not my fosterbrother. Your a pest.” Jamie began crying harder, “I can’t tell you what Thorn is, because I barely know myself.” Suddenly, Billy and Todd disapeared. Dr. Samuel Loomis appeared, “We both know he’s out there, but you know where he is! Why are you protecting him?” Jamie cried out, “I’m not protecting him! I’m trying to hide from him! Do trust you! My mother liked you! But Michael is so strong. Even you can’t kill him. I don’t know what else to do but hide!” Sam Loomis disapeared. Kevin looked at Jamie, “What’s the Boogyman?” Jamie wasn’t exactly sure, but she replied, “My uncle.” Kevin began crying as well. Jamie began breathing hard. The house shook very
1986.

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November 5, 1989

Haddonfield, Illinois

Haddonfield Memorial Hospital was founded in 1956. It suffered a tragic explosion and post-fire in 1978, and yet another fire in 1986. Since then, following the last fire, George Harris bought it and completely refurbished it. It is now on the cutting edge of
medical technology, better than most hospitals in Dwight or even Chicago. The hallways of Haddonfield Memorial were usually quiet, and this morning was no exception. That is, until, Nurse Trisha VanDergil leaped from one of the rooms and ran began running down the hall. Dr. Jane Elam, head nurse, was quietly singing to herself, “Working nine to five, what a way to make a living…” Trisha ran up to Jane, “Dr. Elam, I need you in room 234, we have a problem!” Jane hated those words, and ran to the room. Inside, she saw the patient, Dr. Samuel Loomis, getting dressed, “Dr. Loomis! You can’t leave!” The elderly man, not in the best of health, didn’t seem to hear her. Why do I even bother trying to explain, Sam thought, when everyone in this damn town won’t listen to me? I might as well give it a good try. “Dr. Elam, in case you didn’t know, Michael has escaped from the prison. Not that I’m surprised. More than that, Jamie Lloyd is gone as well. I know Michael probably killed her, but I have this feeling,” Sam put his hand to his chest to project what he was saying, “this feeling she’s alive. I have to look for her.” Jane went to him and put a firm hand on his shoulder, “Dr. Loomis, if you leave now you endanger yourself of suffering another stroke. This would surely kill you,” Jane decided to make this sound logical to Sam, “If you die who will save Jamie?” Sam thought, I am weak. Maybe one more day of rest will be prudent. “I just want to tell you I’m not mad. I am a trained psychiatrist, I have been helping people long before you have.” Jane laughed lightly, “Then possibly you’ll understand me when I say that doctors make the worst patients.” Sam laughed slightly, “True enough. One more day.” Sam took off his jacket and sat on the bed, “I’m not wearing the hospital gown anymore. You’ll have to sudate me in order to. I’d suggest thaurazine,” A small smile came to Sam’s face. Jane laughed, “Alright. Just for you, Doctor.”

9.

Smith’s Grove, Illinois
November 5, 1989

Jamie was walking with her parents Jimmy and Clara. They walked in summer clothes on a winter day. Snow was falling lightly, but neither three seemed cold. They stop and Clara smiles, “Jamie, there’s your friend!” Jamie looks and sees Kevin, looking around at the surroundings. She realizes that she is dreaming, but gives her parents hugs anyway before she goes to Kevin, “It’s you again!” Kevin saw her and smiled, “I was hoping we’d see eachother again. How are you?” “Not good. I’m locked up in a hospital. They won’t let me leave.” “Why?” Jamie sniffed, “I guess they’re kidnappers.” Kevin shook, “Jamie, do you know what Thorn is yet?” Jamie shook her head. “Hey! Do you know where your being held?” Jamie frowned and shook her head, “I never saw a sign.” The two stood in silence for at least three minutes before Jamie’s eyes lit up, “Kevin! I remember what I wanted to tell you! I remember you said you had visions, so do I!” Kevin tried to remember his visions, but they seemed distant, “I can’t remember them, I think they were about people dying. A dog, A girl, or girls. It’s hard to remember.” Jamie stopped breathing, “Was it a big black dog named Max, or a teenage girl named Rachel or Tina? Or a store with a woman painted on the side? She had giant cookies on her chest. Or a…” Jamie’s eyes opened and she saw Terance above her. She screamed. Terance covered her mouth, “Jamie! Wake up! It’s only me! Get up, I want you to walk with me. Come on,” Terance stood and allowed Jamie to get up. Jamie walked out of the room with a hint of excitement, Have my fosterparents come to get me? Will they take me home? Jamie looked around her. She could tell it was definately a hospital, but it looked wierd to her at the same time. Terance led Jamie to room 112. He opened the door. Jamie stepped in and didn’t know what to think. The room was considerably larger than Jamie’s previous one, and painted light pink. There was a pink and white canopy bed to the left, and a desk to the right. A large mirror was hung over the desk. There was a television, as well as a radio. There were stuffed animals surrounding the room, as well as other small toys. The window, while still barred, had pink curtans. There was a closet in the corner. It was open and appeared to have many articals of clothing inside. Like the previous room, there was a bathroom connected to it. Jamie walked into the room wide-eyed. She looked around, and sat on the bed. She began to cry. Terance looked at Jamie genuinely sympathitcally, “I know you miss your fosterparents. When I was three, my mother died. When I was twelve, my father died as well.” Jamie sniffed, “Then why don’t you let me go?” Terance stiffaned, “You just don’t understand. Not that it’s your fault. You see,” Terance said with slight empathy, “There is a reason I am doing what I’m doing. It is the way it should be. We all have a role to play, and this is what I was destined to do. You were destined to be here.” Jamie stopped crying, “I don’t understand you.” “You will, someday,” Terance stood. Jamie wiped away her tears, “This has something to do with Thorn, doesn’t it?” Terance grasped Jamie, “How do you know about that?” Jamie shrieked, “I dream about it! Please don’t hurt me!” Terance let her go. He then cocked his head, “You dream about it? Very interesting. I want you to draw me a picture of Thorn, okay? There’s paper and writing utencils in the desk. I will see you in the future.” Jamie watched as Terance left. She waited three seconds, then ran to the door and tried to open it. It was locked. Jamie leaned against the door, “I hate you.” Jamie then went to her bed. She picked up a remote control on the nightstand and turned the television on. “...will be approved. In Russelville yesterday, three fires were set at the Twin Hills Ranch. Police are now serching for Jeremy Mills, local resident who they belive may have set the blazes. Litchfield Public Library, which opened a new wing three weeks ago, was the scene of what appears to be a post-Halloween prank. The newly-built children’s wing was vandalized. Broken
Halloween approached.

Jamie Lloyd, “Mom, they’ve ended the search.”

Police have ended the FIVE DAY SEARCH?!? Oh God, Jamie’s eyes rolled back as she flopped limply on the bed.

10.

Haddonfield, Illinois

November 5, 1989

Jeanette Doyle walked down stairs and into the kitchen. She threw two banana peels into the disposal, then walked into the livingroom. She saw her son, Tommy, watching the morning news, “Tommy, how many times have I told you to throw things away when your done with them. This especially means food! I was just in your room. It’s a disaster area! You’ll see! Someday when you move out, and it won’t be too long ‘cause your graduating in May, your going to get a place of your own. Now, are you going to let it get that messy? Tommy?” Tommy Doyle wasn’t listening to his mother. He had learned to block her out years ago. His immediate attention was on a story he just heard on the news. The Haddonfield Police have ended the search for Michael Myers and his niece, Jamie Lloyd, “Mom, they’ve ended the search.” Jeanette blinked her eyes, “What search?” “For Michael Myers! They were searching for him and Jamie. They couldn’t find either! If Michael was dead, they would have found his body,” Tommy began shaking. Jeanette remained quiet. She should have made him see a shrink when he was younger, “Tom, I know you still have nightmares about him. But, you have to understand that Michael isn’t after you. I know you think he is, but has he ever came back for you since?” Tommy sighed. She’s asked me this question at least twenty times, “No. But he is out there, mother. I mean, I still can’t believe that he killed five of my classmates. Seven if you count the two from last year. Mother, I knew all of them, and now they’re all dead.” Jeanette lowered her eyes, “Listen, just keep your room cleaner. And next year, maybe you should leave town during Halloween. I know I am, and so are a lot of people.” Jeanette then went into the kitchen again to make lunch. Tommy turned the television off. I wonder if mom cared more if she knew I have no friends in school? Maybe she should be locked in a house with Michael and see if it gives her years of bad dreams. I remember all those times at school I would get so lost in thought that Michael would creep into whatever I was thinking. Of course, I would jump or scream. My classmates always found that amusing. The only one who could ever understand was Lindsey. Of course, she wasn’t as...as messed up as me. Then, last year, Rachel Corruthers came up to me and began talking to me every now and then. I knew why. She also was having nightmares as well. Michael is the scariest thing that can happen to someone. I knew it, Lindsey knew it, and Rachel knew it as well. And so what if Michael isn’t after me? Does that mean I shouldn’t care? Laurie cared about me. She saved my life even though it could have meant ending hers. But now, Michael came again, for the third time. I guess Haddonfield is banning Halloween. I guess that means no more Halloween parties at the Tower Farm. It’s not like I was ever invited anyway. They’re all hicks anyway, too afraid to expand their minds even the slightest. The graduating class of 1990. God, I can’t believe I’m graduating this year. In the hallway, down the senior hallway, there are pictures of any high school student that died. Of course, this being Haddonfield, only a handful were actually murdered. The two newest were Kelly Meeker and Sasha Brady. I didn’t even like them. Everytime I look at the pictures, I always go farther down. Annie Brackett, Lynda Soles, Bennett Tramer, Bob Quaid, and Janet Alicia. I only knew Annie and Lynda. Annie babysat me several times and I used to be friends with Lynda’s little brother. But not now. Jack is a fucking jerk. But all five of those people were part of that night. Hell, even further down from those four was Judith Myers. She was real pretty. She looks a lot like Laurie. Now, I suppose they will be putting pictures of Rachel, Tina, Mike, Samantha, and Matt up. Their pictures will be right above my locker. How ironic. But then, in a way, it’s funny how I only saw Michael up close once, right up those stairs in the hallway. Laurie made me run, but that second or two I saw of his face was enough. That face comes for me, night and day. You can’t kill the boogieman. Tommy jumped alert at the thought of Michael’s white mask filled his mind. Tommy tried to calm himself down, “I will find you, Michael. You can count on it.” Over the next year, Terance and his growing cult did experiments on both Michael and Jamie. Michael remained catatonic, but Jamie grew more and more distant. She practically buried herself in a fantasy world. Her only friend was Kevin, someone she occasionally saw in a dream. Jamie did, however, notice a certain excitement in Terance as Halloween approached.
Halloween

Terance, dressed in his black suit, including the cape and fedora, went silently into Jamie’s room. Jamie, 10, was watching the news. She never watched anything else. Sitcoms, or other comedic shows, failed to make her even smile. Ever since 1989, all the humor faded away from the young girl. She looked at Terance, then blankly stood up. Another test. When will it end? Terance led Jamie to room number 175. Jamie stared into the dark room, and felt a cold shiver, “What’s in there?” “Your future,” Terance remained monotone. Jamie breathed once, then cautiously entered the room. It was nothing like her room, which was way too familiar with. She saw barred windows to her left, letting in only a small amount of light. As the door closed behind her, she went to the window. When she reached it, she saw nothing. Then, all of a sudden, the lights jolted on. Jamie closed her eyes, temporarily blinded. Then, she turned around. There, in the middle of the room, was Michael Myers. He was sitting completely still on a chair, staring into the blank wall in front of him. Jamie gasped, and backed into the window behind her. She began breathing hard, and began feeling for an invisible weapon. Michael’s breaths remained calm. Jamie said with pure fear, “Uncle Michael, please don’t hurt me!” Michael remained catatonic. Jamie walked, without taking an eye off of Michael, to the corner of the room and sat down. She stared at him in terror for ten minutes, also noticing a large mirror looming at the opposite wall. Then, she stood and crept to the door. She knocked softly. She felt a surge of adrenaline and began pounding on the door, “Help! Please somebody help me! Michael Myers is in here! Please hurry!” Jamie felt a wave of panic and flipped her head around to see if Michael was in the same place. He was. Behind the mirror, Terance decided he has recorded enough data, “It appears that Michael knows when he’ll be striking next. He has no interest in killing his niece now, even though it’s the night of Samhain, but that will all change in two years.” Dr. Emelius Irvine put his clipboard down, “1992? You know this?” Terance smiled, “Thorn releases a lot of information to me.” Dawn entered the room, “Dr. Wynn, Jamie is distracting other patients.” Terance could hear a dozen screams emanating from the corridor, “Let her out. Lead her back to her room.” Terance, Emelius, and Dr. Brad Yeoman watched Dawn open the door, let the scared Jamie out, and shut it behind her. Terance turned around, “In Thorn’s plan, the baby will be born in 1995. So, in order to make sure Jamie survives until then, it seems we will be relocating Michael to Kansas.” Brad wrinkles his eyelid, “Kansas?” Terance almost laughs, “Kansas! Kevin Myers!” Brad nodded, feeling a bit sorry for the poor soul in an entirely different state.

Smith’s Grove, Illinois

Kansas City, Kansas

April 4, 1991

Jamie and Kevin were sitting in darkness, yet they could see each other vividly. Both were floating on nothing, but neither was scared. Jamie put her hand to her hair, “They made me get my hair cut today. It’s real short. I don’t like it.” Kevin nodded, “Why did you get it cut?” “It was getting in the way they said.” Kevin wanted to stand, but decided sitting was best, “My fostermother asked me if I wanted to change my last name to Sheridan. I said no.” Jamie looked down, “The Corruthers’ never asked me to do that. What’s your last name? I never knew.” “Myers.” Jamie’s face grew dark, “Kevin Myers?” “Yes.” Jamie began to shake, “No.” Kevin grasped Jamie, “What’s wrong?” Tears streamed down Jamie’s face, “Kevin! My uncle is Michael Myers! That must be why we see each other in dreams! Please! You have to help me!” “Michael Myers? Wasn’t he on America’s Most Wanted?” “I don’t know.” “I’m related to a serial killer! Wow!” Jamie couldn’t believe what she was hearing, “Kevin! Michael tries to kill his family! He killed my aunt Judith Myers, and he tried to kill my mother! My real mother. If he kills me, he’ll kill you too!” Kevin’s grin subsided, “Oh.” Jamie’s tears stopped, “That means we are related.” Kevin and Jamie hugged. “Kevin, you have to help me. I don’t know how.” “Who’s going to believe me? I’m just a kid.” “I don’t know,” Jamie said, “but I know if you don’t, were both history.” Jamie then saw what could only be described as a window of pure nothing open before her and Kevin. A boy walked through, looking slightly younger than Jamie. Kevin stared for a moment, “Who are you?” “John Tate, who are you?” “Jamie.” “Kevin.” John smiled shyly, “Hey.” Jamie shook her head, “Kevin, do you know him? I don’t.” Kevin shook his head. John walked closer, “I don’t know you.” Jamie was trying to see if she remembered the boy at all, she didn’t. So, she shrugged, “Kevin and I are cousins. Were both in danger.” “Why?” Kevin shrugged, “Jamie says our family is in danger, or something.” John looked around the dark nothingness which surrounded the three, “I don’t have a family, except for my mom.” Jamie frowned, “That’s okay. Kevin and I don’t even have that. We both lost our parents.” John looked at her, “Are we related then?” Kevin looked at Jamie, “I doubt it.
Who’s your mother?” “Her name is Keri Tate.” “I don’t know her,” Jamie said plainly. “Me neither,” said Kevin, getting bored. John began walking away (even though he wasn’t really walking). Jamie called to him, “John!” John turned around, “What?” Jamie ran up to him, “Thank you for visiting me, I don’t get to meet many new people.” John didn’t understand what the girl meant, but he smiled nonetheless. Kevin shot him a smile as well. Jamie gave John a hug, simply missing the feel of human contact. John accomodated, and put his left arm around Jamie, then he was gone. Jamie turned around towards Kevin, but he had already woken up as well. She then sat alone, in darkness, waiting for any form of salvation. 13.

Lansing, Michigan
August 3, 1992
The Oak Hurst Galleria Apartment building was a rambling, fourteen story affair, which was recently redecorated and now has an ancient Gothic flair both inside and out. The apartment building itself is for the more ritzy in Lansing. On the top floor, in room 1036, was the residence of Marion Chambers-Wittington. Marion, only a half-hour ago, had awoken in an empty bed. She sighed, and quickly got up. She slipped on her robe, and walked into the den. She lit a cigarette and picked up the telephone. She called the police, “Hello. This is Marion Wittington. Is Detective Mallory in?” Marion was put on hold. Marion looked at a photograph on the wall. It was taken last year, just before the Detroit Medical Center closed down. In the picture, Marion and her then-fiance’ Dr. Jared Wittington, were sitting in the staff lounge. Dr. Beverly Kendall, Dr. JoAnn Helmbold, Nurse Eleanor McHarris, Dr. Harvey Solgat, and Haley Johnson were standing behind them. Marion sighed, Things were so good back then. We were a family. And we were doing so much good. Now all the building is good for is storing bedpans and other hospital supplies. Then, Marion glanced to the left and saw another photograph. This was taken on her wedding day. She and Jared had married on May 8, 1993. They were outside the church named Chapel Hill. They had been engaged for so long it seemed like they would never marry, or so Marion thought. Then, when they did, Marion was never happier. It was also one of the rare times her entire family was with her, most of them scattered all across America. Even Sam Loomis attended. Marion wasn’t too thrilled about changing her last name. One thing she had going for her was that her name was ‘established’ enough to the point where that if she made a call to any given hospital, they would most likely know who she was. That, and the artical Movin’ On Up did on her for taking risky, but bold chances to enhanse her career. So, she made a compromise with her husband. She would, legally, be known as Marion Chambers-Wittington. But, usually, she would address herself as Marion Chambers. And since then, things have been great between the two. That is, until three days ago. A week ago, Jared had left for a medical convention in Toledo. He never returned. Marion heard a clicking on the phone, “Detective Mallory.” Marion spoke up, “This is Marion Chambers.” Calvin Mallory sighed, “Mrs. Chambers, I told you there’s nothing we can do. There are dozens and dozens of missing people. We haven’t ended our search yet. Were coordinating with the Toledo Police, but frankly they haven’t found much either. His car has not been found, and none of his credit cards have been used. Are you sure your husband didn’t just take off somewere?” Marion stiffened, “No.” Calvin breathed, “I promise if we hear anything I’ll personally call you.” “You do that,” Marion hung the phone up. She looked at her wedding photo again. Jared, please come home. Marion walked to her huge picture window looming in the livingroom and pulled the shades. She looked out at the cars full of people going to work. Are you out there Jared? She then went to the coffee table and picked up a cigarette. She lit it, took a puff, and sighed. She knew she could never quit smoking, no matter how much she tried.

Kansas City, Kansas
October 31, 1992
HalloweeN
Kevin Myers sat in front of his television playing Super Nintendo. Robyn walked by, “Kevin, why are you fooling around? Shouldn’t you be studying?” “Mom, I didn’t even bring home any books. I want to relax this weekend. It seems like school never ends.” Robyn tried to smile, “Trust me, it’ll be over before you know it.” Kevin nodded, only half-listening. “When will you be leaving?” “Soon. Enid will be at the airport in by two. I guess I should start getting ready. Todd will be here about five.” Kevin suddenly felt mad, “Oh come on! Why is Todd going to be here!” “I don’t feel all that safe being gone for three days, leaving you here alone. Just listen to him and you’ll get along.” Actually, Robyn knew that the two didn’t get along, but she hoped that perhaps spending three days together would ease their tensions. “Alright. But I hope he knows that.” Kevin slouched down with a sigh, I have a bad feeling about this. On the outskirts of Kansas City, a white van stopped. The van itself was plain, except for the words Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium painted on the back. The backdoors opened, and Terance Wynn stepped out. He was
dressed in his ritual black robes, and he also had a gun, just in case. Terance looked up a picture of Kevin Myers, “This is your cousin, Kevin Myers. He lives on Gardner Street. He needs to die. Thorn wishes it. Come back here when your finished. I’ll be waiting. Do it Michael, kill for him!” The digital clock above Kevin’s television read 1:32. Kevin stood and walked out of his room. He saw Robyn running into the kitchen. He ran after her. When he entered the kitchen, she was looking over the cluttered kitchen table. The radio was on, and Billy Ray Cyrus’ Achy Breaky Heart was playing softly. Robyn turned it off. “Kevin, where’s my purse?” Robyn knew he was there. “Did you try on top of the fridge?” Kevin smirked. Robyn stopped, and ran her hair over her face. She then went to the fridge and reached up and grabbed her brown purse. On the purse was a pinned yellow ribbon, showing pride for America during the horrible Gulf War crisis. Kevin shifted his weight from one foot to the other, “Robyn, can Alex stay the night tonight?” Robyn looked slyly at Kevin, “Did you ask his mother?” Kevin nodded. “And she knows I’m gone?” Kevin nodded, “She said she trusted us.” Robyn shrugged, “Alright. But Todd has authority over both of you then, got it?” Kevin nodded slowly, lowering his eyes. Robyn put her hand on Kevin’s shoulder, “Listen, I know you two don’t get along. But don’t you remember how you used to?” Kevin folded his arms, “He still blames me for killing his dad. How can I make it up to him? Especially since I didn’t do anything.” Robyn pursed her lips, “You never know. Maybe he’s changed at college.” Kevin didn’t respond. Robyn smiled, “I bought some mini-Snickers bars. I put them in that bowl over there. Make sure you turn the porch light on tonight, and you and Alexander can pass it out, okay?” Kevin blew his hair out of his eyes, slightly annoyed. Robyn looked at her watch, “I have to go! I love you, Kev.” Robyn grabbed her coat and headed out the door. Kevin watched her go, then he picked the telephone up. He dialed a number, and waited for an answer. Alexander Reksam answered, “Hello?” “Alex? She said yes. What about your mom?” “Shit Kevin, she said it’s okay as long as your mom’s watching us. I hope she doesn’t call and check up on us.” “Oh God!” “Just joking! She and my dad will be at the Country Club’s Halloween party all night!” Kevin sighed relief, “So, what do you want to do tonight?” “Wanna scare kids like we did last year?” “And get caught like last year?” Kevin began laughing. “Hey it wasn’t my fault! I didn’t know that little kid was a cop’s son!” Kevin’s laughter died down, “Anyway, my asshole, jerk-off fosterbrother’s going to be here tonight. Whatever we do, we’ll have to be back early or he’ll tell Robyn.”

“Bummer. Well, I’m starving! Wanna go to the Food Court at the mall?” “Yeah. You gonna walk to my house?” “Give me fifteen minutes. I’ll be there.” “Alright. I’ll be ready.” “Bye.” “Bye,” Kevin hung the phone up. He went into the bathroom and brushed his hair. Two days ago, he got a bowl-cut, and since it’s been a lot easier to manage. I wish I had blond hair like Alex. But, at least my brown hair is light. And having brown eyes to match helps. Seventeen minutes later, Alexander Reksam arrived and the two were off to the Fashion Centre Mall, walking in a fast stride. “You know, Mr. Johnson is an asshole. He gave us a pop quiz every day last week. I know I failed the first two,” Alexander kicked a stone. Kevin shrugged, “I studied, but your right. He is an asshole.” The two giggled, then began to walk slower as they approached the mall. Kevin smiled, “By the time we leave the mall, kids should be trick-or- treating. Want to get some candy?” Alexander began laughing, “I brought some money. Maybe I’ll buy a costume. Spencer’s has them on sale today.” “Where did you get money?” “I babysat my little brother last night. He is such a brat. All little brothers are.” Kevin looked at Alexander dryly, “Thanks.” “Just joshin’ ya, buddy.” Alexander ran his hand through his recently bleached hair. He loved looking at Kevin, who to him seemed like the perfect friend. Kevin was funny, smart, caring, and most of all he put up with Alexander’s odd ways. Of course, I have to be careful when I stare at him, because if he catches me, our friendship is ruined. He’d call me a queer, and I’ll be banned from all my friends at school. Would Kevin really do that to me if he knew? Would he really flip out if I told him I’ve loved him for almost a year? No! Don’t think this now. Keep focused, Alex! The two teenagers went into the food court and ate at McDonald’s. Then, they went to Spencer’s. While Alexander went to talk to a clerk, Kevin went to the costumes. He began looking through them, they were all marked 50% off. Then, Kevin stopped when he saw a clown costume. He stopped breathing. There’s something familiar about it… Kevin jumped when Alexander put his hand on Kevin’s shoulder, “Kevin, don’t even think about getting that costume. A clown? What a wuss.” Kevin spun around, “Who said I wanted it? Besides, your one getting the Halloween costume.” Alexander smiled, “Wrong! I can afford two. That way, we’ll get twice the candy tonight.” Kevin wrinkled his face, “You have got to be kidding! We’re sixteen!” Alexander rolled his eyes, “Duh! I’m not saying we’ll have to go door to door, well not much at least. What I was thinking was that we could ‘borrow’ some from friendly kids.” Kevin looked disturbed, “I don’t know if I want to steal.” “Oh come on! I don’t mean take all their candy! Just a little from each. They won’t even miss it by the time tonights over. Remember when we were younger? Bigger kids would steal ours! Now, I wonder if there’s a Beavis or Butthead costume around here…” As Alexander walked away, Kevin focused once again on the clown costume. It was bright red and white, and included a mask. As if in a hypnotic state, Kevin grabbed the costume and held it up to himself in the mirror. Almost immediately, the image of Kevin was gone, and the ghostly image of a young, blond boy appeared. He was holding a knife. Kevin gasped, Jamie! It’s him! The Boogyman! Kevin then dropped the costume and turned sideways. He saw a pale-white mask loom over him. Kevin backed up. I’ve seen it before. But where? Jamie, help me! I’m helpless too! Kevin backed up into Chelsea Booth, the store manager. He shrieked. Chelsea grabbed him, “Are you going to pick up that
“I know,” Kevin quickly interrupted him, “No, it’s not that. I can’t pinpoint it.” And who the hell thinks I’m interested in Donna? While Kevin thought, Alexander stopped, “Now that could make me feel weird.” Kevin looked up at Alexander, then looked to the direction he was staring. Across the street in someone’s yard, behind the bushes, was a man wearing a white Halloween mask. He was still, and staring directly at them. Kevin froze, “Shit.” Alexander yelled out, “Hey buddy! Take a picture, it’ll last longer!” The shape stayed still. So did Kevin and Alexander. Then, slowly, the shape walked into the shadows. Alexander smiled, “Halloween asshole over there thought he could spy on us!” Kevin didn’t hear Alexander. He was stiff, and partially reliving a dream from so long ago. He and a little girl were running away from Thorn. Alexander shook Kevin, “Are you all right?” Kevin snapped, “My god! That’s right! I’m supposed to help her!” Alexander cocked his head, “Who?” Kevin put his hands over his face, “Jamie.” “Jamie? Who’s she?” Kevin shook his head, “I don’t know. I can’t remember. I did know but I forgot again.” Alexander tried to laugh, “Your freaking me out. What’s wrong?” Alexander gulped and thought, Kevin looks so lost, I wish I could kiss him. I would do anything to make him feel better. Anything. Kevin began walking, “Nothing. I’m fine. Really. Let’s just get home.” As the two teenagers walked to Kevin’s house, Michael Myers followed close behind, hiding behind anything he could along the way to avoid detection. It worked. As Kevin shut his front door, he moaned when he saw his fosterbrother, Todd Sheridan. Todd had a shaved head which ordinarily sported brown hair. He also had big brown eyes. He was over six foot, and liked to wear jersey’s whenever he could. Today was no exception. Todd sneered, “Hi Kevin. Where were you?” “What’s it to you, Jockbreath?” Alexander slightly laughed. “Your such a little asshole. Just stay outta my face.” Kevin turned his cd player on. As Alexander pulled out his lighter, Kevin turned his cd player on. ‘Hold My Hand’ by Hootie and the Blowfish began playing. As the two shared the joint, Kevin closed his eyes and relaxed. Eventually, he fell asleep. There was a knock at the Sheridan’s front door. Todd went to it and poked his head outside. He jumped back in when he heard, “BOO!” Tristan Jones, Todd’s girlfriend, jumped into the door, “You big chicken!” Todd put his hand to his chest with relief, “Shit Tristan, you scared the hell out of me!” She smiled, “Happy Halloween!” The two kissed. “Are we alone?” Todd frowned, “Kevin’s upstairs with his faggot friend. They’re supposed to leave soon. Do you want anything to eat or drink?” “No. I got my haircut yesterday, can’t ya notice?” Todd looked more closely. Her hair was shorter, and it was also straightened. She previously had a perm, “It’s interesting.” Tristan backed away, “You hate it.” Todd put his hands on her shoulders, “No. I only said it was interesting. Besides, would the captain of the basketball team go with anyone ugly?” Tristan smiled and nodded, “Do you have Diet Pepsi?” Todd nodded, and kissed his girlfriend again. Upstairs, Alexander woke up. He felt very relaxed, and looked around shortly with disorientation. He saw Kevin sleeping next to him. Kevin seemed to be in a heavy sleep. Jamie and Kevin were sitting in chairs, surrounded by darkness. “...They drugged me. I don’t know why. I think they’re doing another test on me.” Kevin tried to stand, but he couldn’t, “I got high with a friend of mine.” Jamie made a face of confusion, “What’s getting high?” Kevin looked down, “You don’t want to know.” Silence for what seemed an eternity. Kevin looked up, “You know today’s Halloween?” Jamie began shaking, “That’s right. What if the Boogyman comes?” Kevin and Jamie were suddenly on Kevin’s street, surrounded by sunlight. Jamie looked around in wonder, for she hadn’t been ‘outside’ in years. Kevin saw himself and his friend Alexander standing statue still, about two yards away. Jamie saw them, too. “Is that you?” Kevin nodded, “That’s me and my best friend, Alexander. This happened today...” Kevin froze and looked to the direction where the two statues were staring. There, in the bushes, was the shape. Jamie looked also, and screamed. Kevin and Jamie were once again emerged in darkness. Jamie looked at Kevin with a tear in her eye, “Kevin, I think... “...Wake up Kevin!” Alexander was shaking Kevin wildly. Kevin’s eyes opened. Alexander sighed in relief, “Jesus, you were scaring me there.” “What happened?” Alexander chuckled, “Nothing. You just conked out there for a minute. Come on, we gotta go.” Kevin got up, rubbed his face, and slipped on his Halloween mask. Alexander stood as well. They went downstairs and
most awesome idea.”

“I don’t know.”

wierd thing is I usually don’t understand.

confusing.”

looked at Alexander, “What I’ve been telling you!

words to say, because he didn’t know exactly what was wrong with Kevin.

children, as they ran down the sidewalks, laughing and yelling, “Trick or Treat!”

of doom feelings, I guess.

Kevin didn’t answer right away, but then decided what it was, “I’ve gone completely mad.

laughing happily at one of Brett’s jokes, turned to his friend and nodded.

Alexander was standing with a group of his friends; Trent Kelvan, Brett LaRocca, and Damian Harrison.

grin turned into a sour expression, “Thorns?”

plucking the thorns.”

since Kevin came to Kansas, living only houses from eachother, “You look like your enjoying yourself.”

heard someone say hi to him.

out with me.

School Gym, half asleep looking at Alexander talk to several kids on the floor.

happening?

screamed, for there was a large figure in front of her.

She went back upstairs to Todd’s room.

Nancy screamed, “What mother?!?”

A Nightmare on Elm Street was playing.

livingroom and sat on the couch.

She opened the refrigerator, and took out a Slice.

nothing happened, so she tickled him even harder, “Todd, wake up! I wanna go see a movie. Come on!”

Grain

Kevin thought, “Well, it says all kinds of things.

I call him the voice man.”

Kevin dryly looked at his friend, “Funny.”

then blinked, for the smallest second he saw something different through his eyes. He saw his fosterbrother and his girlfriend. They were kissing. Kevin shook his head, Jeez, I really shouldn’t let Todd get to me. About fifteen minutes later, Todd smiled in comfort.

He had just made love to Tristan, and he felt much calmer, even tired. He looked at Tristan. She was resting silently, with her eyes closed. Todd smiled, not a bad idea. He then closed his eyes, and within minutes he was asleep. Tristan looked over to Todd. She could hear him breath hard, indicating he’s asleep. She yawned, and quietly got out of bed. She put Todd’s flannel shirt on, and walked out of the room. She went downstairs, and went into the kitchen. She opened the refrigerator, and took out a Slice. She opened it, and took a sip. She then went into the livingroom and sat on the couch. She turned on the television.

A Nightmare on Elm Street was playing. On the television, Nancy Thompson was in the bathtub. As she drifted off to sleep, Fred Kruger’s razor-glove spouted out the water between her legs. But it quickly disapeared as Nancy’s mother, Marge, woke her up.

Nancy screamed, “What mother?!?” Tristan turned the television off. I hate scary movies. She took a drink of her Slice, and stood. She went back upstairs to Todd’s room. She saw him sleeping quietly. She laid in bed, and got a smirk on her face. She tickled his back. Nothing happened, so she tickled him even harder, “Todd, wake up! I wanna go see a movie. Come on!” Tristan turned Todd a little. Tristan could see, to her dismay, Todd’s slit throat. “Todd! Todd!” Todd’s eyes were wide opened, and they were frozen in a lock of horror. Tristan wanted to scream, but she couldn’t. She stood, and walked quickly to the door. When she opened it, she screamed, for there was a large figure in front of her. Michael lifted his knife. Tristan backed away. She looked around the dim room, and decided to jump out the window. She ran to it, and tried to open it. Unfortunately, she couldn’t budge it. Oh God! What’s happening? Michael began walking slowly to Tristan. Tristan saw, quite planely, that the window was locked. She flipped the lock, and began opening it. But then, she felt the cold metal enter her back. She screamed loudly. Kevin sat in the bleachers of the High School Gym, half asleep looking at Alexander talk to several kids on the floor. Alexander has it so lucky, but I still don’t understand him. Everybody loves him….hell, I love him….he could hang out with anybody in my whole damn school, yet he still likes to hang out with me. Yeah, we get along pretty good. He’s always there for me. I guess that’s a true friend. Still… He was startled when he heard someone say hi to him. It was Justin Elliot. He was the smartest kid in Kevin’s grade. Also, he and Kevin had been friends since Kevin came to Kansas, living only houses from eachother, “You look like your enjoying yourself.” Kevin shrugged, “I’m just in a zoinked mood. I’m ready to go home. I’m waiting for Alex.”

Justin nodded, “Well remember, you can’t pick the rose without plucking the thorns.”

Justin nodded over to Donna Chanell, smiling. Kevin looked at her, and he grinned back. But then, Kevin’s grin turned into a sour expression, “Thorns?”

Justin smiled, “Just a saying I read somewhere. What I mean is, while your here, go talk to Donna. She just broke up with Chad.” Kevin slumped, “No. Maybe some other day. I need to go, I’ll see ya around Justin.”

Justin watched Kevin leave, “Bye.” He then grinned watching Kevin walk down the bleachers, Poor Donna, she’ll have to keep waiting for Kev to call. Looks like Alex is going to get first dibs. I knew it. Kevin went up to Alexander, “Are you ready to go?”

Alexander was standing with a group of his friends; Trent Kelvan, Brett LaRocca, and Damian Harrison. Alexander, who was laughing happily at one of Brett’s jokes, turned to his friend and nodded. He was still laughing when he said, “Well, I suppose. See ya round.” Kevin put his hand up, “See ya guys later.”

Alexander, as the two left, asked Kevin what’s been bothering him all night. Kevin didn’t answer right away, but then decided what it was, “I’ve gone completely mad. I keep getting these, um, these prophecy of doom feelings, I guess. I can’t explain it. I get them every now and then, but today I can’t shake them off!”

Alexander heard the children, as they ran down the sidewalks, laughing and yelling, “Trick or Treat!” He was now unable to come up with the right words to say, because he didn’t know exactly what was wrong with Kevin. He probably feels bad cause his fosterdad died cause of

Kevin wondered out loud. Kevin kept hearing voices in his head.

He was now unable to come up with the right words to say, because he didn’t know exactly what was wrong with Kevin. He probably feels bad cause his fosterdad died cause of

Kevin blushed, “Well, I do. It’s very confusing.”

Alexander began walking slowly, “What do the voices say?”

Kevin thought, “Well, it says all kinds of things. The wierd thing is I usually don’t understand. Like about an hour ago, it said ‘Go home for him.’”

Alexander looked at Kevin, “Todd?”

“I don’t know.”

Kevin felt embarrassed. “I wanna drop it.”

Okay pally, whatever you want. But it’s too bad, I just thought up the most awesome idea.”

“What?”

Alexander grinned, “Well, maybe we could take a stethiscope and I could put it on your ears or
Smith's Grove, Illinois

something, you know, try to hear the voices too.” Kevin slowly looked at Alexander, then started smiling. Alexander stuck his tongue out and began laughing, Yes! I made him smile! That smile……oh god……. The two adolescences returned to the Sheridan household and entered it. The house was dark, and shadows loomed everywhere. Kevin turned the lightswitch on, but nothing happened, “What the fuck?” Alexander sighed, “Bad bulb or no power.” Kevin shrugged, “Oh well, lets go up to my room, I don’t care if it’s dark.” Alexander followed. Once he was upstairs, he passed Todd’s door. He grinned, Bet he’s having fun. She probably gives great head. Kevin entered his room, and fell on his bed, “Alex, I don’t wanna be a drag, but can we just go to sleep now?” Alexander nodded, “Okay” Alexander layed on the oppsite side of Kevin, who was already dozing off. Alexander waited three minutes, and could easily hear Kevin’s steady breath. He looked over to his best friend, who to him looked angelic sleeping in the darkness. His stomach raised and lowered in sync. Alexander had the urge to kiss him, but he was too afraid of the consequences should Kevin wake up, why can’t I just be free? Life sure knows how to piss on people. I remember the first night I saw Kevin sleep, of course at the time I had a crush on Todd. Oh Kevin, who do you love? Is it me? Or is it someone who will never really love you back? Oh man, I cant just lay here, I need to go downstairs and think clearly. Alexander stood and quietly walked to Kevin’s door. He opened it, and snuck out. He tip-toed down the hall, and quietly put his ear to Todd’s bedroom door, hoping he would hear the two having sex. Kevin shifted in sleep. Kevin ran through the streets that were unrecognisable, “Jamie! Jamie! He’s here! I think I’m in trouble!” Jamie was standing in front of him suddenly, “Kevin!” Alexander, feeling daring, opened Todd’s door ever so quietly. He poked his head in slowly. Alexander blinked, for he did not register what he saw first. He forgot about the door, and let it open more. Across the room was fifteen lit candles. The bodies of both Todd and Tristan were dismembered, but arranged in a bodily way on the bed. Above them, on the wall, was the word SAMHAIN written in blood. Alexander bolted from the door into Kevin’s room. He slammed the door, locked it, and began screaming. Jamie looked sad, “I hope you can run away before He can come.” Kevin looked down, “I feel were at an impass. I can’t see the f…” Kevin’s eyes shot open at the sound of Alexander’s screams, “What’s wrong?” Alexander looked at Kevin, with tears streaming down his eyes, “Todd’s dead! Somebody’s gonna kill us!” Kevin, feeling overwhelmed, simply said, “What?” Suddenly, there was a loud thump against the door from the other side. It made both Kevin and Alexander jump, and become quiet. Kevin began looking around the room. The window had an air conditioner in it, and he doubted it could be removed easily. Kevin then saw a possible hiding place. The closet. Alexander turned his head from the door to Kevin, and followed his gaze to the open closet. Alexander ran to it in the blink of an eye, and shut the door quickly, not hearing Kevin’s cries for help. Kevin pounded on the closet door, and then stopped. He looked and saw that the door pounding stopped. Kevin gulped, he’ll be in here soon. Kevin turned his head more and saw another possible hiding spot. Under the bed. He crawled under the bed just before the door flew open, ripped off it’s hinges. The! Shape entered the room, and it looked around in utter silence. Kevin watched in horror as the feet he could so easily see walked quietly to the closet. Alexander hid among the shirts. He heard a rattle at the door. He hoped, and prayed, that the door was strong enough to protect him. Michael punched his fist into the closet door and reached for the lock. After unlocking it, he withdrew his hand and opened the door. He pulled Alexander out. Alexander was crying loudly, but he couldn’t scream. He tried to hit Michael, but he knew that would serve no purpose. Please help me, God! Michael picked Alexander up with one hand, and withdrew his knife with the other. He rammed the knife right into Alexander’s stomach. Alexander gasped. Nooooooo! I don’t wanna die! I don’t! Please! No! Michael withdrew the knife, paused, then rammed it into Alexander again. Alexander spasmed, then went semi-limp. Kevin saw the whole thing, even though his eyes were closed. That’s it! All the sights I saw were through his eyes! Does that mean he knows where I am? Oh no… Michael dropped Alexander, who was still crying, and walked slowly to the bed. He knelt down, reached his hand underneath, and felt nothing. Michael dropped his head slowly, and saw nothing. Kevin gulped. He was now in the closet, relieved that Michael didn’t see him run into it. Michael stood and remained silent for three minutes. He then walked slowly to the closet, and saw Kevin hiding in the darkness. Kevin’s heart was pumping at such a high speed that it was inhuman. He was sweating, and tears were streaming down his face. He decided to face his fears for the first time. He slowly stood and coughed, “Michael, don’t kill me. Please.” Michael tilted his head slightly, then coldly took his hands and wrapped them around Kevin’s neck. Kevin didn’t even fight back. He knew it was the end. Bye Jamie. Your right, I am history. Michael withdrew his knife, still covered in blood, and stabbed Kevin in the throat. Kevin fell next to Alexander. Alexander, whose life was fading away, looked over to his best friend, “…I…love…you…Kevin. I thought…you…should…(cough)…know. I…love…you” Michael slit Alexander’s throat as well. Kevin heard Alexander. He loved me? Oh, I should have known. I love you too, Alex. That night we got drunk, I kissed you, and you never remembered. Michael stood back and watched the two die slowly. Kevin’s hand crept into Alexander’s, and was received as Alexander lightly tightened the grip. Kevin could feel his tears, I know I’m dead, I don’t fear it…..there is no death. God lets you live forever. But… I really wish I could have gotten to know Jamie. And Alexander……I…. Kevin’s thoughts ended as he quit breathing. The shape quietly left the room. Kevin James Myers, Jr. and Alexander Reksam were both dead, but even in death, they held eachothers hand. They held on tight, as a symbol of an entire life they could have shared together. But fate had changed that, and reduced it down to a final gesture. The holding of hands.
October 31, 1992

Halloween

Jamie Lloyd woke up and began screaming uncontrollably, “Nooo! He can’t be dead! Nooooooooo! Oh God! Nooo!” Jamie then screamed, and she didn’t stop for five minutes, until the night-shift orderly arrived and subdued her.

Russelville, Illinois

October 31, 1992

Halloween

In a small apartment building, four-year-old Danny Strode woke up from a nightmare. He began screaming. About a half-minute later, Danny’s mother, Kara Strode, entered the small room. “Danny? Are you okay?” Danny clung to his mother, “Scared!” Danny had dreamed of two older boys getting killed by a ‘mean man’. Kara clutched her son. She looked at her watch. I’m going to have to get to work in three hours! Where’s Lonnie? He doesn’t even care about his own son, who probably needs him now more than ever. If he leaves, how am I going to support myself, let alone Danny? I could always go home…...no! I can’t do that…… Danny was sleepy now, and he yawned. Kara kissed her son good night, and stood. She tucked her child in, and left the room. She then went to bed herself, hoping for dreams of better times to come. But they are only dreams.

Summer Glen, California

October 31, 1992

Halloween

John Tate, 11, shot up in bed, sweating heavily and breathing deeply. He had a nightmare about two kids, both older than him, getting killed. He wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead, and turned the light on. He looked around his room, seeing things in a darker way than he did before. He sighed and shook his head, John, go to sleep. You just had a dream, man. Dad said nightmares mean your a pussy. Can’t let that happen. Suddenly, John heard screams in his house. This did not surprise him, however, for he was very used to these screams. He took a breath. Great, she’s at it again, John thought, now I have to calm her down. She’s my mom, why can’t she just get over whatever it is she’s scared of? I know it’s about somebody named Michael…..she screams his name in her sleep sometimes. John stood, and went to his mother’s room, where Laurie was just waking from a nightmare. Laurie Strode (aka Keri Tate) opened her eyes but she still saw the images, Michael….he killed two teenage boys. John put his hand on Laurie’s arm, “Mom!” Laurie grasped her son and, wide-eyed, began beating him, “Get away from me! Just get fucking away from me!” John backed into the corner of Laurie’s bedroom and turned on the light. Laurie saw John, her eleven year old son, and quickly stopped all movement. For almost a half-minute, they simply stared at each other. Laurie began crying, “John, I am so sorry…” John, crying also, stood, “Mom! What do you dream about?” “Nothing…” John crossed his arms, “Bullshit!” Laurie normally would scold her son for using profanity, but lately she just didn’t have the will to do so, “John…..listen, you know that something bad happened to me when I was younger.” “Yeah.” “Well, don’t push it any further, okay? I’ll tell you everything when you get older, okay?” “Yeah, okay,” John walked to the door, “I love you, mom.” Laurie, who was feeling a knife scar on her right arm, looked up to her son, “I love you too, John. Now get some sleep.”

Haddonfield, Illinois

October 31, 1993

Halloween

Dr. Samuel Loomis drove his car, provided by the state, to the small town he has spent much of his life trying to protect. As he drove past the flocks of kids on their way to school, he began to notice that none of the kids had costumes on. He almost smiled, Halloween is still banned. Sam drove to the Haddonfield Police Station. As he entered, he could tell almost immediately that he was not wanted there, as many of the cops just stared at him in disbelief. “I came to see Sheriff Wyatt,” Sam walked a few steps further, but stopped when he saw an officer stand. “Loomis, we are sick and tired of you coming around here telling the same stories. Every
The old Myers house, which has been vacant since 1963, was the most derelict house in town. STRODE REALTY has had it for sale since 1972, and the recent events in 1989 has created such an uproar that the real estate has decided to do the only thing it could. Morgan Strode looked solomly at the house. Damn you! You’ve cost me over $10,000.00! And even more, you cost me my daughter…… A pain of glass fell, due to the wind. Morgan turned as he heard a car pull up next to him. It was his younger brother, John Strode. John stepped from his car, and shook his brother’s hand. It’s been 3 years since he has spoken in person with Morgan, and he really felt bad about it, “How are you doing Morg?” Morgan smiled, “Well, I’ll be doing better as soon as I unload this fucking house. I’m renovating it. I’m gonna drop three thousand into it. Even add a new balcony over the porch. I think I want to

Haddonfield, Illinois
March 15, 1994

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sell this house cheap…to you.” John looked straight at Morgan, “What?” Morgan patted John on the back, “Strode Realty would welcome it’s most prized realtor back! Besides, Pamela won’t stop bitching about us never seeing eachother!” John laughed, “Debra too. She’s about as much to drive a man to drink.” Morgan sat on the front porch, “How’s the kids?” John remained standing, “Tim’s doing fine, as well as any kid I guess. Still has no damn respect.” Morgan nodded, then after a minute stood as well, “What about Kara?” John’s face turned red, “Kara’s gone. I haven’t talked to her since she left that day.” Morgan’s head lowered. John looked grim, “My kids aren’t Laurie. She was the perfect daughter. I thought Kara would turn out like her, I was damn wrong.” Morgan felt a sting when he heard his daughter’s name, “Laurie was a good girl. If only I would have gone through and adopted Jamie.” John didn’t want to open up new wounds, so he shut up. Morgan continued, “Jamie was my only granddaughter, now she’s dead, like Laurie. Daughter and grandchild. Damn Michael, damn him!” Morgan picked up a rock and broke the window that belonged to Judith Myers. John didn’t reply. He did, however, decide to look over the house, “Maybe I could bye it. Move back here. Haddonfield was good to me and my family. Debra and Tim, well, they all loved it here. Then again, I guess it will depend how much you update it.” Morgan laughed, and then nodded to the house, “Come on. Let me show you around.”

16.

Haddonfield, Illinois

April 8, 1994

The Haddonfield Police Station was the sight of laughter, balloons, and people. There was a banner on the wall, FAREWELL MIRANDA WYATT!! Miranda felt like crying all morning, and her going away party only made her feel sadder. Ever since she was offered a job with the Illinois State Police, she felt like she was making a mistake. But, as she’s been told many times, you can’t hold sentiment over opportunity. Miranda finished her cake, and went to Robert Holdt, who would be the new Sheriff tomorrow, “So, having fun?” Robert smiled, “Six years ago, I was pissed because you got the job.” Miranda coily nodded, “Well, I’m gonna miss you too. You and your smart ass comments!” The two laughed, and Miranda then excused herself. She left the party, and walked outside. She looked as far as she could see. Haddonfield is such a beautiful town. I bet nothing bad will ever happen here again, and I’ll have to come here again someday. Maybe for retirement. This town is safe again.

17.

Langdon, Illinois

December 2, 1994

Marion Chambers-Wittington entered her late-mother’s house on Cypress Pond Rd. It was in a good neighborhood, with pleasant neighbors. While Marion didn’t grow up here herself, her youngest brother, Dillon, spent 6 years here before he graduated. Marion had been very shocked when she received a phone call from her sister, Shawa, telling her that her mother had passed away. Probably the worst thing was that she didn’t die that day, or the day before, but almost an entire week before someone noticed something was wrong. But, nevertheless, Verna Fern Chambers was found lifeless in her bed. Her nextdoor neighbor, Karen Howell, had come over to check on her, and found her lifeless on her bed. Marion shivered at the thought of what that must have been like when she saw a minivan pull in front of the house, and her siblings appeared. They were all younger than Marion. Her mother had her in 1949, when she was only 17. She then waited years later to have the others. Deanna Chambers is 39. She had looks which almost matched her older sister, but she was nothing like Marion in any other way. As she liked to put it, “Marion is stiff as a board, while I’m more of a free spirit.” She is an assistant at the Cytress Foster Care Center. Shawa Chambers-Sirtis is 34. She is a counselor at the Brecken High School in Brecken, South Dakota. Dillon was the baby of the Chambers family. At 25, he was fresh out of college, and was hoping to pursue a career as a writer. Marion knew that her mother was proud of her children, for they had all done what they dreamed of, and were professional at it. Of course, Marion did have a secret happiness in knowing that she made the most money, especially since she was again working for the Mental Health Department. It wasn’t because she really wanted to, but rather the fact that she was beginning to need the money. If only I could quit these damn cigarettes, she thought. Deanna entered the house, followed by the others. Shawa sighed, “Momma always kept the house so clean.” Marion stiffened, “Yes, mother did. She probably had nothing better to do than clean. None of us called her.” Dillon was slightly crying, since he was probably the closest to Verna. Shawa looked at Marion, “I called her last week.” “Besides,” Deanna said, “You get the house.” Marion cocked her head, “What?” Shawa looked at her puzzled. Dillon shook his head, “Yeah, you get the house, to have or sell. De, Sha, and I get to split her inheritance.” Marion quickly lit a cigarette and sat down, shocked that her mother would do that for her, “We hardly even knew eachother after I moved.” Dillon sat next to Marion, and used her lighter to light a cigarette of his own,
“She admired your spirit. That’s what she always told me. She said you were a fighter. You were stern, and that was your gift.” Marion began crying, looking around her new house, “Well, I might as well move here then. I can’t live in Detroit anymore. Ever since Jared left, I…” Marion silenced herself, looked at her siblings, and stiffened up. She took a puff of her cigarette, and continued talking, “I’m sure the Illinois Mental Health Department would welcome me back.” Shawa and Deanna looked at each other, half amused. Marion walked upstairs, and Dillon followed. Marion saw pictures of her mother on the wall, taken when she was no more than twenty. Seeing these images brought tears to Marion’s eyes as she began breaking down. Dillon grabbed onto Marion and gave her a hug, “It’s okay Mar. It’s okay. Mom knew you loved her, mom knew…”

Langdon, Illinois
February 27, 1995

Marion was surprised to receive a visitor this particular day, and she never expected it to be Dr. Sam Loomis. But she was glad to see him, and grimly noted that he was deteriorating rapidly, he didn’t have much longer to live. Sam, who had come on a social call, thought he’d never see Ms. Chambers again when she moved, but when he heard that she had taken up her previous position at the Illinois Department of Mental Health, he thought he should see her again. To his surprise, she hasn’t changed much at all, “So I see you still smoke…” Marion took a puff of her cigarette, “Sure do. And I will till the day I die.” She then smiled, and exhaled the smoke away from Sam’s face. Marion then told Sam about her all-too-short marriage to Dr. Jared Wittington, something which perplexed even Sam.

Eventually, Marion began asking Sam about his health, and she learned that he was in a worse condition than she thought. “Sam, have you ever considered living in a care home?” Sam’s eyes darkened, “Marion, please don’t say that again. I can’t live like that.” Marion thought, then her eyes lit up, “Well Sam, I’m a nurse, and I wouldn’t make you follow any of those goddamned rules, and well, your my friend, I’d like to help you out.” Sam smiled, and for the first time in long memory, felt like crying tears of happiness. Five weeks later, he moved in. However, he could not bring himself to sell his home in Russelville, for he had lived there for decades. He told Marion that he would keep most of his belongings there, and “visit it on weekends”.

18.
Smith’s Grove, Illinois
February 28, 1995

Jamie Lloyd woke up strapped in chains. As she looked around, she saw she was in what she has come to call “the ritual room”. It had stone walls, and candles lit everywhere. Jamie tried to move, but couldn’t. Terance Wynn, dressed in black, entered the room. He smiled, “Good morning, Ms. Lloyd. Today, you will be impregnated.” Jamie blinked, “What?” Terance didn’t hear Jamie. He was in a trancelike state. He began removing his clothes. Jamie’s eyes grew wide, as her pulse fastened, “Please! No!” Terance heard Jamie, but he did not comply as he had a destiny to fulfill.

19.
Smith’s Grove, Illinois
April 24, 1995

Jamie sat in her cell. The television was on, but Jamie hasn’t actually watched it for three months. She can now only think about her child growing inside her. It dwelled in her time after time, until eventually she could think of nothing else. My mom loved me, and now I’ll have a child to love. But what if something happens to me? Will my child end up like I did? Terance opened the door and entered, “Hello, Ms. Lloyd.” Jamie looked at him, then blindly looked away. Terance sat next to her, “If it’s any comfort, the baby will not suffer very long after it’s born.” Jamie turned to him, “What?” “But don’t worry, it’s life will not be in vain. Before it dies, it will be subjected to a genetic experiment, one that will hopefully help us understand the power of Thorn. I initially wanted to use you, but found that a baby, a pure, clean baby will work much better.” Jamie became flushed, “What?!” Terance smiled, “I thought you should know, that’s all.” He then proceeded to withdraw Narcinol and inserted it into Jamie’s bloodstream. Jamie passed out before she knew she was drugged. Terance smiled.
October 30, 1995

Terance Wynn smiled a warm, sinister smile as he looked over the daily reports on his desk. But, his minds were on anything but the reports. She’s gonna give birth today. The baby will be the ultimate sacrifice! Thorn will be pleased. Then, Danny will take his place, and role, in life. Dawn, looking as young as the day Terance hired her, entered Terance’s office. “Dr. Wynn, we’ve found a nurse maid. Her name is Mary LaBelle. She works in patient recovery. She’s willing to offer a hand tonight.” Terance grinned, “Good. Inducing labor shouldn’t be a problem, that baby is already larger than we expected.” “Will Jamie recieve any drugs?” Dawn already knew the answer. “No. It would only lessen the purity of the baby.” Dawn nodded, then smiled. Later that evening, muffled cries could be heard in room 365. Jamie, in her bed, tossed and turned. Jamie knew there was someone else there, but who? Before it was Kevin, but he’s dead now. There is someone else linked with Jamie in her dream and she knew it. “Is anyone there?” “Jamie, why did you get pregnant?” Jamie looked around and saw her 4th grade teacher, Mrs. Eichenburg. Jamie lowered her head, “Oh God, please forgive me!” Mrs. Marlene Eichenburg stiffened, “God will punish you! You had sex!” Jamie began crying. But then, she stopped. “This is a trick. Thorn is doing this. I’m close. I can’t stop now. I’m so close.” Jamie disappered, and found herself in the meadow her stepmother used to take her so many years ago. She was no longer the pregnant fifteen year old, she was nine again. She had long brown hair, and bibs on. And beside Jamie, was a seven year old boy named Danny Strode. He looked around, and then saw Jamie, “Hello.” Jamie didn’t know what to do. She hadn’t smiled in so long she almost forgot how. And she hadn’t actually talked with anyone for awhile, so she didn’t know what to say. Danny cocked his head, “Who are you?” Jamie took a deep breath, “My name is Jamie Lloyd. I’m nine years old. Who are you?” Danny smiled, “I’m Danny. I’m seven. I like dinosaurs. And Power Rangers.” Jamie didn’t know what Power Rangers were, and she never really liked dinosaurs. She did, however, want to know more about Danny, “Where do you live?” Danny thought, not remembering the name right away, “Haddonfield.” Jamie’s eyes widened, “I live there too! What’s your mom’s name?” Danny couldn’t remember. Then, as if a light came on, he did. “Her name is Kara! Yeah! Kara Strode.” Jamie lost her breath. Danny stood, “What’s wrong?” “I’m related to you. My mother was Laurie Strode. Kara is my cousin! But were not really related, why are we linked?” Jamie felt nervous. Danny didn’t understand what Jamie said, except that they were related. “My mom and I just moved. We live with Grandpa and Grandma. I love Grandma a lot. Grandpa is mean to me.” Jamie didn’t hear Danny. Instead, she was trying to fit certain things together. It was so hard remembering things while in a dream, and fitting certain things together at that: Dr. Wynn, Kevin, Rachel, the baby, Danny, Laurie, Tina, Dr. Loomis, Thorn… Danny continued talking, “My uncle Tim is so bad! He’s giving me a Barry Simms t-shirt. I’m gonna be him for Halloween!” Jamie cocked her head, “Who? Barry?” Danny shook his head, “My uncle Tim! I wanted to be a Power Ranger, but my mom can’t afford it…” “Danny, do you know what Thorn is?” Jamie had to ask the question before she forgot. “Uh huh! He’s the Voice Man! He scares me!” Danny trembled a little, thinking of the voices he began hearing only days ago. “The Voice Man? I heard him too!” Jamie sighed. “DANNY, KILL FOR HIM. JAMIE, DELIVER FOR HIM” Both kids screamed. Jamie jumped up from sleep. She looked around. She saw that the clock read 8:00. Eight o’clock? All ready? Oh my God! What’s happening? Jamie felt a surge of pain. JAMIE, DELIVER FOR HIM Jamie stood and went to the door. She began banging on it, “Help! I think I’m having a baby! Can anyone hear me? Please! Help!” Within minutes, several doctors entered the room with a stretcher. They laid Jamie, who was sweating badly, onto it and belted her down. They began pushing the screaming teenager down the hall, and were eventually joined with Terance Wynn, dressed in black. They led Jamie into an elevator, and went to Basement 2. Then, they pushed her out and down a long, dark hall. Jamie has been down this hall before. She saw the pipes and machinery. She knew they were leading her to the “ceremony room”. Ow! What are they going to do to my baby? Oh God, stop the pain! Please! Terance led the doctors down the steaming halls. He smiled. Thorn, I have no doubts now. Thank you for your many gifts. This baby is the most cherished. The group led Jamie into the ritual ceremonial room, which was to appease Thorn. They stop, and Jamie is unbelted. Dr. Ernest Irvine helped Jamie stand. He led her to the cement slab, and tied her down again. Dr. Mary LaBelle entered the room. She was 29, and new to the Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium staff. She had blonde hair, kept back in a french braid. She wore green operation clothes, but also had a white overcoat. She saw Jamie’s eyes were diatated, “Hello Jamie. I’m Mary. I’ll be helping you. Now, what I need you to do is stay as relaxed as you can. Now, I want you to push!” Jamie began pushing. Mary knelt between Jamie’s legs, “Push! Push!” Jamie barely heard her, “Oh god it’s coming!” Mary couldn’t believe Jamie was able to tolerate this, “Push!” God, she must come from a very strong willed family! “Push!” Mary loudened herself so Jamie could hear, “Push!” Jamie knew her baby was exiting, “Noooooo!” Jamie passed out. Jamie awoke four minutes later. She saw Mary, holding the baby. Her baby. Suddenly, the door opened. Both Jamie and Mary, in horror, watched as the sound of clinking boots got louder. Then, in the darkness, Terance Wynn raised his hand, wanting the baby. Jamie began squirming, even though she was still hamessed. She looked at Mary, “Please give him to me!” Mary considered it, but knew the consequences. She sighed, and began walking to Terance. Jamie tried to free herself, “No please! My baby! Please give him to me!” Mary, slightly shaking, gave the baby to Terance. Terance smiled, and as he looked at the baby, thought for a moment about what he was going to
Jamie Lloyd and Danny Strode were sitting under a tree. Jamie was in a trash dumpster. She knew Mary was dead. Jamie then came out of the tunnel into a chainlink fence. She looked around, and saw an opening she just might fit through. She did. She turned around, and saw Michael walking out of the trash dumpster. Jamie looked around, she saw a truck. To her, it was the only possible shelter, for she could see such little through the rain. Michael saw Jamie, and more than that, he could feel her.

Jamie heard a voice call her name. Mary saw Jamie open her eyes, “Jamie!” Mary looked into the darkness. Jamie’s vision blurred, and she could see through Michael’s eyes. She knew he was coming towards her, far off in the distance, “Oh God, he’s coming!” Mary helped her up, “We have to move. Now!”

Mary injected 10cc into Jamie’s bloodstream, and the young girl passed out, half from exhaustion, half from the drugs. Mary left her there, as ordered from Terance. Jamie Lloyd and Danny Strode were sitting under a tree. Jamie saw Danny, and took no time grabbing him, “Look Danny, your going to be targeted soon. There is a reason were linked. You’ll need help.” Danny didn’t understand all Jamie said, “Help?” Jamie knew that she was highly psychic. But she didn’t know if that could help Danny or not. Danny said, “What’s wrong?” Jamie took her forehead and placed it to Danny’s, “Never forget.” Suddenly, Everything that was sacred to either Jamie or Danny was intertwined. They merged, and were one. There was no longer just a Jamie or a Danny, but both. And it was beautiful. Then, as strangely as it begun, it ended. Jamie and Danny were back to themselves. Danny was shaking from the experience, “What happened?” Jamie was shaking as well, “I don’t know. But I think I gave you a gift. I hope it works.” Danny cocked his head, “What’s the gift?” “You’ll know when you get older. Listen, if the Voice Man comes to you, tell your mom or dad, okay?” “The Voice Man? Okay! I don’t like him!” Danny looked around, hoping the Voice Man didn’t hear him.

Mary unbelted Jamie, and handed her her baby. Mary then withdrew some Thaurazine from her pocket, “I know if that could help Danny or not.” Jamie was stunned. She’s not coming with me? “No!” Mary was so scared she could hardly move, “Save your baby! Go! Now!” Jamie knew Mary must have a reason, so she took off. She ran to the stares, and began climbing them. There was water everywhere, and Jamie had to be careful not to slip. As she ran up a winding staircase, she knew that Michael was hot on her tracks. Mary, on the other hand, was still hoping she would prevail as she ran down the corridor. Jamie entered a small door, and accidentally slammed it. Suddenly, Mary heard the slamming door behind her. She turned around. Jamie’s lost, or she’s too scared to continue. “Jamie?” Mary tried not to let her sobbing control her. Fear is the real enemy. Mary turned around, and saw a hand shoot straight for her neck. She tried to force herself away, to scream, but it was no use. She finally saw a white mask, and felt the sensation of being lifted off the ground. She didn’t even feel the huge spike that impaled her head, but she did feel her body react to it, as it stuttered. Jamie was climbing up a very narrow stairwell, when she began shuddering. She knew Mary was dead. She saved me. Jamie then came out of the tunnel into an awkward space. She couldn’t tell where she was, so she kept pushing up and, to her surprise, a lid popped open.

Jamie was shaking as well, “I don’t know. But I think I gave you a gift. I hope it works.” Danny cocked his head, “What’s the gift?” “You’ll know when you get older. Listen, if the Voice Man comes to you, tell your mom or dad, okay?” “The Voice Man? Okay! I don’t like him!” Danny looked around, hoping the Voice Man didn’t hear him. Jamie then looked around too, “And if you ever see the Boogyman, tell your mom and dad.” “My daddy doesn’t love me. But my mom does. What’s the Boogyman?” Jamie looked at the cute six year old, and kissed him on the forehead. “I hope you never have to find out. If you ever meet my son, be nice to him. He was just born today, and I have to find him!” Danny was confused, but nodded anyway. Jamie heard a voice call her name. Mary saw Jamie open her eyes, “Jamie! Come with me if you want to save your baby!” Mary unbelted Jamie, and handed her her baby. Jamie got to look at her child for a second before she heard a small bang. Mary looked into the darkness. Jamie’s vision blurred, and she could see through Michael’s eyes. She knew he was coming towards her, far off in the distance, “Oh God, he’s coming!” Mary helped her up, “We have to move. Now!”

The two young women began running, hoping they wouldn’t get caught. Jamie began running down halls she’s never even seen before. Before too long, she stopped when Mary did. Mary nodded to her right, “It’s that way.” Jamie was stunned. She’s not coming with me? “No!” Mary was so scared she could hardly move, “Save your baby! Go! Now!” Jamie knew Mary must have a reason, so she took off. She ran to the stares, and began climbing them. There was water everywhere, and Jamie had to be careful not to slip. As she ran up a winding staircase, she knew that Michael was hot on her tracks. Mary, on the other hand, was still hoping she would prevail as she ran down the corridor. Jamie entered a small door, and accidentally slammed it. Suddenly, Mary heard the slamming door behind her. She turned around. Jamie’s lost, or she’s too scared to continue. “Jamie?” Mary tried not to let her sobbing control her. Fear is the real enemy. Mary turned around, and saw a hand shoot straight for her neck. She tried to force herself away, to scream, but it was no use. She finally saw a white mask, and felt the sensation of being lifted off the ground. She didn’t even feel the huge spike that impaled her head, but she did feel her body react to it, as it stuttered. Jamie was climbing up a very narrow stairwell, when she began shuddering. She knew Mary was dead. She saved me. Jamie then came out of the tunnel into an awkward space. She couldn’t tell where she was, so she kept pushing up and, to her surprise, a lid popped open.
Haddonfield was covered in rain, which lowered the temperature slightly. On Lampkin Lane, the Strode house was dimly lit, not indicating life lived there at the moment. On the second story, the entire Strode family was asleep, except for Kara. John and Debra, in their early fifties, were sleeping soundly. Tim Strode, 19, was asleep, his headphones were drooping over his eyes. Danny Strode, 6, was having a nightmare. Earlier, he had the dream about Jamie, and they merged, but now he was only having nightmares. Danny was standing in a hallway. He had a clown suit on. JAMIE! KILL FOR HIM! Danny began walking. “Come on Jamie! Your bath is ready!” Said a voice down their hall from where Danny was putting his mask on. Danny began walking, and he picked up scissors from bathroom, and proceeded to the other bathroom. There, he saw a woman he’s never met. But he knew her name was Darlene. Darlene Corruthers was leaning over the tub, fixing a bath. She looked up and saw Danny. She screamed. Danny stabbed her in the heart region. Darlene sank into the water, “Jamie no!” Danny then went to the end of the stairs. Dr. Loomis, Richard Corruthers, Sheriff Meeker, and Rachel were there, looking in horror. Danny lifted his knife, then passed out. While Richard and Rachel went to Darlene, Dr. Loomis just stared at Danny, “Jamie, it has gotten to you too!” “DANNY!” Danny sat up. Images of past events and future things to come flashed through his mind. He saw a man in black in the corner of his room, holding a large knife. DANNY! KILL FOR HIM! Danny instinctively called out, “Mommy!” Kara, who was studying for an exam, bolted up and headed for the door as soon as she heard Danny cry. She opened his door, “Danny?” Kara went to him, and hugged him, “Mommy’s here. What is it, baby?” “The Voice Man, he’s here!” Kara looked away from her son and glanced around the room, “There’s nobody here.” Danny cut her off, “But I’ve seen him!” Kara sighed, “You’ve been watching way too much tv.” Danny knew he had to make his mother understand. Someone told me to. “He says things. Bad things!” Kara’s eyes softened, “Like what?” Danny didn’t reply. Kara stood, “Allright.” She went to the middle of the dark room and raised her hands, “Stay away monsters. Stay away Ghoulies. Stay away from Danny. You jerks know the rules!” Danny smiled as his mother tucked him in. Kara went to the door and picked up a paper she accidently dropped, “Good night Danny.” “Night mom.” Danny cuddled under his blankets. I saw the Voice Man! He was in black, and he had a knife. And he wants me to kill! Kara opened the piece of paper, examining the strange “>|” mark on it. Barry Simms was on the radio, yacking away at callers who were commenting on Halloween returning to Haddonfield after six years. Kara undressed, listening to some woman express her desire for Michael and wanted to know what really was behind that mask. Then, Kara got a feeling. A funny feeling. She went to the window, peered out, and saw across the street someone looking at her from inside his window. Kara shut her curtains, and began shivering. Great… John Strode sat up, “Goddamn it!” Debra sat up, half asleep, “What is it, John?” “I can’t go back to sleep. That damn kid woke me up with his screaming! Two nights in a row!” Debra put a hand on his shoulder, “Danny’s not used to living here yet. Give him time.” John shrugged his shoulder, making Debra’s hand fall off, “No, he’s not gonna get used to living here. I never should have let you talk me into letting her come back. That bastard needs to be whipped. He never listens, just like his mother.” Debra looked down, “John, if you lay a finger on Danny, I’ll leave you. I love you more than anything, but your not going to hurt Danny.” John plopped back down, “I don’t care what you say. Kara and her son will be out soon.” Debra’s eyes lowered, a tear falling to her chin. Jamie, after driving on the black road for what seemed a half hour to an hour, saw a sigh ahead: BUS DEPOT. She didn’t know how to park, so she just stopped in front and stepped out. She entered, and saw it was empty. She could hear the radio over the speakers, but there were no people inside. Barry Simms was on, talking to a woman named Beth O’Brian. Beth was telling Barry that Michael has killed Haddonfield, but the revival of Halloween could save it. Jamie saw, at the front desk, a sign that read: BACK IN 20. Not missing a beat, she went straight for the phones. She dialed 911. “You have reached Haddonfield Emergency Services”, said the calm recorded female voice, “Due to severe weather conditions, all circuits are momentarily busy. If this is an emergency…” Jamie hung up. She thought of who to call, and heard the voices over the radio….. “Well, I’ll see you tomorrow night. This is Back Talk With Barry Simms, give me a call at 1-800-968-7825. That’s 1-800-You suck! So come on all you boogieman believers out there, give me a call…” Jamie dialed the numbers, hoping that eight hundred numbers were still free. She was connected, and an operator told her to hold. Then, she heard the line connect and Barry Simms told her to speak to him. She wasn’t sure what to say, but she knew she was able to speak over the air, “You gotta listen to me! There coming! There coming! Tell Dr. Loomis!” Barry’s voice sounded light, but trying at the same time to humor her, “Don’t tell me. Your name is Joan. Joan of Arc. And your also hearing voices, right? Now who’s coming?” Jamie felt like crying, “Michael. Michael Myers! Look someone, anyone, help me. Dr. Loomis, are you out there? Can you hear me Dr. Loomis? I need your help. Oh God please help.” Jamie heard a buzz, and she hung up.

Russelville, Illinois

October 30, 1995

Sam Loomis did hear Jamie’s cries for help. Earlier, he had decided that, since Marion was visiting her brother, he would take a small vacation back at his other house in Russelville. He had been listening to the Barry Simms program because it concerned Haddonfield, and the reinstatement of Halloween. Then, to his surprise, his old colleague(and old friend) Terance Wynn visited him. Terance wanted Sam to return to Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium. Sam was telling him how that would be impossible,
when he heard Jamie’s pleas for help. That is, until she was cut off. Now, Terance sat in silence. Damn. She made it to a phone.

“Sam, I know what your thinking. That was a joke. A prank.” Sam didn’t even hear Terance, he withdrew his gun (which was used to shoot Michael several times over the years), and held it in his hands. Jamie! It was her! And HE can’t be far behind.

Haddonfield, Illinois

October 30, 1995

Jamie, now downstairs in the public bathroom, was finally getting the chance to get a good look at her baby. Oh! He is so precious! I think I’ll name him James, after my father. James Lloyd. Kevin’s middle name was James also. The Shape entered the bus station.

Jamie was now pacing to and throw, whispering to her baby, “Your so perfect! Shhhhh! Yes! It’s okay!” The Shape went to the main fuse box, behind the main desk in the office. Jamie gave one loving look at her son, memorizing his face, then kissed him lovingly. At that time, the lights went out. Jamie looked around the darkened bathroom, waiting for her eyes to adjust. She knew she couldn’t risk her son by being with her, so she hid him in a drawer, then watched in horror as her uncle Michael walked slowly down the stairs. Jamie picked up a roll of paper towel, wrapped it up, and crawled into a bathroom stall. She waited for a few moments, then decided to crawl out of a window located above the toilet. Moments after she did, Michael opened the stall door, and saw the opened window. Jamie ran, in agony, to the truck. She crawled inside, and took off, hoping Michael would follow. He did. Unfortunately for Jamie, Michael caught up with her faster than she thought. He turned his headlights on, and Jamie cried, “No!”

Michael, in his white SMITH'S GROVE/WARREN COUNTY SANITARIUM van, bumped into her rear fender. Jamie, having never driven before, went into hysterics. Michael hit her again. Jamie lost control and went off the road. She was glad she didn’t go into a ditch, but instead she feared she might hit something, for it was obvious she went into a driveway. After a bumpy ride, Jamie’s truck hit a pile of pumpkins. Jamie’s head hit the steering wheel. Oh no! I’m gonna die! Jamie began panicking, but then felt her head and realized it was only a bump. Michael stopped the van. He stepped outside, oblivious to the rain. Jamie realised she was at a farmyard. She wasn’t sure if she was in Haddonfield or not, though. Owwww! Jamie hunched over in pain. There is a fire between my legs! It hurts! My Stomache! What’s happening! The drugs! They must be wearing off! Jamie walked into the nearest shelter she could find, which happened to be a barn. She opened the large door, and entered. Immediately, she began walking into the darkest shadows. Michael approached the truck. He didn’t even see it. He knew exactly where his niece was. Jamie glanced around the barn, she thought she saw Michael several times, but it ended up being her imagination. She quivered. I need to rest. I just know that after giving birth I should be resting. Uncle Michael, please let me rest. Please, let me sleep. Let me…..just let me close my eyes and rest. Michael entered the barn quietly. He took no time trying to find Jamie. Jamie saw Michael, and he was heading the way opposite of her. I can get out the front door without him noticing! Jamie began walking softly, treading without a sound over the hay-covered floor. The suddenly, without any possible prevention, Jamie made a rather large creak as she stepped over a warped part of the wooden floor. Michael altered his direction. Jamie looked up, “No!”, she said quietly. She turned around slowly, and jumped as she saw and felt her uncle Michael grab her throat. Oh no. God! Help me! Michael picked the choking Jamie up, tilted himself, and threw Jamie down onto a corn thresher. Jamie hardly felt the spikes impale her stomache, due to the drugs. I guess this is it. An end to a miserable existance. Jamie looked at her uncle, and with a look of hope in her eyes, reached up to him. Michael reached out to her as well, but after a few seconds his hands turned and he pushed her down even further into the spikes. Now Jamie felt the pain. She forced herself to breath, not noticing the blood running from her mouth, “You can’t have the baby Michael, you can’t have the baby.” Jamie had to tell her uncle this, as a last wish and command on her behalf. The one and only present she could ever give her son, the gift of life. Michael, after listening to what Jamie had to say, quietly went to the controls and turned the thresher on. Jamie began screaming as she heard the corn thresher come to life. The spikes danced in her stomache, shredding her delicate body to shreds. Jamie took one final breath, and let out the biggest scream in her entire life. Then she began dying………

……Jamie saw a light, as she left her mother, Laurie Strode. The doctor picked her up, and cut the ambilical cord. The doctor showed Jamie to her mother, who began crying with happiness…………Jamie was now two, making her first steps, but no one was watching. Everyone was paying attention to Eric’s new baby……………..Jamie was three, and helping her grandmother Pamela Strode eat the cookies she just bought for them……….Jamie, at five, was helping her mother Clara in the garden, planting roses, “Remember that they need a lot of water.” She had said……….Five year old Jamie was scared out of her mind going white water canoeing with her father, Jimmy Lloyd. “Baby,” he told her, “hold on tight!”………Jamie was also five when she started school in Mrs. Lindow’s class. Mrs. Lindow, a nice young teacher, had Jamie become her assistant in passing out milk during lunchtime……………………Also Jamie said goodbye to her friend Letice forever. She was moving away…………Jamie was six when she fell off the jungle gym during recess………………Jamie gave her father Jimmy and her stepmother Clara a kiss goodnight………………Jamie didn’t understand death that well, so she wasn’t sure if she was supposed to cry at her parent’s funeral………………...“Hello Jamie”, said Richard Corruthers to Jamie, “remember me? I’m Richard Corruthers and this is my wife Darlene. Your going to live with us now”………………Jamie left her house, for the last time………………Jamie moved into the Corruthers’ house……………….
Jamie was on the roof of the sheriff’s house. Rachel Coruthers was tying her to a rope, trying to get her down. Then, as Rachel began pulling her down, Jamie’s uncle Michael Myers attacked her, dropping Jamie. Jamie was scared she was going to die, but she caught on the chord. Jamie was in school. Dr. Loomis was gone, and Jamie had fell down the steps. She couldn’t walk. Michael grabbed her ankles, and Rachel saved her. Jamie watched in horror as Rachel ran into Michael with a truck. Then, Jamie went to her uncle and held his hand. Jamie, not exactly sure why, stabbed her foster mother, Darlene Coruthers. Jamie watched in horror as Rachel ran into Michael with a truck. Then, Jamie went to her uncle and held his hand. Jamie, not exactly sure why, stabbed her foster mother, Darlene Coruthers. Jamie watched in horror as Rachel ran into Michael with a truck. Then, Jamie went to her uncle and held his hand. Jamie, not exactly sure why, stabbed her foster mother, Darlene Coruthers. Jamie watched in horror as Rachel ran into Michael with a truck. Then, Jamie went to her uncle and held his hand. Jamie, not exactly sure why, stabbed her foster mother, Darlene Coruthers.
Strode “Oh yeah? Well who the hell asked you to come back here anyway?” ~John Strode “Lay off her dad.” ~Tim Strode “Doesn’t show her own face around her family for five years then comes back and expects us to roll out the red carpet. You think going to college is going to make up for your mistakes girl? Well I got news for you, things were going fine until you landed on our doorstep. And you that little bastard of yours.” ~John Strode “I see only one bastard in this house.” ~Kara Strode “Give me the knife, Danny.” ~Kara Strode “I can’t live with her anymore Debra.” ~John Strode “You never understood. This isn’t about Kara, it’s about you. I don’t care what she’s done, she’s you’re daughter!” ~Debra Strode “She’s not my daughter any more.” ~John Strode “Tonight’s the night we bring some life back into this town!” ~Beth O’Brian “Shit Beth, why do we gotta be the ones to organize this friggin fair, I mean it’s only Halloween.” ~Tim Strode “Now Danny, you know that grandpa didn’t really hurt mommy. And tonight were gonna go trick or treating! I love you Danny.” ~Kara Strode “Sam, That was six years ago. You know Jamie died in that explosion, you know it!” ~Terance Wynn “Now Danny, you know that grandpa didn’t really hurt mommy. And tonight were gonna go trick or treating! I love you Danny.” ~Kara Strode “Dr. Wynn, there’s something you should know.” ~Dawn Thompson “Dawn, I want you to get me tests, records, everything we have on Michael Myers.” ~Terence Wynn “Michael Myers? I just recieved a phone call! That girl Jamie Lloyd? Her body was found this morning near Haddonfield!” ~Dawn Thompson “That must be Tommy. On a wierdness scale of 1 to 10, he rates about a 13. Supposedly some scary shit happened to him when he was a kid. He’s harmless though. Probably just lonely.” ~Beth O’Brian “Or horny! Something you probably haven’t felt in awhile!” ~Tim Strode “Tim…” ~Kara Strode “Stephen. Like that name? I think it suits you.” ~Tommy Doyle “It’s his mark, he’s come home.” ~Sam Loomis “Jamie! I’ve let you down again!” ~Sam Loomis “Go back to your crackpot asylum. Things have been quiet here for six years, and thats the way it’s going to stay! We don’t need you here spouting off ghost stories!” ~Sheriff Robert Holdt “I suppose it was a ghost that did this! It was a ghost that was on the radio last night! And she’s a ghost being carried away!” ~Sam Loomis “Jamie! I’ve let you down again!” ~Sam Loomis “Dr. Loomis, they told me you’d be coming. Now I suggest you go right back on to your crackpot asylum. You people got no business in my town.” ~Robert Holdt “Michael Myers is my business.” ~Sam Loomis “Things have been quiet here for six years, and thats the way it’s going to stay! And the last thing I need now is you here spouting off ghost stories!” ~Sheriff Robert Holdt “I suppose it was a ghost that did this! It was her ghost on the radio last night! And she’s a ghost being carried away right now!” ~Sam Loomis “I can’t find my term paper…” ~Kara Strode “Just copy someone elses, I do it all the time.” ~Tim Strode “I’m Tommy. Tommy Doyle? Laurie Strode, Jamie’s mother, was babysitting me the night when…” ~Tommy Doyle “Oh God, there are relatives of the people who adopted Laurie. The Strodes. They’re living inside the Myers house!” ~Tim Strode “During the autopsy we found this. It’s placental fluid. I estimate she gave birth no nore than 24 hours ago.” ~Dr. Klein Bonham “For fifteen years I’ve been obsessed to find out what was going on inside of him. It was my life’s work….and my ultamate failure. This fource, this thing that lived inside of him came from a source to violent, to deadly for you to imagine. I grew inside him, contaminating his soul. It was pure evil.” ~Sam Loomis “What makes you think he’ll come back here?” ~Debra Strode “This house is sacred to him. He has all his memories here, his RAGE! Mrs. Strode, I beg of you. Don’t let your family suffer the same fate that Laurie and her daughter suffered!” ~Sam Loomis “John, they found Jamie Lloyd this morning. Somebody killed her!” ~Debra Strode “That’s the reason you moved us into this house. Your brother could never sell it because of what happoned here, could he? You knew, and you didn’t tell us John. You knew.” ~Debra Strode “We want the child.” ~Voice Man “But Tommy’s my new friend and he knows all about dinosaurs!” ~Danny Strode “Do you know who’s room this use to be?” ~Tommy Doyle “Goddamn it. She actually left.” ~John Strode “How does it feel to pull Halloween out of the proverbial Haddonfield closet?” ~Barry Simms “What were saying here Barry, is that this town needs to stop acting out of fear. Look at Tim’s family, they live in the Myers house.” ~Beth O’Brian “You do?” ~Barry Simms “We do? Oh yeah, we do. Good house. Strong wood.” ~Tim Strode “Take Danny upstairs. And Kara, whatever you do, don’t go back to your house.” ~Tommy Doyle “Where are you going?” ~Beth O’Brian “Take a shower. You know, to stay fresh.” ~Tim Strode “Watch out for the Boogyman!” ~Beth O’Brian “Beth, can you hand me a towel? Where are ya when I need ya honey? Thanks.” ~Tim Strode “Do you know why we celebrate Halloween?” ~Janice Blankenship “Because that’s then we go trick or treating and get candy.” ~Danny Strode “Well, yes but a long, long time ago, it was a night of great power! When the days grew short. And the spirits from the dead, returned to warn themselves be the fireside. All across the land, huge bonfires were lit. Oh, there was a marvelous celebration! People danced, and they played games! And they dressed up in costumes, hoping to ward off the evil spirits. Especially the Boogyman!” ~Janice Blankenship “What’s the Boogyman” ~Danny Strode “He hears the voice you know. Just like the other little boy that lived in that house.” ~Janice Blankenship “What are you talking about?” ~Kara Strode “I was babysitting him that night. Little Mikey Myers that lived across the street. And that was when the voice came. The night he murdered his sister.” ~Janice Blankenship “Michael heard a voice?” ~Kara Strode “It told him to kill his family.” ~Janice Blankenship “Mommy! It’s raining! It’s raining red!” ~Cassie Jamison “Beth! Look out! There’s someone in the room! He’s right behind you!” ~Kara Strode “Where’s the baby?” ~Kara Strode “Wynn…” ~Sam Loomis “Why now?” ~Sam Loomis “Because you were the first to see it. You recognized it’s power!” ~Terence Wynn “Michael?” ~Sam Loomis “Evil. Pure, uncorrupted, anchient.” ~Terence Wynn “You are a madman.” ~Sam Loomis “I’ve had my failures but this baby, Jamie’s baby….We are at the dawn of a new age sam. I want you to join me.” ~Terence Wynn “I thought Michael Myers was a monster. But you!” ~Sam loomis “Come on, you can take that off now.
Halloween’s over!” ~Terance Wynn “Michael, you’ve one. He’s yours!” ~Tommy Doyle “Mommy!” ~Danny Strode Michael, while trying to find Stephen, found out that a family moved into HIS house. Quickly and efficiently, he killed John Strode, Debra Strode, Timothy Strode, Beth O’Brian, and popular radio talk show host Barry Simms. Eventually, Terance found the baby and abducted Kara and Danny as well. They left Sam and Tommy at Janice Blankenship’s house, drugged. When they came too, they went to the Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium where Sam had a confrontation with Terance. Tommy, in the meanwhile, found Kara and broke her out of the cell she was being held prisoner in. They rescued Danny and Stephen, then watched in horror as Michael killed 7 doctors, all Thorn members who were working with Terance to exploit Michael, not help him. The four fled, and were able to ward Michael off long enough to escape the sanitarium. Tommy, after injecting Michael with drugs, attacked him with a lead pipe and left him there alone. Tommy opened the door of his Jeep, sat inside and closed the door. He looked across Kara at Dr. Sam loomis, who stood motionless, “Where should we go?” Sam already knew the answer, “As far away from Haddonfield as possible.” Danny smiled, for he seemed to know Sam from somewhere else, under different circumstances, but similar for some reason. Tommy blinked, “Come with us!” Sam shook his head, “I have some unfinished business to attend to.” Tommy nodded, then drove off. Kara looked at him, “Is he going to be okay?” Tommy didn’t answer. Back at the sanitarium, Sam entered the experimental room where Michael lay motionless. At his side was Terance, crying. Terance looked up, “I never should have double crossed Thorn! Do you see what happened? I used the power of Thorn, and perverted it for my own use! Now all my colleagues are dead.” Sam didn’t understand what Terance meant exactly, “Terance, Michael must be killed.” Terance looked up, with a gleam of evil in his eye. He withdrew a knife and stabbed Sam in the chest. Sam let out a horrible scream and, like he did six years ago, fell on top of Michael. A tear fell down Sam’s cheek, so this is how it ends? I get to see Michael’s eyes. Those blank nothing eyes. Oh God! I want to go to Heaven, but why must I leave? People still need me! They are naked without me! Please Lord, if I’m to die, let me take Michael with me…if not now, then someday… Terance knew Sam Loomis was dead, and he looked down. Should I stop it? No, Thorn won’t allow it. I can either be with it, or against it.

22.
Haddonfield, Illinois

November 2, 1995

Haddonfield Eternal Peace Cemetary, located between Lampkin Park and a playground, is a beautiful sight to see. Lush trees, which usually have green leaves, but have since changed colors, seemed to cover the landscape, making it a very tranquil place to visit long dead loved ones. However, today was not a peaceful day at the cemetary, it was a day of sadness. A gravesight funeral was in progress. Not for one person, but for four. The caskets were lined up, all next to a dug hole. To the far left was the casket of Jonathan Strode. Next, was his wife Debra. Then, their son Timothy. Finally, Jamie Lloyd, who would be Timothy’s second cousin. The mourners, mostly dressed in black, were sobbing as they listened to Pastor Timothy Maasch conduct his gravesight memorial service. Morgan Strode and his wife Pamela sat at the far left, both emerced in tears. Morgan was, in fact, paying for all four burials. He withdrew his hankerchief and blew his nose. My brother. My granddaughter. My nephew. My sister-in-law. All dead. Just like Laurie. Morgan looked next to John’s casket and saw an eight year old tomstone, belonging to his daughter Laurie. Pamela blew her nose. Dear Lord, why does this have to happen to us? Please, stop the suffering! Next to Pamela Strode was Kara Strode, who sat so still she hardly breathed. Dressed in a black dress, she just stared at the three coffins in front of her. Images of her dead mother, hung upside down in the upstairs hallway, and her brother, dead in a pool of blood with his girlfriend on her bed. She had her hand firmly grasped on Danny’s leg, who was sitting quite quietly next to her. Danny himself was in his own world. He was not staring at his grandparents’ or uncle’s caskets, but Jamie’s. He didn’t know why either. Next to Danny sat Darlene Corruthers, who was sobbing quietly on her husband Richard’s shoulder. Just yesterday, the couple had learned of Jamie’s death. They had been out of town previously on business. Darlene had recieved the call from Pamela Strode. When she found out she had passed out from shock. Now, Darlene had her hair tightly pulled back, exposing her wrinkles. Richard, almost completely bald, could no longer hold the tears back as well. Next to Richard Corruthers was Zachary Lloyd, somberingly looking at his neice’s casket. First my father, then Jimmy, then my mother, now Jamie. I’m the last Lloyd. Jamie, oh Jamie, you were everything to your father. Even me. You were kind of like a daughter. I hope you don’t hate me for thinking that. I really wish I would have visited you more… Next to Zachary was nurse Rosa Palsey. She, having recently gained weight, had to wear a mu-mu, with blue flowers. Rosa was continually blowing her nose. She could only think about Jamie, having her nightly nightmares. Did you have nightmares the last six years? Oh, you precious little girl, I will miss you! Next to Rosa was fifteen year old Billy Hill. He was pale white. He was dressed in a black funeral suit. He had short brown hair, cut in the “bowl” fashion. Ever since Jamie disappeared, Billy had saved everything that reminded him of her, wether they be newspaper clippings or small gifts she had given him while residing at the Haddonfield Children’s Clinic. Even more, he had managed to steal a small piece of paper from Dr. Loomis that read ‘THE EVIL CHILD MUST DIE!!’. Over the years, he even managed to get himself several of her pictures. The past six years also started Billy’s
obession with finding Jamie. He drempt of finding her. She was his first girlfriend. As time went by his obsession grew stronger.

Billy never lost hope that he would find her. Well, I finally found her. A tear formed in his eye, and he quickly rubbed it away. Next to Billy was Marlene Eichenburg, a middle school teacher. She had both Jamie and Tim in her class at different times. Not to mention Bethany O’Brien. Shame outliving students. They were both good kids. Next to Marlene was Tommy Doyle. He was holding Jamie’s son, Stephen, tight to him. He never met The Strode’s, except for Kara. But he did know Beth. She lived across the hall from him. She had said hello to him a few times, but he knew she thought he was crazy like everybody else. Behind the row of seats were several standing mourners. And as Pastor Timothy Maasch continued the eulogy, none of the mourners sensed watching eyes on them. Even Tommy, who was looking about for anyone suspicious. The man was standing behind an oak tree, photographing the scene. He was dressed in black, and had a Thorn symbol on his wrist. The sermon ended. And Timothy added, “Lowering of the caskets will be in 15 minutes.” Several people just left, but those who stayed went to the caskets to view the dead.

Morgan went to his brother’s grave. The casket was closed, because Jon Strode didn’t have a head. Morgan put his hand on the casket, “I hope you find peace, brother.” Pamela, Kara, and Danny went between Debra and Timothy’s graves. Kara stared at her mother’s lifeless body. Tears were running like faucets, “Oh mom! Mom! I need you!” Kara’s voice was shaky. While Pamela held Kara, Danny quietly looked at his grandmother’s corpse. Then, he turned and looked at his uncle’s body. He noticed Tim’s corpse was blue, like a seashell. Danny continued staring. Tim’s long hair was combed back, and he had a navy-blue suit on. His hands were still at his sides. Danny swallowed hard, “Timmy, are you really dead?” Tim quietly rested statue still in the casket, while the wind blew by softly. Danny lowered his eyes, then darted them back up. He licked his lips, looking over his shoulders to see if anybody was watching him. Satisfied nobody was, Danny quickly lifted his right hand and formed a fist, letting only his index finger remain unfolded. He then softly put his finger onto Tim’s left cheek. Danny felt the scaliness of the skin. It was cold, like a seashell. Danny gulped, but his sadness suddenly departed as an overwhelming sensation covered Danny and he lost his sight…

…..Timothy Strode couldn’t see anything in the fogged up mirror, so he put his hand up to it, in order to clear it off. It worked, and Tim could just make himself out. But then he saw a second figure behind him, and it wasn’t Beth. Before Tim could do anything, Michael had his hands around Tim, one was covering his mouth, the other slitting his throat. Tim soon began giving up the struggle, as he lost consciousness……

…..Suddenly, Danny jumped as Tim’s hand grasped onto Danny’s. Danny looked in horror as Tim sat up. Danny screamed, but nobody heard him, or saw Tim was alive.

Tim smiled, “Hey Dan the man, keeping your mom going grey, little dude?”

Danny didn’t smile, for he saw his uncle’s skin was beginning to crackle.

Tim frowned, “Danny, it’s okay to kill for him. Please Danny, don’t think death is bad. It’s good. You must do it for him. Give the baby to him. You know what you must do. DANNY! KILL FOR HIM!”……

...Danny fell backwards, totally blown over by what he saw and experienced. Pamela looked over to her great-nephew, “Danny, please try to be still.” Danny stood up, and saw to his surprise, his uncle was exactly the same way he was before, lying dead still. Danny looked down again, “Bye uncle Tim.” Richard, Darlene, and Zachary stared in silence looming over Jamie’s lifeless body.

“Where was she,” Darlene shook her head, “did she run away from us? Was she coming home?” Zachary lowered his head, unable to look upon the love that was formed between his brother and sister-in-law. Richard looked over a little, “They both would have wanted this.” Darlene saw, about three yards away and in a different row, was the grave of Rachel Corruthers, covered in leaves:

In Loving Memory

Rachel Corruthers

May 17, 1972-------------October 31, 1989

Loving Daughter and Sister

Darlene slipped a photograph into the casket. It was a family portrait taken in March of 1989. Darlene and Richard were sitting in chairs, and Jamie and Rachel were kneeling between them. All four smiles on the picture were genuinely happy. Richard took one last look at his foster daughter, then held onto Darlene and led her to the Strode’s, to pay last respects. Zachary watched them leave, then looked at his niece. Then he went to the Strode’s also. Billy watched Rosa talk to Timothy Maasch. He stood, and went quietly to Jamie’s casket. He looked at her body. He knew so much about her just by looking at her. She was in torment. She was malnurished slightly. She was hit. Her pale face suggests she was kept out of sunlight. She was hid away. Her hair was cut. She died
in pain. They can’t hide it. Billy jumped when he felt a hand on his shoulder. It was Tommy Doyle, “Hello Billy.” Billy has known Tommy since 1989. They had a connection. Billy’s obsession was almost as strong as Tommy’s, “She’s dead. How could she have died? She’s lived all this time! I was so certain I would be able to talk to her again!” Morgan saw the two boys by his granddaughter’s grave. He frowned. It was probably harder on Pam learning Jamie died than it was anyone else. I wonder if Pam’s gonna view her body. Hell, I don’t want to. Jamie ……. was so precious. Smart, pretty, just like………just like Laurie. Danny walked to Jamie’s casket, barely noticing Tommy and Billy. He studied Jamie’s figure, remembering her. He then leaned over and kissed her on the cheek……….……..Jamie began walking softly, treading without a sound over the hay-covered floor. The suddenly, without any possible prevention, Jamie made a rather large creak as she stepped over a warped part of the floor. Michael altered his direction. Jamie looked up, “No!”, she said quietly. She turned around slowly, and jumped as she saw and felt her uncle Michael grab her throat. Michael picked a choking Jamie up, tilted himself, and threw Jamie down onto a corn thresher. Jamie hardly felt the spikes impale her stomach, due to the drugs. Jamie looked at her uncle, and with a look of hope in her eyes, reached up to him. Michael reached out to her as well, but after a few seconds his hands turned and he pushed her down even further into the spikes. Now Jamie felt the pain. She forced herself to breath, not noticing the blood running from her mouth, “You can’t have the baby Michael, you can’t have the baby.” Jamie had to tell her uncle this, as a last wish and command on her behalf. Michael, after listening to what Jamie had to say, quietly went to the controls and turned the thresher on. Jamie began screaming as she heard the corn thresher come to life. The spikes were dancing in her stomach, shredding her delicate body to shreds. Jamie took one final breath, and let out the biggest scream in her entire life………..Danny parted his lips from Jamie, and began to cry. The man with the camera watched Tommy and Billy talk, while Danny seemed to not notice them. His eyes narrowed. He muttered, “Billy…” Stephen, who had been sleeping calmly in Tommy’s arms, heard the man’s voice, though no one else did. He began crying, making everyone look at Tommy. Tommy turned red, then spoke to all the watching eyes, “I was waiting to tell everyone this later, but the baby I have here isn’t mine. It’s Jamie’s. She had it on October 30th, a day before she died. His name is Stephen Lloyd,” Tommy looked at the Strode’s, “He’s your great-grandchild.” The mood suddenly changed from sorrow to utter shock. The Corruthers were both astounded, and Zach gasped. Kara blankly looked at the baby she had just help save days ago. Even though she didn’t know it, she has already grown a strong emotional attachment to Stephen. Billy, wide eyed, stared at the crying infant. Jamie’s son? Jamie…..had…..no……. Morgan couldn’t believe what he just heard. Pamela took one last look at the infant and fainted. Far away from them, the man snapped a photograph. He looked up, and smiled. “You’ll get yours, Billy. And Danny.”

23.

Smith’s Grove, Illinois

November 3, 1995

The halls of the Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium were dead quiet. That is, except for the footsteps of Terance Wynn. Terance has never, in his 61 years, been so disappointed in his entire life. Not because many of his colleagues/friends were slaughtered on Halloween night, not because he was grossly short-staffed, but because the loss of doctors have caught the eye of the governor and the Mental Health Board in general. “The fact of the matter is,” Lee Jenson had said on the phone, “Are we to believe that eight of your staff simply disappeared?” Well, he can send his investigative team, they won’t find anything. Dawn stepped out of room 122, “Dr. Wynn. All evidence of Jamie Lloyd ever being here has been terminated.” Terance stepped into the room. For six years the room was Jamie’s exsitance, her tiny spot of the world. Now, it was gone. The carpet, furnature, toys, books, drawings, and curtains disappeared. Now, all that remained was a blank white room with one single bed in the corner. Even the walls were freshly painted. He smiled, “Very good.” Dawn smiled, “Have you found the baby?” Terance didn’t answer. Instead, he left the room, “Dawn. I want you to begin hiring new staff. This is first priority. We’re facing shut-down. Dawn nodded, “Yes Dr. Wynn. Right away.” Terance didn’t want to admit it, but he might be facing defeat. Thorn, please don’t forsaken me.

24.

Haddonfield, Illinois

November 4, 1995

The funeral for Dr. Samuel Loomis was a massive ordeal. Literally, hundreds of people arrived. Those who knew him closely sat towards the front, which included Marion Chambers-Wittington, Richard and Darlene Corruthers, Morgan and Pamela Strode, his nephew Adrian Loomis, Miranda Wyatt, Gary Hunt, Tommy Doyle, Kara and Danny Strode, Billy Hill, and many fellow old colleagues and friends that Sam knew over the years. Even Dr. Richard Hoffman showed up to pay his last respects. When the
sermon ended, Marion, Tommy, and Kara were the first to walk up to his casket. Marion, who could normally control her feelings, really had a hard time keeping back her tears. She smiled at Tommy, “Sam would never have guessed so many people cared about him.” Tommy nodded, “Were you close friends with him?” Marion nodded, “Yes. My name is Marion Chambers. And you are?” Tommy smiled, “Tom Doyle. Call me Tommy. You were part of that night also, like I was.” Marion waved, “What night?” Tommy frowned, “October thirtyfirst, nineteen-seventyeight.” Marion shivered, “Who are you?” “Tommy Doyle. I was the kid Laurie Strode babysat.” Marion thought about Laurie for a second, ‘Laurie, Michael’s sister that everybody thinks is dead. Yes….what was it called for awhile? The babysitter murders? He must have been one of the survivors. Yes, Sam mentioned him in his notes.’ Tommy lowered his voice, “Dr. Loomis...he should have listened…” Marion looked from Sam’s casket to the man, “Excuse me?” Tommy ushered her over to the corner of the room and leaned close to her, “Marion, there’s something you should know…” “And what would that be?” “Well, I shouldn’t tell you here, but I know how Dr. Loomis died, and I know who let him die. Can we go somewhere? Somewhere where we can talk?” Marion looked at Tommy in disbelief first, Sam’s death is strange, the police don’t seem to care… She then nodded and told him to meet her at the Capri Lounge after the wake. Tommy nodded and walked over to Danny, who was staring at the flowers. Marion went to her younger brother Dillon, who had also grown quite fond of Sam and wanted to pay his last respects. Dillon looked at Marion sadly, “How are you doing, sis?” Marion shrugged, “I’m okay. Sam always tried to convince me that nobody cared about him. He was wrong, wasn’t he?” “He saved a lot of people,” Dillon nodded slowly, “I’m glad I got to know him. He... well…” Marion quickly glanced around the room, “Dillon, I want you to come with me after the wake. Were going to meet a man who claims to know what happened exactly to Sam. I don’t want to go alone, just in case.” Dillon looked around the room as well, “Who is he? Does he seem dangerous?” “I don’t think so. Just come with me, okay?” “Okay Mar,” Dillon didn’t like the way his sister’s face was showing emotion, Marion never shows emotion. Three hours later, Marion, Tommy, Kara, Dillon, Danny, and Steven sat at a far booth in the dimly lit restaurant. Tommy proceeded to slowly tell Marion, and Dillon, about the Thorn Cult and Dr. Wynn. Marion looked unbelievably at him, “Oh, really…” Tommy sighed, “Listen, I don’t expect you to believe me right away. I guess it is kinda hard to imagine possible. But I know about you. You know that Michael must have had some help.” Marion sipped her coffee, “If any of this is true, what do you think I could do about it?” Kara, keeping an eye on Stephen in his basket, swallowed her sandwich, “Nothing, like us. We cant go to the police, that would only give Wynn enough time to find us. And more than that, I don’t believe the police could help us anyways.” “He probably has officers working for him,” Tommy offered. Marion lit a cigarette, despite the fact that Danny was sitting close to her. She sat in silence, thinking about what Tommy had just told her, ‘Could Terence really be involved in a cult? Could he be helping Michael?? Hell, it makes enough sense, I never really liked Terence. He could replace Sally Struthers and save all the children and I still wouldn’t appreciate him. But a cult….it sounds so...... Dillon lit a cigarette as well, and offered one to Kara, who simply smiled and refused by shaking her head. Tommy, despite the mood of the table, had to stifle a small smile as he noticed Kara blush at the obvious flirtation Dillon was sending her. “Marion,” Kara finally said, “We need your help.” “You do?” Tommy hated this, but had to continue, “Dr. Loomis told us to get away from here, but how far can we go? None of us are rich.” Marion blew smoke into his face, “So you need money?” Tommy looked down. Marion laughed, “You just met me, and your asking for charity?” Kara took a drink of her water. “As you know, my parents just died. I have to quit college. Tommy’s mom has done all but disown him…” Dillon smiled, knowing Marion was toying with them. ‘Marion’s icy personality really does a good job of covering up her heart of gold.’ Kara lowered her head as well, ashamed. Marion finally shook her head, “No… I do understand. I’m not rich myself, but I do get half of Sam’s inheritance. If Dr. Loomis died trying to help you, I’m sure he would want to help even after.” Dillon raised his glass, “Here’s to life after death.” Tommy coughed, “How much?” Marion thought, “Oh, about ninety thousand dollars.” Kara’s eyes widened, “Are you serious?” Marion nodded as she blew more smoke, “Sam’s life was revolved around Michael. He had other patients, but as you all know none were like him. All those deaths, Sam never blamed Michael for them, he blamed himself. All he ever wanted to do was to stop what he thought was pure evil.” Tommy sighed, “He never gave up. A true saint.” Marion smirked, “Living with him is a whole different story.” Kara smiled, “Really?” Marion nodded, “For one, he always had to have the room temperature to at least seventy-five, it was like an oven in there sometimes.” The group, minus Danny and Steven, shared a laugh.

25.

Serenity, Alaska

May 7, 1996

As the airport landed on Runway 7, Danny closed his eyes tight. He hated flying. And the past year he’s done a lot of it. Not that he didn’t mind the places he would go. Danny wasn’t exactly sure why he left his home and town. He knew it had something to do with the bad man who tried to hurt him and his mother a year ago. And since he left his home, he’s been to Oklahoma, Washington, Quebec, Wisconsin, and Nevada. Tommy always tells me, “We can’t stay too long in one place.” And my name isn’t even Danny anymore. Not to most of the people. I’m Scotty. And Tommy is Derek. And mom is Liz. I wonder why. Next to Danny sat his
mother, Kara, who was in a perfect dream-state, having only awoken seconds ago. And next to Kara was Tommy, who held Stephen, sleeping and sucking his thumb. Tommy looked over to Kara and her son, what the Hell am I doing? I have their complete faith and support in my hands and what do they have to show for it? Nothing. Kara has given up her life for me. Right now she could be a psychiatrist, able to support herself and Danny. And Danny, he’s been moving around so much he has no real friends his own age. And how do I know the Thorn cult is still looking for us? They could have given up. We’ve moved so much how could they find us? It’s been almost 6 months since that night. They haven’t found us yet. Hell, no one knows where we are. Sometimes I even forget. Then again, I can’t imagine going places without Kara. She’s my best friend. As the plane skidded on the pavement, Kara jumped up. Where? Oh, the plane. Alaska. God, I hope it’s not too cold there. I could only afford to buy Danny two sweaters at K-Mart. Tommy looks so lost. He doesn’t even know what he wants to do with his life. I wish I could help him. But I can’t. He has to learn for himself. Danny looked at his mother, who was staring at Tommy, and said, “Mommy, where are we?” Tommy turned around and tried to smile, “Alaska. Can you spell that Scotty, I mean Danny.” Danny blindly began spelling it. Kara, after thinking about her mistake, began sobbing. Danny stopped spelling, and Tommy looked at Kara. Kara put her hands to her face, and said through her rapid breaths, “I’m so sorry Danny. I didn’t mean to call you that.” Tommy stared blankly at him mother, “That’s okay mom.” Tommy put his arm around Kara, “It’s okay Kara. You just woke up. It was just an accident.” Kara shook her head, “What kind of mother am I?” Tommy knew Kara was being too hard on herself for something so trivial, but he figured it was a build-up of emotions, which needed to be let out. He turned around and saw the people on the other side of the isle staring. He smiled, and turned back to Kara, “Danny’s not mad. Your fine. Nothing wrong.” Danny looked out the window, and saw the people hustling inside the airport. He frowned, “I hate airports.” Neither Kara nor Tommy heard Danny. Tommy, Kara, Danny, and Stephen walked out of terminal 9 and went to the main desk. The receptionist, Candy Hayes, smiled at the couple, “Hello. How may I help you?” Tommy smiled, “We need to make hotel reservations. Some place cheap.” As Candy typed on the computer, Tommy turned to Kara, “Take Danny to the gift shop, buy him something, and yourself something too.” He handed Kara a 20 dollar bill. Kara nodded and took Danny, by the hand, away from the desk. As Danny looked around, he asked his mother if he ever had to go to school again. Kara slightly giggled, “Of course you do Danny. Just not right now. Maybe when we find the right house.” This is absurd. We’ve done nothing wrong and WE have to run like bandits. And Danny’s getting the worst end of it. Danny spotted the gift shop, “There it is! I wanna get a hackey sack!” “What’s a hackey sack?”, Kara asked with dry curiosity. Danny looked up at his mother, “It’s like this ball, and it’s squishy. You can kick it to your friends and do tricks with it. All the kids in Linenville had them.” Kara liked Linenville, Nevada. It was extremely peaceful, like Haddonfield. Danny led Kara into the giftshop, which was rather small in comparison to others the two have seen recently. While Danny went to look at the toys, Kara went to the magazines. She picked up Psychology Today, and began flipping through it. While Danny went to look at the toys, Kara went to the magazines. She picked up Psychology Today, and began flipping through it. Suddenly, the telephone sitting by the cash register came to life. Kara looked up, but saw nobody in charge around. So, she looked back down to an article she had begun reading.

DANNY! ANSWER THE PHONE

Danny, who was looking at toy gun, slowly turned around and walked slowly to the phone. He picked it up and held it to his ear. When Kara heard the telephone finally stop ringing, she looked up and saw her son holding it, “Danny! What are you doing? That isn’t for you!” Danny held the phone out. He had a still face. Then he said slowly, “It’s for you.” Kara, slightly annoyed, walked to her son, “This isn’t funny. Were gonna get in trouble.” She stopped when she heard a laugh. “Hello Kara”, said Dr. Terance Wynn, “do you really think you can escape us? And Him?” Kara, in a horrable shock, threw the phone down. “What are you doing! You just woke up. It was just an accident.” Kara shook her head, “What could they have?” Tommy closed his eyes, “Calm down. Tell me what happened.” When he opened his eyes he saw Kara sobbing, not caring about the onlookers around her. Kara shook her head, “The phone rang and Danny picked it up. When I took the phone it was Wynn! I… I…I don’t know!” Tommy glanced at Danny, who was silently staring away from Kara. He clenched her hands and whispered, “Come on. We’ll go to the motel. We’ll talk there.” Danny, who was dead still, felt goosebumps. He gulped, “He’s coming soon.” About a thirty minutes later, a cab pulled in front of the Sleep-A-Spell Motel, located four miles away from Serenity. Tommy stepped out first, carrying Stephen. Kara followed, then finally Danny jumped out. After gathering their baggage from the trunk, Tommy paid the taxi driver, who then sped away leaving the group in the cold. Tommy sighed, “I’ll go get the key.” He walked to the building marked Sleep-A-Spell Motel Main Lobby. Inside, Nigel Quenton and his wife, Pearl, were watching Oprah. As Tommy entered, several chimes indicated he had arrived, and Nigel stood and smiled, “Welcome. How may I help you?” Tommy smiled at the man who seemed to be in his mid-sixties, “I have a reservation for Derek
Terance smiled as he left his office. Dawn smiled back, “Dr. Wynn, how do we know that they’ll still be in Serenity by the time they get there?” Terance pointed to his temple, “Thorn told me. They are staying in a local hotel, obviously they believe that were no longer a threat to them.” Dawn shook her head slowly, “You think they would have learned.” Terance sighed, “You think.” He shifted from his left foot to his right, “So, are the transfer papers for Mr. Naprim gathered?” Dawn pointed to a small manilla folder, “Right here, doctor.” “When the transfer personal arrive, please handle the situation. I will be disposed of for the rest of the evening.” Dawn smiled, “Yes, Dr. Wynn.” Terance walked to the ritual Druid chamber below the sanitarium. Once inside, he shut the doors and locked them. The chamber itself was completely dark but he knew where the first candle was by heart. He lit a match, and within eight minutes he had lit up 75 candles. He then went to the alter and found, to his shock, that the ritual dagger was missing. He looked around, and then heard the clanking sound of boots nearby. He then saw, out of the shadows, a figure emerge. The figure was wearing the same outfit Terance wore during rituals. Only there were several differences. He had a longer cape, and his hat was a fedora. And, finally, his cane was in essence the thorn symbol, with the point as the handle. Terance gasped, “Who are you?” The man laughed, “That’s not important, Mr. Wynn. What is important is that I know all about you.” Terance sterned, “Do you?” The man put his hands behind his back, “Terance Douglas Wynn, born in Ludwig. Parents, Franklin and Onna. Went to Reese High School. Graduated valedictorian. Attended Harvard College. Became chief administrator of Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium in 1975. In 1995, you retired, but then shortly had a change of heart and here you are.” Termace took a deep breath, “Public records. Easy to find. Who are you?” The man nodded, “Public records. Okay. In 1975, after being in close proximity to Michael Audrey Myers, you had a vision. A vision so powerful you became obsessed. By 1976, you had begun to understand it. By 1978, you shared your knowledge with several close peers. That same year Michael escaped and you helped it happen. After, you spent years requesting that Michael be transfered from Ridgemont back to your quaint little sanitarium. Each request was denied. By 1986, you had a small empire constructed. In 1988, after a decade, the Hardin County review board finally allowed you your wish. Michael was to be sent back to his home, this wonderful place. But there was a flaw…” Terance cut in, “The ambulance personal. They were late. The storm had delayed them by at least a half hour. There was no way they would have been able to get Michael back before he revived. He killed them, and escaped.” The man cut him off, “You were unable to leave the sanitarium due to meetings. By the time you were getting ready to leave, it was too late. The word was out that Michael was blown up down a well. You were deeply depressed. For you had just finished terraforming this fabulous shrine. But then, about a month later, you had a vision. You knew he was alive, and doing well. So, you bid your time. October 30, 1989, you saw him, in dreams, come alive and kill a hermit he was living with over the year. So, you went to Haddonfield and trailed Michael. Funny, the only time you could get to him was when he was locked up in the Haddonfield Police Department. But, after eleven years, you had Michael under your wing again. Then, you held Michael and his niece Jamie Lloyd for six long years, until they both escaped and he killed her. Naturally, her baby, and yours I understand, was able to escape Michael’s grasp. Then, you were able to abduct the baby, along with three Haddonfield residents. Here, they fled with the baby. You lost them until today, when you had a vision as to where they might be. You even made a phone connection with one of them. Good for you.” Terance was flushed, “Please, tell me who you are and how you know all that.” The man thought, then shifted his weight, “Tell me why, after all these years, you continue to call it Thorn. Surely you know that Thorn is just the general title. But the actual demon itself is named Thor. Did you not know this?” Terance was unable to speak. The man laughed, “I see you at a loss for words. You want to know how I know all this? Well, you assume Thor talked to only you. You are the man in black who watched over the child of Thorn, which at this moment is Michael. But there are others around the world who serve Thor also. And we all have the mark.” He lifted his wrist to Terance, and showed him the Thorn symbol. Terance was overwhelmed, “I never knew this. Why would Thor, I mean Thor, never tell me this?” “Maybe that’s because Thor trusts me, and most of the others, over you. He speaks to me much more than you.” “How come?” Terance felt faint. “If your blood wasn’t so thin you would have known that Thor can see through your soul. He knew you had your own agenda. He knew you planned on gaining power, then breaking off and using it for your own purposes, but claiming it was under Thorn’s wishes. You are so clumsy, I cannot imagine why Thor let himself be known to you all those years ago.” Terance walked up to him quickly, “Enough. Now tell me who the hell you are before I call security.” The man help up several photographs,
Kara and her brother Tim were young. Kara had done something to annoy her brother, and now he was chasing her. Tim was always stronger than Kara, but she was faster. Tim laughed, “I’ll get you!” Kara ran swiftly, “Not yet!” Kara looked behind her and saw her brother getting closer, she turned her head back around and ran right into her mother. Debra was crying, “Kara. Tim. Come inside. I have some bad news.” Kara awoke. She looked around the hotel room and saw Tommy and Danny watching television. Stephen was sleeping. Danny was eating a sandwich, and talking with his mouth full, “How come mailmen don’t come on Sundays?” Tommy, who was transfixed on the screen, answered, “It’s like how you get Saturday and Sunday off from school. But they only get one day.” “Oh.” Danny swallowed, “But I don’t have to go to school ever.” Tommy nodded, “Do you miss it?” Danny stretched out his lips, not making a smile or a frown, “Sometimes. But I miss my family more.” Tommy closed his eyes, “Yeah. I know you do. I miss seeing my parents sometimes.” Kara moaned as she got up, “How long did I sleep?” “Awhile,” Tommy stood. “Listen. I think we should leave here in the morning.” Kara yawned, “And go where? They found us here, they’ll find us wherever we go.” Tommy shrugged, “Maybe not. Maybe he had an operative at the airport. Who knows? I wish I still had the Jeep. It would be pretty hard to find us if we could travel by road.” Danny looked up from the television, “What are you talking about?” Kara shook her head, “It doesn’t matter, Honey.” Danny looked back at the television, “Your talking about him.” Kara led Tommy into the small kitchenette, not wanting Danny to get scared, “We better make reservations to leave. We can’t stay tonight.” Tommy looked at the floor, trying to think of a suitable plan, “We don’t have enough money right now to take a taxi, not to mention a plane.” Kara began trembling, “I know you don’t want to, but I think you need to call your mother.” Tommy closed his eyes. It’s only fair. Kara did call her uncle Morgan for money several times. But my mother? She thinks I’m dead. “I guess we don’t have a choice.” Danny no longer saw the television, he was staring past it. Suddenly, he got up and walked to the picture window and whispered, “They’re coming.” “No, we don’t. Damn it, Tommy. What is this? What kind of responsible mother would put her child through this?” “Kara, remember what I said?” Kara swallowed, then shook her head no, even though she did. “Remember the sanitarium? Remember Danny sitting there, holding Stephen. Michael was this close to reaching him? You’re doing the best you can for him. If the fucking police would have put us through witness protection, we wouldn’t have this problem.” Tommy slammed his fist on the counter. “Do you really think that would have been safe? What were doing, no one knows where we are, not even the
police. Were the Jevans. As far as the police and Haddonfield is concerned, Tommy Doyle, Kara and Danny Strode are missing, presumably abducted. Nobody even knows were alive except my uncle and aunt.” Tommy turned around and looked out the window, “And Wynn.” Kara’s face reddened, “He must have gotten lucky, having someone at the airport. We can lose him again.” “Can we?” Tommy turned around and faced Kara, “Will we have to run for the rest of our lives just to stay one or two steps ahead of one man?” Kara cocked her head, “Are you talking about Wynn or Michael?” Tommy quickly flashed back to his youth, seeing Michael carrying a dead body across the road from his house. He then saw Kara again, “I hope Danny won’t end up like me.” Kara raised her eyebrows slightly, “Actually, I can’t think of anyone I would rather him be like.” Tommy didn’t speak.

Smith’s Grove, Illinois

Dawn Thompson made a small smile with her pursed lips as she looked at the miniature clock on her desk. Anytime now, we’ll get them.

Serenity, Alaska

Merrill Field Airport, in the evening, was never as busy as it was during the day. Of course, the amount of average travelers was enough to discuss Robert and Brenda Curtis from anyone who may be looking. But who would be? Robert was as fit as a 28 year old could be. Wearing all black, he could almost come across as being in mourning. He was tall, at 6 ft. 2, and had long hair, black, which fell right to his shoulders. But right now, he had it tied back in a ponytail. The only thing which seemed to be out of place was his bright blue eyes, which shimmered passions and stories of so long ago. Brenda, who matched her partner in all black attire, had long bleached-blonde hair, which was naturally loosely curled. Her green eyes did not match the modest make up she wore, mostly earth toned. The two had no luggage, no reservations, just plans. They walked up to the front desk, where an African American woman with the name ‘Shawana’ on her tag. Shawana smiled warmly, “How may I help you?” Robert, who never smiled and made no exception here, said, “Yes. We’d like to rent a car.” Shawana, as she typed up the information Robert gave her, shivered uncontrollably. There’s something eerie about this man. Lord give me strength to get through this day. In room 13, Tommy and Danny were watching Lois & Clark on television. Kara was sewing a patch in a pair of Danny’s blue jeans. Stephen was playing with a baby ring. Danny cocked his head, “If Superman is super, why does Lex keep finding ways to beat him?” Tommy shrugged, “Because kryptonite can hurt him, I guess.” Danny shook his head, “Then he’s not very super.” Kara quietly laughed. Tommy snickered. Danny sighed lightly, “Batman and the Power Rangers are also weak. Were they all like that when you were a kid?” Tommy nodded, “They were, but there were cooler ones when I was a kid. Like Spiderman, and Neutron Man, and Captain America.” Kara looked up, “Remember LazerMan?” Tommy looked at Kara with wide eyes, “Kara! That’s it!” “What?” “I know how I can get some money!” Kara grinned evilly at Tommy, “I’ve heard that before.” Tommy gave her a dry look before continuing, “I have a whole collection of old comics I’ve saved since I was a kid, like around 7 or 8. I have hundreds, all in mint condition!” Kara looked off, “I see what you’re saying.” “Hello, I even have Octo-Boy number one!” Danny giggled at the name. “If I can get my mom to sell them, she could wire us the money.” Then Tommy’s face grew dim, “But how do you think she’ll react?” Kara stood, and put the jeans on the bed, “Come on, we’ll call her and find out.” Tommy took a deep breath, and decided it was time. He lifted Danny off of his lap, and walked slowly to the kitchenette, where the phone hung on the wall. Danny, who slouched in the chair, thought about Michael Myers. He must be a super hero. Nothing can stop him. He could kill Superman, Spiderman, Batman, even Tommy. The 1995 Olsmobile Cutlass Supreme sped down the highway. Inside, Robert flicked his cigarette out the slit in the window. “We’ll be there soon.” Brenda checked her face in the mirror, “So Tom is the only one we have to kill.” “Yes. Ms. Strode also, if she gets too much in the way. But the children must be kept alive.” Nigel Quenten removed the popcorn from the microwave, opened it, waited for the heat to rise, then poured it into a large bowl. He lifted the salt shaker. Pearl walked in, “No salt.” He turned around and saw her back to him, she was pouring coffee. He quickly raised his middle finger. “And don’t give me the birdie, I know you too well.” Jesus Christ! Nigel quietly poured as much salt as he could into the popcorn then shook it. “Put some butter on it.” Pearl was now sipping her coffee. Nigel sighed and began to comply. Suddenly, a bell chimed in the main lobby. Nigel looked up, but then continued to get the butter. Pearl looked disgusted, “Nigel, get the front desk!” Nigel looked helpless, “But the butter…all right.” He didn’t want to get Pearl too upset or she would complain all night. The best way to put up with the bitch is to put up with her bullshit. He walked out of the kitchen and whispered, “Damn bitch needs to loosen her curlers, cutting circulation to the brain.” He then smiled at the two guests in the lobby, “Welcome to the Sleep A Spell Hotel.” Robert smirked, “Hello. Were here to find some friends of ours. We believe they are staying here. We don’t know which room, though.” Nigel nodded, “Name?” “Doyle.” Nigel didn’t even need to look, “Sorry. No one here by that name.” Brenda laughed lightly, “Well, it was worth a try!” She then withdrew her gun and shot Nigel, the blast muffled by the silencer. The bullet impacted Nigel’s forehead, and went entirely through his brain, and pieces of his skull clinked against the wall. Robert watched the elderly man fall to his death. After a moment he sighed, “Well that was unfortunate.” He then proceeded to walk to the guestbook and glanced it, “Jevon, Room 13.” The two assassins left the room and walked quietly to Room 13. Brenda grinned as she knocked on the door, “Maid!” Robert
listened, but heard no noise. He then kicked the door open. The room was empty. Both Robert and Brenda searched room to room, but to no avail. Tommy, Kara, Danny, and Stephen were already gone.

26.
Haddonfield, Illinois
October 30, 1996

For the second year in a row, Haddonfield is in a state of panic as October 31 draws near. Many residents have already left days ago, but many are also still in the process of leaving. Billy Hill walked quietly down the sidewalk, watching many cars drive by, most of them filled with people ready to take a vacation from Haddonfield over the Halloween season. He was dressed in black jeans, and sported a velvit navy-blue shirt, which was almost too tight on him. At 16, Billy was an outcast in his school. He had taken the step-back from life when he was 15, when he saw his reason for living lying dead in a casket. Since then, he had begun to dress how he wanted to, and grew his hair out. His big brown eyes were piercing, and were just as dark as his hair, which was pulled back in a ponytail. Even though he was never popular in school, he was then officially an outcast. But as he walked down in a soft stride he knew that he hated what has become of his life. Everyone hated him even though he was kind and compassionate. Another reason people tended not to like Billy was because he knew too much about one thing no one wanted to; Michael Myers. After Halloween in 1995, the state police had denounced that Michael Myers was NOT the culprit, rather a copy-cat. But, nevertheless, the plaque which was dedicated to all of Michael’s victims, was recently changed, despite the rumor that the latest murders were not Michael’s fault.

HADDONFIELD
Myers, Judith-1963
~
Alicia, Janet-1978
Alves, Gloria-1978
Brackett, Annie-1978
Bruner, Alice-1978
Garrett, Clifford-1978
Mixter, Dr. Ford-1978
Moyer, Jill-1978
Rossi, Bud-1978
Soles, Lynda-1978
Shoop, Karen-1978
Tramer, Bennett-1978
Quaid, Bob-1978
~
Anderson, Buck-1988
Barnett, Earl-1988
Brady, Sasha-1988
Hollister, Ted-1988
Logan, Deputy Jacob-1988
Meeker, Kelly-1988
Musters, Officer Daryl-1988
Smith, Officer Mary Marie-1988
Tomas, Lieutenant Jon-1988
Tramer, Al-1988
Travis, Lyndin-1988
Wessex, Harry-1988

Chapin, Michael-1989
Chromarty, Officer Chris-1989
Corruthers, Rachel-1989
Delnato, Lieutenant Nolan-1989
Durkheim, Deputy Thomas-1989
Frank, Deputy Nickolas-1989
Glynn, Samantha-1989
Hart, Dr. Maximillion-1989
Hayes, Deputy Edward-1989
Jacobson, Officer Timothy-1989
Judd, Deputy Charles-1989
Meeker, Sheriff Benjamin-1989
McGill, Officer Kevin-1989
Smith, Deputy Marc-1989
Spitz, Matthew-1989
Wallace, Officer Gerald-1989
Williams, Tina-1989
Wilson, Deputy Scott-1989
May these souls find peace in the kingdom of God.

For being struck down by the demon Michael Myers,
or those who would choose to follow his Evil,
has left us all in sorrow.

Billy had the program which aired on News 5 burned in his memory. He had taped every piece of news involving Michael and Jamie, and that certain piece was most interesting. The mayor of Haddonfield, Clark Farlow, had said, “After extensive research into the matter, we have come to the conclusion that it was not Michael Myers who was responsible for the deaths of 5 people, one namely Barry Simms. The evidence points to a copycat killer, a term which I have learned to believe means a disturbed individual that actually studies and then carries out actions of a serial killer, namely Myers. Our experts have also came to the conclusion that the girl found at the Tower Farm was Jamie Lloyd, now believed to be a runaway from Chicago. The fact that the truck she was driving was traced to a Hank Vagaski, who lived in Chicago, was found murdered in a neighboring town. It could be that the same sick individual killed him also, and killed the girl simply because she looked like Ms. Lloyd. We at Haddonfield, and I myself, do feel the responsibility for reinstating Halloween back into Haddonfield, possibly prompting the killer. You can be rest assured that the holiday will be banned once again, this time for good. One more time, the killer was not Michael.” Billy had watched Mayor Farlow’s speech dozens of times, and he knew they were lying about it all. And the strange disappearance of Tom Doyle and Kara Strode and her son was no coincidence. People searched, just as they did for Jamie years ago, but never found them. There was something going on, I just don’t know what. Of course, there were others in his town who shared his opinion. And he just turned onto the yard of two of them. He made his way down the walk, up the stairs, and then pushed on the doorbell. The door opened, and Darlene Corruthers smiled, “Hello Billy, how are you?” Billy smiled, “I hope I’m not bothering you, I…” Darlene jumped, “Oh no! We don’t get many visitors anymore. I, uh, I really like children, you know that…..please, come sit down!” “Thanks,” Billy made his way in and sat at the kitchen table. Darlene sat across from him, “Would you like some tea, or lemonaid? We don’t buy a lot of pop anymore.” Billy thought, “Could I just have a glass of water?” Darlene jumped up and quickly got him a glass of water, and Billy stood, “I could get it, you know.” Darlene closed her eyes, “What kind of hostess would I be then?” She then began laughing as she handed Billy his water. She resumed her seat, “So what can I do for you?” Billy shook his head, “Just wanted to visit. I haven’t seen you in over a year.” Darlene smiled, her blonde hair showing signs of grey, “Well, you look good. Filling out. Bet lots of girls ask YOU out!” Billy blushed, Well Mrs. Corruthers, no as a matter of fact. Darlene stood and got herself a cup of lemonaid, “I….uh….I have some news of my own. Richard just found out this morning, actually.” Billy asked what the surprise was. Darlene began shaking, “Well, the doctor verified it…I’m pregnant.” Billy’s jaw literally dropped, “No kidding?” Darlene pursed her lips and shook her head slowly, “When you pray hard enough, God sometimes gives you a break.” Billy took another drink of his water, “Will there be….you know…..complications?” “They think I should abort, I don’t want to. I know this is a sign,” Darlene quickly grasped Billy’s hand, “I raised Rachel for seventeen years. Seventeen. I watched her learn, walk, talk, shop, smile, laugh, love….I raised Jamie for almost two years, and I grew to love her very much, despite what…..” Darlene placed her hand over her heart, “Bill, when you have a child someday, you will love it more than you love yourself. It’s the greatest gift, the greatest. I’ll carry the child to full term, and maybe if you’d like, you could come back and see the baby?” Billy nodded and smiled, “Of course.” She’s really losing it. Well, living day after day doing nothing but think about what you’ve lost probably does it. I should know, I think about Jamie everyday. Darlene smiled, “I always liked you. I know why Jamie liked you so much. You’re very good at listening.” Darlene patted him on the shoulder and laughed, which made Billy laugh as well. Then, strangely, there was a long moment of silence. Darlene sat and stared at Rachel’s senior picture, looming over the kitchen door, which led to the backyard. Billy watched her, then
eventually look around the room. Oh jeez….it’s spotless. She must bury herself in housework. That happened to Aunt Trish when Jason died. All she did was stay at home and clean. They say your supposed to….what….go through like twelve steps to get on with your life. It’s not that easy. Darlene barely moved as she giggled at her daughter’s picture, thinking about the time when Rachel had put brown food colored water into Richard’s coffee cup, then waited for him to drink his morning coffee. She was thirteen at the time, and it was April Fool’s Day. Billy looked at his watch, “I have to go Ms. Corruthers, I gotta go to the clinic.” Darlene frowned, “Okay. But I’ll see you again soon, okay?” Billy finished his water, and nodded, “Sure.” He was then led to the front door by Darlene, who waved him off. Darlene frowned as she watched Billy leave, How many times did I watch Rach leave like this, waving good-bye at me? Rachel never liked being an only child. She loved Jamie, but she’ll never meet her real, flesh and blood sibling. Rachel, I’m so sorry. Billy came to his destination, the Haddonfield Children’s Clinic. He walked in slowly, and saw nurse Tonya Hoya. Tonya looked at him and half-smiled, “Billy, you shouldn’t be here.” “I’ve lived here for 6 years.” Billy actually thought of this place as his second home. Tonya squinted her eyes, “You were admitted here for 6 years, not exactly the same thing.” Billy’s face grew solid, “Your bun must be pulled very tight today, huh?” Before Tonya could say another word, nurse Rosa Palsey entered and laughed loudly, “Billy! I’d thought you’d never come!” Tonya looked at Rosa and lowered her head in strain. God she’s so damn annoying! She then looked up, “Pat, he’s not supposed to be here. It’s against the rules.” “Nonsense! Billy is welcome here all the time!” Rosa walked to Billy and gave him a hug. “Damn it Pat, if anything happens you’ll be held responsible!” Tonya sat down and folded her arms sternly, stupid fat Mexican bitch. But neither Rosa nor Billy heard her. Instead, they were already walking up the stairs to the second floor. Once there, they began walking down the dark hallway. “Is there someone in the room now?” Billy said with a shake in his voice. “No,” Rosa said sadly, “the little boy that was in there died three weeks ago. Cancer.” Suddenly, they were there. Billy breathed deeply as Rosa opened the door and it creaked loudly, just as it did all those years ago.” Billy gasped as he looked at the room. It hasn’t changed. He saw the bed where Jamie slept at night, the window where the rock shattered it, even the crooked painting by the door. Rosa clucked her tongue as she made a cross gesture with her hand over her chest, “I’ll leave you alone.” Billy nodded at her as she shut the door behind her as she left. He walked slowly to the bed, listening to the familiar creaking floor under his feet. By the time he was at the bed, he was crying. He could see Jamie laying there, coloring him a picture with her crayons. Her record player was playing some synphonic piece, one which he was never able to remember. The ghostly image of Jamie looked up at him from her coloring and smiled. Billy collapsed on the very empty bed and buried his face in the pillow, his cries muffled by the feathery surface. Jamie was crying on the bed. I was standing by Dr. Loomis. I asked her if she was okay, but he made me leave. Then she needed to know where Tina went, and I told her the Tower Farm, and we went there then the car turned it’s headlights onto me…. Billy’s eyes opened with fright. It was a dream. Once again he dreampt of the car chasing him. I had put my hands high in the air and screamed “NO” but it did no good. I was hit, not much because I ducked out of the way, but I was hit nevertheless. I almost died that night, Jamie was concerned about me but then her uncle chased her…. “Stop thinking about it Billy! Fucking stop!” Billy stood and walked swiftly for the door and opened it. Then he stopped and looked back slowly. He saw where him, Jamie, and her foster-sister Rachel had a picnic, which was meant to be outside but it was raining. He could see Jamie laughing and enjoying herself. Billy sniffed, “Good. That’s the way I want to remember you.”

27.

Cedar Brook, Ohio

November 8, 1996

Brenda Curtis walked in a fast stride to the village diner, The Country Cafe. Inside, she sat at the designated booth, farthest from the window. She then looked around and saw no one looking back. Great, he’s not even here. “Take your order?” An elderly woman named Glenda asked warmly. Brenda smiled, “I’ll have a cup of tea.” Glenda nodded and walked away. “Hello.” Brenda turned around and saw a man dressed in pure black. She gulped, “Won’t you join me?” The man sat, and removed his black gloves, “Let me get right to the point Miss Curtis, you are no longer to follow orders from Wynn. They are already walking up the stairs to the second floor. Once there, they began walking down the dark hallway. “Is there someone in the room now?” Billy said with a shake in his voice. “No,” Rosa said sadly, “the little boy that was in there died three weeks ago. Cancer.” Suddenly, they were there. Billy breathed deeply as Rosa opened the door and it creaked loudly, just as it did all those years ago.” Billy gasped as he looked at the room. It hasn’t changed. He saw the bed where Jamie slept at night, the window where the rock shattered it, even the crooked painting by the door. Rosa clucked her tongue as she made a cross gesture with her hand over her chest, “I’ll leave you alone.” Billy nodded at her as she shut the door behind her as she left. He walked slowly to the bed, listening to the familiar creaking floor under his feet. By the time he was at the bed, he was crying. He could see Jamie laying there, coloring him a picture with her crayons. Her record player was playing some synphonic piece, one which he was never able to remember. The ghostly image of Jamie looked up at him from her coloring and smiled. Billy collapsed on the very empty bed and buried his face in the pillow, his cries muffled by the feathery surface. Jamie was crying on the bed. I was standing by Dr. Loomis. I asked her if she was okay, but he made me leave. Then she needed to know where Tina went, and I told her the Tower Farm, and we went there then the car turned it’s headlights onto me…. Billy’s eyes opened with fright. It was a dream. Once again he dreampt of the car chasing him. I had put my hands high in the air and screamed “NO” but it did no good. I was hit, not much because I ducked out of the way, but I was hit nevertheless. I almost died that night, Jamie was concerned about me but then her uncle chased her…. “Stop thinking about it Billy! Fucking stop!” Billy stood and walked swiftly for the door and opened it. Then he stopped and looked back slowly. He saw where him, Jamie, and her foster-sister Rachel had a picnic, which was meant to be outside but it was raining. He could see Jamie laughing and enjoying herself. Billy sniffed, “Good. That’s the way I want to remember you.”
second power working parallel to us.” Brenda’s eyes widened, “What do you mean?” “It wasn’t luck that the four were gone when you and your companion went to Serenity.” Brenda understood as the man continued talking. “Thor has been having many problems, all because of Wynn. Because of him, Thor didn’t play the vital role he needed to during the Samhain in Milwaukee this year, and because of that our sacrifice was able to escape.” Brenda pursed her lips, “Sacrifice? You mean a human?” The man looked up at her, “Of course. A male child every year. Virgin blood in honor of Thor. Doing so allows us to see, well, the future. Only this year the male, a young British lad named Lukus, was so close to joining the thousands of sacrifices from years and years before, but he escaped. It is perhaps of little concequence in the long run, we will just wait till next year and choose a new boy. His blood will coat our throats.” “I never heard about this. You actually kidnap and kill innocent boys every year?” Brenda was astounded. “I know you would love to see the sacrifice.” The man wasn’t wrong, she already thirsted the blood, “So what did you want from me?” “Thor has an assignment for you. You are to trail a boy in Haddonfield, Illinois.” “Hometown of the big man, himself!” Brenda tried to sound lighthearted, even though she was shaking. The man nodded, “His name is William Hill. He is currently 16 years old. He attends Haddonfield High School. He either knows, or will know too much about Thor, or Michael. We’re not sure yet.” “You want me to trail him? For how long?” Brenda already was beginning to feel sick. “As long as it takes. Obviously, you’ll have to move within close proximity of him. Perhaps you can even befriend him. You can work if you choose. Either way, you wont have any monetary problems.” Brenda showed a gleam of unhappiness in her eyes. The man grasped her arm, “Brenda! Do it for Him!” Brenda simply nodded stiffly, almost afraid to defy him. “I’ll move this weekend.” The man let go of her arm, “Good girl. We’ve already planned on one of his neighbor’s untimely demise.” Glenda walked up to the couple oddly, “Um… here’s your tea!” Brenda smiled at her briefly then looked back to the man just as fast, “I’ll do it, I will.” The man looked at her snuggly, and said a little too loudly, “Of course you will! You are what you are! A loyal subject to Thor! I must leave.” And as quickly as he arrived, he left out the door, ignoring Glenda’s syrupy-sweet tone of voice as she chimed, “Have a nice day!” Brenda sipped her tea. It was hot and burned her tongue, but she didn’t care one bit. She could only think of the sacrifice she would be able to attend next year. She then thought about her childhood. Growing up in San Fransisco, her mother died when she was 13, and her fosterfather taught her how to defend herself. She met her first real boyfriend not to long after she graduated from high school. Greg. His occupation was a hired hitman. He introduced her to people, and by the time she was 24 she was a hitman herself. Then she met Onya. Onya was a true druid, from Scotland. He had Celtic blood in him, and deamed himself something of an expert at druid customs. He was the one who introduced her to Terance Wynn, taking her aside and saying, “He needs help, work for him.” And since, Brenda found herself with a very nice paying job, not to mention a nice house which she and Robert Moore shared, even though neither saw one another. When one was on a mission, the other wouldn’t be. Brenda took a few more drinks from her coffee, and then took a dollar out of her purse and left it at the table for a tip. Glenda smiled warmly as her as she walked by, “You have a great afternoon, miss!” “You too.” She then left, and as she walked out of the cafe’s door, it reminded her of walking into her new life.

28.

Haddonfield, Illinois

September 9, 1997

The Hill household was a large, Dutch Colonial which Billy has dwelled in since his early years. Today, he had the house to himself. He invited over the few close friends he had, and was waiting for them to arrive. Not that Billy really understood his friends. He loved them all, and respected them, but they were really only his friends because they were outcasts as well. Brandon Mixter was someone Billy could relate to for the fact that his great grandfather was killed by Michael Myers. He was also a flaming fairy and openly admitted to being gay. Brandon couldn’t really say anything about that, since he and Brandon fooled around once or twice, but that was when they were high. Dena Harper hated most of the residents in Haddonfield. As soon as she could afford it, she planned on moving out and becoming an actress. She dressed like she was an outcast from the movie Clueless, in fact, she would only wear something if it looked similar to an article of clothing found in the movie. While she acted like the characters of Cher and Dionne, she was very friendly to her ‘group’ of friends. Billy also thought she had a crush on him. He saw the movie Clueless, and after seeing the way Cher flirted with guys made him see parallels as to how Dena acted. Then, of course, there was Ronald Bidwell. He was one of the smartest kids Billy knew, but he was also heavy into pot and drinking. He claimed he only did it because there was nothing better to do. He was the one who got Billy involved in drugs in the first place, not to mention smoking. Billy was wearing all black, lately the ‘Goth’ fashion was suiting him, for it fit his attitude perfectly. Of course, he sometimes wished he wasn’t that way. Sometimes late at night he dreamed of being normal, playing football, having a nice car, and being involved in his school. Then he would think, ‘where the hell would that get me?’ There was a knock at his front door. He eagerly opened it, and was greeted by his three only friends. Brandon, a boy, always looked rather grand. He wore trendy clothes, and occasionally wore make-up. He had semi-long hair, which went to about his ear-length. He had it dyed black with red streaks running all through it.
Dena also wore extravagant clothes, and had very long, straight hair which was slightly frizzy. She always had hair clips in it. Today, she sported glittered lipstick and a WWJD bracelet, not to mention glitter around her eyes. Ronald was into the grunge trend, but not too heavily. He was a minimalist, and wore plain clothes. He had a shaggy hair-cut, almost reminiscent of the cartoon character ‘Shaggy’ from the cartoon Scooby Doo, Where are You? The four friends sat down and Billy turned on his cd player. Semi-Charmed Life by Third Eye Blind began playing. “So Billy, what are we going to do today?” Dena asked as she lit her cigarette. Billy thought, “Can someone bum me a cig?” Dena jumped at giving him one. “Thanks”, Billy lit the cigarette, “I guess we can watch a movie. I rented The Lost Highway today. It’s fucking wierd!” Ronald shook his head, “That movie is too wierd. It gives me a headache. What about Mallrats? That movie makes me laugh my ass off!” Brandon spoke up, “Let’s get a gay porn! Like a military one!” Brandon stood and saluted, “Whatever you say, Sir!” The three others laughed loudly at Brandon’s obvious attempt at lightening the mood. Dena looked at Billy, “Why don’t we watch a classic? Like Friday the 13th?” Dena knew Billy loved horror movies, so she’d made it a priority to inform herself about them. It wasn’t easy for her however. She had many nightmares concerning Jason, Fred, and Leatherface. Hell, even that damned Chucky doll scares me to death. Ronald’s eyes brightened, “Yeah!” Brandon sat next to Billy and put his hand on his sholder, “I brought a bowl, can we all?” Billy sighed deeply and looked at Brandon mockingly, then looked at Ronald and Dena and saw they had similar expressions on their faces. He stood, “You guys know that my parents will smell it!” Dena got on her knees and mocked begging, “Oh, you know they won’t be home till tomorrow morning! We’ll make sure the house is aired out! Come on! Remember when I gave you that joint last week when you needed it!” She half-giggled as she spoke. Billy began walking to the kitchen to get a Pepsi. He then stopped and turned around, “Alright, we’ll smoke it. But I won’t promise it’ll be any fun.” Ronald’s face turned to pure happiness, “You won’t regret it!” Billy continued to walk to the kitchen, brushing his arm loosely towards them in an attempt to show his discouragement. In actuality, he liked the idea. He got a Pepsi, and went back out to the livingroom to find his friends getting ready to light up. There was a knock at the door. Immediately, the four teenagers got very nervous. Ronald, who had just made himself comfortable on the sofa, jumped up and grabbed his property, “Shit!” “Who could it be?” Dena said as she looked out the front door, half expecting to see police vehicles, she saw none. “Get away from the window!” Billy said, “Go into the den, I’ll see who it is! Hurry up!” Ronald, Dena, and Brandon ran into the Den. Billy closed the den door, and went to the front door and opened it up. He saw his fairly new neighbor, and friend, Brenda Curtis. Brenda smiled, “Hi Billy!” Billy smiled at the older neighbor, “Hey Bren. What’s up?” Brenda looked up at the ceiling, “Well, some friends of mine were gonna go to the mall with me, but they ditched. Wanna come?” Brenda smiled warmly and put her hand on his sholder, “Sure.” She then turned and walked away. Billy sighed and closed the door. Dena, obviously annoyed, eyed the woman, “Who the piece of meat?” Billy shrugged, “A friend.” Ronald came out of the den, packing the bowl. Billy shook his head, “Nothing will stop you, will it?” Brandon put his hand up to Billy, “What is what’s wrong with you today, boy?” Billy didn’t reply.

29.

Saginaw, Michigan

October 31, 1997

HalloweeN

Kieran Cornell, 14, awoke with a shake. His sight was blurred, and he felt a wave of nausia. He took a deep breath, and could hear voices in the distance. He began getting uncomfortable as he thought something was definately not right. Brenda Curtis smiled as she got a front row view of the sacrifice. The underground cavern was quite large, and hosted hundreds of Thor’s followers. The kid she saw before her was actually quite cute, she thought. He had short black hair and brown eyes. He was nude, and his skin was pale white. Indeed, Kieran had pale skin due to absolute zero exposure to sunlight for 6 years, as with accordance to Thor’s wishes. He was abducted at the age of eight on October 2, 1991. He lived a hollow exsistance after, merely being fed and bathed. And that was the extent of his relationships with others. He barely had speech recognition, but he was quite smart and observant. A Man in Black entered the room, immediately quieting others around him. Kieran could now see the view before him. He saw countless people staring at him from a close distance, but he didn’t know why. He couldn’t even remember seeing so many people together… even in distance memories. The man came up to Kieran and smiled, “Hello Kieran. I’m glad you’ve been chosen. You’re very special. You’ll give us information we all need to survive.” Kieran didn’t understand anything the man said, except the recognition of his name. He simply grunted. He then watched the man talk loudly to the audience, then watched them all go into a loud prayer. The man finally put a chalice up to Kieran’s throat and, with his other hand, slit it deeply, letting the blood poor into the cup. Kieran’s eyes widened, but he didn’t struggle. He knew that, for some reason, this would be a release for him. The man waited until the chalice was full, then raised it and took a hearty drink. He then passed it to the follower closest to himself. Kieran’s head
slumped. He was dead. The man leaned down onto his knees and began silently praying. He wished Thor to tell him elements of the future…to help him serve better.… Just as Brenda was about to sip the blood, she jumped as the man screamed. The man stood, “Thor spoke to me, and told me some very, very disturbing news. But it is not for your ears. I must meditate.” And with that, he walked off the platform. This created mass conversation amongst the cultists, voices became louder and dissorted. Brenda noticed he motioned for her to follow him. She quickly followed close behind, and was led to a small room with several plush chairs inside. The man sat, “Take a seat.” Brenda sat down and waited for him to speak. The man held his head in his hands for a short while, then calmly looked up at her, “So did you enjoy the ceremony?” Brenda coughed, “Well, it was shorter than I thought it would be, but I have to wonder, did YOU enjoy it?” “No. Not after hearing what I just did. Tell me, have you done what I’ve asked?” Brenda tried to smile, “You mean with Billy…er…William? Yes. He trusts me. I mean, he thinks of me as a friend. And I know he’s comfortable around me because he…uh…” “Yes?” “You know…he gets…erectiions sometimes. He doesn’t know I notice, but I do.” The man smiled, “Very good. At least somebody is doing good work concerning Myers. In fact, I’ve just learned I’ll be taking over for Wynn from now on concerning Michael. But even then…” Brenda leaned closer, “What?” “Like I said, Thor has told me some very bad news. It appears there may be something we can do. Maybe. As you know, Myers is approaching forty years of being inflicted with Thor’s presence. Forty years. I’ve heard of similar cases in time where a person was inflicted for twenty years, but forty? The result will be disastrous. To Thor, and to us all. Next year, Michael will try to kill his sister, and something gravely wrong will occur.” Brenda felt chilly, “Gravely wrong?” “Michael will be exposed and executed. We cannot let this happen, of course. Unfortunately, if we do attempt to save him, it appears that Michael may begin to pervers the very nature of Thorn itself. This will cause a chain reaction that none of us can control. I’m sorry to announce…that while we must perform Thor’s wishes to the letter…our ways are very likely damned. By the year two thousand and four, we will have no reason to practice our ways.” Brenda stared in horror at the man, “What will happen at that time?” “That’s a good question. All I know is that it will involve Myers, it will involve us, it will involve a few others. But Thor tells me that we must try. And right now, I have faith in that.”

30.

Olson, Nebraska

June 24, 1998

Danny stared at his mother’s long, curly hair, which was now to her mid-back as she locked his bedroom window, “Mom, where are we going next?” “Tennessee. But that won’t be for a few more months. Once we’re there, I think we’ll live there for a while,” Kara said as she pulled the blinds. “Three months?” Kara looked understandingly at her son, “Actually, maybe three years. You never know.” “Really?” “But we’ll be safe.” “Promise?” Kara didn’t want to lie, but had no other option, “Promise. Get sleep. Tomorrow we’re going to the store. I’ll buy you something, okay?” “Yeah!” Danny loved getting presents, especially when it wasn’t his birthday or Christmastime. Kara kissed her son goodnight and turned off the light, “Goodnight.” “Night.” Danny was already sleepy, and it didn’t take him long to drift off into slumber. But Danny’s dream was far from slumber: “You see Danny? If you play the game right you’ll never get caught by Thorn!” Tommy said as he jumped through a large hoop. Danny looked at the circus, which was devoid of all circus-related objects, and dauntlessly jumped through the loop. When his feet landed, he immediately heard clapping. He raised his head. Kara, Tommy, Jamie, Debra, John, Tim, and his old friend Damien were giving him a standing ovation. Tim called out, “Way to go, Dan the man!” Kara chimed in, “I’m so proud of you, honey!” Tommy smiled, “That’s it Danny! Take a leap and your home free. Thorn can’t find you everywhere.” Jamie was suddenly next to him, “Everywhere you are now he can and will get you. Like me. But if you know where to jump, you can be safe!” Kara took Jamie’s place, “It is the right choice, Dan.” Dr. Loomis was on the other side of him, “It’s the only choice. Danny, don’t let him get to you, too.” Danny, at his wish, silenced everyone. They all looked at him with awe. “I don’t understand.” John hovered over Danny, “It can be dangerous, but you have the power to talk to him, Dan. He wants you to take over soon, so he won’t deny you the right of knowledge. Ask him what we mean. He will answer.” Danny blinked, “Who?” DANNY! ASK ME Danny found himself in a greyish realm. He knew this wasn’t his dreamstate, but of course his mind couldn’t comprehend such a thought and the whole idea was only in his head for a fraction of a second before it slipped away. Danny couldn’t see Thorn, but he could feel Thorn. DANNY! ASK ME With the innocence only a child could muster, Danny calmly asked, “How can I escape you?” ESCAPE? IT HAS NEVER BEEN DONE HOWEVER IT CAN’T BE DONE AND IT CAN “Please tell me.” Danny knew Thorn would tell him. Suddenly, a nothing appeared in front of Danny. It was far away from him, and extremely close considering there was no time-space in the realm. Danny studied the nothing. He pondered for years, minutes, and months, yet came to no conclusions, “What do I do?” LEAP! WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND YOU WILL LEAVE Danny wasn’t scared. He yearned for the knowledge. To save his mother, to save Tommy, and to save Stephen he jumped into the nothing and…
Haddonfield, Illinois
June 24, 1998

Danny felt sick as his face hit the dirt. He layed in the grass for a few minutes, regaining his composure. His mind was phased, and his memory was scrambled. The wind howled, making Danny’s long hair waver in the wind. Danny was in front of his grandparent’s house. But it looked very, VERY different from how he remembered it. It was painted blue, and there wasn’t a balcony over the porch, and all the shrubbery was gone, as well as the fence. But the address was the same, 45 Lampkin Lane.

Danny walked down the walkway and up the steps. He knocked quietly on the door, then opened it. He looked around the semi-familiar room, “Grandma?” He stepped inside and looked around. The layout was the same, but the decorations and furniture was very different from what he remembered. On the wall, above the beginning of the stairwell next to the door, was a family portrait. He didn’t recognise anyone from the picture. There were two almost-elderly people in the center, with three younger, but apparently middle-aged children around them. Suddenly, he stopped still at the sound of a female voice, “Well mother, it’s not like you can never leave, it just means you’ll be cared for 24 hours a day, something Michael, Laurie, and I can’t do.” Danny saw the lady at the top of the stairs. He gulped. Judith Myers Hunt, 51, was trying to talk sense into her mother, Margaret. Why does she have to be so difficult? The Haddonfield Twilight Rest Home is the best money can buy in this area! Margaret Hill Myers, 70, was walking slowly, holding her chest as she walked, “But I’ve lived here for 45 years. This is my home.” Judith signed, “Yes. But you can’t afford it anymore. And besides…” Judith stopped speaking when she saw Danny, “Who are you?” Danny was scared, “Danny.” Judith began walking down the stairs, “What are you doing in this house?” Danny backed up a little, “My grandparents used to live here.” Judith snickered, “You’ll have to do better than that. My family has lived here for a long time. What is your full name?” “Danny Strode.” Before Judith could talk, Margaret spoke up, “Strode? You must be Debra’s grandson!” Danny, at the sound of his grandmother’s name, got excited and answered immediately, “Yes!” Judith turned to her mother, her long, greying hair swaying with perfection, “You know him?” Margaret nodded slightly, “I’ve known the Strode’s for years. Morgan and Pamela Strode own the estate agency, and Michael lives a few blocks away from them.” Danny cocked his head, “Michael?” Judith gave a dry look to the youth, “My brother. Why are you really in here? Tell the truth.” She looked the youth over, and though, ‘Judging from her clothes and hair, he’s probably poor and wants to steal food or money.’ Danny lowered his head. I can’t tell them the truth. They wouldn’t believe me. Maybe I should lie. If I can find Tommy, I bet he could help me, maybe even mom. “I’m lost. I can’t find my house.” Judith sighed, for she suddenly felt sorry for Danny. Seeing this cute kid only makes me wish I had a son or daughter. It isn’t fair that Michael and Laurie can have kids, but I can’t. Judith blocked out those thoughts and smiled, “I’ll tell you what. I’m going to my brother’s, and he lives a few blocks from…um…” Judith turned to her mother, “What was his name?” “Morgan,” Margaret offered, “but that would be Danny’s uncle.” “Close enough. Your uncle Morgan’s. Is that alright with you?” Danny had no other choice. He followed the woman who introduced herself as Judith to her car, and looked at the familiar surroundings as they drove. Judith looked at the lad next to her, “So Danny, who’s your mom?” “Her name is Kara Strode.” Judith shook her head, “Never met her.” She lit a cigarette, and rolled down the window to prevent Danny from breathing the smoke. The car went to 675 Hampton Lane, where Judith’s brother, Michael Myers lived. Michael, 41, was outside with his two sons, Peter and Chris Myers. Even at 41, Michael was an extremely handsome and striking individual. His hair was still sandy blond, and his dark eyes were as bold as bowling balls, with a touch of royal blue. Peter was 15, and was a carbon copy of his father, younger form. Chris, 12, looked more like his mother, Autumn, who died of breast cancer 7 years ago. As soon as Danny saw Michael, his pulse quickened. “Okay. That’s my brother Michael and his two sons. Do you know them?” “No.” “Well,” Judith observed the blue Neon car in the driveway, “it looks like my sister is here, too.” Danny and Judith stepped from her car and walked to Michael. Chris smiled, “Hey Danny.” Danny raised his eyebrows, “You know me?” Chris nodded quickly as Michael said hi to Judith. “Hi. This is Danny Strode, he’s lost, and his uncle lives close to here.” “Yeah. The Strode’s live just down there.” Michael pointed down the road, “How did you get lost, young man?” Danny shrugged. The front door opened and a 37 year old woman emerged. Her name was Laurie Myers Tramer. Her hair was short, modern-styled. Her 12 year old daughter, Bethany Margaret, was behind her. Laurie saw Danny and smiled, “Hi Danny! What are you doing here?” Judith looked at Laurie, “You know him?” Laurie rolled her eyes as she laughed, “Of course I know him! I’m his teacher!” Judith nodded slowly, “Okay then. I found him inside mom’s house, just staring at me. He says he’s lost. His uncle lives just down the road, perhaps you’d like to take him there?” Laurie nodded, “Of course.” She looked at Danny, “Is something wrong Danny? Did you lose your mom?” Danny shook his head, “I don’t know? But I’ve seen you before. In pictures. Aren’t we cousins?” Laurie looked at Michael, then Judith, “Danny, I don’t think so. I’m your teacher, Ms. Tramer, remember? Did you hit your head?” “No. I do know who you are. You’re Laurie Strode. And where is your daughter?” Laurie didn’t understand what he was trying to tell her. He must have really hurt himself. Laurie Strode? My daughter? “This is my daughter right here, Bethany.” Danny looked at the pretty, dark haired girl who had a jean skirt on, “No. No. No. No. You’re daughter, Jamie Lloyd!” Laurie remained silent for a long time, unsure what to say. Danny continued, “Jamie was your daughter. But she died. And you died too…er…I thought you did! And Michael…” Danny lost his voice. Laurie shook her head, “Danny, I’m...
Danny (who has never been called Dan except when
rowned about Danny. What could cause him to lose his senses this
much? Perhaps Lynda is right, I should keep a far distance from the students. That way, I can’t get involved. But here I am,
involved. But Danny is such a bright student, always friendly and intelligent. And now, god what is it? Just looking at him, he looks
different. Skinner, and his hair, it is longer than the last time I saw him only days ago. What the hell happened to him? Danny was
dee in thought himself. There is really something wrong here. But I can’t cry. Tommy taught me better. But why are people living
in grandma and grandpa’s house? And I know that lady is my mom’s cousin Laurie. It looks just like her! Mom said she died, so
how could she know her? And it’s hard to remember, but I know me, mom, Tommy, and Stephen live in Ambular, not this town.
“Danny,” Laurie said as she walked next to him, “has something bad happened to you?” “Um…I don’t know.” Danny was too
confused to give an answer. “Have things been going good with your mom and dad?” “My mom is fine, I think. But I don’t know
my dad.” Danny stared at the sidewalk grooves as he walked. “Of course you know your dad. Listen Danny, you know I don’t
approve of lying, in the classroom and out.” Danny stopped and looked up at Laurie, “How could I know that when I don’t know
you?” Laurie stopped as well and simply stared at the boy. After 30 seconds of staring eye to eye, Laurie took a deep breath, “Come
on. Were going to your uncles, then I’m going to talk to your mother.” Laurie and Danny went to 538 Hampton Lane, and knocked
on the door. Morgan Strode answered the door. When he saw Danny, he looked up at Laurie and cocked his head, “Dan, what’s
wrong? Who are you miss?” Laurie extended her hand, “Laurie. Laurie Tramer. I’m Danny’s teacher. Mr. Strode, it’s kinda funny
really, and a big coincidence, but my sister found Danny today. He said he was lost and wants to go home. So she brought him to
me, and I took him to you.” Morgan nodded, “Oh really?” Laurie continued, “I was wondering if you could tell me how to get to
Kara’s house? I really need to speak with her about Danny, he’s acting very…um…nervous for some reason.” Morgan looked down
at Danny, Jesus, Dan looks like hell. What happened to him? “Of course. It’s on Drury Court, by the Lost River Drive-In? Two
story blue house.” Laurie nodded slowly, “Okay. I know where it is. Thank you very much Mr. Strode.” Laurie shook his hand
once again. Morgan knelt down and put his hand on Danny’s sholder, “Dan, are you okay?” Danny barely remembered his uncle
Morgan, but he simply nodded and put his head down. I want my mother. Laurie smiled at Morgan as she began walking away.
Morgan called out, “Don’t forget it’s the last house on the right.” Laurie turned her head shortly, “I wont!” Laurie led Danny back to
Michael’s house. Judith was already gone. She looked at Michael, who was sitting at the picnic table with his children, “I’m taking
Danny to his mothers. Watch Beth for me please? I’ll be back soon.” Kara Strode was not having a good day. First, she discovered
the canary died, and she knew Danny was upset about it. Second, she got a third notice on a light bill she never got a first or second
notice on. Third, her mother called. “Kara,” Debra Strode said over the phone, “If you actually went out once in awhile you could
find a very suitable man. In fact, Tim wants you to meet a man he knows in college, and he’s a psychiatrist too!” “Mom please, don’t
start. I don’t want to be set up by my mother and brother.” Kara pulled her hair back behind her ears, and sighed fully. “Do you
remember what your father told you before he died?” “Don’t die alone. I’m still not sure why he told me that.” Kara said as she
shifted the phone from her left to right ear. “He knew that Danny needs a father.” “Well, speaking of, I’m going to see Lonnie
tomorrow…” “Kara, you promised. Lonnie is a walking hormone. The only reason he’s around is because of Danny.” “Mom,
Danny loves Lonnie. And sometimes, I think I do too.” Kara rolled her eyes in responce to the reaction she knew she was going to
get. She looked out the window and saw a blue car enter her driveway, “Mom, a car is pulling up I have to go.” “I’ve heard that
before.” “No, really mom. I’ll call you later. Bye.” Kara hung the phone up and went to the front door. She saw a middle-aged
woman with short brown hair and a little boy get out of the car. Kara knew the woman, it was Ms. Tramer, Danny’s teacher. Kara
then looked at the kid and squinted her eyes, the boy… Laurie smiled as she saw Kara, “Hi Ms. Strode. Um, I don’t know how to
say this exactly, but…” Danny saw his mother. Well, she looked just like his mother. Her red sholder-length, straight hair was
foreign to Danny, but it really didn’t matter. He smiled wide and yelled, “Mom!” As Danny ran to his mother, Kara slowly cocked
her head and gapped her mouth open, Danny??????, she thought to herself. Danny hugged his mother, but didn’t feel her hug back.
He let go slowly, back away, and looked up at Kara. Kara looked at…her son. She, at first, was completely overwhelmed. He was
Danny, but his hair was considerably longer for she had recently given him a bowl-cut (at his insistance). Also, he was wearing
clothes she had never purchased for him. He was wearing ripped-up jeans and a white cotton sweater that was by far too big for him.
Laurie wasn’t sure why Kara and Danny were simply staring at eachother, so she just quietly observed. Kara was the first to speak,
“Danny?” Dan Strode answered back as he walked down the stairs, “What?” He was curious why he saw his teacher in his front
yard. He was an identical duplicate of Danny, minus small differences. He had a bowl-cut, which ended just above his eyes. He
sporied a blue shirt with a long white stripe going down the sleeves. He had JNKO jeans, which were reminiscient of bell-bottoms,
and he also had a small hemp necklace (given to him by his uncle Tim) around his neck. Kara, Laurie, and Danny turned to Dan,
who was walking down the stairs in a fast stride. Dan stopped short right in front of Danny, and when he looked up he didn’t
register what he saw at first. It was like looking into a mirror. A vague, distorted mirror. Kara took a battered breath as she looked
from one Dan Strode to the next. Laurie walked inside to get a better look, and squinted her eyes. Dan (who hates being called
Danny, and only lets his mother call him Danny sometimes) took a step back. Danny (who has never been called Dan except when
his uncle Tim was alive) reached out and touched his counterpart. When flesh met flesh, Dan let out a high-pitched shriek, which caused Danny to do exactly the same. Kara fainted. Two minutes later, Laurie was able to revive Kara. Kara was groggy, but had perfect recollection of what had just transpired. She saw the two Danny’s sitting on opposite ends of her couch, staring at eachother. She began crawling away from them, scared. But then, she stared at the foreign Dan, and looked into his eyes. She stopped crawling, and saw that yes, he was her son, if it was possible. Laurie looked at Kara, “Kara, forgive me, I don’t want to pry, but did you know you had another son?” “What? No! I didn’t, because, well, I never had another son. Trust me.” Laurie and Kara both looked at the twin set of boys. Laurie looked at the obviously out-of-place Danny, “But he claims to be Danny. He knew who you were, and he certainly looks like your son.” Kara gulped. “Danny?” Both boys, in perfect unison, said, “What?” Kara felt faint, she stood and sat between the two boys. She turned to Danny, “Really, who are you?” “Your son. Mom, what is going on? Please help me!” Danny began crying. Kara tilted her head as if to cry herself and wanted to comfort the child —her child? —, but she didn’t. “But Danny is right here, next to me.” Dan peeped around his mother at his paralell self. Danny continued crying, “Mommy, why are you in this house? Where’s Tommy and Stephen? Why is your hair like that? And why do you have another me?” Kara didn’t know what to say. Danny looked at Laurie, “And you, you ARE my mom’s cousin! And your Stephen’s grandma. But your dead, just like Grandma Strode. I know it!” Laurie looked at Kara with a quizzative look, “He told me that earlier. He said you and I were cousins and I had a daughter named Jamie…” Hearing Jamie’s name made Danny stop crying. “I can’t feel her here. I always could, since I was a little boy, but I can’t feel her anymore inside of me.” Laurie crossed over to the child who was and wasn’t her pupil, knelt, and placed her hand on Danny’s, “Tell me about where you’re from, please?” “I was born in a town called Russellville.” Laurie laughed, “No. Tell me about what your life is like.” Danny looked up at Kara. Kara simply nodded, extremely interested herself. Danny took a small breath, “Mom and I lived in all sorts of places and towns with Tommy. But we lived here in Hadd, um, Haddonfield?” Kara spoke, “Haddonfield?” Danny nodded, “Yeah Haddonfield. This town. We lived with Grandma Strode and Grampa Strode. I went to school, I was in first grade. I had Ms. Honeywell, right mom?” Kara had to admit it was the truth, at least for her son it was. “But then grandma and grampa and uncle Tim died. The bad man, Jamie and Stephen’s uncle, chased us and we moved away. We lived in all sorts of cool places like Chicago and San Fransisco. I haven’t been in any school since second grade, but you and Tommy teach me all sorts of things.” Dan felt chills up his spine, hearing himself talk about a life he never really lived. But is he really me? Maybe he’s an alien sent to replace me! Dan watched the Danny with Laurie, “Your son. Mom, what is going on? Please help me.” “Your son. Mom, what is going on? Please help me.” “Yes, all sorts of cool places.” Dan looked down, “I got to go to Disney Land with my mom last year.” “Really? Mom never has the money to take me anywhere. We’re usually lucky if Tommy can find us a bed after we move.” Dan, who was feeling a little jealous, suddenly felt sad, “Why?” “We move so much. Mom was in college but dropped out and Tommy can’t stay in one place for too long.” “I’ve never met Tommy.” “He’s my best friend! If you can, you should meet him.” It suddenly dawned on Danny. He understood. I’m in another place like my home, but it’s different. I saw Michael, I saw myself. Here, there is no Thorn. That’s why mom is rich and I look happier. Suddenly, the middle of the room began fading away, and nothing was in the middle, blackened color. Dan wanted to scream, but Danny covered his mouth. “Dan, listen. That means I’m going back to MY mom. When I leave tell your mom I’m from a place like here, but in my world things are different. You can also tell her I love her, but she already knows that. And I’ll tell my mommy you love her, but she already knows!” Dan watched Danny stand and begin walking towards the nothing. Danny turned towards himself. Dan stood up. Instinct drew the two alternate Daniel Strodies together. They simply stared eachother eye-to-eye, as they did before. But this time, Dan and Danny hugged. It was a spiritual moment neither could comprehend, but it was as if they were saying farewell to a part of themselves they would probably never see again. Danny then smiled and said, “Goodbye”, before jumping out of existance...
Danny awoke, feeling quite mortal. He rubbed his eyes, and saw daylight. He could vaguely remember his dream, but then he had to ask himself…‘Was it a dream?’

31.
Haddonfield, Illinois
October 27, 1998

On the outskirts of Haddonfield, near the Lost River, Michael sat in silence, staring at the dark wall of the small cave he took shelter in the past year. He was waiting…limitless waiting….. Occasionally, random thoughts would cross his mind. This particular time, he wondered how he would find his great-nephew. “MICHAEL, GO TO LANGDON FOR ME” “MICHAEL, GO TO 4946 CYPRESS POND ROAD FOR ME” Michael blankly stood and obeyed.

32.
Langdon, Illinois
October 29, 1998

Marion Chambers-Wittington turned at the stoplight onto her street. She had just worked a hectic nine-hour-shift and she couldn’t wait to go to bed. She saw, to her right, children gathered around a woman ready to carve a pumpkin. To her left, she saw an elderly man named Elroy rake his leaves. Seeing this made Marion feel more tired as she flicked her cigarette out the window. She then muttered to herself, “I hate October.” Marion stopped and parked her car right in front of her house, and wasted no time stepping out, already with another cigarette hanging from her mouth. She closed the door and began walking while searching for her keys, as well as her lighter. In the distance, kids were shrieking with laughter as they jumped into piles of raked leaves. The weather outside was only slightly chilly. Marion made her way up the front walk, then to the steps, but then made a sudden pause at the sound of a CRUNCH under her feet. She stepped back, and saw shattered glass all over the porch. She looked up, and saw the porch light was broken. Her immediate thought was that neighborhood kids did it, but seeing her front door slightly ajar quickly put her into a new state of wonder. She walked slowly up to the door, and opened it. She could barely see into her darkened house, but was able to make out the furniture inside. One thing was for certain, she wasn’t going inside alone. Marion cursed, “Shit!”, before leaving for her neighbors’ residence, the Howell’s. She went to the Howell’s front door, and began rapping quite loudly. No one answered. Marion began knocking again, but stopped when she heard a noise to her left. She went to the Howell’s front door, and began rapping quite loudly. No one answered. Marion began knocking again, but stopped when she heard a noise to her left. She began walking slowly to the left exit of the porch. After stepping off, she immediately turned to look around the house, and bumped right into a figure wearing a white mask. Marion jumped. The figure raised his mask and laughed. It was Jimmy Howell. At seventeen, Jimmy was rather short for his age, but he was also considerably lanky. He had brown hair, which he hid under a ski hat, and brown eyes to match. Today, he was wearing baggy blue jeans and a flannel jacket, which is what he also wore in the summertime as well. Next to Jimmy was his best friend, Tony Allegre. Tony was considerably taller than Jimmy, and he sported dark spiky hair. The two had just finished a game of ice hockey, and both wanted to get inside to watch Seinfeld, then South Park. Marion sighed relief. Jimmy laughed, “Hey Ms. Wittington, what’s going on?” Marion, normally, would be amusingly upset over Jimmy calling her ‘Ms. Wittington’, but she had no time for games today, “My house was broken into!” Jimmy’s eyes widened and his face perked up, “No shit?” Marion tilted her head and gave Jimmy a half-dry look, “No shit.” Jimmy led Marion into the front door, and picked up the phone. He dialed 911, then quickly pressed down, “Um…is this an emergency?” Marion lit her cigarette and barked, “Yes!” Jimmy shrugged, dialed 0, and waited for an operator, “Hey, can you get me the police? Thanks…..Hey, my name is Jimmy Howell, I live at 4944 Cypress Pond…yeah in Langdon. I have a neighbor here, she says someone broke into her house and she wants somebody to scope it out for her…..I don’t know, hold on,” Jimmy looked at Marion, “Do you think somebody may still be there?” Marion rolled her eyes and spoke while the cigarette was still in her mouth, “How the hell am I supposed to know? I didn’t go inside.” Jimmy smiled and answered, “She’s not sure. Yeah, I’ll hold.” While Jimmy paced, Tony looked at the nurse sitting next to him and boredly asked, “Hasn’t anyone told ya? Second hand smoke kills.” Marion, half-amused, kept her cool and withdrew the cigarette from her mouth and quietly said, “Yeah, but they’re all dead.” She then blew a puff of smoke into Tony’s direction. Tony slightly coughed, then simply looked back at Jimmy, who began talking again. “Yeah, yeah, 4946 Cypress Pond….okay, okay thanks,” Jimmy hung up the phone and looked at Marion, “They said to give them fifteen minutes and they’ll be by.” He then began walking towards the door. Marion turned to him, “Jimmy, where are you going?” Jimmy grabbed his hockey stick, “Check out your house…” Marion closed her eyes and sighed, “No, wait for the police.” Jimmy smiled and said, “Where’s the fun in that, huh?” Reluctantly, Marion and Tony stood and followed. Outside Marion’s house, Jimmy went to the front porch, then turned to Tony, “Are you coming?” Tony, who was standing next to
Marion, shrugged, “Uhhhh…I better stay here and protect her.” Marion simply looked at him. Jimmy smiled and nodded, seeing that his friend was scared, “Oh, right dude. Good.” He then made his way up to the front porch. He stepped on the cracked glass, and turned around. Marion and Tony looked at Jimmy with fear as he entered. Jimmy looked around the livingroom as he entered, but in the darkness it seemed very different. He’s been in Marion’s home quite a few times, a few times with his mom, but many times he came over by himself. He found that Marion was quite a good person to talk to about his problems, and thanks to her he never got into drugs, like many of his friends did. Jimmy didn’t see anybody, but he wasn’t going to object to the possibility and yelled, “Allright, lets not anyone mess with me here. Jimmy’s been suspended five times already this year for getting a little crazy with the stick here, alright?” He then slammed his stick down, making a loud crack against the floor. He then yelled, “Kay!” Jimmy entered the office, and saw papers strewn over the floor, he snickered, “Shit.” He then went to the kitchen, grabbing a Pumpkin decorated cookie on the way, and proceeded to open the fridge and removed two bottles of wine. He didn’t like stealing, especially from Marion, but he knew that she wouldn’t mind. Hell, she’s the first person who ever let me drink. Suddenly, a door slammed shut, and Jimmy in response swung his hockey stick around, causing hanging pots and pans to go flying. After the loud banging subsided, Jimmy sighed in relief when he saw he was alone. Ten minutes later, Tony sighed and looked over to Marion, “So, your a nurse?” Marion took a puff of her cigarette, “Yes. For the Mental Health Department.” “So you deal with crazies and stuff like that?” Marion shook her head, “No, not really. Not anymore. Actually, to say I’m a nurse is an understatement. I do a lot more.” Tony nodded, “I kinda always wanted to be a doctor. I was kinda thinking about going to college for it.” Marion smiled, “It’s a lot of hard work, but if you can live through that, you can live through anything afterwards.” Tony smiled as Jimmy emerged from the house, by that time it was dark. He smiled, “Allright, nothing to fear, the coast is clear.” Tony nodded, “Yer sure?” Jimmy nodded back, “Yep, I checked all the rooms and all the closets.” Marion took a puff of her cigarette, “Nothings missing?” Jimmy shook his head, “I don’t think so…but they did a real number on your office.” Marion looked at him in confusion, “My office?” Jimmy blinked, “Yeah, there’s crap everywhere,” he then proceeded to walk past her then spoke, “Oh, and uh, they also messed up your kitchen really bad too…good night!” As Jimmy left, Tony raised a hand at her and smiled, then he too began to walk away. Marion watched them leave, then flicked her cigarette to the ground and muttered, “So much for the cops.” She then walked up to her house. Jimmy smiled as he pulled the wine from his baggy pants’ pockets. Tony smiled in awe, “Oh yes! You got beer! Yes!” Jimmy grinned as he made his way up his front lawn, “I got the hook up. We are going to get messed up, man.” Tony laughed, “After, I say we go egg the house across the street.” Jimmy sighed, “Shut up Tony.” Tony frowned, “Why not?” Marion tried to turn on her livingroom light, but nothing happened. She sighed, “Perfect.” She then made her way to the fuse box, which also wouldn’t turn on, “Christ Jimmy, didn’t you try to turn on a light?” Marion didn’t know what to do. ‘I could stay here tonight, if I knew it was safe. I guess I should search the house myself, then I can use the Howell’s phone in the morning and get the goddamned electricity company out here’ She picked up a flashlight, and decided to search the office first. ‘Shit! Jimmy was right, whoever was in here was definately looking for something, but what?’ Marion sighed when the light beam hit a picture of Dr. Samuel Loomis. She did see a red manilla folder not too far away, and went closer to see which file it was. She could barely see because of the lighting, but was able to make out the words:

Laurie Strode

Marion shivered. ‘Laurie Strode? Someone came looking for her file? Then they know! Oh shit!’ Marion jumped at a sound behind her. The dark office was still empty, but Marion decided to check the hallway. She saw, to her dismay, the front door was open. She ran to shut it, then twirled around as the backdoor swung open as well. She then, cautiously, began walking to the back entrance and saw a faint shadow. The wind howled. Marion was no dummy. She ran back to the front door, opened it, and sprinted for the Howells. Once there, she began pounding on the door and hollored, “Jimmy!?!?” There was no answer, so Marion simply opened the door and entered herself. She looked up the stares and hollored, “Jimmy?” No answer. Marion then went into the livingroom, where the light was on, and hollored, “Jimmy!” Jimmy was in the livingroom. He was rocking slowly on the rockingchair, and he had an ice-skate deeply slammed diagonally into his face. Blood was everywhere. Marion screamed in terror, but didn’t miss a beat. She ran to the back door, located in the kitchen, and opened it. Tony Allegre stood there, and fell over onto Marion. He had a knife in his back. Marion cried as she tried to get Tony off of her. Tony horely whispered to Marion, “Help me…” Marion didn’t hear him however, because she saw someone else in the doorway. It was the mask that brought back the memory… Marion pushed Tony off of her, and quickly got up and began running. She hid behind a chair, then heard a police siren. She saw Michael Myers look out the window towards the cops, giving her the chance to pick up a pot and clobber Michael into the back of the head. Michael retaliated, and began pursuing Marion while she tried to scream for the police…just barely missing the knife stabs. The police officers, Jay Gerald and Hank Formon, looked blankly at the dark household, seeing no sign of life. They didn’t hear the cries for help not even 10 yards away. The shouts of, “In here!” were just noticeable, even at their distance. Hank noticed the front door was slightly open, and he decided to enter. Jay followed, “Police! Anybody home?” Hank frowned, “Looks like a B and E.” Marion shattered the closest window and screamed, “In here goddamn it!!!” But it was too late. Michael slit her throat deeply. Marion fell to
the ground, knowing she was going to die soon. She oddly felt many odd sensations, and had many strange thoughts… ‘Will I see my parents? Will I go to Heaven? Should I have given more money in the collection plate every Sunday? Should I die? Jared……Dillon……Shawa……Deanna……Sam……Frank……Miss Sarah……Drew……Jill……Verna……Caroline……Trent……Jacob……Randi Jo……Larry……Alisha……Jesus……Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep…’

Marion Chambers-Wittington stopped moving, forever.

33.

Langdon, Illinois

October 30, 1998

The scene in front of the Howell and Wittington residence, despite the rain, was bustling with cops, reporters, and local onlookers. Inside Marion’s house, officers Fitz Simmons and Matt Ficial inspected the residence. Fitz, an African American recently turned 50 while Matt, a cocky white rookie, was merely 23. Matt looked at the living room, which had an ashtray on every stand, “So, who’s house is this, anyways?” Fitz responded, “Marion Wittington, Dr. Sam Loomis’ nurse. He was that shrink that died a few year ago. She took care of him.” Matt smiled and snapped his fingers, “Oh yeah, I saw a thing on 60 Minutes on him. He spent his life trying to track down that Halloween guy who butchered all those kids up in Haddonfield right?” “Michael Myers.” “Right….uh, you don’t think that Michael Myers did this?” “They never found his body.” Matt smiled, “Yeah, but that was like twenty year ago.” Fitz muttered, “Three.” The two officers went into the office, and were amazed by the massive newspaper clippings on the wall. Many clippings’ titles were easily noticeable:

JAMIE LLOYD STILL MISSING

CHILD MURDERER SENT TO HOSPITAL

DR. LOOMIS — PAST OBSESSION?

LAURIE STRODE SURVIVES OCTOBER MASS MURDERER

MICHAEL MYERS — DEAD OR ALIVE?

PATIENTS ESCAPE MENTAL HOSPITAL

JAMIE LLOYD FEARED DEAD IN POLICE STATION MASSACRE

SURVIVOR OF HALLOWEEN MURDERS KILLED IN FATAL CRASH

MICHAEL MYERS RETURNS AFTER DECADE OF PEACE

YOUTH MURDERS SISTER

COUPLE KILLED IN AUTO ACCIDENT

HADDONFIELD POLICE DEPARTMENT EXPLOSION MYSTERY

CEMETARY THEFT LINKED TO RECENT MURDERS

HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL DISASTER

Matt whistled and said, “Fuck me!” Fitz nodded, “Loomis was obsessed with Michael Myers.” “This is quite a love fest,” Matt joked, reading an article on Jimmy Lloyd’s fatal car accident. “I think I’ll call up to Haddonfield in the morning,” Fitz said. He knew Robert Holdt quite well, and was sure he wouldn’t take the news well. Matt couldn’t comprehend what he just heard and shook his head, “There’s no way, Fitz….” “Just a precaution.” Matt smiled, “You tell them to look for a guy with a cane and alzthimers.” Fitz sighed, “The guy would be younger than I am, okay? I was fifteen when he killed his sister back in sixty-three.” Matt shrugged. Fitz
Dillon Chambers looked at his watch as he entered his apartment on Wheatley Street. He set his notebook down by the door, and removed his coat. Why do I live in Illinois? Why not some place warm all year around? Florida? Nevada? This can’t be healthy. Karen Johnson came around the corner from the kitchenette and smiled when she saw Dillon. Wearing only her lavender silk pajamas, she looked to be quite ready for bed, “Hi honey, you’re home late.” Dillon turned and smiled at Karen, “Hey… I got so much done today. I went to the Art Center, you know the one by the Annika Center?” Karen nodded her head. “I… I don’t know… I got inspired! Look at these…” Dillon opened up his notebook and handed it to Karen, who in turn opened it and began reading. Dillon removed his shoes and began walking into the sitting room, tugging Karen by the shoulder to follow him. Karen smiled after reading for several minutes, “A man sees an art portrait of a woman, and falls in love?” Dillon grinned as he layed back on the couch, “Deeply in love.” Karen shook her head, “And so he begins searching for the model of the picture? He doesn’t even know if she’s married, or dead?” Dillon shook his head, “He has faith. The picture’s only two years old.” Karen eased her head from one side to another, “Interesting, how are you going to end it?” “Not sure yet. How do you think it should end?” Karen grinned, kneeldown and gave Dillon a kiss, “I think he should find her. He should impress her with his story of his journey.” Dillon nodded, “Uh huh?” “Then,” Karen said with a sigh, “She should call the police and file a harassment charge on his sorry ass. A restraining order wouldn’t hurt.” Dillon’s face reflected shock surprise, “Hey!” He then proceeded to throw a small couch pillow at Karen, hitting her square in the back of the head. Karen laughed, picked the pillow up, and threw it back, “Are you ready for bed?” “Sure am. I have to make sure…” The phone rang. Karen sighed, stood, and picked the nearest telephone up, “Hello? Yes, he’s here. Who may I ask is calling? Oh, hi. Just a sec.” Karen then put her hand over the speaking end of the phone, “It’s some model claiming you’ve been stalking her…” Dillon gave Karen a nod, “Oh, good. I’ve been expecting her to call…” Karen shook her head and gave Dillon the phone. “Hello? Hi Dil. It’s aunt Sheryl.” Dillon smiled, “Hey Sheryl, how are you?” Sheryl hesitated in the phone, “Dillon… honey… I have some bad news… are you sitting down?” Dillon sat up and grabbed onto Karen quickly, who in turn opened the notebook and began reading. “Dillon, she’s married, or dead?” Sheryl’s voice grew weak, “Well Dil, they didn’t give me details, but it looks like….. she was murdered.” Dillon felt his eyes begin to water up, “No…” “They said she died trying to save a neighbor boy, that’s what they told me.” Dillon put his hand to his head, “Jesus, I just talked to her two days ago! This has to be a joke…” Sheryl was also crying, “Dillon, she’s in a better place now, remember that. Listen, I have to call your sisters, are you going to be allright sweetie?” Dillon didn’t answer the question, “Bye.” He then quickly hung the phone up, not wanting to continue the conversation. Karen put her hand on his chest, “Dillon, what’s happened?” “Marion… she… somebody… oh Jesus… killed her….” Karen’s eyes grew wide in response, but tried to remain strong for her boyfriend of two years. Karen had always been slightly intimidated by Marion, but now felt extreme shock and sorrow for Dillon’s eldest sister. Dillon buried his head into Karen’s chest and began crying loudly. Karen simply stared into nothing as she put her other hand over his head, stroking his hair, We all have to die at some time. I tell myself that everyday. But that doesn’t mean people should die. Why does death never make sense, even if it’s part of the natural cycle of life.
could remember more about the hospital.

A boogyman. A kid….”Oh, the keys! Speed kills!”

now…no, I shouldn’t think of that night…...no…...

“Totally!” had that deal where she comes over with Bob and they sneak upstairs, and the kid….”Oh, the keys! Tommy! Open it up it’s me!” Tommy….yeah, uh. Tommy….Doyle. Yeah, he told me he saw him…the boogyman. Oh Jesus, Annie was on that bed…..Lynda in the closet…..Bob swung out at me…..at me…..then I fell over the staircase, and smashed my hand through the door, then the closet and the hanger…..Sam shot him but he was gone…..I wish I could remember more about the hospital. I remember the ambulance…..and a nurse telling me she couldn’t find my parents…..but
Summer Glen, California

October 31, 1998

HalloweeN

“Swiftly Flowing”

Michael made it to Summer Glen by Halloween, and immediately found his long lost sister. Laurie, due to the day, was paranoid and kept thinking she saw her brother. Hillcrest Academy decided to celebrate Halloween this year by sending the students to Yosemite National Park. Laurie forbid John to go, so John, his girlfriend Molly, and their friends Charlie and Sarah decide to all stay behind together, and throw a private Halloween party in the school. Little did they, Laurie, her beau Will, or Ronnie the security guard know that Michael had already entered the school grounds. And this time, he wouldn’t let his relatives escape. The entire day was filled with words, sounds, and screams. The people, places, and things seemed to float. Listen…

“Twenty years from now, you’re still gonna be living with her. Probably running some wierd motel out in the middle of nowhere.” ~Charlie Trevis “My dad, he leaked on my financial aid again. First he’s being such a dick, now I cant go to Yosemite.” ~Molly Cartwell. “If we ditch Yosemite, that means we could have a Halloween party, just the four of us. The place would be empty. We could have the run of it. We could have a roomie orgy!” ~Charlie Trevis “Allright. Ready? You know why your here. The buses leave for Yosemite at 4:15 sharp. And now it’s time for me to do my obligatory plea, that you uphold the standards of Hillcrest. And that means no musical sleeping beds. No booze. No drugs. No kidding. Undoubtably someone will ruin it for the rest of them so I just want to remind you that the entire teaching faculty will be onhand to make sure no one makes a…mistake.” ~Laurie Strode “Guess what this is. This is my history report. I forgot to hand it in. Guess who’s not going to Yosemite. I am so bummed.” ~Charlie Trevis “Guess who has a fever of a hundred and two and has to stay in bed all weekend.” ~Molly Cartwell “Animal sex.” ~Sarah Wainwroth “Because it sounds like fun, and you Mr. Brennam?” ~Laurie Strode “Somebody has to stay behind and watch the three or four outcasts.” ~Will Brennam “You wanna be onhand to make sure no one makes a…mistake.” ~Laurie Strode “It was some wierd motel out in the middle of nowhere.” ~Charlie Trevis “My dad, he leaked on my financial aid again. First he’s being such a dick, now I cant go to Yosemite.” ~Molly Cartwell. “If we ditch Yosemite, that means we could have a Halloween party, just the four of us. The place would be empty. We could have the run of it. We could have a roomie orgy!” ~Charlie Trevis “Allright. Ready? You know why your here. The buses leave for Yosemite at 4:15 sharp. And now it’s time for me to do my obligatory plea, that you uphold the standards of Hillcrest. And that means no musical sleeping beds. No booze. No drugs. No kidding. Undoubtably someone will ruin it for the rest of them so I just want to remind you that the entire teaching faculty will be onhand to make sure no one makes a…mistake.” ~Laurie Strode “Guess what this is. This is my history report. I forgot to hand it in. Guess who’s not going to Yosemite. I am so bummed.” ~Charlie Trevis “Guess who has a fever of a hundred and two and has to stay in bed all weekend.” ~Molly Cartwell “Animal sex.” ~Sarah Wainwroth “Because it sounds like fun, and you Mr. Brennam?” ~Laurie Strode “Somebody has to stay behind and watch the three or four outcasts.” ~Will Brennam “He turned just in time to see her enter the room, with her long slender legs, they clamped high up her skirt, leading to two tumulchous round mellon breasts.” ~Ronnie Jones “Round mellon…what!?!? Now why do you wanna label it like food, and what kind of mellons are you talking about? Cantelopes, watermellons, what?” ~Shirl Jones “Baby, it’s fiction. People like to read descriptive adjectives, it sets the scene.” ~Ronnie Jones “It’s stupid is what it is.” ~Shirl Jones “It’s sensual and romantic.” ~Ronnie Jones “It’s unrealistic. This whole writing career is unrealistic. Now were married now baby, we gotta get serious.” ~Shirl Jones “You wanna talk about it?” ~Will Brennam “I think I’m losing John. I think he’s finally tired of my bullshit. How about you? Are you tired of my bullshit?” ~Laurie Strode “I’m a counselor. I’m attracted to it.” ~Will Brennam “So counsel me.” ~Laurie Strode “Oh no, I know
better. I love you just the way you are.” ~Will Brennam “Do you think it’s possible that something so tragic can happen to somebody that they never recover from it?” ~Laurie Strode “I like to believe that recovery is always possible.” ~Will Brennam “There’s a little backstory that…um…I haven’t been completely successful with. I’ve tried everything, I really have. I’ve tried everything. Twelve steps, self help, group therapy, shrinks, meditation……everything.” ~Laurie Strode “That’s not everything.” ~Will Brennam “Oh yeah, what else is there?” ~Laurie Strode “I’m a really good listener.” ~Will Brennam “God, I can’t believe we were doing this.” ~John Tate “Desperate Measures.” ~Charlie Trevis “It’s illegal.” ~John Tate “It’s harmless, and expected. Studies have proven that all teenagers at some point in their adolescent lives have shoplifted.” ~Charlie Trevis “What studies?” ~John Tate “Hey, we could have avoided this whole thing if you would’ve simply scored some of your mom’s booze.” ~Charlie Trevis “Hey, my mom’s a functioning alcoholic, and she accounts for every bottle.” ~John Tate “What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” ~Laurie Strode “Mom, I’m really uncomfortable with you saying that word in front of me.” ~John Tate “Well then don’t put me in the position John. Do you know what day it is? Of all the days for you to pull this shit, what do you think you can do? Just…..wander around town? I don’t ask for very much, just give me one day!” ~Laurie Strode “Mom, I’ve given you seventeen years!” ~John Tate “What do you want me to say?” ~Laurie Strode “That it’s over. That we should try to get on with some attempt at a happy existence, mom. Because all this shit that’s going on in your head is leaking out on me, and I can’t take it anymore. You told me yourself you watched him burn. Twenty years, don’t you think he would’ve shown up by now? I mean, what’s he waiting for?” ~John Tate “It’s just occured to me today that I’ve never celebrated Halloween before.” ~John Tate “Why is that?” ~Molly Cartwell “Well, we got a psychotic killer in the family who loves to butcher people on Halloween and I just thought it’d been bad taste to celebrate it.” ~John Tate “So why now?” ~Molly Cartwell “There comes a point in your life when you gotta concentrate on what’s right about it.” ~John Tate “Really?” ~Molly Cartwell “And you are a sterling example of what’s right. That’s why you get my full concentration.” ~John Tate “I’m honored.” ~Molly Cartwell “John.” ~Laurie Strode “What?” ~John Tate “It’s a permission slip. The bus leaves in fortyfive minutes, go pack quick.” ~Laurie Strode “Mom, I don’t have to…” ~John Tate “Go, just go. Have fun. Look, it’s good for you. It’s good for me. Just call me. And call. And call. And if you feel like you’ve called too many times, call once more. Have a great time.” ~Laurie Strode “Thanks mom.” ~John Tate “Dammit!” ~Laurie Strode “Oh, Miss Tate! I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to make you jump. It’s Halloween, I guess everyones entitled to one good scare.” ~Norma Watson “I’ve had my share.” ~Laurie Strode “Miss Tate, I know it’s not my place, but if I could be maternal for a moment. I don’t like to see you like this. I’ve seen you like this before and…we’ve all had bad things happen to us. The trick is, to concentrate on….today! What do I know? You just…take care of yourself, okay?” ~Norma Watson “Thank you very much, I’ll see you monday.” ~Laurie Strode “Oh! Miss Tate! Uh…Happy Halloween!” ~Norma Watson “What’s going on, baby?” ~Shirley Jones “I dunno.” ~Ronnie Jones “What are you two up to tonight?” ~Will Brennam “Well, we thought we’d hit the town, pick up some guys, drop some roofies in their drink, have a whole date rape evening.” ~Sarah Wainwright “Sounds good.” ~Will Brennam “Care to join us?” ~Molly Cartwell “I cant. I’m getting my nipples pierced. But you two have a good time.” ~Will Brennam “I love food. I really do. I hope you don’t mind if I get really big and dumpy. It’s my goal in life.” ~Sarah Wainwright “Oh no, I always found obesity to be very sexy.” ~Charlie Trevis “Oh, you are so renaissance!” ~Sarah Wainwright “I’m not who you think I am.” ~Laurie Strode “Okay, who are you then?” ~Will Brennam “My name’s not Keri Tate.” ~Laurie Strode “Then what is it then?” ~Will Brennam “Laurie Strode” ~Laurie Strode “Strode??” ~Will Brennam “Strode. I changed my name when I went into hiding. My brother killed my sister, when she was sixteen.” ~Laurie Strode “That’s sucky. How’d he do that?” ~Will Brennam “With a really big sharp kitchen knife.” ~Laurie Strode “That’s terrible, take off your clothes.” ~Will Brennam “You said you’d listen. They’d locked him up for a long time, but he got out. And he came after me, but I got away. But he killed a lot of my friends. It happened…” ~Laurie Strode “…on Halloween.” ~Will Brennam “You’ve heard the stories.” ~Laurie Strode “Who hasn’t? Michael Myers…thegirl…uh….what happened to the sister? She died, right?” ~Will Brennam “No, she faked her death. And now she’s the headmistress of a very posh, secluded private school in Northern California. Hoping and praying every year that her brother won’t find her. Now do you want a drink?” ~Laurie Strode “Yeah.” ~Will Brennam “Explains a lot, doesn’t it?” ~Laurie Strode “So you’ve been living with this for twenty years?” ~Will Brennam “Something like that.” ~Laurie Strode “But honey, you don’t think that after all this time, he’d still be coming after you.” ~Will Brennam “He sat in a sanitarium for fifteen years waiting for me, then one rainy night he decides to go trick or treating.” ~Laurie Strode “How old were you?” ~Will Brennam “Seventeen.” ~Laurie Strode “Someone didn’t go to Yosemite.” ~Laurie Strode “Who was that!!!!!!” ~Will Brennam “My brother.” ~Laurie Strode “Keri, I’m not leaving you.” ~Will Brennam “I’m not leaving John.” ~Laurie Strode “Will!!!!!!!” ~Laurie Strode “Open up, it’s me! Go!!! Run!” ~Laurie Strode “Miss Tate! Come on!” ~Molly Cartwell “Go! Go! I want you to drive down the street, to the Becker’s, it’s a mile down the road. I want you to tell them to call an ambulance, and get the police.” ~Laurie Strode “Okay.” ~Molly Cartwell “Mom!” ~John Tate “MICHAEL ! ! !” ~Laurie Strode Michael killed Charlie Trevis, Sarah Wainwright, and Will Brennam while trying to get to his sister and nephew. Laurie was able to get John and his girlfriend Molly away, but then decided to face her brother one last time. Picking up an axe and locking herself in the schoolgrounds, Laurie went after her brother. They found eachother, and each took turns getting the upper hand before Laurie, in a fit of rage, stabbed Michael six times and threw him off of a second story window, causing him to crash onto a cafeteria table below. Laurie wanted to finish him off for good, but security guard Ronnie stopped her.
Now, the two had to wait for the police to arrive. Brenda Curtis, Malcolm Linindoll, and Drew Romowski sat in darkness three miles from Hillcrest Academy. Malcolm looked far down the road, “I see it.” Brenda stood and could see the headlights far in the distance, “Okay, this is it. No mess ups. Thor is counting on us.” Inside the Summer Glen Conron van, Marsha Trenbury kept her eyes on the road as she sang softly to the soft tune of the radio, which was playing a song by Jewell, “Dreams last for so long, even after your gone. I know, that he loved me and soon you will see you were meant for me, and I was meant for you.” Next to her, Bryan Dasse rolled down his window and threw his cigarette out the window, “Beautiful.” Marsha smiled. Bryan rolled his window up, “Never got called to the school before. Have you?” Marsha shook her head, “No. Never been up this way before. Higher class residents.” Bryan snickered, then squinted his eyes, “Hey, there’s somebody in the road up ahead, slow down.” Malcolm was doing jumping-jacks in the center of the road, while Brenda lay still towards the side. Drew hid in the ditch. Malcolm smiled as the van came to a stop, and Bryan stuck his head out the window, “What’s the problem?” Malcolm yelled, “My friend! Her heart stopped beating!” Marsha and Bryan both quickly stepped from the vehicle. Drew waited until they were just a few feet away from Brenda before he opened fire on them. Marsha took several bullets in the chest, and one in the face. Bryan took three in the neck, and four in the ribs. When the firing stopped, Brenda quickly stood and yelled, “Come on! Put them in the ditch and let’s go!” Bryan, already dead, was thrown into the ditch, but when Malcolm saw that Marsha was still breathing, he quickly snapped her neck. He quietly whispered, “I’m sorry,” as he rolled her on top of Bryan. Then, a brown blanket was thrown over the two. Brenda got into the drivers’ seat, put the van into drive, and quickly began speeding towards Hillcrest. Drew smiled at Brenda, “Worked like a charm. You are very clever.” Brenda smirked, “I know.” Two hours later, Hillcrest Academy was swarmed with ten police vehicles, four ambulances, and three news vans. Laurie Strode sat outside, looking at the mayhem around her. It’s all so familiar. This was the way my life ended. After the hospital. All the reporters and police. Now, this is the way my life will begin. With Michael dead…no I stabbed Michael all those times, he lived. Sam Loomis shot him, fucking toasted him, he lived. Laurie! Don’t let Michael survive! You need to finish it now! But wait… John Tate and his girlfriend, Molly Cartwell, emerged from the back of a police vehicle. When John saw his mother, he smiled and yelled, “Mom!” Laurie looked at her son and gave him a small smile, he’s still not safe. He’s not safe. My daughter’s not safe. Nobody’s safe yet… Laurie gave her son a hug and led him and Molly to a corner of the school entrance where there weren’t so many people. John began crying, “Mom, I’m glad you’re alright. I…I…” Laurie wrapped her arm around John tightly, “Shhhhh… I know…but it’s over now. I mean it, it’s over.” John looked up at her with tears in his eyes, “I didn’t know mom. I didn’t understand……all the shit you dealt with……this is it, isn’t it?” Laurie began crying, thinking about John finding his dead friends, “You’ll survive John. Maybe together we can help eachother, okay honey?” John simply cried, burying his head into his mother’s stomach. Molly sat next to John, rubbing her left hand on his back. Other than that, she was completely still. Sarah’s dead. My best friend since…..oh god….when was it? Dead. She was……hanging…… Brenda Curtis stepped from the van and walked quickly to Sheriff Otis Vestibile, who motioned for her and Drew to follow him with the stretcher. Otis sighed as he entered the school’s cafeteria, “This is the sonofabitch right here.” Brenda nodded, “Yes sir.” Otis nodded back, then left. Brenda quickly knelt down to Michael, “Michael, Thor wants you to escape. You need to switch clothes, now.” Michael heard her, but did not respond. In his mind, he only saw his sister and her son. That was, until the voice man spoke to him… “MICHAEL, ESCAPE FOR HIM” Michael quietly stood, oblivious to the amount of blood draining from his wounds. Brenda smiled, then quickly spun around as Malcolm entered the room. Drew held up his gun. Malcolm put his hands up, “It’s only me. Coast is clear. We have to act fast.” Brenda nodded, “Start taking off your clothes, Drew, help me.” While Malcolm began tugging at his shirt, Drew helped Brenda remove Michael’s jumpsuit. When Brenda began pulling at the mask, Michael instinctively reacted. “MICHAEL, REMOVE YOUR MASK FOR HIM” Michael pulled his mask off and held it out. Malcolm gave his clothes to Brenda, and quickly began putting Michael’s attire on himself. He almost cringed when he slipped the mask on, which had a terrible odor to it. Michael now stood silent in a pair of blue jeans and a black t-shirt, which was already becoming stained with blood. “MICHAEL, ESCAPE FOR HIM” Michael began walking towards the back entrance of the cafeteria. Malcolm watched him go, then sat on the stretcher, “Do we try to take the sister or his kid?” Brenda shook her head as she put his feet into the body bag, “All our orders consist of is helping Michael escape. We’re going to wheel you out, then cover you in public, to be sure.” “I understand.” Brenda gave a nod to Drew, and the two lifted the stretcher and began walking towards the front entrance. Otis Vestibile put his hand on Laurie’s sholder, “Keri, do you have any idea who the assailant was?” Laurie closed her eyes, letting a tear fall. My two lives have crossed. Is there a way in hell I can keep Laurie Strode dead now? “Otis, I…um…it’s a difficult thing to explain, I think we should speak in private. It’s important.” Otis, who has known Laurie for years, nodded, “I understand.” “No you don’t,” Laurie coughed. Otis closed his notepad, “But you do know who the killer is, don’t you.” Laurie, while choking back tears, nodded heavily, “Michael Myers.” Otis’ eyes bugged open, “Myers! The serial killer?” “From Illinois, yes.” Laurie knew she had better get used to explaining her backstory, even though she’s tried so hard to end it all. Otis put his hand to his forehead, “Well… um…why don’t you and the kids come with me. We need to get you all out of here.” Laurie nodded, then out of the corner of her eye, she saw her brother being wheeled out of the front doors. She then saw the coroner personnal zip the body bag over his mask. Laurie looked back at John, who was holding onto Molly, “I love you John.” John raised his head to his mother, but was unable to reply because she was already walking away from him. Laurie picked up an axe that was being held for police evidence, and then
quickly went up to the back of a police officer and grabbed the gun from his belt. The officers around her jumped and turned towards her, but Laurie kept moving, “Don’t move!” The officers complied. Laurie then looked at the coroner personnel, “Load him in!” Brenda and Drew did as they were told. Laurie then shouted, “Shut the door! Move!” After the backdoors were shut, Laurie got into the van and took off. John and Molly both ran up to where the van was, not believing what they just saw. Molly looked at John, “She really must have flipped!” John sighed, “No… she just wants to make sure.” Drew looked at Brenda, “Now what?” He had a bad feeling they would be punished. Brenda raised her eyebrows, “Now we leave. We’ve completed our task to the letter.” Drew’s mouth opened, but nothing came out. Brenda smiled, “Malcolm will die serving Thor…” Laurie drove past the Hillcrest front gates, and onto Dayheast Road. She kept her speed up, knowing that the police wouldn’t be too far behind. Malcolm knew things weren’t going as planned. He knew that Brenda and Drew were nowhere near by, somebody else was in the vehicle. Damn it! This wasn’t part of the plan. I need to escape, they’ll find out I’m not Myers unless I escape. This bag can’t be that hard to get out of…. Laurie saw, in her rear-view mirror, that yes, the bag was moving. Fucking A. Michael thinks he’s still going to kill me. No Michael, your not. Malcolm decided that the best way to free himself would be to sit up and get his arms up above his head, to the opening. Laurie saw the bag raise. Malcolm got his hands into the small opening. Success! He began unzipping the body bag, and saw a woman driving in the front seat. If I can get her to stop, I can get the fuck off of this van and get away. Laurie saw Malcolm approach her, so she slammed on the brakes, sending him through the front windshield. Malcolm didn’t even see it coming. He heard the tires skid, the glass crack, and the thump he made when he hit the cement. Laurie knew he would sit up on the road, and he did. Malcolm was now in shock, and was totally unaware of his situation. He saw the van in front of him, but besides that he knew nothing else. He slowly began thinking to himself, trying to remember what he needed to know. What…..uhhhhh…….Malcolm…..Malcolm Linindoll…..Malcolm Jan Linindoll…..I turned twenty-nine last…..uh……..thirty-eight Chestnut Road Faith, California. I… As soon as Malcolm stood, Laurie slammed her foot onto the gas pedal and smacked right into him. He was suspended to the hood, and she stared right into his eyes. Laurie didn’t let up, You’re going to hell. The Summer Glen coroner van drove right off the cliff, sending Malcolm flying forward. Laurie screamed as the van began toppling around her. She felt herself bang into different parts of the van dozens of times before she was thrown out the front window. She layed in the grassy knoll for several second, mustering up the strength to stand. When she did, she saw the van had crashed into a fallen tree. The front engine of the van caught on fire. Laurie began limping slowly to the coroner van, finding the axe on the way. She wiped away some blood from her mouth, and finally saw, pinned between the van and tree, her attacker. He was limp. She knew better, “Michael.” Malcolm heard somebody say his name, or what he heard as his name. He lifted his head, and felt the mask still on him. He tried to take it off, but suddenly felt a great pain. He looked down and saw exactly what was wrong with him. He tried to move, but not surprisingly, he was unable to. It was then he knew death was imminent. I’m going to die… Laurie called to him again, this time louder, “Michael.” Malcolm looked up and saw a pretty lady staring at him. He tried to breathe, but was unable to. He became desperate, and held out his right hand towards Laurie. Please……please….I’m dying…… Laurie was now going through a wide array of emotions. My brother is going to die. He killed Judith, he killed Annie, Lynda, dozens of people, he tried to kill John. He came so close to killing me, now look at him. In the end, he……oh what is he doing? Is he begging? Me? Forgive? My……brother……. Malcolm watched Laurie reach out for his hand. By this time, however, it was hardly registering in his mind. He barely saw anything, and his mind was beginning to experience dementia. I must focus on her face……I’m dying……please……if just for a few more moments…focus….. Laurie began crying as her finger brushed against his, then she stopped. Laurie! Kill him! Now! Malcolm watched Laurie withdraw her hand. The pain…it’s starting to tear me apart……focus on her…..she is my saviour….. Laurie knew what she had to do. Brother, the only thing I can ever offer you is a quick death, my gift to you… Malcolm watched Laurie pick the axe up, wind it back, then…….blackness. Laurie had swung with all her strength, and saw the head fly at least eight feet away from the body. Michael……Michael…it’s over. She began breathing loudly, and for the first time since 1978, she felt alive. Police sirens could now be heard in the far distance. Laurie heard them, smiled, and stopped breathing. But the breathing continued. Laurie looked at the decapitated corpse, Michael, I know your dead. The police sirens grew louder. Laurie took a long look at the masked head not ten feet away from her feet, then turned around. She saw a man looking at her, perfectly still. Michael stared in wonderment at his sister, who only stared back in disbelief. Laurie began shaking, feeling like she did twenty years ago, “Michael!!!” Michael tilted his head slowly, then resumed it back upright. Laurie saw the burn scars all over his face, oh fuck! Michael! Michael began walking slowly towards Laurie, who in a panic began searching for the axe she had dropped. By the time Michael reached his sister, Laurie had found the axe. She drove it right into Michael hip, but Michael didn’t flinch. He grabbed Laurie by the throat and began choking her. Laurie kicked and hit her brother, but it did no good. She stared right into Michael’s eyes, until they began rolling upward. Michael waited three minutes before dropping his sister to his feet. Laurie’s mind was still active, and her thoughts were very clear…

“Dad, maybe when I graduate I’ll sell real estate too. I dunno, college costs so much, maybe I should find a way to earn money first….

Alan, will you give me a lift to Russelville? I need to pick up my dress….
...Jimmy, I’m pregnant…

...I hope you all have a happy holidays, and I’ll see you back here in 1994! Remember, absolutely no studying over break…

...Mother! I can’t find my book! Have you seen it…

...I liked Hamlet, I think my favorite character was Ophelia, she symbolized how tragically the whole story was. MacBeth was…well…

...Listen, I’ve been to seven shrinks already, I don’t expect anything new from you, unless you know something I don’t…

...Nolan, please don’t go. John needs you, I need you, I can’t live by myself. No, I can give up drinking, I promise. Nolan! No, I can…

...Dad, can I go camping with Lynda and her brother? I’ll be home by tomorrow, I promise…

...I love kids. This would be my first teaching job, but the ad said Hillcrest needs an experienced English teacher, I just thought I’d try…

...Well guys don’t have to buy pads, so naturally they think it’s easy…

...Why won’t he die…

...We need some milk, I want to try two percent okay…

...Keri Tate, I teach at Hillcrest Private Academy…

...You’re not taking Jamie away from me, I’ll fucking go to court, she’s mine goddamnit…

...John, seriously, would you REALLY want to go to a public school when you can go here for free. Think about it. You wouldn’t even have to walk to school like I had to. It was a bitch in the winter…

...Nolan, let’s get married…

...Where did my mommy and daddy go. They were in the car with me, but then we hit something and now I can’t find them…

...I love you Jamie, try not to forget me…

...I love you John…

...That light… it’s… bright… Are you my mother? … My real mother? … Father? … I’ve seen pictures of you all…. Judith! … I was two when you left me…. And who are you? … Jamie… no… Jamie! !? !? … My love… I didn’t know…. I thought I’ve lost you forever…… Oh, you’re all here, all of you, but my son John he….. he will……promise? …… I have a GRANDSON?! … where are we going now…… the light, it’s so warm……

Laurie Strode was dead by the time the Summer Glen police found her.

37.

Hopelanster, Tennessee

November 2, 1998

Tommy Doyle stepped from the Hopelanster Town Bus and made his way to the Hampshire Towers front doors. He smiled, because it was quite pleasant outside, and he knew that the temperature wouldn’t stay this nice for much longer. He entered the doorway using his card key, and smiled when he saw Danny sitting on the bench, waiting for him, “Hey Dan, what’s up?” Danny smiled, “Mom wants you to come up stairs! She has some good news!” Tommy’s hand was grasped by Danny’s, and he was practically pulled over as Danny quickly led him to the elevator. When Danny pressed the number 5, the elevator doors quietly shut
and the expected humming began as the two were lifted from the ground. Tommy smiled, “What’s the good news?” Danny shook his head, “It’s a surprise!” Tommy laughed and shrugged, Kara probably bought something new. When Tommy and Danny approached room 5d, he pulled out his card key and glided it through the slot above the doorknob. The slot-box beeped, and Tommy opened the door carelessly. Kara smiled and gave Stephen his toy giraffe, “Danny, did you tell him?” Tommy shook his head, “He’s told me all about it, except what it’s all about.” Tommy led Tommy into the livingroom, “Well, it’s not really ‘good’ news, but…well….I taped it, you tell me…” She then popped a VHS tape into the VCR and hit play. The image of Blues Clues fizzled away and the head of a newswoman came into view, “...leading story today, infamous serial killer Michael Myers was found dead early yesterday in northern California. Myers was responsible for over two dozen deaths in mid-Illinois since the late seventies. His unusual method of killing on October thirty-first dubbed him ‘The Halloween Killer’. We take you now to our eye-on reporter, Hattie Lincoln.” Tommy stared in awe as the scene changed to a pretty blonde woman standing outside a schoolyard. Hattie was surrounded by police cars, “The quiet community of Summer Glen, California was shocked at the reports of a mass murder scene yesterday. Four corpses have been discovered in what is already being called the most heinous and brutal crime in local history. The killer has been identified as the notorious Michael Myers, the masked Halloween killer who was believed to have disappeared back in 1989. Sheriff Otis Vestibule of the Summer Glen Police Department states that Myers was trying to kill local residents at this private school behind me. There are several survivors, who miraculously were able to ward off repeated attacks. They are currently being held at the St. Jude Hospital, where all are suffering from multiple stab wounds, and severe hysterical shock. The names of the victims are not being released until full notification of next of kin. So far, the only name being released is that of Keri Tate, headmistress of this school and mother of one. Police have coordinated off the entire area. Local residents say they are saddened, but glad the murderer was apprehended and killed. It appears this Halloween won’t be forgotten for a long time to come. Back to you, Lorna.” Tommy looked at Kara in disbelief, “Oh my god. Do you really think it was him?” Kara shrugged, “That’s who they identified it as. I hope so.” Tommy’s spine shivered, “I can’t believe it.” “I know. I didn’t believe it either, but even CNN claims it was Myers.” “No. I just…can Michael die?” Tommy stood and began pacing. “Well,” Kara sat on the couch, “I think if you tried hard enough, yes, Michael could die. Maybe they pushed him off a steep cliff.” Tommy ignored Kara’s joke, but knew she was right, No matter how immortal Michael appears to be, he has to be able to die somehow. Flesh wounds don’t hurt him, but maybe something more drastic… Danny sat staring at the television screen. He suddenly felt odd, “Mom, I’m going to go to sleep.” Tommy looked at her son, “What’s wrong, honey?” “Nothing, I’m just kinda tired I guess.” “Alright, but remember, you have school tomorrow.” “Right mom,” Danny wandered into his bedroom and took off his shirt. He then unzipped and pulled down his jeans. He crawled into bed and stared at the ceiling, Tommy thinks he isn’t dead and Tommy’s smart. Mommy thinks he is. But I don’t know. Jamie told me he was the boogieman….Jamie! I forgot about her! Jam.....who? Who was I just thinking about? Oh, I can’t remember now. Michael….yeah, Michael. The bad man who tried to kill me…..I remember him. He’s the reason we move so much. Will we stop moving? I want to stay here.....I even have a few friends like Matthew and Zoe……. Kara walked silently into Danny’s room, and saw that he was breathing soundly, indicating REM sleep. She smiled, We can all sleep well, now. Danny, however, was having a dream that wouldn’t be described as well… Danny was floating through blackness. He remembered being here before in the past—or was it the future—and he knew there was nothing here for him, anymore. Jamie was gone, this was her realm, ‘wasn’t it?” “DANNY! KILL FOR HIM!” Danny shook, “Voice Man, leave me alone.” “DANNY! KILL FOR HIM!” Danny knew better than running, it did no good anymore.

38.
Haddonfield, Illinois

November 10, 1998

Billy Hill left the Haddonfield Library dissapointed. Eight days ago, he heard on the news that Michael Myers was killed out in California. Reporters claimed he attacked a private academy, but was killed by an English teacher named Keri Tate. This made no sense to Billy, What possible reason would Michael have to try to kill people out in California? There was absolutely no mentioning of Tommy, Kara, or Jamie’s baby. Why would he go there? Could they really be out there? Did Michael follow them? Over the internet, Billy was able to access all the names of Michael’s latest victims. Then, at the library, Billy checked the town’s history via computer to see if they had any connection, past or present, to Haddonfield or the Myers family in any way whatsoever. His findings were less than optimistic:

Keri Tate—None.

William H. Brennam—None.
Charles S. Trevis—None
Sarah Lynn Wainwroth—None

He had the same luck with the survivors of the ordeal as well:

Ronald Martin Luther Jones—None.
John B. Tate—Possible, but likely None.
Molly Louise Cartwell—None.

There was one possible shining string of good luck that graced Billy. While looking up John Tate’s file, he noticed that the name of his father was indicated as Nolan Isaac Britain. Billy shook his head, That’s the name of Mrs. Britian’s son, but she always tells me her son Nolan left Haddonfield years ago, and he was never heard of since. Maybe it’s him, maybe it’s not. I don’t know, I’m so fucking obsessed I can’t see right. As Billy walked quietly down the sidewalk, he watched residents rake dead leaves into bags, fully confident to do so since the trees are finally bare. He made his way to Columbus Avenue, and went to the largest house on the block, which was four stories high and practically screamed that the inhabitants were wealthy. Over the doorway was a brass sign which grandly spelled out ‘BIDWELL’. Billy rang the doorbell, and waited for an answer. The door opened and Leona, the Bidwell’s long-term maid, smiled at Billy, “Hi. He’s up in his room.” Billy smiled back, “Thanks Leona.” He then began the dreaded two story climb which led to the third story of the house. It was never difficult to tell which room was Ronald’s, since music by The Doors could be heard from way down the hall. Billy knocked on the plain white door. Inside, Ronald Bidwell screamed, “What!!!” Billy laughed, “Let me in shithead!” A few seconds later, the door opened, and Ronald gave Billy a half-nod. He only sported a pair of blue jeans, which were vintage bell-bottoms, and had a cigarette dangling from his mouth. Billy noticed right away that Ronald’s room was very stuffy, and he wriggled his nose, “Damn Ronny, air the fucking room out!” Ronald turned his cd player off and blew smoke out his nose, “Yeah, I’ve been meaning to do that.” Billy shook his head, “Damn it’s getting cold out.” Ronald raised his eyebrows, “Do what I do, don’t go out.” “Doesn’t that get boring?” “Not when I’m high.” “Ronny, your more than encouraging…you’re insatiable.” Ronald looked at Billy a moment before fullheartedly busting out laughing. Billy rolled his eyes and smiled. Ronald put his cigarette out, “Brandon called.” Billy layed down on Ronald’s bed and stared up towards the ceiling, “Oh, really? What’d he want?” “Not much. He hates college. Some shit about gay bashing, but I guess he did meet some dude there that works at a bar.” “Leave it to Brandon to hook up with a guy that can get him drunk.” Ronald lifted his Bud-Lite, “Cheers.” Billy pulled out his cigarettes and lighter, “He he he, can I smoke in here?” Ronald scratched his neck, “Sorry dude. He said he tried calling you and Dena, none of you were home.” “I was at the library.” Ronald scratched his neck, “Dude. I told you it won’t do you any good to chase after that sick fuck. He’s dead, remember? He didn’t even have the balls to come back to Haddonfield like before man.” Billy sat up, “But I actually researched the place. Summer Glen.” “Where the hell’s that?” “California. Where he died. Ronny, it doesn’t make sense. He only wants to kill his family.” Ronald mashed his hands into his face, and yawned. Damn I need a dubie, “Yeah man, you’ve told me the Myers story a hundred times. I practically know it by heart, dude. That Jamie chick conveniently had a baby before she died, and so Michael can’t die yet. Right?” Billy nodded, staring at the corner, trying to clear his mind, “You are right Ronny, I think this is all fucked up. I’m going to be nineteen next year, that’ll make it ten years. Ten years I’ve been caught up in a girl I hardly even knew.” Ronald lit another cigarette, “And she’s dead, dude.” “Yeah, and she’s dead. I don’t know. Every morning I fucking stare at her picture when I get up, and I don’t know…. Lately it seems I just see a picture.” Ronald sat on the floor, stretching his legs out, “Dude, when I get blue balls over a girl, I just jack off.” Billy groaned, Jesus. Why did I know he was going to say something like that?, “Or you get high.” Ronald nodded, “Whatever comes first, man. So did you find anything at the Haddonfield Hellhole?” Billy thought a moment, ‘Oh, he means the library, duh., ‘No. Well, not really. A dad of one of the survivors, it seems like he may be from Haddonfield, I dunno. Not really anything to go on. I think I’m going to just give up the whole fucking thing. I’m probably never going to see Jamie’s baby again anyways, what’s the point? If Michael’s dead, he’s dead right?” Ronald raised his hand in the air, “Woooo! Celebration time man! Billy-boy’s getting a life!” Billy smiled, “Wanna get some brewskies and find Dena?” Ronald nodded, “And let’s find Mary Jane too. I really love her….” Billy shook his head sadly, “Did you ever wonder if ‘Mary Jane’ is the reason you were dropped from all of your accelerated classes back in school and gave you a C average.” Ronald stood and went to his closet to get a shirt, “Dude, that’s why I love Mary Jane so much!” Billy shook his head, “Next time on Springer, Dopey Dudes who love Pot, Pot, and Pot.” Ronald pulled a tight blue shirt over his head and put his cigarettes in the front pocket, “Don’t talk about my Mary Jane that way you fuck. She brings me more joy then your dead girlfriend.” Billy suddenly stopped moving, Is this how she should be remembered? My dead girlfriend? Dead……Jamie, I’m so sorry…… you do…… you deserve so much more…… Ronald looked at Billy and saw he had hurt his friend, Shit, leave it to me to fuck Billy boy up. He proceeded to sit next to him on his bed, “I’m sorry dude.” Billy lowered his head, “She
...so peaceful in the cemetary. But you could tell...she...she was in torment....” Ronald suddenly felt extremely down, and he wasn’t sure what to say, “I never told you this man, but I do remember Jamie. Damn, way back in elementary school. Hmmm...I remember copying one of her papers, and she caught me.” Billy looked at Ronald, “She did?” “Yeah man! But she didn’t tell the teacher. She just smiled and pretended she didn’t know.” “And you remember that.” “Well, I remember that because it’s the only time I really copied a paper. That and you know Jamie became...what...almost an urban legend around here. And I knew her once. That makes it stick in my head. I didn’t tell you because I thought you wouldn’t want to hear about it, but maybe you would.” Billy nodded, “Yeah.” Billy had to agree that Jamie and her uncle were almost folklore in Haddonfield. It almost seems as if people want to change history. Michael, Jamie, and her mom, they want to make it appear like they never existed. The whole Halloween murders were a myth. But, unfortunately for them, whenever they try, Michael comes back. Ronald shrugged, “When I was young, I once went to the rollar rink, you know SkateWay? Well, I was skating and they said that for the next song only couples could stay on the floor. I was going to skate off but this girl grabbed my hand and we skated a few times. I got nervous and let go, and she had to leave the floor. I think about her all the time. Don’t ask me why. She was kinda pretty, but I think...I dunno...she was like a mystery. I assume she was nice...This is dumb, I’m making an ass out of myself.” “No. That’s kind of how it was with me. But you already know why she was so special to me. She was the only person in that damn clinic that would talk to me. She saved my life. She kissed me.” Ronald gave Billy a light punch on the shoulder, “I remember all that fucking stuttering you used to do.” Billy frowned, “Yeah.” Ronald shook his head, “My folks are throwing the most fucking dumbass party tonight.” “Another one?” “Do you know Mr. Riddle?” Ronald stood and scratched his knee. “Um......yeah, he’s like the oldest man in town. He like used to be a principal back in the day, right?” “Yeah, he’s one hundred and seven years old. So my parents have to publicize it to their advantage. Typical, ain’t it?” Billy shrugged, “Not much to publicize. Mr. Riddle sits in his wheel-chair all day. I used to see him when I walked to school.” Ronald smiled, knowing that Billy was feeling better, “Come on Billyboy, let’s get the fuck out of here.” Billy smiled and gave Ronald a hug, who at first was surprised, returned the hug with sincerity. After a few moments, he broke it off, “‘Nuff of that.” “Right.”

39.

Divine, Nevada

November 15, 1998

Brenda Curtis and Drew Romowski drove their plan, unmarked van onto a road marked ‘Dead End’. Drew took a sip of his Scotch, “So you really think he’ll be pleased?” Brenda smiled, “Yes. Not only did we help Michael, we also managed to let Michael get rid of the sister AND make it appear he died.” Drew smiled, “Good. I’m going to need a vacation after this, though.” Brenda laughed as she pulled into a drive-way which seemed to lead to nothing. She knew better, however. “You think that with all the money they have, they could afford a mansion or something,” Drew had another sip of Scotch. Brenda agreed, “You think.” The van stopped at the end of the driveway, letting Brenda and Drew out to walk towards nothing. Brenda, however, knew exactly where she was going, “It’s right over there.” Drew squinted his eyes, due to the sun reflecting off the sand, “Where?” Brenda smiled, “There, by that cactus!” Drew shook his head, “Celts rarely like the heated dessert climate.” Brenda led Drew to the nearest cactus where, not surprisingly, there was a hidden manhole. Brenda opened it, and quickly crawled down, “Come on!” Drew followed. Brenda was immediately greeted by fellow Thorn worshipers, who were seeking asylum from the outside world. One of them, Hildur, was a woman straight from Ireland, “He’s been expecting you. You did a good job, Thor will reward you....but....” Brenda cocked her head, “But?” The man put his head down, “Believe it or not I do have a soul. Somebody close to me died, and I need time to grieve.” Brenda looked down, “Who?” The man shook his head, “Just somebody I used to know a long, long time ago. I guess working on Myers has made me so obsessed with death I sometimes forget that people I love can die too.” “How did he or she die?” The man waved his hand, “Old age.” “Oh.” “Tell me Brenda, is there anybody you love?” Brenda’s face turned red, “Well, I....uh....I have no family...” “I know.” Brenda nodded, “Of course. But, well.....” “What about Robert Moore?” Brenda felt a shock when she heard Robert’s name, “Oh, I haven’t seen him in two years.” The man smiled, “Yes, but I bet you wonder about him a lot.” “Sometimes.” “Well, you should know that he is still serving Thor with excellent skill down in Tahiti.” Brenda drooped her eyebrows, “Tahiti?!!? Oh, yes! The business with the arms merchant! Yeah, I heard about that back in Illinois a few months ago before Greg gave me your orders to come to Nevada.” “Yes, Robert will be finished soon. Would you like him to be....uh....drafted into the Myers effort?” Brenda bowed her head, “Whatever you wish, I live to serve.” “Good girl.” Brenda raised her head, a tendril of hair falling into her eyes, “Do you think Thor is really
The Hillcrest Academy was the scene of a great mass of parents and other family members, as graduation day came for the seniors. While most students had reservations about attending school on Saturdays, their complaining usually diminished towards the end of the school year. Unlike public schools, Hillcrest decided long ago to require classes on Saturdays, which in turn would shorten up the school year substantially. John Tate waited in the long line of students, all dressed in caps and gowns. The music from the hired band was blaring into his ears. It reminded him of a militaristic version of When the Saints Go Marching In. Molly Cartwell stood next to him. She was talking happily to Cheryl Laocoon, while brushing her hair, “Oh my god, we both look so good!” Cheryl smiled, “Oh definitely! Whoever said graduation wasn’t a good time to make a good impression was obviously a skank!” Molly nodded in agreement, “Oh yeah. Last impressions are just as important as the first.” She smiled as she turned to John, “Right honey?” John didn’t hear her, he just stood still and listened to the music. Molly loudly huffed and spoke louder, “Right honey?” John blinked and he turned to his girlfriend, “Uh….yeah.” Molly and Cheryl both giggled. Cheryl shook her head, “I think John is suffering from the ‘big dumb guy syndrome’”. John closed his eyes, ‘fuck you both, you fucking bitches. You carpet munching hoes. Damn. Damn. Damn. Damn bitches! Norma Watson entered the room, wearing a formal dress. She smiled, “Welcome to Hillcrest Academy’s Graduation Ceremony, honoring the class of 1999. My name is Norma Watson, and before the ceremony begins, I’d like to quickly say that I know each and every student in this building. I’ve grown to love all of you, and if any of you would like to stop by and visit me, the gates will always be open for you.” Several parents laughed, while most students made gagging noises or snickering sounds. A few whispered, “yeah, right!” Norma continued, “Now I’d like to introduce you to our acting head-master, Mr. Brent Luguna.” Students, faculty, and families all clapped as Brent walked onto the platform. Brent was hired as acting head-master after Keri Tate was murdered. He was planning on moving to New Jersey, but postponed until a permanent replacement could be found. Naturally, half the teaching staff had their eye on the position. “Welcome all. When I was assigned this position in November, I didn’t have much time to get acquainted with this group of fine, well-taught kids, but in the 3 months I was here, I knew that there was something very special about them all. Now…” The ceremony went as scheduled: The speech, the small memorial service for Keri Tate, Will Brennam, Sarah Wainwroth, Charles Trevis, and Dotty Saunders, a student who died of acute appendicitis earlier in 1998. Then, the students received their diplomas. Then Otis Vestibule, the Summer Glen Sheriff made a speech. Then the Valedictorian and Salutatorian made their speeches. Then the senior slide-show was next. Finally, the students left the room, and all met in the cafeteria for a half-hour lunchin. John sipped on his coffee while Molly, Cheryl, Quinn Georgia, and Harmony Rahshe chattered away about what they were going to do now that high school life is over. First, Molly bragged about being accepted to Hawaii State University, then Quinn admitted she was going to move out to the east coast. Harmony looked at John, “What college are you going to?” John looked at the girls, “I’m not.” Molly smiled, “He was accepted at UCLA!!! He begins classes only a week after I do next month!” John looked at Molly, “No, I’m not going.” Molly looked at John strangely, “Why?” “My dad helped me get a place in Santa Mira. I’d rather live there and work or something.” Harmony nodded, “That’s really cool, John…” She turned her back to the girls, “Anyways, I’m going back home with my ‘rents, then I’m gonna party all summer before starting classes next fall.” Molly and Quinn giggled as John shook his head, this is all so pathetic.
Dawn Thompson sat at her desk filling out Accident Reports for the past four months. She had to admit, she liked days like today, because it was peaceful. Some days it would get so busy she’d have to stay hours over her schedule, and while that didn’t bother her too much, she preferred sleep over being tired the next day. The telephone came to life, making Dawn jump, “Smith’s Grove Warren County Sanitarium, this is Dawn, how can I help you this afternoon?” “Hello, is Dr. Wynn in today?” “I’m sorry, Dr. Wynn is currently in a staff meeting, can I please take a message?” The male voice paused, “Do you know how long he’ll be away?” Dawn picked up her pen, “It shouldn’t be no more than an hour, I’d say.” “Thank you,” the person hung up, leaving Dawn to listen to the dial tone. She put the phone on the receiver, and looked around. Why can’t people just leave their numbers? Now my mind is going to play games on me all evening. Well it’s three, I might as well take my lunch. Dawn picked up her phone and dialed 477, “Callie, I’m going on lunch, if you’re not busy, could you please come down here? Thank you.” Dawn stood and walked over to the small cabinet by her desk and opened it. She pulled out her purse and sunglasses, and set them onto the desk. Three minutes later, Callie entered the room, “Hi Dawn” Dawn smiled, “Hi, how’s your child?” “Ethan’s much better, thank you. You were right about Lemon Tea, it really helped him.” Dawn smiled and gave a quick nod as she grabbed her purse, “Yes, my mother’s family is real big on natural supplements. It works like a charm.” Callie sat down at Dawn’s seat, “Yeah, well you’ll be back about four?” “Yes, tell Dr. Wynn I’ll also be dropping off all his mail at the post office for him. Bye.” Callie smiled, “Bye”. She then watched her leave, She is such a nice woman. And she’s very pretty. I wonder why she seals herself up in this hospital so much? Sure, it’s a good atmosphere in the office areas, but secretarial pay isn’t lavish by no means…..that’s why I have to work one other job. As Dawn walked down the empty halls of the sanitarium, she sang quietly to herself, “When I was just a little girl, I asked my mother what would I be. Will I be pretty, will I be rich? Here’s what she said to me. Que Sera Sera, whatever will be will be. The future’s not ours to see, Que Sera Sera. When L.” Dawn heard a small noise behind her, which caused her to spin around completely. She saw nothing, and continued on her way. She shook her head as she left the sanitarium, I’m too old to be scared of nothing. She drove herself into Smith’s Grove, where she made a quick stop to the post office before heading to Yandro’s Kitchen, a small restauanta which served different international cuisines. Rosie MalCahley smiled at Dawn as she entered the establishment, “Dawn! It’s been weeks! Thought you were never going to come round anymore!” Dawn sat at her favorite booth, which was at the far end by the juke-box, “Well, I’ve been watching my diet Rosie.” Rosie laughed as she patted her stomach, which was rather large, “Honey, you don’t need to worry about your figure.” Dawn smiled, “Well, I’d like some spaghetti with extra cheese and mushrooms please.” “Sure thing. Italian soda also?” “Of course,” Dawn looked out the window as Rosie left to place the order. She then chpped a quarter out of her purse, stood, and walked to the juke-box. She placed the quarter into the slot, and immediately pushed D4, a code she knew by heart. Before she could sit back down, the juke-box came to life and Bonnie Tyler’s Total Eclipse of the Heart began playing. Dawn smiled, as it was a personal favorite of hers. Suddenly, the entire restaurant filled with the haunting melody, “Turn around, every now and then I get a little bit lonely and you’re never coming around…” Dawn thought she saw somebody in the window out of the corner of her eye. When she turned her head though, all she could see was the parking lot, which only hosted her car at the moment. “…Turn around, bright eyes. Every now and then I fall apart. And I need you now tonight. And I need you more than ever. And if you only hold me tight, we’ll be holding on forever. And we’ll only be making it right. Cause we’ll never be wrong together…” Dawn, who was intesnely staring out the window, jumped as she felt a hand on her shoulder. Her fearful eyes calmed slightly when she saw it was Rosie, delivering her Italian soda. She breathed deeply, “Thank you,” and took a drink. Rosie smiled and nodded, then turned around to go back to the kitchen, I wonder what’s wrong with her today? “Forever’s going to start tonight. Once upon a time I was falling in love, but now I’m only falling apart. There’s nothing I can do, a total eclipse of the heart.” Dawn took two large swallows of her drink, trying to calm herself down, Something’s wrong. This place is NEVER this empty. Dawn, stop it. Really. Dawn then looked at Rosie, who smiled at her while washing silverware. “Once upon a time there was light in my life, but now there’s only love in the dark…” Dawn took another drink, and began listening to the song, I need to calm down. This is insane. Immediately, Dawn felt thristy again and took another sip. God, I’m feeling tired. I better go….to bed ….early…. “Turn around bright eyes, every now and then I fall apart…” Dawn thought quickly, “Turn around bright eyes?” Dawn slowly turned her head, and looked towards the bathroom entrances. There, she saw a man wearing ritual ‘man in black’ clothes. Dr. Wynn? No…it can’t be him……he wouldn’t……come……here……what? “…And I need you now tonight, and I need you more than ever…” When the man saw she had spotted him, he stood and slowly walked to her. Dawn looked over to Rosie, who was turning off the “OPEN” sign. She suddenly felt her eyes begin to grow uncontrollably heavy, Oh no….what’s…..what’s happening……I……can’t…… “…Together we can take it to the end of the line. Your love is like a shadow on me all of the time. I don’t know what to do I’m always in the dark. We’re living in a powder keg and giving off sparks.” The man smiled as he looked
Dawn Thompson’s eyes fluttered open as the man entered her room. She had to blink several times as her vision was blurry. Eventually, her sight returned and she focused in on two eyes staring back at her. “Who….where…” “Glad to see your awake, Ms. Thompson. Do you mind if I call you Dawn?” Daun sat up, feeling slight nausea. “Take it easy Dawn. You still have tranquilizers running through your bloodstream. I’m truly sorry we had to meet under these circumstances, but it was nessessary.” Dawn looked over to him, still feeling quite groggy and ultimately tired. “Who are you?” “A friend.” “You were the man in the restaraunt. I remember you.” “That’s right.” “Why…why did you…” “You’ll understand everything in time, I promise. But for the time being, I have a few questions I’d like you to answer.” “Let me leave here.” The man laughed, “I’m afraid that’s quite impossible. Tell me, do you believe in Thor?” Dawn took a deep breath, “Of course I do.” “So you have no problem with Michael Myers’ actions?” “Michael has to kill his…” The man spoke over her, “I am aware of what his objective is, I’m asking if you believe in it.” “I suppose I do. Thor wishes it.” “So you agree that Terence Wynn is also right in his actions?” Dawn didn’t answer right away. “You mean his decisions towards Michael?” “Of course.” “Well, it’s really not my place to question Dr. Wynn.” “I’m making it your place.” “Dr. Wynn claims that Thor tells him what to do, but for some reason Michael cannot end his task. But I…” “Exactly, do you think Dr. Wynn could have made better choices?” “I don’t know. Possibly. I think the creation of the baby, his and Jamie’s baby, could have been a mistake.” “That was a mistake, you are very correct. For the record, Thor only offered him that angle as an alternate plan should Michael’s sister and nephew die beforehand. But Wynn never interpreted it that way. He didn’t comprehend that Jamie was not the final family member. His interpretation of visions were so convoluted he had absolutely no perspective anymore.” Dawn did not reply, as she considered what the man told her. “Dawn, what if I were to tell you that Thor does not communicate with Wynn at all anymore. And as far as it’s concerned, Wynn is dead.” Dawn remained silent. “Seriously, you must have suspected.” Dawn finally spoke, “Yes. Dr. Wynn hinted at that a few times.” “And if that were true, would you still follow Thor?” “Do you mean through Dr. Wynn?” “Yes.” “I suppose not.” “Good. That’s all I needed to know as of now. Now lay back down and try to sleep.” “But I have to go to work.” “Oh,” the man laughed lightly, “Yes. I’m sorry, but…how shall I say this? You’ve been suspended from your duties at the sanitarium indefinately.” “Why?” “Don’t make me resort to childish uthamisma. Sufficely to say, by tomorrow Wynn will be gone.” Dawn stared at her legs, “Oh.” “We’ll speak later, after you’ve cleared your head.” Dawn watched the man leave the room, locking the door behind him. Where am I? What will they do with me? And Dr. Wynn…..what about him? Much later that day, Dawn sat in the same room silently waiting for the man. Earlier, Dawn had met Tabitha York, a fellow Thorn member who was very kind to her. Tabitha revealed that she and several others had entered Dawn’s house and quickly removed all of her valuable belongings and they are safely being held until Wynn is relocated across the state. Tabitha then gave Dawn some of her clothing—taken from her closet, no less—and showed Dawn to a bathroom, where Dawn was able to shower and change her clothes. Now, she was alone again, and waiting. The man unlocked and entered Dawn’s room, “I trust Tabitha treated you well?” “Yes, she did.” “And she answered your basic questions?” “Yes. So that’s who you are.” The man smiled, “Wynn would have a stroke if he ever did find out, huh?” Dawn did not smile, “I suppose he would. So you became Michael’s new guardian?” “Yes. In a manner of speaking. It would be more accurate to say I assist Michael, if Thor wishes it. But Michael is quite independant and has looked out for himself for a long time. Rarely do those inflicted with Thorn need the assistance of a man in black. Dawn, you say you know all about Michael, correct?” “That’s correct, sir.” “But I bet there’s one or two burning questions you have. Questions Wynn could never answer.” Oh, no…” Dawn’s voice trailed off momentarily, “Well, I’ve always wondered why Jamie stabbed her stepmother.” “That’s a good question. The answer is simple. That night, when Michael escaped and found refuge, he lost complete consciousness. Thor, for a short while, considered the possibility that Michael had perished. So, in order to keep things the way they should have been, it was passed to his neice, who already shared a bond with her uncle.” Dawn tilted her head, “But I thought that Strode boy was next.” “He was, but your forgetting two things. One, Daniel wasn’t alive in 1988. Two, Laurie and her child still have to die before the curse can prevail onto another.” “I see.” “Jamie could actually hear Thor’s wishes and demands. We suspect her brother, and her son, will too. Anything else?” “Well, when I studied the doctrine of Thor, I became a little concerned about the fact that Michael has been inflicted with Thorn for so long. Is that justified?” The man nodded slowly, showing a devious smile. “Absolutely! It’s really a shame Wynn didn’t listen to you more. But I guess that’s expected with a man as dimwitted as him. Forty years is the limit. Two thousand and three. After that, Michael….well….were not even sure what will happen. Thor will most likely be passed onto Daniel, but Michael? Nobody knows. That’s why it’s imperative Michael completes his mission. His destiny must complete his course in the allotted time.” “Oh.” Dawn was overwhelmed at all the man was telling her. “You CAN see why Thor can no longer trust Wynn, right? Simply too much is at stake. Michael will only be returning to
Haddonfield two more times. Once in two thousand, and one in two thousand and three.” “He only has two more relatives.” “And Thor’s predictions are quite fascinating. He claims that somehow both will actually end up back in Haddonfield! For some reason, and he hasn’t told me the reason yet, but Michael will have a new target in two thousand. Obviously it will want Michael to kill somebody, but were not sure who it is as of yet. And one thing is for certain, in two thousand and three, Michael will prevail. But he can’t do it alone! He, and Thor, need faithful worshipers to make sure that all will go smoothly. It will be a great service to Thor if your willing to aid.” Dawn lowered her head, “I lay my faith in Thor’s guiding hands.” The man lowered his head, “As do we all.” He once again looked at Dawn, “Now, I’ll let you in on one more thing. You are not to discuss this with anybody. Thor hinted to me that, for yet another reason we cant possibly fathom to understand, that Michael may have to go to Chicago this Samhain. Possibly. When you pray to Thor tonight, I ask that you beg him to shed some light on this….it will answer eventually.” “Of course.” “Good. Now go, I need to attend to…business. Tabitha will show you to your new quarters for the time being, until we can send you to the sanctuary in Nevada. But for the time being, I’m afraid your quarters will not be lavish, but you’ll be comfortable. And you’re among friends.” “Thank you,” Dawn stood and quietly walked out the door. This will take time getting adjusted to. My entire life has flipped away. She found Tabitha, waiting, and followed her down the hallway. As she walked, she thought about the future. More precisely, her future. Is my faith in Thorn justified? I mean…..is it? Such betrayal among it’s own members. Another Man In Black, who is bent on killing another….destroying Wynn, who at least seemed loyal. Was mother right? Was abandoning Catholosism a horrible thing to do? Is there really a God? And if there is, can I still repent?

43.

Smith’s Grove, Illinois

March 4, 1999

Terence Wynn stared coldly at Thor’s alter, praying for Thor to grant him clarity. Please do not forsaken me. I don’t know what to do anymore. I cant find Michael, I don’t even know if he’s alive anymore, the news claims he was killed. When I went to California, I found nothing. My long-time loyal secretary, Dawn Thompson, who is also a follower, has been missing for two days. And not just her. Many of my local contacts in this entire area are gone. Now, even if by some miracle I was able to find Michael’s nephews, I wouldn’t have the means or resources I once had to get to them with absolute certainty. Please, show me an answer. Terence closed his eyes and cleared his mind, hoping for a responce. He used to find meditation was a sure way to contact Thorn. But that was long ago, and he received no such answer he was hoping for. To be sure, he sat still for another half-hour before finally giving up for the night. He blew out the candles and quietly left the worshiping room. As he walked down the dimly lit caverns, he muttered, “I so loved Thorn I gave my one and only son…” The elevator door was already opened, and Terence stepped inside. He pushed Ground, and waited silently as the doors closed and the elevator began it’s light hum as it made it’s way to the main floor. When the elevator stopped and the doors opened, Terence stepped from it and began speaking, “Carol, call Dr. Vons and arrange a…” He stopped talking when he saw that Carol Post, the sanitarium’s main receptionist, was gone. Terence hollered out, “Carol?” When he received no answer, Terence walked behind the receptionist’s desk and picked up the telephone. He dialed ‘477’, then waited for three beeps, indicating the overhead speaker was activated. Terence spoke smoothly, “Carol Post, please dial 108. Carol Post, please dial 108.” He heard his voice echo throughout the hospital’s hallways as he sat down and waited for the phone to ring. After two minutes, he picked it up again and dialed ‘477’. “Dr. Randall, Dr. Togar, Dr. Rambeau, please dial 108. Dr. Randall, Dr. Togar, Dr. Rambeau, 108 immediately.” Again, nobody responded. Terence felt the slight sensation of panic overtake him. He lifted the phone once again, and dialed ‘477’. “This is Dr. Terence Wynn, will anybody on staff please dial 108.” Terence hung the phonu up and looked down the well-lit empty hallways both to his left and right. Terence literally jumped out of his chair when the phone rang. He quickly picked it up, “Yes?” “Dr. Wynn, this is Joan Neilson, one of your orderly on the fourth floor.” “Joan, who is up there with you?” “Dr. Rambeau was here earlier, but I think he went on his break.” “How long ago?” “Oh, it had to be over an hour ago. Is something wrong?” Terence ignored her question all-together. “I want you to make your rounds. Start on the fourth floor and work your way down. If you see anything suspicious, I want you to get to a phone and page me over the intercom. Understand?” “Yes, Dr. Wynn.” Terence hung the phone up, genuinely surprised that no other phone calls were made to him. He stood and cautiously went to the elevator. After pushing two, he waited patiently as the elevator doors closed and after 3 seconds he was on the second floor. Logically, he thought, the intercom system is probably broken again. Shorted out in a few places or something. Jesus Terence, don’t begin panicking! Terence walked slowly into the smoking break room, and found it was empty. Second, he walked into the non-smoking room and found it devoid of people as well. Next, he walked to the man’s changing room and lounge, which was also empty. Finally, he he stepped into the women’s changing room and lounge and grunted when he found it was empty as well. The cafeteria is closed by now…He gritted his teeth, “What the hell is going on here?” Suddenly, Terence heard a small noise, resembling a metallic object dropping to the floor. Terence darted his eyes around, “Hello?” Terence jumped as the entire hallway was filled with the echoing sound of Joan Neilson’s voice, “Dr. Wynn! Come to operation room 7b on the third floor immediately!”
He began walking quickly to the elevator, and once inside clicked on the number three. The elevator doors shut, and he was lifted to the fourth floor. He walked in a quick pace to 7b and opened the door, only to find the lights were off. He found the lightswitch, and clicked it on. He gasped at what he saw: The entire hospital staff; Dr. Togar, Dr. Rambeau, Dr. Randall, Nurses Marjorie Allen, Noreen Teska, Tracy Brown, Chad Lien, Jaquice Flanagan, and eight orderly, including Joan Neilson, lay mutilated. All dead in a pool of blood. Terence grabbed his chest as he shrieked in terror. He ran out of the room, and came face-to-face with the man. The man, who was sporting the ritualistic Man In Black attire, gave Terence a deadpan face, “You brought this on yourself Wynn.” Terence made a low scream and began running away. When he looked behind him, he saw nobody was there. He made his way to the emergency stairwell and quickly ran down the steps, holding onto the railing for support. When he arrived at the second floor entrance, he entered it and began running for the elevator. The hallways filled with the echoing sound of the man’s low voice over the intercom, “Run. Run if you want. You won’t escape.” Terence finally made it to the elevator, and pushed the “down” button. He had to wait several seconds before the doors opened, and then began repeatedly clicking on the close button. After five long agonizing seconds, the doors smoothly closed. Terence pressed ground, and listened as the elevator hummed to life. After two seconds, he pushed pause elevator and leaned against the wall, trying to both calm down and hold back his tears. He was now perspiring and said under his breath, “They want to kill me too. Does Thor want me dead?” I need to get to the ground floor. If I can make it out the front doors, I can get to my car right in front. I CAN get away. I can. He pressed resume elevator, and waited with growing fear as the elevator came to a halt, the doors swooshing open after a small moment. He wasted no time in running for the front entrance, but to his dismay he was blocked by five Thorn members, none of whom he knew. “Let me through! I am Terence Wynn, a leader, and a rightful man in black!” The man emerged from a stairwell door, “Thor grants very few people that priviledge. You not only abused the power that came with it, you also disturbed the balance of power, which has put Thor in grave danger. I was suspicious of you from the very beginning. Naturally, the punishment is death, but I must admit death is too easy for you. Oh well, it would be a waste of energe torturing you.” Terence grimaced, “What are you talking about?” The man rolled his eyes, not believing Terence was capable of such stupidity. He withdrew his gun from his pocket. “See this? It’s a gun. That means if I shoot you, ” his eyes narrowed, “and I AM going to shoot you, you’ll die…” He then gave Terence a small, wicked smile and wrinkled his nose, “But not just yet…” Terence backed up slightly, “You…you cant be serious. I have just as much of a right to be a man in black as you do. Who gives you the right to do this to me?” The man shot Terence another deadpan face, “Unbelievable.” Terence suddenly knew the answer, “No! Please, I’ve changed!” “It’s too late.” The man shot Terence in the leg. “No! Arrugh!” Terence fell backwards, feeling extreme pain. The man stepped closer, and fired five more bullets into the elderly man; one in the right shoulder, one in the hip, one in the stomach, one in the chest, and finally one into his right eye. Terence Wynn studdered for several seconds before dying…. …Terence knew he was dead, and he felt strong, shaddowy hands grip every part of his being. He screamed as his soul was being raped, just like he raped Jamie Lloyd so many years ago. Finally, his essence was torn apart and as he was descended into Hell, he began feeling even more excrutiating agony. Four days later, Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium was shut down by order of the governer, until a formal investigation could take place.

44.

Santa Mira, California

April 15, 1999

Molly Cartwell payed the LuXor cab driver, picked up her purse, and sighed with uncertainty as she left the taxi cab. She immediately felt the wind lightly blow her curly blonde hair slightly out of place as she looked at the small condominium in front of her. She began walking to it, and thought about how pathetic-looking it was, John can do much better than this. Several Asian children ran out of one side of the condominium, laughing as they ran to the old swingset to the side. Molly concluded that her boyfriend must obviously live on the other side. She walked slowly to the front door and saw it was already open, indicating he was home. She peered inside the screendoor, but could not see into the darkness. After knocking softly, she waited in patience. John Tate emerged from the inner blackness, “Hey.” “Hey.” Molly took the liberty of opening the door herself, and followed John into the livingroom. John warily collapsed on an old battered sofa. He turned over, picked up a cup of cold coffee, and took several gulps. Molly stood still by a chair, holding her hands weakly behind her back. She stared at John, who didn’t bother to look back. Molly couldn’t believe John looked the way he did. Indeed, John looked like he belonged on the streets. His last shower was precisely eight days ago, and in that time he didn’t bother changing any of his clothes, which consisted of old jogging pants and a badly stained t-shirt. His dark hair was so oily, it was weighed down onto his head. “How are you doing?” John ignored her question, “How’s college?” “Good. Hawaii’s been good to me. A lot of studying, though. A lot of hard work.” “Good for you,” John said before scratching his armpit. Molly cringed on the inside, “Uh…I’ve thought about you a lot.” “Cool,” John said as he took another sip of his coffee. “John, I have. I’ve been worried. I’ve written you letters and I left a few messages on your machine. I don’t…” “I know,” John looked up at her with unsympathetic eyes. Molly, slightly flustered, sat down on a small chair facing the couch. She
Tommy Doyle picked the telephone up, held it in his hand, then finally hung it back up. He stared at Marion Chambers’ phone number, written plainly in Kara’s address book. He looked down at several news clippings, one which read: **MICHAEL MYERS KILLED AFTER PRIVATE SCHOOL MASSACRE!** He needed clarification. He was still dreaming of Michael…images from both 1978 and 1995. It haunted him every day, and every night. He looked out the window to his right and looked down. At the park next door, he saw Kara, Danny, and Stephen playfully enjoying themselves. They looked so tiny from this height, but he knew that they all had real-life fears of their own. Fears that the cult would find them, or even Michael. It’s been months since they learned of Michael’s supposed demise, and still they lived in fear. Kara advised against Tommy contacting Marion, because she feared the slightest possibility of the wrong person getting hold of the information. But he knew he could trust Marion. She was a good person, and Dr. Loomis’ closest friend. If I cant trust her, then I cant trust anybody. He picked the telephone up again, and dialed Marion’s number. He listened as the phone rang, and finally somebody answered. “Hello?” Tommy was expecting to reach Marion, but decided to continue talking, “Hello. Is Marion Chambers there?” “Who is this?” “My name is Tom Doyle.” “Tom! It’s Dillon…” Tommy smiled, “Oh hello! It’s been, well, years!” “Yeah! I honestly never thought I’d hear from you again. But I’m glad you’ve called. I have a few things I needed to tell you.” “I was actually hoping I could talk to Marion, if she’s home.” “Tom. You don’t know do you? Marion was murdered last October.” Tommy sat up, entirely shocked, “No….this….this is a joke, right?” Dillon’s voice grew dim, “She was murdered. The police arrived at her house to investigate a report of breaking and entering. They found her body next door, apparently trying to save the lives of the two kids who were there. They were killed too.” Tommy pressed his fingers against his eyes and gently rubbed them. He didn’t respond right away, instead thought about the shock he felt. “I’m sorry man.” Dillon took several deep breaths, “She was a good woman. She’s helped many and I loved her very much.” “Yeah, she was very nice.” “Tom, when I moved into her house, I found out a few things you may find of interest. But first I want to tell you that…” Tommy interrupted Dillon, “Do they know who killed her?” “No. The police ended their investigation in February, but there was circumstantial evidence which was never brought to court. Marion was murdered on the twenty-ninth of October. The Howell’s, the family who used to live nextdoor, who’s son was killed, their car was found in northern California in early November at a rest stop. The rest stop was only thirty minutes away from Summer Glen.” Tommy felt faint, “Oh no….I cant believe this…. “Of course, it’s only based on assumption, but Michael Myers could have killed my sister.” “Dillon…I’m sorry. I don’t know what to say.” “It’s taken me a long time, and a lot of money with a shrink, but I’ve finally accepted her death. I know how you and Kara Strode felt. Losing so many loved ones is a hard thing.” Dillon didn’t want to correct Dillon that it was only Kara who lost ones she’s loved. Tommy himself never lost anybody he truly cared about. Except Rachel Corruthers, the girl who talked to me in school. She understood what I had gone through, why I was so fucked up inside. Dillon continued, “Listen, I know you and Kara have been

**Hopelanster, Tennessee**

**June 20, 1999**
Danny Strode’s eyes were wide open as he stared at all the large skyscrapers passing him by, “I can’t even see the sun and it’s not cloudy!” Kara laughed in the front seat, “Unless you were on top of one of the buildings.” Tommy laughed as well. He then looked over to Kara and saw she was fidgeting with her blouse, “Kara, stop worrying!” Kara smiled and sighed loudly, “You’re sure Dillon knows when to feed Stephan.” Tommy shrugged, “Will you relax? Karen will be there by tonight.” Tommy nodded and thought, ‘Yeah, Karen seems pretty capable’. Tommy snickered, “You don’t give men enough credit when it comes to kids, look how great I am!” Kara rolled her eyes, “Yeah, men are great. Tim used to give Danny beer when he babysat him as a baby…” Danny’s head popped into the front seat, “He did?” Kara continued, “And you, well…” Tommy began smiling, “I know…never give a toddler
Caffeine Free Diet Coke. Got it.” Kara shook her head, “I don’t know. Being away from Stephan for a few days was supposed to take away stress…” Tommy stopped at a red light and smiled at her, “And it will. Think about it. The three of us can actually live for once, without having to keep a third eye on Stevie.” Danny nodded in the back seat, “Yeah, and we can go see a movie and Stevie wont cry.” Kara raised her hands in surrender, “You men! No maternal instincts!” Danny didn’t get his mother’s joke, so he simply went back to gazing at the buildings and people. Tommy kept his eyes on the streetsigns, “Kara, after the meeting with Leo, how bout we go out to eat someplace nice?” Kara grinned, “Nice? Denny’s?” Tommy tried not to smile at her witty sarcasm, “Ha. Ha. Ha. Well, there’s Denny’s, yes. But, there’s also the reservations I made at the Carlotta.” “The Carlotta? You’re kidding! How can we possibly afford…oh wait. Yeah, I guess we can now.” Tommy saw out of the corner of his eye that Kara was beaming. He felt, at that moment, completely content. If things go good, Danny and Kara can start completely over. No more hiding, no more running away. They can both go back to school permenantly. Hell, maybe I can do something with myself too. Robert Moore stood at the corner of Waldush Avenue, waiting quietly while watching the office building with the huge sign Davison and Associates, across the street from him. He lit a cigarette and leaned against the building, oblivious to everybody walking around him. ‘I know they’ll be here soon. I have to be quick. Take the kid and the baby. Kill the man and the woman if they try to stop me. No fucking up.’ Kara glanced to her right, “Tommy, is that 4th Street?” Tommy nodded, “Yep. I need to take a right on the next block, then keep going till I get to….um….Waldush.” Danny spoke up, “Mommy?” “What?” “Are those people right there homeless?” Danny pointed to some bums laying on sidewalk benches. Kara frowned, “I don’t know Danny. They might be.” Danny then twitched his head, making his long bangs, which went past his nose, flop back out of his face. “Danny, don’t you want a hair-cut?” Danny quickly shook his head, “No!” Tommy smiled, “He wants to be like Kurt.” Danny smiled. Kara looked at Danny and cocked her head, “Kurt? Who? Oh, you don’t mean Kurt Cobain do you?” Danny smiled, “Nirvana!” Tommy looked at Kara, “One of Dillon’s many cd’s.” Kara sunk into her seat, “Er, I think Tim had a few of his albums. I don’t know, it all sounds the same to me. Nirvana…Run DNA…Beastie Boys.” Danny and Tommy made a quick eye at eachother, then both began laughing. Kara became slightly red in the face, “Hey! I just so happen to like a lot of today’s music! I like the Cranberries, and I like Jewell…” Robert flicked his cigarette to the ground as he saw them approach. Tommy looked at the clock radio, “Excellent. Were early.” Robert walked across the street and stood in front of the building. He watched as Tommy, Kara, and Danny quietly got out of the car. He then frowned, Where’s the fucking other kid? He smiled at Tommy as he passed by, “Mr. Doyle?” Tommy looked at Kara, then back at Robert and smiled as he withdrew his hand from his pocket and offered it outward, “Mr. Davison?” Robert shook his head, “No.” He then proceeded to withdraw his handgun. Tommy, Kara, and Danny all gasped in shock. Robert put the gun back into his pocket, “Don’t try anything Tommyboy, it’ll take me three seconds to fire this thing. I wont hurt you or her, but I’m taking the kids.” Kara’s face reflected sheer terror, “No!” Robert shook his head, “Listen, I don’t have fucking time. If you want this to go smoothly, just put the fucking kid in the goddamn car and tell me where the baby is.” Tommy knew that this man meant business. If he screwed up, Danny or Kara might get shot, “What will you do with Danny?” Robert made the gun outline aim for the boy’s head, “I’ll blow a fucking hole through his brain if you do what the fuck I tell you to!” Tommy’s eyes were locked with Roberts, and by doing so Tommy knew better than to call his bluff, “Kara, give Danny to him.” Kara began shaking, “No!” Tommy screamed louder, “Kara now!” Kara quickly kissed her son on the head then pushed him lightly towards Robert. Robert grasped onto Danny’s arm, “Now tell me where the kid is.” Tommy sighed, “Langdon, He’s staying with Dillon Chambers…” Robert nodded, “Alright, now give me your keys.” Tommy handed them to Robert slowly. Danny began crying slightly, but he was in shock mostly. Robert threw him into the passenger seat and locked the door. He then jumped inside, started the car, and took off. Kara began screaming as the car took off, watching it go. She then grasped onto Tommy, “Oh! God! What are we going to do?” Tommy saw the tears streaming down her face, “Don’t worry. We’ll get him back. Let’s get to a phone. Come on!” He then led Kara into the office building. Robert drove only three blocks before he pulled into a wide alley. He parked the car, grabbed Danny, and led him to another car not far away. Danny was still in shock, and could only shake and stare. Robert grunted, “This is my car. Get used to it.” Danny did not reply, but did get inside and sat quietly still. Robert started the engine and began driving normal, as not to get pulled over. He reached into the back seat, and pulled up a gas mask. He handed it to Danny, “I want you to beathe into this. It’ll make you nice and drowsy so you can sleep, okay partner?” Danny did not move, so Robert put the mask up to his nose. The vapors caused Danny to begin coughing. The coughing became violent, and Robert became distracted. Danny, in the meanwhile, reached into his windbreaker’s pocket and withdrew his pocketknife. He opened it, but knew he couldn’t do anything while he was literally choking on whatever it was that man made him breathe in. But he knew he had to do it before it was too late. *cough* countdown Dan! *cough* 3….2….cough…..do it…..1! Danny stabbed Robert in the arm, which caused him to lose control of his vehicle. This gave Danny just enough time to unlock his door and jump out. Robert screamed, “Fuck!” Danny stood and saw, to his dismay, there weren’t any pedestrians on the sidewalk, only cars driving by. He began running, but he was still having a hard time breathing. He tried screaming, “Help!”, but all that came out was a horse whimper, again caused by the gas which had made Danny’s throat muscles tighten up to the point of him practically choking on nothing. Robert was able to avoid a car accident and quickly found a place to park. Danny decided that if he couldn’t get a car to stop, he’d better hide. He saw an alley not too far away. It’s my best chance. Mommy always said that hiding is the safest thing to do sometimes. Inside that Alley, Natasha Clinesmith, 19, and Marky Green, 18, were sitting against a building, both
smoking Newport’s. Natasha had pale skin, and bleached hair. She was short at only 5’4, but had sparkling blue eyes and red pouty lips. She was actually quite frail, and was subjected to many jokes because she was what her friend Clark called “flat chested”. Marky was much taller, being 6’1. He was caucasian as well, and had dark blonde hair which went to his shoulders and was scarcely brushed. He had green eyes, and hated it when people said he was a pretty-boy (a name he and his brother Clark both got quite frequently). But Marky had muscle, and he liked to wear his muscle shirts to prove it. Besides that, he sported some lanky bell-bottoms he stole from a thrift-store on Scarlet Street. Natasha took a hit from her cigarette, “I’m going to ask Anthony if he wants to be my baby’s daddy.” Marky shook his head, “Shit Tasha, use your head.” “I am. Anthony has money, and he has power.” “And your baby would always be in danger.” “My baby would be a Lothos, just like us. He’d be protected.” Both Natasha and Marky were younger members of the Lothos, a local gang which worked on many levels in Chicago. While Lothos kept a low profile, they were known to sell drugs, launder money, market hot items, and even dabble in prostitution from time to time. Marky shrugged. Natasha ribbed him, “What? Gonna let my baby get beaten up? Huh? Huh?” She was now smiling. Marky laughed, “Cut it out, bitch!” Natasha took another hit, “Damn, you’d be one shitty parent, wouldn’t you?” Marky blew smoke at her, “Probably. Don’t got any school behind me, I’ll be lucky if I could spell the kids name right.” “Then get yer nuts cracked. That way you wouldn’t have to worry about becoming a baby’s daddy.” Marky threw his cigarette down, “Jesus Tash! If you were a man, you would never say ‘get yer nuts cracked’. That’s just wrong. Though…it would be nice to be able to fuck around and not have to worry…” Natasha picked up a sale paper lying on the ground and began reading it, much to Marky’s dismay, Why does she always end the conversation? I need to start hanging around with guys more, at least they don’t fucking pick up sale papers then bitch if I talk… Danny made it to the alley, but stopped when he saw a police vehicle five blocks away. He jumped and screamed, but his vocal chords were still tightened and he began coughing again. He turned around and saw Robert running towards him, so he took off in the alley. He saw two teenagers sitting thirty feet away from him. He tried once again to yell for help. Nothing came out. “DANNY! STOP FOR HIM!” Danny tried to ignore the Voice Man, but it was difficult. As if his body wanted to obey the voice in his head, he momentarily lost his momentum as his legs paused. But his natural reflections won, and he regained his former motion and continued his escape. Natasha could see the young boy, and his eyes were wet and seemed to be pleading for her help. Robert stopped in the alley. Swiftly, he spotted and picked up a large rock which was located near his foot. He then began running again, and threw the rock, which soared through the air with impacting speed. The rock hit Danny square in the back of his head. Danny made a high-pitched yelp. The sound itself echoed over and over extremely slowly in his mind as everything began going black. Finally, the echo faded away as Danny limped over completely. He fell to the dirty pavement, scraping his cheek in the process. Natasha and Marky saw the entire thing and stood. Robert walked up to Danny, breathing heavily. ‘You fucking little shit.’ He saw the two teenagers looking at him, “You never saw any of this.” Natasha withdrew her handgun, “Yes we did.” Marky was surprised to see his friend take this course of action, but he knew how she loved children. It wouldn’t be the first person she’s shot. Robert sighed, “Put the fucking gun away, this boy belongs to me.” Natasha shook her head, “Fuck he does.” She then shot Robert in the chest. Robert gasped and fell backwards. He saw blood seeping out of him, and the sight alone made him begin going into shock. Natasha approached him quickly, not taking her aim away from him, “Grab the boy.” Marky did as he was told. He sighed, Angel is going to shit when she hears about this. “Let’s go,” Natasha screamed as they heard a police siren in the distance, getting closer. By the time the Chicago police arrived, Robert Moore was dead. Late that evening, at the Sisters of Hope Hospital in the mission district, Tommy Doyle and Kara Strode were led to the small morgue in the basement to view the body of Robert Moore. Tommy nodded, “That’s him.” Lieutenant Chris Drysdale nodded and recovered him with the clean white cloth, “He was found in a deserted alleyway not too far from where he abducted your child.” Kara put her hand on his shoulder, “He’s right Kara. Don’t lose faith. We’ll find him.” Chris nodded in agreement, “Yes, we will. Your son’s picture will be faxed all over this city, he’ll be found.” Kara sniffed, “I hope so.” “Now, the boy’s father. This Lonnie….he wouldn’t have any reason to want your boy?” Kara shook her head solemnly, “No. He….he hasn’t seen Danny since he was a baby. He has nothing to do with it.” “I see.” Kara gripped Tommy’s hand, “We’re leaving. I can’t stay here anymore.” Tommy nodded at Chris. Chris nodded back, “I’ll keep you updated, I promise.” Tommy led Kara out of the hospital and gave her another hug, “What do you want to do?” Kara coughed, “Search. Come on. I’ll walk these damn streets all night if I have to. I’m not afraid.” The two began walking down the dimly lit Chicago street. They stared down dark alleys, into open stores, and at passer-by’s. But as Tommy passed a brightly lit street lamp, he knew right then that, Kara may never give up searching, but that’s alright. Neither will I. Inside the morgue, Officer Stacy Truitt entered, “Dr. Rivera said the bullet actually punctured his heart, there was nothing they could’ve done by the time he arrived.” Chris nodded while continuing to write on his clipboard. Stacy lifted the sheet and glanced at Robert, who had a blue tint to his face, “So this sonofabitch kidnaps a child, then dies right after. It doesn’t make sense.” Chris looked up at her, his blue eyes sparkling despite the yellowish lighting, “No! Mr. Doyle claims that this John Doe isn’t our abductor.” Stacy sighed, “No shit?” Chris nodded, “Yeah. They gave me a better description of whoever the sick fuck is looks like. Joey should put out an APB.” Stacy began walking, “I’ll radio it in now.” “I’ll be right there,” Chris watched her leave then grinned. I’ll find the kid. I’ll get the reward. Robert is nothing but a fuck-up anyway.
Danny Strode lie asleep in a soft, white bed in an old room which had barred windows and shut drapes. He had a clean white bandage wrapped around his head, and due to the heat and stuffiness of the room, he began perspiring. He twitched in sleep…

Danny was standing on top of a mountain, looking at the bright blackness surrounding him. Things, which Danny didn’t understand, were hovering close, yet far away from the mountain. It seemed to be searching for something (could it be him?), calling for someone, but Danny didn’t recognize the language, not that he would have answered anyway. The mountain was so calm, and Danny felt ever so content……

Danny awoke slowly, feeling a dull headache overcome him.

The mountain was so calm, and surrounding all around him. A few chairs, a desk, a window, pictures on the wall, clothes sitting on a dresser. Danny tried to think, but it actually hurt his head, so he rested back onto the pillow, and fell into a half-slumber.

Natasha Clinesmith and Marky Green sat on the green sofa in silence, waiting for Angel Haim to leave Anthony Cartwright’s office. Clark Green entered the main room, saw them, and flopped onto the red bean bag by the television set, “Hey, how’s the kid?”

Clark was a miniature version of his older brother, Marky. At 16, he also had shoulder-length blonde hair, which usually was down plain, but today was pulled back in a pony-tail. He had sparkling blue eyes, and red lips which contrasted to his white skin. He was also incredibly lanky, and could fit into clothes intended for boys much younger than himself.

Marky spoke up, “So where were you last night?”

Clark flashed Natasha his killer smile, “I can keep my shit together and still get extra.”

Marky shook his head, “She told you.”

Marky smiled at her, “I don’t mind being a ho sometimes. Funner than selling crack down by the docks!”

Clark frowned, “Or in a coma. Jesus Tasha, when you get hit in the face you should have the common sense to stay in a coma. None of this production business!…”

Clark stretched his arms and put them behind his neck, “What? I don’t mind being a ho sometimes. Funner than selling crack down by the docks!”

Marky, Natasha, and Angel just looked at the sixteen year old with disbelief, before resuming their conversation. Angel sighed, “Look, later on Anthony is going to call you in, so maybe you should go wake the kid up, and talk to him. Get his story.”

“Right.”

“Look, I have to go now. I have to sell some quarters by five. Later.”

Natasha shivered as Angel left, God she intimidates me. Brrrrrrrrrr……… Marky smiled at her, “She told you.”

Natasha ran her hands through her long hair, “I’ll go try to wake the kid. If he has a concussion, he may still be out.”

Clark frowned, “Or in a coma. Jesus Tasha, when you get hit in the...
“No.” Natasha stood, “Thank you, Dr. Clark.” Clark rolled off the bean bag, “It’s true Tash! Remember Marky, when we went to that Pearl Jam concert and you hit your head? Duck said you had to stay awake…” Marky shrugged, “No.” Clark rolled his eyes, “Whatever.” He then lit his cigarette and layed down on the floor, content at blowing smoke circles into the air. Natasha walked down the hall and quietly entered the darkened room. Danny heard her enter, and drowsily sat up, “Hello?” “Hi. Don’t worry, you’re safe here.” Danny could barely make out the figure in front of him, “Who are you?” “My name is Tasha, I saved your life. Who are you?” Danny thought, “My name is…..uh…..I……have a name, it’s…..” Natasha quietly sat on the bed, and extended her hand and rested it onto Danny’s, “It’s okay, nobody’s going to hurt you here, please just tell me your name.” Danny felt uneasy, for he really couldn’t recall who he was, “I don’t know, I…..uh…..I seriously don’t know.” Natasha felt impatient, “Listen, please. I know this must all seem scary right now, but please….don’t lie to me.” Danny rested his head back onto the pillow, “Tasha…..” “Yeah.” “Why don’t you know my name?” Natasha didn’t have a direct answer for the boy, “What do you mean?” Danny closed his eyes, “I don’t know…..” “Well, if you don’t want to tell me your name, fine. Please, what can you tell me about yourself?” “Well….I……I don’t remember anything. I……can’t remember anything.” Natasha closed her eyes as well, frustrated. Great, little con artist is going to make Anthony kick me out. Danny opened his eyes, not saying anything. “Are you scared?” Danny hoarsely whispered, “No. I don’t think so.” And the truth was, he wasn’t scared. He was just unsure about everything. Natasha gave the boy some more Tylenol, and gave him a sip of water. She wasn’t a doctor, but decided Danny would be strong enough to walk, “Let’s see if you can make it out of this room, okay?” “Kay.” Danny sat up and turned his legs around, letting them fall onto the floor. The cold wood sending sensations up Danny’s legs. When he stood, his legs became wobbly and Danny had to hold onto Natasha for support. Natasha let the boy hold onto her, “Come on.” Danny followed her out of the door and down the hall. He then found himself in a brightly lit room, where a boy was lazily laying on the floor, smoking. He was led to a green couch, where he sat down with relief. Clark looked up to the boy and smiled, “Hey bandage-head, what’s yer name?” Natasha looked at him, “He seems to be a blank, where did Marky go?” Clark shrugged, “I think he’s hungry.” Natasha smiled at Danny, “I’ll be right back. This is Clark, don’t mind him, he can be kinda…..dorky sometimes.” Clark shot Danny a half-cocked smile. Natasha then went out a different door, leaving the two strangers alone together. “So, you don’t have a name, huh?” “I do have a name, I think. I just don’t remember it, I think.” “I think? Well, I think, you’d be sure if you did. You smoke?” “I don’t know.” Clark’s eyes lit up, “Let’s see if you do.” Natasha found Marky in the kitchen, hungrily chewing on a sandwich and staring out the window, “Hey.” “Hi. Did the kid wake up? Is he okay?” “I don’t think so. He acts fine, but he says he can’t remember anything, even his name. It sounds, you know, kinda made up.” Marky swallowed his food and took a drink of Peach Tree, “Did he act like he’s lying?” “No, no I don’t think so. He seems to be telling the truth, ya know? He’s a cute little kid…” “So was Clark a few years ago…” “True….you think….you know….he really can’t remember anything?” “I don’t know. Maybe his brain is fried from acid.” Natasha rolled her eyes, and sighed deeply, “Oh god, ya think?” She heard about kids dying all the time because their parents get off on seeing them pumped full of drugs. “Hehehe, did his eyes look, you know…” “No. I don’t know, maybe I should just give him time, let him settle in a little. Maybe if he warms up to us, he’ll talk.” “You know my grandma got amnesia once. This was way back before my dad died. I remember she couldn’t remember me, or Clark, or any of my sisters. Damn, I think it was years later until she started remembering us, but by that time my dad had died, so I didn’t get to see her much.” This piqued Natasha’s curiosity, “How did it happen?” “On her farm. A bookshelf fell on her, I think. I dunno, something like that. Knocked her out pretty badly, like that kid did last night when he took the ciesta in the middle of the alley.” “So….it’s possible. The kid could be telling the truth.” “I didn’t say that. But he’s not very old, ya know? If he’s bullshitting, he’ll slip soon enough.” The two suddenly heard a loud fit of giggling from the main room, and Natasha looked at Marky before leaving to investigate. She found, to her dismay, Clark laughing loudly as Danny giggled profoundly, holding a cigarette. Natasha grabbed the cigarette from Danny’s hand, “Clark, what the hell are you doing?” Clark smiled, “I taught the kid how to smoke. He got his first buzz. It was funny as hell!” Danny giggled, as his headache was suddenly gone. Natasha drove her boot into Clark’s stomach, sending the boy into pain as he blew out air, “Bastard!” Danny’s buzz was now beginning to dissipate, and he stared at Natasha, who in turn knealed down and smiled at him, “Kid…..uh…..I need something to call you…..” Danny tilted his head, “What hit my head?” Natasha grimaced, “You wouldn’t remember that. Yesterday, you were running away from this man….he was trying to catch you. He threw this rock right at you, and it pounded you in the back of your head. I saved you, well me and Marky. I mended your wound, though. It took awhile to stop bleeding.” Clark looked at the boy with half-closed eyes, “Yeah, we were all hoping you’d remember who the fucker was that was trying to getcha.” Natasha felt odd letting profanity be said in front of the boy, Damn, it doesn’t seem right….. Danny shook his head, “I don’t think…” Natasha grabbed his arm, “Please Rock, this is important. We need to know who was chasing you.” Danny closed his eyes, “I can’t remember.” “Tash, don’t call him Rock. Girl, name him something that won’t get his ass kicked,” he then looked at Danny, “and how can you remember to talk and shit if you can’t remember anything else? I mean, you had to go to school right? Do you remember going to school?” “No.” “Well then, I’m a genius.” Natasha looked at Clark, “I really don’t think it works that way.” Clark stood, and puffed on
Danny’s cigarette, “Well, I don’t give a fuck then. He’s not my problem.” “Good, then don’t give him any more chokeys.” “Whatever.” The front door suddenly shook as it became the scene of knocking. Clark ran to it, and stared through the door’s peephole, “Great, it’s Jewel.” Marky entered the room, “Well better let her in before she has a fucking fit.” Clark began unlocking the door, which had five separate locks total. Jewel Robinson entered the house, not acknowledging anybody there. She was African American, and rather large despite her age, being 26. She wore a white, almost frilly shirt, and had a satin black skirt to go with it. Also, she fancied two large gold, dangling earrings. She looked around the room, “Where’s Anthony?” “Right here,” Anthony Cartwright appeared from the office doorway. He smiled at her, ignoring all others in the room. He had his sunglasses on, making him appear somewhat surly with his slicked back dark hair. He wore a plain white t-shirt, and black blue jeans. He was causasian, except for the fact that his grandmother was Cuban, giving him a slightly darker toned skin. Jewel nodded, “Good your here. You know I aint be playing games.” “Yeah, come in here, and we’ll talk.” Jewel, without making eye contact, led herself into the office. Anthony then scanned the room, “That the kid?” Natasha nodded. Anthony looked the kid over, cute. “You and Ms. Robinson were in here for quite awhile.” “Is that a good thing,” Danny inquired. “Your beautiful Jewel.” Jewel’s half-closed eyes didn’t move, “Uh huh. Now, you best be makin’ sure your men don’t open fire on my boys anymore.” “Of course,” Anthony was hoping that the specific incident Jewel was referring to wouldn’t be brought up. Last year, a Lothos member named LeRoy shot and killed three Voth members. This forced them to retaliate. A small group of Voth went to a Lothos common house close to the outskirts of Chicago and murdered the nine people living there, including Estrella Jimirez, a good friend of Anthony’s. Luckily, a small treaty was able to be formed between the two gangs before more blood was spilled. And now, the two were on the verge of an actual alliance. Jewel’s eyes narrowed, “I mean it Anthony.” “So do I. You know I wont do you wrong.” “I’ll send someone by tomorrow to pay for the ammo.” Anthony nodded, “Fine. Just make sure you let everyone know were now working together.” Jewel, who usually was skeptical, had to half-smile, “It is kinda cool aint it? We be hangin’ instead of trying to kill eachother.” “Yes it is,” Anthony truthfully agreed. “But you best be rememberin’ that Voth wont be fooled. No representen’ us that way, understood?” Jewel was not going to show weakness, Daddy taught me that. Anthony nodded and stood, Her ghetto talk is really getting annoying. Who the fuck am I kidding? I talk pretty fucked up myself. Jewel stood as well, “I’ll be leavin’ then. You have my pager number. Nice dealing wit you.” Anthony shook her hand, “And you.” Jewel was led out of the office and, without taking any notice to Natasha or Danny, walked out the front door. Anthony followed her out of the office. When she left, he signaled for Natasha to step inside the office. Natasha sat down and watched Anthony pick up a cigarette, but then after a moment put it down and pick up a cigar, “You and Ms. Robinson were in here for quite awhile.” “Yeah, great shit happened though. Lothos and Voth are allied, kind of.” “Yer shitting me,” Natasha was, to say the least, shocked. She had always assumed that the two groups would end up in a massive blood-feud. “Nope. We’re already dealing with eachother. She’ll be hooking us up with better marijuana.” “Anthony….you’re up to something, aren’t you?” Anthony made a small smile, “No.” Natasha shook her head and raised her finger, “Yeah, I know you are. You normally don’t make alliances that easily.” “Yeah, well, let’s just say by the time Jewel even suspects anything’s wrong, she wont be able to do anything about it. Anything else, and I’d have to kill you.” Natasha quieted down, knowing Anthony was serious. What was it Angel was hinting at? Way back, before even I came here, Anthony had a girlfriend he murdered right here in this house because he found out she was selling information to rival gangs? Hmmm....maybe I should ask Angel again. Then again, this place was very different then, I imagine. Lothos was mostly all older black and white men who were constantly trying to rid all Mexicans from the gang, including Angel, or so she said. Anthony, if anything, seems to be pretty happier now. All of Lothos’ higher ups now had common houses of their own to integrate more and more members. I’m sure Anthony is glad that only four other people live in his house, but now there may be five. “So Angel told you where I’m standing right now, right?” “Yes Anthony, I’m really sorry. But at the time, I really didn’t think…” Anthony narrowed his eyes, “That’s right. You didn’t think. Natasha, you mean a lot to me. You know you do. But you’re thoughts must always be to Lothos first and foremost.” “Yes Anthony.” “So,” he sat back, lighting his cigar, “Tell me about the boy.” “Not much to tell. When that rock hit him, I think it damaged him.” “What do you mean?” “Well, the kid…he can’t remember shit! I
mean, he knows how to talk, but Marky said that’s normal for people with amnesia.” Anthony blew the smoke out of his mouth, “Amnesia huh? I used to have a friend back in New York who had it. He never did get his memories back. He started over. Had to re-meet his own momma.” “Huh! Well the kid, I call him Rock, he seems like a pretty decent kid. I don’t know, maybe I should have his head checked.” Anthony concurred, “Tomorrow, go take him to see Duck.” “But I have to sell Crack to Pintos and that Josh Perez guy tomorrow. That’s across town, I…” Anthony raised his hand, “No sweat. When Loco comes tomorrow, I’ll have him do it. He is a cute kid Tasha, we could use him.” Natasha felt a slight tingle as she asked, “Uh….use him for what?” Anthony smiled, “Boy toy, you know what I mean. Clark can teach him all the tricks, I’m sure.” Natasha closed her eyes, Oh no…..what have I done. “Tasha, whenever Winston hosts his queer-ass parties, he pays me over a thousand dollars just for one night with Clark. Imagine how much they’ll pay when they see this kid.” “Okay, so your not going to have him wait in the public bathrooms or anything…” “No. Clark does that because he likes to.” Natasha tilted her head, “Say what?” “Yeah, I know he tells you all I make him walk the streets and hang out in the johns, but really he does it to make extra money. He wants to buy something someday, I don’t know what. Probably a place of his own I imagine.” Natasha still wasn’t sure she wanted to let the kid be subjected into the life she and her friends had to live. “Hey, the kid will have to earn his keep. You should know that.” “Yeah. Do you think he’ll want to stay with us?” “Well, the first test has already begun actually. Open the door and see if he’s still out there.” Natasha’s eyes perked up, Fuck! Rock could have easily escaped by now! She stood up and opened the office door. She sighed when she saw Danny sitting by the television, blankly staring at a music video. She closed the door, “Yep. Still there.” “Good. He can sleep with Marky and Clark. Now I have to make some calls…” “Alright.” Anthony spoke before Natasha could leave, “Are you going to visit me tonight?” Natasha froze, “Um…..sure. After the kid’s asleep, and everyone else is.” Anthony smiled, showing his yellow teeth, “Good. See you tonight.” He then reached down and groped himself in front of Natasha, showing his obvious erection through the material in his pants. Natasha forced a smile before she left, shutting the door behind her. She went and sat down next to Danny, who smiled at her. Natasha began shaking, Must be Rock that’s doing this. I don’t wanna fuck Anthony anymore. I…I don’t want to do the things I do. But I’m a Lothos. Anthony saved my life more than a dozen times. It’s not a good life, but it’s a life. Maybe for Rock too. Anthony…I love him…hell, I like Marky too, but I know things wouldn’t work out between us. I shouldn’t think anymore. It hurts. Later that evening, Marky, Natasha, Clark, Danny, and Angel sat quietly in the main room, eating take-out sushi while watching Death Becomes Her on HBO. Clark laughed through most of it, while Danny didn’t comprehend most of the things they were speaking about. Angel and Natasha went back and forth between watching the movie and talking about the new alliance. Marky looked at his watch, “Shit, it’s eleven thirty. I gotta go to bed.” Natasha washed down her sushi with water, “Oh, you have to take Rock with you.” Clark turned his head from the television, “Don’t call him that.” Marky stood, “Tash, where is the kid going to sleep? It seems cramped between just my brother and me.” Clark turned himself fully around, “No doubt! Especially when Mark has wet dreams. Then the bed really seems too small.” Angel laughed to herself as Marky turned red in the face, “You dick,” he then looked at Natasha, “Yeah, he can sleep with us. Come on kid.” Natasha smiled, “Call him Rock.” Marky looked her in the eye, “Um…I don’t think so. I have to agree with my brother on this one.” He then proceeded to smile wide, which matched that of Clark’s. The two were obviously brothers. Danny stood and began following Marky. Natasha spoke up, “Aren’t you going to say goodnight?” Danny and Marky both stopped simultaneously and turned around. Danny blinked, “Oh….Good night Tasha?” Natasha gave Danny a queerish smile, I really don’t think he remembers all that much. He didn’t remember how to use eating utensils, he didn’t know what a book was, he didn’t even remember how to tie his shoes. Maybe Duck can help him. Marky led Danny into his and Clark’s bedroom. It wasn’t as large as the main room, but considerably bigger than Natasha’s bedroom. The walls and ceiling were white. Next to the door was a dresser, complete with underwear and socks dangling from several drawers. A lava lamp was perched on top. Next to the dresser was a poster of Shirley Manson, with the letters Garbage scrawled underneath. Next to the bed, on both sides, were small night stands, each with a lamp, alarm clock, and ashtray. Across from the bed was a small entertainment center, which had a small CD player and a small color TV. Danny noted the room smelled ‘funny’, but since he wasn’t used to smelling different things, he dismissed wondering what the particular odor was. Marky smiled as he removed his shirt, “This is it. There really should be room for you, but I gotta worn ya, Clark snores.” Danny nodded, even though he wasn’t sure what snoring was. Marky began unbuttoning his 501’s, “Uh….Clark and I both sleep in our boxers…..um….I guess you can sleep however the hell you want to, okay?” Danny nodded, “Okay,” and proceeded to remove his shirt as well, followed by his ripped up jeans. Marky lit a cigarette as he laid down in bed, enjoying the softness of the sheets, “Kid, I really don’t know what to think about you.” Danny crawled into bed next to him, “Would Clark want to sleep here or over there?” He pointed to the edge of the bed. Marky laughed, “I don’t think he would want to sleep pressed up to me, I think you should take middle.” Danny nodded, patting his legs as he was already in the middle. He then looked up to Marky, “I really don’t know what to think about myself.” Marky turned to his side, propping his head up with his arm, “Think kid, do you remember anything? Maybe a song you cant get outta yer head, somebody yelling at you, a dog or cat, a sister or brother?” Danny looked around before widening his eyes, “Is that hair under your arms?” Marky, who was taking a rather large puff of his cigarette, was taken back by Danny’s comment and began
Danny, who still didn’t understand the concept of smoking, simply watched. Marky grinned, “Dude…maybe we can talk about ‘that’ some other day, but right now you need to start remembering. Hey, I gotta idea.” Danny watched as Marky sat up and practically threw himself off the bed, but in actuality he was merely bending down to reach under the bed. After some fishing with his hand, he picked up a hand-mirror, “Dude, maybe all you need to do is take a good look at yourself,” and he handed Danny the mirror. Danny tilted the mirror until he was staring at another face, who was looking right back at him. The image made Danny shudder, and also made his spine tingle. Everything seemed shallow and empty. His bluish-hazel eyes, his blonde hair, his red lips, his button nose, even the scar on his cheek. Marky blew smoke in front of Danny’s face, “Yo! Do you look familiar?” Danny dropped the mirror onto the bed. “I… I don’t think so.” For the first time since he arrived, Danny was scared. He looked around, and began to cry. Marky drew the kid closer and put his arm around him, “Hey, it’s okay. Your memories will return. Then you can tell me how many girls you’ve kissed.” “Kissed?” “Yeah, you know…uh….hey man, maybe someday I’ll explain that to you….if your memories don’t back early enough. Now try to lay down and try to sleep. I’m going to finish my chokey, then I’ll be turning out my light, okay?” “Yeah.” Danny sniffed and rested his head on a white feathered pillow. This is where I belong, but why? I’m not me anymore, am I? Or was the other me not me, but the me that is me now is the real me? Yeah. Maybe the other me was the wrong one, and I’m the right one. I’ve been thinking about this for awhile now….but I still am not sure. I hope I don’t get my memories back. Because…yeah…wherever I was, it was bad……I think…..but I don’t want my memories back for a better reason. I’m alive now….and if I get my memories back, the me that is me now will not live anymore, and I like me. I…..do…..I……. By the time Marky had put out his cigarette, Danny was sound asleep.

Chicago, Illinois

July 19, 1999

Clark Green’s eyes fluttered open as he felt a soft, warm breath brush steadily against his neck. He groaned, Dammit Marky, stay on your own side of the bed. He turned over, and saw little Danny Strode asleep soundly next to him. Marky was already gone, Oh yeah, little dude is sleeping with us now. Damn, he better not drool or piss. Clark sat up, and used his hands to brush all his hair out of his face, and behind his ears. He groaned as he felt his stiff body begin to unwind, which caused him to yawn. He stood, and covered Danny with the blanket. Outside, a police siren got louder as it passed the household, but then grew fainter until it could not be heard in the room. Clark walked upstairs and plopped down into the green couch and turned the television on. The music video for Shoop by Salt-N-Pepa was just starting. Angel Hain entered the main room and sat on the chair, “You better get going soon, ya know.” “Huh?” “Andrea Warley, asshole.” Clark groaned loudly, “Oh fuck! I just got up!” Angel sneered, “Tell that to Anthony. He should be home soon.” “Why does that old bitch always want me,” Clark whined. Of all the regulars he sold himself to, whether they be male or female, he never regretted it except when it came to Andrea Warley. She had just turned forty-nine, and for three years she has been buying Clark for an entire night once a month. Clark had to admit he liked the money, since she paid more than anyone else he knew, but at the same time he dreaded earning it, God, last time I couldn’t even get hard with her, but that didn’t stop the bitch from trying to turn me on. Why can’t she just buy Marky? He’s not bad looking….yeah, I’m better, but so fucking what? But then there are good Johns, like Gary Chromarty. He’s just cool. He’s been renting me for about a year now, but he….well….he loves me I think. He’s never even touched me, or tried to. When he picks me up, he buys me dinner, then we go back to his run down apartment and he lets me play Nintendo 64 and go on the internet. And we talk. Oh god do we talk. I found out last month his wife and son died. Unlucky passerby’s in a drive by shooting or something like that. He’s just lonely, and he tells me that I remind him of Jeff. He always says that. “Jeff used to say that.” or “Jeff used to eat that too.” But Gary’s cool. Sometimes I go visit him, like on Christmas, so he’s not alone. Once he asked me if he could adopt me. It was hard saying no, but I had to. Anthony wouldn’t like it. And Anthony always gets whatever the fuck he wants. Angel lit a Misty cigarette, “Probably because your a pretty boy. Like your brother. You should be glad you never had to deal with the Johns he used to have.” Clark was going to talk, then stopped and thought, Marky never talks about the dudes that used to buy him. Natasha told me some of it. They were into S and M….and they….yeah they used to whip him pretty badly. Then one night….and I do remember this….he came home with slices on his face. Oh fuck that was scary. Bruises all over his back and shit. And his…..dick……they fucking pierced it! That would’ve been kinda cool to see, but yeah….Marky was pretty fucked up after that. He used to cry at night….now he rarely gets rented….by guys or girls. He likes selling drugs and guns and shit. Anthony, rumor has it Anthony let Kudros take care of the twisted bent assholes who did that to Marky. Alberto told me that Kudros and his posse kicked the everloving shit out of those bent fucks. Think a few of them died too. One got a bullet hole right through the brain….yeah, or was it a bullet hole through the hand? Either way, Anthony…..he’s a dick, but he does take care of us. And it sure as hell beats it back when Marky and I lived on the streets, selling ourselves to just anybody. Damn Marsha, kicking us out for taking drugs. She’s not my sister anymore. Fucking lucky we weren’t killed or sent to juvy….yeah, now things are going pretty good for both me and Marky. Compared to our old life before mom died, this place is a
Duck turned and waved back, "Damn she is fine.

Natasha thought about Anthony, "He's really no better than Loco. Except he's more a charmer…..and there's that danger element about him to. That's probably why I go to him, why I want him to be my baby's daddy. A half hour later, Clark emerged from the bathroom. He had a blue unbuttoned silk shirt on and an old pair of blue jeans which were faded and ripped. Natasha wistled at him. Anthony, who was sitting on the green couch, snickered. Clark sighed, "I better get going. I have to meet her by the spic bakery." Anthony picked up his wallet and handed a twenty to Clark. "Here, when yer finished cumming your brains out, go get something to eat." "Thanks," Clark smiled as he took the twenty. He slipped on his old Airwalks and grinned as he walked out the front door. Of course, Andrea always lets me raid her fridge. I can buy a carton of cigarettes. Awesome! Danny Strode’s breathing quickened as he dreamed… The mountain top was dark, but Danny could see hints of light all around him. He reached out to it, but found it was unreachable. And he could hear the voices way off in the distance. And even though they were far away, Danny could hear them at a whisper level. Danny tried to walk on the mountain, but found he was unable to. He could, however, look in any direction, and found that with each turn of the head, the scenery would change slightly. "Is this who I am?" Danny quietly asked himself. He received no answer, just darkness all around. Danny sighed as he looked down to his feet….even though he could not see them… Danny awoke as he felt Natasha shake him, "Huh?" Natasha smiled, "Morning Rock." Danny yawned, "Natasha." "What?" "Nothing." "What’s your name?" Danny thought, "I don’t know. Rock?" "Hmm. Well, get up okay? I’m taking you to see Duck." "Duck?" Danny thought faintly of actual ducks, but the memory was hazy. "Duck. He’s…well….he’s like the family doctor. You’ll like him." Danny sat up and scratched his cheek, feeling the scar. "Rock, don’t pick at it. It'll scar permanently." "Oh." Natasha smiled, "I don’t know. Maybe…..maybe you could stay here a long time, we’d all take care of you. You could be a Lothos. Would you like that?" Danny thought a moment, "Yeah." Natasha looked down, "For some reason, I didn’t expect him to answer yes so quickly. "You should probably take a bath before we leave." Danny grabbed his crotch, "I….uh….I….have to….” Natasha smiled, "Pee? Hehehe….yeah okay, you can definately do that too before we leave." Danny began fidgeting, "Uh…..yeah….." After Danny had his bath, he walked into the main room. Anthony was in there, and smiled at him, "Hello…Rock, is it?" Come over here," Danny obeyed, and walked quickly over to the older man. "So you don’t know who you are, huh?" "No. Sometimes I think I know my name, but when I try to think it, I can’t…..er….I think so anyways." Anthony nodded, "That’s okay. That’s how it was with a friend of mine. So do you like it here?" Danny shook his head yes. "Good. Seems everyone here likes you….except Angel of course. But don’t worry, she’s a real witch to everybody." "Angel seems nice." "Well, yeah. If you think so. So Rock, do you like living here?" "I think so." "Why?" "Well, I really don’t have nowhere else to go. And….I don’t want to go outside." "Why not?" "I don’t know what’s out there.” Anthony bit his lower lip, This kid must be telling the truth. Ain’t nobody gonna say that unless they really cant remember anything. Makes sense, all he remembers is this place and shit. Hell, this is great. "Well you can live here as long as you need to. Of course, you have to work." "Okay. What will you need me to do?" Anthony grinned, "I’ll think of something." Natasha entered the main room from the hallway. She was wearing her navy blue polo shirt with black corderoy pants. She also had barrettes secured on both sides of her head, suspending her hair, "Rock, have you met…oh, you have. So Anthony?" Anthony gripped Danny’s sholder, "Yeah, were cool. Little guy’s gonna be a Lothos before he knows it." Natasha smiled, "Come on Rock, we have to make the subway." Anthony stood, "Later Tash. Don’t forget to tell Duck we have more in." "I will," God, what kind of doctor is addicted to speed? Danny was nervous as he looked around the busy streets of Chicago for the first time in his memory. Everything seemed new and exciting, yet overwhelming and terrifying at the same time. Natasha led Danny into the subway, which led to the north side. There, they walked in a quick pace to Cornerton Avenue, which was beginning to look more run down as time progressed. Dr. Raymond Fillman, or Duck as he was commonly known as, was sitting outside his office staring at the cars speeding by off in the distance. At 36, he was rather overweight, but took pride in the fact that he made great money to support himself. Four years ago, he developed a speed habit, which led to his association with the Lothos. Eventually he came to a deal with them: Free medical care for ample amounts of speed. Natasha, while walking Danny down the sidewalk, yelled out, "Hey Duck!" Duck turned and waved back, Damn she is fine. Who’s that kid with her? "Duck, this here is Rock. Rock, this is Dr. Fillman, but everybody calls him Duck." Danny made an attempt to smile. Duck stood, "Hello Rock. Cool meeting you." Natasha smiled at Danny, "Anthony, and I, were hoping you could take a look at him. Somebody threw this huge ass rock at him, and it hit about here. You can see the bruise….see? It was really bad last night, but the swelling went down a little." Duck saw the bruise easily, "Yeah, looks like the kid did a real job on scraping up his face too.” Natasha stepped closer to
Duck, “We all think he has amnesia. He can’t remember anything. Not even who he is.” “Really?” “Yeah. Have you dealt with that before?” Duck made a quick chuckle, “Hell no! I’ve never even seen somebody who once had it. Learned about it in Med School though. It happens.” Natasha breathed tiredly as she leaned against the brick wall behind her. Duck stood up, “Nat, don’t worry about it hun, let’s take him in and I’ll have a closer look at that bump.” Natasha cheered up and smiled at Danny, who didn’t smile back. Why does she care so much about me? Why does this Duck care? But why do I care about Natasha? Why do I care about Clark and Marky? And Angel, she is someone too. Is this normal? I….think I can remember what normal is, I think. There…were there…..people who care about me, and Natasha already said it wasn’t her or them. Who? And where are they now? While Vallerie Jeenske, Duck’s nurse, prepped Danny, Natasha was led into Duck’s office. She sat and lit a cigarette, despite the NO SMOKING sign. Duck did as well, taking comfort from the nicotine. “Tell me Nat, how did Mr. Um…” “Like I said, we don’t really have a name for him. He doesn’t know his.” “Right, how did he bruise his head? I didn’t want to say it in front of the kid, but it was one helluva nasty bump.” “Well, Marky and I saw the kid trying to run away from this older guy. I don’t know, coulda been the kids father, but I don’t know. Anyways, the guy actually picked up a rock, and it was a big one, and he threw it hard at him. He passed out right after.” “So what did the guy do then?” Natasha frowned, “Not much. I shot him.” Duck raised his eyebrow, “Really? How unfortunate.” “Well, hey, you know I have never shot someone unless it was for a good reason.” “Yeah.” Natasha blew out her smoke, “And yes, that includes taking care of drug business. I hold respect for Lothos. They saved me in a lot of ways, I repay them back.” Duck rested his head on his hand, “Like me.” “If you say so,” Natasha did not think helping a drug addiction remotely compared to literally saving someone from death. There was a small knock at the door. Vallerie entered, “Doctor, he’s ready. Hi Natasha.” “Wut up,” Natasha wiggled her fingers slowly at Vallerie, not too ambitious to spark up a conversation. Duck put his cigarette out, “Thank you. Nat, you can stay in here if you want. This shouldn’t take over….I’d say no more than thirty minutes.” Natasha nodded, “If you don’t mind, I’d like to lay down on your couch and take a small nap. I didn’t sleep well last night.” “Sure thing,” said Duck before he left his office, turning out the lights as he left. Natasha walked over to the small office couch and stretched her legs as her head rested on the small pillow. She then yawned and stared out the window, I think I love Anthony. He…..he does the worst things, sometimes to me, but I do love him. And for the first time last night, he kinda showed that he loved me when he kissed me. God, why can’t I just find somebody my age, like Marky? He’s attractive, funny, and he has a heart. Yeah…..inside he has a heart of gold. But…..what is it? I can’t go to guys like that. First it was Frankie, then Joel, then Anthony. Maybe, yeah, I kinda like guys with power I guess. Guys who take a situation and learn how to controll it. Fighters, who would protect me. But…..maybe the biggest turn-on is that I want to learn how to controll in a different way. I want to teach Anthony how to love. I know little about his last girlfriend, but I do know she must have been a real bitch for Anthony to shoot her dead. He wouldn’t do that to me, I know he wouldn’t. He wouldn’t say he loved me if he didn’t. He lies to a lot of people, but not me….. Natasha fell asleep. Forty-three minutes later, Natasha was awoken by Danny’s light shaking. She opened her eyes, and saw his expressionless face staring straight into her eyes. She smiled, yawned, and sat up. “Nice sleep?” Duck smiled as he shut the office door. “Uh….I guess…” “Well,” Duck sat at his desk, “he has multiple contusions on his cranium. I’d say there’s a very good chance he does suffer from a common case of amnesia. I’d like for further tests to be run, but as you know, we can’t very well admit him into a hospital.” Natasha cracked her neck slightly, still trying to wake up fully, “Will he be alright?” “Yes. He complained of a slight ringing in his ear. This is a very common sign that the brain is healing itself from a concussion. I’ll bet he’ll be right as rain in a week, but he needs to rest. A lot of r and r. And get some extra strength tylenol. He’ll be getting extreme headaches.” “Okay. Good. I’m glad. But what about his memory loss?” Duck frowned, “I’m sorry. That’s not something I can give you a definite answer on. Chances are, yes, he will regain roughly one hundred percent of his memory back within time. The brain will most likely always be a medical mystery, we know so little about it now. So you never can tell.” “Oh.” Danny partially understood what Duck was saying, and felt somewhat uncomfortable that he wasn’t healthy. “Sure I hold respect for Lothos. They saved me in a lot of ways, I repay them back.” Natasha nodded, “Okay then. I’ll get some after here.” “Good. And if it persists after a week, I’ll prescribe something more powerful.” Duck looked at Danny, “Don’t worry son, you’ll be fine soon. Nat here will take good care of you.” Danny made a small smile with his lips, but did not say anything. “Duck, Anthony wanted me to tell you we have more in.” Natasha smiled, “Okay then. It’ll be there. Is there anything else you need to tell us?” “No, I don’t think so.” “Alright. We’ll be going.” Duck smiled at Danny, “It was nice meeting you. I’m sure we’ll see eachother again.” “Yeah,” Danny gave another small smile. Natasha stood and took Danny’s hand, “Thank you Duck. I’ll see you later.” Duck smiled, “Bye Nat.” Natasha smiled and led Danny out of the office, then thanked Vallerie for the printed out reading material. As she led Danny out of the building, she looked down at the cute kid. Rock is trusting his life with me. He doesn’t know me all that well. He doesn’t know anybody. But still, he’s trusting me. I won’t be doing him no wrong. That evening, Natasha
Brenda Curtis entered the sanctuary with urgency. She saw immediately several Thorn members emerged in silent worship, while...
Danny was standing in a hallway. He had a clown suit on.

JAMIE! KILL FOR HIM! Danny began walking. “Come on Jamie! Your bath is ready!” Said a voice down her hall from where Danny was putting his mask on. Danny began walking, and he picked up scissors from bathroom, and proceeded to the other bathroom. There, he saw a woman he’s never met. But he knew her name was Darlene. Darlene Corruthers was leaning over the tub, fixing a bath. She looked up and saw Danny. She screamed. Danny stabbed her in the heart region. Darlene sank into the water, “Jamie no!” Danny then went to the end of the stairs. Dr. Loomis, Richard Corruthers, Sheriff Meeker, and Rachel were there, looking in horror. Danny lifted his knife, then passed out. While Richard and Rachel went to Darlene, Dr. Loomis just stared at
Danny, “Jamie, it has gotten to you too!” Danny felt a hand on his chest. He opened his eyes to see Clark Green on one side of him, and Marky Green on the other. Clark wiped his hand across Danny’s forehead, trying to eliminate the sweat that had built up, “You were dreaming, and screaming no!” Danny shook as he listened, “I… I had a bad dream.” “Well, your okay now,” Marky calmed the boy down. Danny shot up, “My name! I remember it! It’s Jamie. Jamie....” Clark and Marky looked at eachother. Marky shook his head and gave Danny a smile, “Well Jamie, it’s cool to meet you.” “But you don’t remember anything else?” Clark lit a cigarette and blew the smoke in the opposite direction. Danny thought hard, “No. I… I don’t think so Clark. It… the dream… it was pretty intense. I saw someone die. But I’m pretty sure my name is Jamie. It sounds familiar somehow.” Marky stood, “I’ll go get Tasha.” Clark layed back down, “I don’t know. You’ve been having nightmares for so long now. Maybe all these memories you have buried in that brain of yours shouldn’t come out, man.” Danny layed next to him, resting his head on his pillow, “Ya think?” Clark nodded, “When something bad happens, your mind usually blocks it out. Remember when you met my friend Adrienne?” “Yeah.” “She was raped when she was younger. Her uncle did it. I think she was about eighteen or nineteen when she first started remembering it. Now she wishes she didn’t know the truth.” Danny turned his head to Marky, “I don’t know. My nightmares are scary, they couldn’t be memories I cant remember.” “Yeah, probably not. I’m going to try to get a little more sleep after I finish the chokey. You can go upstairs if you want. Marky probably woke her up by now.” “Okay.” Danny got up and jumped off his bed. He then padded upstairs where he ran into Natasha. Natasha jumped, “Hey! I heard you remember your name!” Marky, who was behind her, smiled as he went to the kitchen to get a beer. Danny nodded, “Yeah, I think it’s Jamie.” Natasha knelt down, “Do you remember where you live?” “No. I can’t remember anything else.” “Well Rock, hopefully you’ll remember more soon. See? I told ya you would remember things eventually!” Danny lowered his head, “Yeah.” Natasha smiled, “Why don’t you go watch tv. I’ll make you breakfast. What do you want?” Danny thought, “French toast.” Natasha looked awkwardly at Danny, “Um…..how about regular toast?” “Okay.” Danny turned the television on. Marky smiled at Natasha as she entered the kitchen, “Want a beer?” “Uh…yeah. I’m going to make breakfast.” “Is something wrong?” Marky noticed Natasha seemed somewhat sad as she opened the refridgerator. “No. No, not really. I…you know…Anthony told me that he’s sceduled Danny to work.” “Really?” Marky nodded, “When?” “Some Christmas party.” Marky sat down, “Christmas? That’s not for months! And why is that bothering you?” “I just don’t like the thought of Rock…er….Jamie…whoever…..having sex, that’s all. Why should he have to grow up too fast like we did?” Marky shrugged, “It’s a hard knock life.” “But what if one of those homos has AIDS?” Marky gave Natasha an understanding look, “Hey, I feel the same way everytime Clark goes out with a john. But we have to make a living.” “Anthony is very pleased. They are paying eight thousand just to spend one night with him.” Marky coughed and sprayed beer out of his mouth, “Fuck! Eight fucking thousand?!? Your fucking pulling my leg!” “Nope.” “Well, they may be homos, but their rich ones. It probably wont be that bad if they can afford 8 grand.” “Yeah, probably not. I’m assuming it’s going to be a large group of them. They’ll probably take nude photos of him to put on the net.” Marky snickered, “Your still pissed that dude….forgot his name….he took pictures of you naked that one time and you found out they were put on the world wide web.” Natasha frowned, “I love it. For all I know, boys from Kansas to Zimbabwe are wanking off while looking at him.” Marky shuddered, “Don’t be so graphic, god!” Natasha laughed, “Well, I just hope Rock doesn’t get skrewed up too badly after being sold out. It messed me up, ya know.” Marky didn’t answer. He was thinking about the time a group of homosexual men got off torturing him. He still had physical scars due to that experience. He decided the best way to calm his friend would be to lie to her, “He’ll be okay.” “Is that a promise?” Natasha looked at him with a look that shouted, Don’t patronize me.

51.

Chicago, Illinois

September 27, 1999

Danny sat on the green sofa, slowly sipping a Mountain Dew and watching tv with Marky. A knocking came from the door, and Marky stood and went to it. He peered through the door and smiled, quickly opening it. Senta Ledesma entered the room, giving Marky a hug. Senta was Hispanic, and had curly dark hair. At 29, she has been a member of the Lothos since she was twelve. Next to her was a cuban boy named Mingo. Mingo Bacardo, 14, had short dark hair and brown eyes. His olive skin made his entire appearance extremely striking. Marky led the two in. Senta smiled, “Hi Rock.” Danny smiled back, “My name is Jamie.” Senta nodded, “Oh you remember your name now?” Marky nodded, “But that’s about it. Who’s the kid?” Mingo solemnly looked up at Marky. “His name is Mingo. Vera found him a few months ago. He’s been making Lothos some dough, huh Mingo?” Mingo smiled at Senta, “Yeah. People pay me to have sex with them.” Marky raised his eyebrows quickly, “Good for you. So what’s happening?” Senta gave Marky a serious look, “Is Anthony here?” “Nope. Went to a dealing over by the west side with Albert. Anything wrong?” Senta nodded, “Yeah. Some of the crystal meth we sold was laced.” Marky looked at her blankly, “So?” “With angel dust.” Marky didn’t change his facial expression, “It’s happened before. It’s their own fault. We don’t make the shit, we just sell it.” Senta looked up towards the cealing, “I know that’s right.” Marky sighed, “Well, I can give you some replacement. Offer it to them,
I have a life inside of me."

Marky leaned back against the chair, I knew they were fucking.

Natasha Clinesmith exited the bathroom, trying to keep the tears from falling down her face. She walked quickly down the hall, through the livingroom where Clark, Marky, Danny, and Angel were lazily watching Jerry Springer, and into the kitchen where she opened the refridgerator and quickly grabbed a beer.

Her name is Carla. You’ve seen her?” “I don’t think so, bro.” “Yeah, she’s the shit.” Danny asked Mingo if Carla was a Lothos, and he responded, “Fuck no! I wouldn’t let her live like this! My girl is better than that.” This confused Danny, for his whole life revolved around the Lothos. He knew that, of course, Lothos was only a small group in Chicago, but still, almost everyone he’s met personally was a member. Mingo continued, “I don’t think chicks should even be in Lothos, it’s a man’s thing, catch me? It takes a guy to do what we do.” Danny didn’t, in fact, understand what Mingo was saying, but he nodded his head in responce anyway. Mingo lowered his voice, “Actually man, I really don’t like it all that good. You know, fucking for mo’ money. Hope they don’t make you do that too, do they?” Danny shook his head, “I don’t fuck, but I will be someday. Tasha told me I’d be making a lot of money.” Mingo snickered, ‘Poor fucking loser. Thinks he’ll be a millionair after fucking a john. He’ll learn soon. Jeez, ya gotta feel for him.’ “You can always leave if you want.” “Who told you that?” Mingo stared wildly at Danny. “Tasha. She told me I could leave if I wanted once.” Mingo looked at Danny with resentment as he pointed up to a noticable scar on his neck, “See this?” “Yeah.” “I got the shit kicked out of me to get into Lothos. You must have too.” “No. The only person that ever hits me is Anthony, and that’s when I disrespect him.” “Your fucking lucky man. Most people have to pass the test, see if their tough enough. It’s a helluva lot worse if you want to leave.” “It is?” Danny never heard about any of this. “Yeah,” Mingo said with a lowered voice, “If you want to leave any gang, you get royally messed up. Most people die from it, and if you survive that, then you have to watch your back because you become a bulls eye. When your in a gang, your in it for life.” Danny looked down, scared. Tasha, Clark, and Marky wouldn’t do that to me. Maybe Anthony would. Would Angel? Or Casteel? Or Kudros? Or Frederica? Senta and Marky emerged from the office. Senta was holding a closed cardboard box, “Mingo, move yer ass!” Mingo stood and extended his hand, “Your name is Jamie, right?” Danny grasped his hand, “Yeah.” “Well, cool meeting you. Catch ya around.” “Yeah,” Danny watched the two leave. He smiled to himself, he’s pretty cool.

He shrugged.

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I don’t see many Lothos around my age.

She lowered her head and whispered softly, “No…"

October 13, 1999

Chicago, Illinois
finally began locking on. “It’s very powerful today. I know the voice was searching for something, or somebody. I’ve seen.

A distant scream could be heard, and it echoes a thousand times throughout Danny’s head. A presibis, looking over the greyish landscape, which consisted of distorted imagery, all looking small yet large in comparison as to how significant Danny felt. He flicked his eyes around, trying to dart the origin, but to his dismay could only see mirror reflections of what he’s already seen. 

The man, dressed in ritual black, left the vehical, not bothered at all by the rain. He unlocked the back door, and smiled as Michael Myers left the restraint of the van. “Michael, find Daniel Strode. Kill him, and anybody trying to stop you.” “MICHAEL! KILL FOR ME!” Michael’s face glanced around slowly, panning his surroundings. He began walking slowly towards the bright lights of the city. The man nodded, and closed the front doors. He then returned to the van, satisfied that Michael would carry out Thor’s wishes.

Danny Strode, who was fast asleep next to Clark and Marky Green, made several jerks in his sleep as his breath quickened…..

Halloween

October 31, 1999

Chicago, Illinois

Danny remembered the voice, from another time. He wished for the voice to repeat itself, knowing the voice was searching for something, or somebody. When he didn’t receive an answer, he jumped off the cliff, and screamed as he landed in the Main Room in his house. Angel, Natasha, and Marky surrounded him, “It’s going to find you.” Sam Loomis put his hand on his sholder, “It’s very powerful today. You must not let it.” “Who?” It’s been searching for you, and it has finally began locking on. Samhain will give it…power.” Danny left the circle of people, and they disapeared, as did the main room.
He was in a constant limbo, not able to determine what course of action to take. “DANNY! COME TO...” Danny knew the voice was closer than it ever was before. It was hovering very nearby, and was frantically trying to determine where something was. Danny shook his head and whispered, “My name is...Jamie...” Darlene Corruthers called out from a far away place, “Come on Jamie! Your bath is ready.” Rachel Corruthers’ voice could also be heard, “Jamie! Your spelling book is in my bedroom! Hurry up, you’ll be late for school!” Jimmy Lloyd’s voice was heard next, “I love you Jamie.” Terence Wynn was shortly after, “Jamie, if you have any more outbursts, you’ll only hurt yourself in the future.” Danny nodded, “I am Jamie.” The voice was now so close it practically tore Danny’s soul. Danny screamed, “Who are you??!” “DANNY!” Danny’s eyes opened to see Clark’s sleeping face. He sat up, and looked around the room, still half-awake. He slid down off the front end of the bed, and ran out the door. After running up the steps, he ran into the main room, bumping into Anthony Cartwright. Anthony grabbed the boy, who shrieked, “Hey, what you runnin’ for?” Danny stared at Anthony and calmed down, embarrassed, “I had...a bad dream.” Anthony nodded, “Why don’t you go back to bed.” Danny shook his head, “No!” Anthony didn’t like it when people disobeyed his orders, especially those younger than him. He raised his arm to Danny. Danny knew, from experience, that he had just crossed the line. The last time he disrespected Anthony, he found himself with a bloody nose and a black eye. His eyes opened, “I’m sorry Anthony! I’ll go back to bed.” Anthony kept his steely eyes on Danny as he nodded once. He lowered his arm, and watched the kid scramble back down the stairs. Natasha came out of her bedroom, “Did I just hear Rock?” Anthony rolled his eyes, “Yeah I sent the little shit back to bed.” “What is he doing up this early? It’s only five.” Anthony ignored her question, “You didn’t come last night...again.” Natasha’s eyes went to the floor, feeling ashamed for several reasons, “Anthony, I...” “What?” “Nothing,” Natasha looked up to the father of her unborn child. “Girl, you’ve been tripping lately, you’ve been,” Anthony said as he grinned and tugged on his dress pants, “neglecting me.” Natasha put her hand to her stomach, wanting to express how she felt at the moment. She didn’t, and shot Anthony a fake smile, “Wanna go to your room now?” Anthony did not answer, instead began unbuttoning his shirt. He then began walking to his bedroom, leaving Natasha to follow. She hesitated, then did. I love Anthony, I do....I do....I do. Michael Myers walked in silence as he passed dozens of people on their way to work. Several were dressed in Halloween costumes themselves, and smiled at Michael as they walked by. One said, “Scary mask!” “MICHAEL! GO TO 420 SOUTH FLUSHING STREET!” Michael continued walking, now searching for his destination. Danny lie awake in bed, listening to the two male teenagers on both sides of him sleep. His fingers were twitching, he felt like something was wrong. Very wrong. Something’s going to happen today. Marky yawned, and opened his eyes. He turned to Danny, but did not bother to speak to him. Instead, he turned over onto his side, trying to get more sleep in. Danny, although he was tired, did not want to sleep. Something’s there with me when I sleep. I don’t like.......the.......voice man. Later that morning, everyone was up and Angel was making herself a small omlet while Marky, Clark, and Danny ate cereal. Clark smiled as he swallowed, “DeLaney and I are gonna break windows tonight! It’ll be the bomb!” Marky took a drink of his beer, “Who’s?” Clark shrugged, “Probably Voth trash.” Angel turned to them, “If they catch you, all of our asses is grass.” Marky turned back to Clark and smiled evily, and was returned with an equally sinister smile. Danny smiled, “Tasha is taking me out to get candy tonight, she said.” Clark shook his head slowly, “Jamie, your too old to go trick or treating.” Marky patted Danny on the arm, “Easy. Let him get a shit load of candy, then we can have some.” Clark shot Danny a look, then took his cereal bowl and put it to his lips. He proceeded to drink the remaining milk from it, before putting it down and letting out an ample amount of air. “Haaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Marky and Danny both smiled at Clark, who was acting like a child himself that particular morning. Natasha entered the kitchen, brushing her hair, “Happy H Day all.” Nobody responded as Natasha opened the fridge and began drinking the orange juice from the carton. She continued gulping at it, not bothering to take any pauses to breathe. All eyes were on her. “Thirsty?” Clark asked. “Uh huh,” Natasha said as she wiped her lips with her sleave. Angel looked at Natasha with revulsion, “Cute. Don’t be thinking I’m going to drink out of that now.” Natasha grinned. Angel shook her head, “Bitch.” Danny frowned, “Am I too old to get candy, Tasha?” Clark grinned as Natasha sat down, “If you think you are, that’s cool. We can go to Alyssa’s tonight.” Danny smiled, “Cool.” Marky finished his cereal. “Tell her I said hey.” “Okay.” “And.” Marky added, “Tell her I want my Bones cd. She’s had it three months now.” “Yeah,” Natasha said, feeling hungry. Angel sat down at the table, ready to eat her omlet, “Don’t you have to clean this damn place today.” Natasha sighed, “I know.” Angel took a bight of her breakfast, “And don’t be doing no rinky-dink job either.” “Yeah, like you did last week,” Natasha said as she shot Angel a look. Angel stood, “Listen bitch, you’ve been crossing my borders all week. If you want to take this out now, go ahead.” Danny, Clark, and Marky froze up, waiting to see what would happen next. Natasha stood as well, “Fucking get off my ass! I’m not in any mood to take your bullshit!” Angel’s eyes narrowed as she leaned forward and smacked Natasha across the face, “Fucker!” Natasha picked up Clark’s glass and threw it straight at Angel. The glass reflected off of Angel’s hand and fell to the floor, crashing, and spraying both orange juice and glass all over the tiles. Angel, furious, began walking around the table, and when she reached Natasha, she threw her fist right into Natasha’s stomach. Natasha went wide-eyed and fell over, “Oh shit!” Clark stood when Angel began kicking at Natasha, who was hunched over. He tried to pull her away, but was met with serious opposition. Marky ran to Natasha, in an effort to help her back up. Danny began crying softly. Angel began pulling at Natasha’s hair, “You stupid cunt! You think your tough shit! Your shit! You bitch!” Marky joined Clark in getting Angel away. They had to physically keep her pinned to the wall, while Natasha slowly stood, shaking. Danny turned back around, not wanting to witness any more of the violence. Angel, red in the face, spat at...
Natasha, “You fucking whore, come on! I can kick your fucking ass right now!” Natasha, not letting go of her stomache, began walking slowly away, not able to shake off her trembling. When Angel began breathing slower, she said loudly, “Let me go.” Clark and Marky complied, and Angel pulled her hair back behind her head, “Now she knows who she’s dealing with. It was long overdue.” Marky eyed Natasha, “Wait until Anthony finds out what you did.” Angel turned to him, “What? Think he’ll side with that scraggly little cunt over me? I’ve known him since this whole thing came together.” “Yeah,” Marky said quickly, “But you didn’t just attack her you…” “I what?” Angel said as she began rubbing her hand where the glass had hit it. “Nothing, nothing.” Marky ran out of the room, leaving the three alone. Angel had lost her appetite, and barked at Clark and Danny, “Clean this damn mess up.” Inside her room, Natasha cried as she held onto her stomache, which was just beginning to bulge out the slightest. Marky entered her room, “You okay?” Natasha, who was only thinking of her unborn child, yelled, “Get out!” “Hey, I’m here for you.” Natasha looked at him with red eyes. She sniffed, “Just get out! Now!” Marky nodded and left, closing the door behind him. On his way back to the kitchen, he passed Angel. She spoke quickly, “Anthony will not find out about this, hear?” He nodded as she passed by. Angel turned slightly, “Loose lips sink ships! Don’t think you will!” Later that day, Danny sat on the green couch, staring out the window. He saw many kids pass by, all wearing Halloween costumes. He didn’t feel like smiling, but a few of the costumes were pretty funny to him. He then saw a man wearing a dark suit and a pale white mask stop in front of the Lothos common house. He stood dead center in the sidewalk, paying no attention to any of the kids that roamed by him. He turned his head, “Hey Clark, look over here.” Clark, who was packing marijuana into bags, stood and walked to the window. “What?” Danny pointed out the window, “Look at that dude! He’s staring at us.” Clark saw the man, “What the fuck? How long has he been there?” “About a minute.” Clark’s first assumption was that it was a rival gang member, “Go get someone.” “Who?” “Now! Hurry up!” Danny flopped off of the green couch and ran to Angel’s room, “Angel! Are you in there?” he said as he knocked on the door. Angel opened her door, “What?” Her eyes portrayed her annoyance at being disturbed. “Clark needs you!” Angel sighed as she made her way down the hallway and into the main room, where Clark was staring out the window, “What?” Clark turned to her, “Somebody’s outside scoping us.” Angel walked quickly to the window, “Who?” Clark turned, “That man wear…” The sidewalk was bare, save for several kids in costumes. “Who? Those kids?” Clark shook his head, “There was a guy wearing a mask. He was staring right into this window.” Angel pulled down the shades, “Listen you, I dont like being played with. Today is NOT the day.” Clark looked at Danny, “He saw him too.” “I saw him first, he was there Angel.” Angel began walking back to her room, “Whatever. If he comes up to the house, point a gun at him and tell him to get the fuck away.” Danny frowned, “Doesn’t she care?” “Nope. Guess she doesn’t. Seriously Jamie, it was probably just someone fucking with us. Maybe it was Casteel.” “Yeah,” Danny said, “Maybe it was.” As the sun began going down, Danny was alone in the main room watching television. Marky and Clark both left together, Angel went to her new boyfriends’ house, Anthony wasn’t home yet, and Natasha was still in her room. The television was showcasing a number of horror movies, in celebration of Halloween. The movie currently playing was Child’s Play. Inside the television, Karen Barclay had just started a fire in the fireplace. She picked up the Good Guy doll Chucky and, in an attempt to verify her son Andy’s story, began talking to it, “I said talk to me dammit or else I’m going to throw you into the fire!” Chucky responded by coming alive, and began beating the screaming Karen. Natasha emerged from the darkened hallway, “What are you watching?” Danny smiled, “Chucky!” Natasha picked up the remote control and turned the television off. The picture went dead right as Chucky bit into Karen’s arm, causing her to scream loudly. “Hey!” “Didn’t you still want to go to Alyssa’s?” Danny smiled, “Yeah!” “Well, come on then!” Danny began putting his shoes on, “Are you okay?” “Yeah.” “After she hit you, I thought you were badly hurt.” Natasha smiled, “No…trust me, I’ve taken a lot worse punches its just that…nothing come on, let’s get the hell out of here, okay?” Danny smiled as he turned off the lights and opened the front door. At 10:30, Anthony Cartwright returned home after a very agressive meeting with Jewell Robinson concerning drug trafficking in the overlapping zones. They also discussed the Blood’s, their new-found claims to several Lothos and Voth territories, and how they would retaliate. Anthony entered the darkened main room through the front door and switched on the lights. He called out, “Anyone here?” When he received no response, he looked around angrily, “Fucking mess.” He entered his office and sat down tiredly, lighting a cigar and leaning back in his chair. He shook his head, Everything’s so damn fucked up. Sales have been low for months, Clark got cheated out of money twice now, Hakes got shot by that asshole now we have to kill him, and Jewell wants to start selling by the achorage. Earlier, the three had ducked into an alleyway and threw rocks at Da Mon Tain’s house, shattering several windows. Da Mon is a member of the Voth and, luckily for the boys, was not home at the time of the crime. Then, the three went to Angelou’s, a small restaurant that served ravioli, a personal favorite of them all. DeLaney, who was 31, smiled in retrospect of the evening, “Too bad Halloween comes once a year, yo?” Marky nodded, “This was cool.” When they reached DeLaney’s house, he said good-bye to the Green brothers and went inside, leaving the two to walk home. Clark flicked his blond hair back behind his ears.
as he lit two cigarettes in his mouth, then gave one to his older brother. “Thanks.” Marky took a big puff and scratched his cheek, “I don’t know about Tash and Angel.” “They never got along, but she’s a cunt. I wish she’d get the fuck out of the house.” Marky agreed then added, “Tasha and I are going to the hall show tomorrow. Do you want to come?” This request surprised Clark, since he’s never been asked to go from his brother before. “Who’s playing?” “I think Sigourney. Yeah Sigourney, and I know Crease is going to play. There were others…..Happenin’ Sistahs, Rottin’ Candy, and…..um…..Flaxen I think. Yeah, that’s it.” “Kick ass! I heard Rottin Candy is coming out with an album.” “Who told you that?” Clark looked down, “Oh…no one you know.” “Seriously, who?” Marky looked at his brother. Clark spoke through his teeth, “One of the Johns….” Marky frowned, “Oh.” “Yeah, I’ll go. The Hall Show starts at ten right?” “That’s right. We’ll be leaving at nine.” “Kewl then. I have to sell by the river again, but I can get done by seven or eight if I hurry my ass.” Marky smiled, “We’ll wait.” “I’m going to tell Anthony about the sucker in the mask. I know he probably did something, I mean, the dude was staring into the goddamned window.” Marky remembered his younger brother telling him earlier about what Jamie and him had seen, and how Angel didn’t believe him. “If we find any spray paint on the walls I’ll kick some bootie.” “I know that’s right,” Clark nodded. Marky looked at the common house from the sidewalk, “Jesus, nobody’s home yet?” “Guess not.” The two walked up the porch stairs and unlocked the front door. They entered, and flicked on the lights in the main room. Clark opened the office door and switched on the lights. He looked inside, “Anthony must’ve been here. I can smell his cigar.” Marky gave a shrug, “He probably had business, why you care bro?” “I don’t.” Marky fell onto the green couch, kicking off his tennis shoes. His lanky bell-bottoms flopped loosely over the ends of the furniture. Clark stood in the center of the room, “Do you want a beer or something?” Marky couldn’t believe how great he and his brother had been getting along the past few weeks. He smiled, “Yeah. See if there’s any wine cooler left, would ya?” Clark nodded, “No prob.” Marky grinned at Clark, “Thanks.” Clark grinned back as he began walking to the door leading to the kitchen. He opened it, and walked in, turning the light on as the door shut behind him. He sighed as he opened the refrigerator. He saw three wine coolers, and grabbed two. He set them on the counter and stared into the fridge, debating on wether to warm up leftover brocolli salad. Michael Myers practically hovered up behind Clark, making sure not to make a sound. Clark picked up the bowl of brocolli salad, and stepped backwards to shut the door. He backed right into Michael, who in turn wrapped a hand swiftly around his mouth. Clark’s eyes widened as he reached behind him, trying to fend off his oppressor. He tried screaming, but all that came out was muffled cry. He shook his head in a plea, but felt himself being lifted off the ground slightly. He began kicking, and felt his shoes skid on the tiled floor. Marky! Open the door! Help me!!!!!!! Michael grabbed Clark’s head and swiftly snapped it to the right, essentially breaking it in an instant. Clark Green was dead immediately. Marky Green stared at the blank television, wondering if he should tell Anthony what Angel did to Natasha. If he knew she was pregnant, he would certainly get pissed at Angel, but what about Tasha? I promised her. I just hope her baby will be okay. A punch could kill a fetus, I think. But maybe not, I’m no fucking doctor. Before the Hall Show, I’m going to make her go see Duck, wether she wants to or not. That baby deserves it, and so does she. Where the hell is Clark with my drink? He shouted, “Hey! Where’s that beer?” Marky stared at the kitchen door, and saw the lights were now off through the crack in the bottom. He rolled his eyes, “Don’t make me come in there. I’ll pin you down and tickle you and make you piss your pants again like last week!” He smiled, hoping Clark would hurry out the door. He didn’t. “They aren’t that heavy, come on! It’s almost elevin, Skateboard Patrol will be on in a minute.” After a few moments of waiting, Marky stood and made his way to the kitchen door. He opened the door and walked in two steps, seeing only faint lighting from the windows. He scratched his eyebrow and turned the light on. The florescent lighting flickered on, and Marky felt his heart stop beating when he saw his younger brother lying on the kitchen floor, his hair sprawled around his open-eyed face, which reflected pure terror. His forehead pressing against Clark’s neck. “C-Clark?” Clark layed dead still. Marky took a breath and ran to his brother. He knelt next to him and touched his angelic face, “Clark!!!!” Clark, please! Blink your eyes. Smile at me. Please! I love you! Don’t do this to me. Michael busted out from the broom closet and drove a kitchen knife deep into Marky’s back. Marky yelped, and found he was being forced down. No! Help me! Michael gripped Marky by his long hair and stabbed him again in the center of his neck. Marky began hacking, and violently coughed up blood, which splattered across Clark’s face. Michael continued his assault until Marky quit moving. He then carefully dropped the boy right onto his dead brother. His forehead pressing against Clark’s neck. And the two stayed that way. An entire life of sticking together, through the bad times and good, was now reduced to one final coming together through death. Angel Hain opened her eyes, and smiled contently when she saw she was in her boyfriends bed. Her hand was resting on Jesus’ stomach. She removed it and rolled over, reveling in the love-making the two had shared hours ago. Jesus Conseko turned as well, and moved himself up into a spooning position, “Hey baby.” Angel grabbed onto his hand, “Hey.” “You feel better now?” “Yeah, I’m thinking I should move in here.” “You think?” Jesus asked, rubbing his moustashe against Angel’s soft hair. “I don’t know why I didn’t move out years ago. The only person I’m cool with is Anthony. The others are young cunts, especially Natasha and Clark. I’m living with kids, that’s so fucked up.” Jesus rested his hand onto Angel’s breast, “I’m moving into that apartment next month, you can move in.” Angel smirked, “Thanks baby.” Fucking loser. That’s it, just play it cool. Make him hot, fuck his balls off, get his place, get his money. Almost too easy. She grinned, “I love you baby.” Jesus smiled, “I love you too. But I have to get to work soon. Night shift.” Angel frowned, “Oh baby, just when I was getting comfortable.” She then turned around, smiled, and kissed him full on the lips. Jesus returned the kiss, “Yeah me too.” Natasha Clinesmith and Danny Strode sat happily in the bus, which was
filled with kids in Halloween costumes. Danny held onto a small plastic bag, filled with Halloween candy given to him by Alyssa. He looked up at his friend, “I need to piss.” Natasha glanced at him, “I asked you before we left. You said no.” Danny frowned, “Sorry.” Natasha smiled and shook her head. I really can’t wait for my baby to come out. I’m going to have so much fun. “Oh yeah, I’ll be going to a hall show with Marky tomorrow. Do you want to stay home or do you want to go to Sheila’s? It don’t matter to me.” Danny thought before answering, “I’ll stay home.” “Cool.” The bus came to a stop at the corner of Flushing Street and Havgrove Avenue. Natasha and Danny exited the bus, followed by several kids and parents. Natasha stared at the darkened house, “What the hell? It’s almost twelve!” “What are you talking about?” “Well look! Nobody’s home!” “Oh yeah.” The two entered the house and Natasha turned the main room’s light on. She heard music playing downstairs, “Oh, come on.” Danny followed Natasha down the stairs, happy to see Clark and Marky. Natasha knocked on the door before entering. Before the door could finish opening, a hand shot out from the darkness and grabbed Natasha by the throat. Danny jumped back and, out of fear, began running back up the stairs. Natasha could not scream, but she did hit and kick the large man in front of her. However, the hand was joined by a second, and the grip around her neck became tighter. Her eyes watered, and her vision began going black. As she began losing consciousness, her thoughts became crystal clear. God, I know I kept putting off going to confession, but you know that I believe in you. Please watch over Rock, Clark, and especially Marky. And…..my baby. Please, if not me, let my baby….let my baby……please……it always comes down to this. I do whatever I want during the day, but at night, it always comes back to haunt me….. Within minutes, the body of Natasha Clinesmith was limp but being help up by the hands around her neck. Michael stared at her dead face, studying it closely before dropping her to the ground. Minutes later, Angel Hain returned home as she left her car parked on the street. She made her way up the steps, unlocked the door, and walked quietly into the main room. She was expecting somebody to be up because the light was on, but found nothing but silence. She warily sat on the green couch, removing her earrings, and stood again. She walked down the hall to her bedroom. She entered, shut the door, and turned the light on. She heard whimpering, and walked to her closet. She saw Danny’s shoes, indicating he was hiding behind the clothes. “What the hell are you doing in my room?” Danny shot out, “Angel! Please, help me! We have to get out of here!” Angel grabbed Danny’s shoulders and pressed hardly, “What?” Danny cried, “Tasha! It’s Tasha! She…..somebody hurt her!” Angel turned around and began walking to the door. She muttered, “If this is another damn joke…” Danny followed Angel to Natasha’s bedroom. Angel flicked on her bedroom lights, “Your little brat is…” She stopped talking when she saw Anthony Cartwright’s bloody body dangling off of her bed. Angel and Danny both screamed, and began running back down the hall. Danny ran faster, and opened the front door. Angel followed, and just as she was about to leave the door, Michael Myers exited the office door and grabbed her long hair. Angel screamed in pain, and tried to shut the front door behind her. Danny reached up and grabbed Michael’s hand, and managed to help free her. Angel grabbed his hand and together they ran for her car. Michael followed behind. Angel reached into her pocket, withdrew the keys, and quickly unlocked the passenger side of the door, allowing Danny quick access to her car. He jumped in, and reached over and unlocked her side as well. Michael walked slowly to the car. Angel slammed her door and put the key into the ignition. As she put the gear into Drive, Michael opened Danny’s door. Danny screamed loudly as the car took off, forcing Michael to fall over as his grasp on the door weakened and he let go. Danny shut the door and watched the shape, now standing, get smaller and smaller underneath the streetlight. He sadly looked over to Angel, “He killed Tasha, didn’t he?” Angel shook her head, “I….I think he might have.” “Who is he?” “I don’t know…” Angel said as the car reached 75 mph. Minutes passed by, and both victims began crying. Angel looked at the quivering boy, There’s nothing more I can do for him. Angel’s car eventually made it’s way in front of the Chicago Police Department. Inside, Angel put her hand on Danny’s sholder, “Listen to me Jamie, I want you to go inside and tell them what happened. You’ll be safe.” Danny shook his head, “No. I want to go with you.” Angel reached over and opened Danny’s door. “No. Get out, go in there!” Danny began crying louder. Angel was crying also, “Now!” She pushed him out of the car, and began driving away. Danny cried, “Angel!” When he could no longer see her car, he turned to the police department. He gripped his hands into his pockets and slowly walked up the large stairs. He entered the building, and the doors closed with a loud crack that echoed throughout his head.

55.

Chicago, Illinois

November 1, 1999

Tommy Doyle, Kara Strode, and Stephen Lloyd sat in an office, watching the police officers busily hustle around them. Kara cried on Tommy’s sholder. That morning, they had received a phone call from Lieutenant Scott Riordan, who informed them that they found Danny, alive and well. Kara went through so many different emotions from the point of the phone call to the police department Tommy wasn’t sure how she would react when she saw him. Tommy, while having one arm around Stephen, patted Kara’s knee, “We knew he was safe. We knew God would protect him.” Kara kept wondering where her son had been, but in the end it didn’t matter, because she would soon be able to hold him again. Sheriff Seth Wahlson entered the room. He introduced
himself and shook Tommy’s hand. He then pulled out a pack of cigarettes, and offered one to Tommy and Kara. When both declined, he stuck one in his mouth and lit a match. When the cigarette was lit, he leaned against his desk. “Mrs. Strode, before we bring you your son, there are a few things I need to talk over with you.” Kara sat up, “Is he….is he hurt?” “No,” Seth said calmly, “but he is in serious shock. Were not sure what happened, but our counselor has been with him all morning. He’s only said one word a few times. Tasha. Do you have any idea who that might be?” Kara thought and shook her head. “Most likely the kidnapper. But besides that, the boy seems to be in good health. If you wish, we can admit him into a hospital to be sure.” Kara looked at the sheriff, “I just want to see my son.” Tommy added, “Where is he?” Seth put his hands up reassuringly, “He’s on his way. Counselor Durango is bringing him. Now listen, the minute he tells you anything, I want you to call us. Were still going to look. When he’s ready, were going to have a sketch artist reconstruct the kidnapper’s face. We have hundreds of kidnapping cases, if this Tasha has any other kids, we can reunite more kids with their parents.” Kara nodded fully, “Yes, of course.” Counselor Durango entered the office, holding onto Danny Strode’s hand. Kara, smiling and crying, stood and ran to her son. She hugged him fully, resting her head against his sholder. Tommy hugged Stephen as he finally felt relief in over 3 months. Eventually, Kara learned he wasn’t returning the hug, and pulled back. “Danny…I’m….oh Danny…” Danny looked up to her, “Do I know you?” Kara looked oddly at her son, “Danny, what…what?” Danny, somewhat angry, stepped back slowly, “My name aint Danny.” Tommy stood as Kara began crying, shaking with fear of what was wrong with her son.

Part

IV.

Penneance for obsession, End of an Era, and The Sacrifice of Angels

56.

Hopelanster, Tennessee

November 3, 1999

Tommy lounged lazily on the sofa, tired from the plane ride from Langdon to Knoxville, then the hour-long drive from Knoxville to Hopelanster. However, he was glad to finally be back home. He and Kara had spent nearly three months in Chicago, aimlessly wandering the streets hoping to find Danny. It wouldn’t have been too much longer untill he would have told Kara they could no longer continue searching. But now that they were back, they found that their apartment was just as they left it three months ago, except it was much dustier. Tommy was still readjusting to the fact that Danny was indeed back in their lives finally. Of course, Danny wasn’t the same. He seemed to have no recollection whatsoever of him or his mother. Dr. Lifler claimed he he did have a wound on his head, and his amnesia was most likely brought on by a direct impact to his skull. Danny wasn’t the same. Tommy couldnt even begin to fathom why Danny would chose that name, out of thousands, to be his. Besides that, Danny would not discuss what he did the past three months, nor whom he was living with. Kara was torn to pieces by all of this. Not that he could blame her; her son finally had returned to her, but he could not remember her. But Tommy knew that something bad had happoned to him, because on the plane Danny would jump at the slightest noise. He ran into the police station on Halloween night….is it possible Thorn had something to do with it? A car passed by outside, making Tommy lose his train of thought as he looked at the window. He sighed and picked up a newspaper. It was old, dating back to July 3rd. The Kosovo Crisis was a big deal at the time. He threw it down, and turned the television on. The news was being broadcasted, and was reporting on a local event that took place in Hellfercertain that day. Kara Strode entered the room. She sat quietly on the the chair adjacent to Tommy. “Is he asleep?” “I don’t think so. I really think he’s still in shock. I tried talking to him, but he keeps saying he wants Natasha.” Tommy groaned, “Jesus, who the hell is Natasha?” “If the police ever find this woman, I’m going to strangle her.” Tommy looked at her sympathetically, “Kara…” “Don’t say it. She took my son, or whatever she was working with that guy who did.” “Why would this woman hide him away then let him go?” Tommy sat up and turned the television off. Kara lowered her head, “Unless Danny managed to escape her. Managed to run away.” “Yeah, Danny’s tough. Smart. He probably knew she was bad news.” Kara began crying, “What did she do to my baby? What did she do to him? All this time. He doesn’t…remember me!” Tommy slid off the couch and crawled to Kara. He wrapped his arms around his best friend, “Shhhhh….it’s okay. Danny’s safe now. He’s right down the hall in his bed, sleeping. He’ll be okay. We’ll all be okay. We can finally sleep. He’ll remember you soon. You know he will. The doctor said…” Kara interrupted him through her wimpering, “That doesn’t change what happoned! Goddamn it! I lost my son! I’m lucky he’s alive, but he was hurt and I…..I wasn’t there! Tom
I… I feel so… helpless!” Kara broke down again and began balling. Tommy could think of nothing else to do other than simply hold onto Kara. Things always get worse before they get better. I have to be strong, hold us all together. Danny Strode sat in the dark hallway, listening attentively to the sorrowful conversation. She’s my mom. She gave birth to me. It’s true, she has so many pictures she showed me. Danny. My name is Danny. Not Jamie. Danny. Not Jamie. Danny Strode. I’m eleven years old. Tasha said I had another life. This is it. And Duck said I would remember it someday. But I don’t. Natasha I miss you. Please don’t be dead. Angel didn’t know, and I miss you. But I think I need to be with my mom. My mom. Her… my mom. I want to say good-bye to you, but I better get back to bed before they see me up. I should sleep, like mom told me to. Tommy finally spoke not too long after Kara had calmed down and stopped crying, “I’m going to give you a sedative.” Kara began to protest, but Tommy beat her to it, “I know you don’t like them, but tonight your going to sleep.” “Do you think Danny’s safe now?” “Well…” “I mean, really safe?” “I don’t know. The cult is very sure of themselves. They might send another.” Kara laughed in spite of the situation and herself, “Time to start packing!” Tommy quickly reviewed what Kara had said, and contrasted it in retrospect to their lives. Always moving. New cities. Moving on. Time to start packing. He began laughing as well. Together, the two shared a strangely humored hug. In bed, Danny lie asleep. His eyes twiched rapidly as his dream took over… Danny sat on the green couch in the main room. He called out, “Clark? Please, I miss you! Where are you?” “DANNY! IT IS TIME!” Danny looked around, “Tasha? Please don’t let the voice man get me too!” “DANNY! YOU ARE INCOMPLETE” “YOU ARE NOT RIGHT!” “UNWHOLE” Danny spoke quietly, “My name is Jamie.” He could tell that whatever the voice was, was directly over him now. It had locked on. It was HIM that it was searching for. Danny wasn’t sure what was going to happen. “YOU WILL RETURN TO AS YOU WERE” He could not comprehend what was being said to him, but something inside of him was scared… for it did know. “NOTHING TO FEAR, YOU SHALL RETURN!” Danny felt what could only be described as a ‘presence’ enter his being. It immediately began changing the very nature of “Jamie” Danny Strode. Within a second, all memories of the Lothos, Richard Casteel, Senta Ladesma, Anthony Cartwright, Mingo Bacardo, DeLaney Lorenz, Sheila Smitts, Angel Hain, Marky Green, Clark Green, and Natasha Clinesmith were obliterated from his memory. He was running away from the bad man. He couldn’t scream as his throat was hurt. The police were close by, but he could not yell for help, so he went down an ally. He ran with all his might, despite the voice man calling for him. He saw a boy with long hair and lanky bellbottoms, and a pretty girl with bleached hair sitting only yards away from him. His eyes focused on them just as he felt a jolt on the back of his head. He yelped as the sound began echoing through his mind. THE CULT IS VERY SURE OF THEMSELVES. Danny wasn’t sure what was going to happen. “What does that mean?” Danny spoke quietly, “My name is Jamie.” He could tell that whatever the voice was, was directly over him now. It had locked on. It was HIM that it was searching for. Danny wasn’t sure what was going to happen. “YOU WILL RETURN TO AS YOU WERE” He could not comprehend what was being said to him, but something inside of him was scared… for it did know. “NOTHING TO FEAR, YOU SHALL RETURN!” Danny felt what could only be described as a ‘presence’ enter his being. It immediately began changing the very nature of “Jamie” Danny Strode. Within a second, all memories of the Lothos, Richard Casteel, Senta Ladesma, Anthony Cartwright, Mingo Bacardo, DeLaney Lorenz, Sheila Smitts, Angel Hain, Marky Green, Clark Green, and Natasha Clinesmith were obliterated from his memory. He was running away from the bad man. He couldn’t scream as his throat was hurt. The police were close by, but he could not yell for help, so he went down an ally. He ran with all his might, despite the voice man calling for him. He saw a boy with long hair and lanky bellbottoms, and a pretty girl with bleached hair sitting only yards away from him. His eyes focused on them just as he felt a jolt on the back of his head. He yelped as the sound began echoing through his mind. The sound carried out through the rest of his slumber.

November 4, 1999

Hopelanster, Tennessee

Tommy Doyle brewed a pot of coffee, and poured a cup for both him and Kara. He sat next to her at the kitchen table, “We should go shopping. I had to throw away almost all the shit in the refridgerator this morning. It was… pretty gross.” Kara nodded and stood, “Yeah.” Tommy looked up at her, “He’s still sleeping. Don’t worry.” Kara nodded, “I know…..I know. But I, ya know, have to be overprotective for awhile. Just give me a year or two, okay?” Tommy laughed, knowing Kara was joking. Danny Strode entered the kitchen with Stephen Lloyd. He smiled, “Morning!” Kara and Tommy looked up at him, surprised, “Morning!” “Mom! It’s almost noon! I hope I don’t have school.” Tommy urged him to continue, hoping that the voice man would not hear him. Tommy finally spoke not too long after that. “Okay, it’s almost noon. I hope I don’t have school.” Kara felt tears begin to dwell up in her eyes. “Clark? Please, I miss you! Where are you?” “DANNY! IT IS TIME!” Danny looked around, “Tasha? Please don’t let the voice man get me too!” “DANNY! YOU ARE INCOMPLETE” “YOU ARE NOT RIGHT!” “UNWHOLE” Danny spoke quietly, “My name is Jamie.” He could tell that whatever the voice was, was directly over him now. It had locked on. It was HIM that it was searching for. Danny wasn’t sure what was going to happen. “YOU WILL RETURN TO AS YOU WERE” He could not comprehend what was being said to him, but something inside of him was scared… for it did know. “NOTHING TO FEAR, YOU SHALL RETURN!” Danny felt what could only be described as a ‘presence’ enter his being. It immediately began changing the very nature of “Jamie” Danny Strode. Within a second, all memories of the Lothos, Richard Casteel, Senta Ladesma, Anthony Cartwright, Mingo Bacardo, DeLaney Lorenz, Sheila Smitts, Angel Hain, Marky Green, Clark Green, and Natasha Clinesmith were obliterated from his memory. He was running away from the bad man. He couldn’t scream as his throat was hurt. The police were close by, but he could not yell for help, so he went down an ally. He ran with all his might, despite the voice man calling for him. He saw a boy with long hair and lanky bellbottoms, and a pretty girl with bleached hair sitting only yards away from him. His eyes focused on them just as he felt a jolt on the back of his head. He yelped as the sound began echoing through his mind. The sound carried out through the rest of his slumber.
The telephone began ringing, and John walked into his bedroom to pick up the extension located there. “Hello?” “Hey buddy boy.” John closed his eyes and wished he had not answered the phone, for the person on the other end was Nolan Isaac Britain, John’s father. “Hi dad.” “How are things going?” John flopped onto his bed, still naked. “I just got out of the shower.” “Do you have a job yet?” “I’m working three days a week at Pet and Groom.” John nestled his head into his pillow, trying to comfort himself as his head pounded. “Do you like living in Santa Mira?” John, who rarely even spoke to his father, was surprised he was asking these questions. “Uh…it’s okay. Nothing special. Why?” “I have a friend in Los Angeles who’s starting up a computer company. You know anything about computers?” “A little.” “He told me he’s willing to hire you for me. It’s a good job, good pay. I told him you’d call him. Let me give you the number…” John sighed as he reached for his notebook. He lazily wrote down the number, and the name of his dad’s friend. He then inquired about his father’s girlfriend, Casey. “She’s at her mothers. She has the flu.” “Tell her I said hi.” “She does want to meet you eventually. You know how it is.” John rubbed his forehead, “Um…yeah. I should get going. Thanks.” “Bye.” John didn’t say good-bye back, instead he hung the telephone up slowly. He pursed his lips as he looked over to the number he had just scrawled onto the lined paper. He thought about different possibilities, I could stay here. Mom’s inheritance and insurance money will support me for at least ten years. I can just rest, and spend my time thinking. Or I can actually get on with life. Move to LA. What the fuck…I don’t know anything about computers! Hillcrest didn’t have a computer class…so much for getting me prepared for life. Hell, I can learn. And Los Angeles…I might like it better there. Santa Mira has nothing. It’s small and shitty. Like Summer Glen. No…I need to think about this. Right now I have everything easy. I don’t have to answer to anybody. I’m my own person. No….”I need to think about this.
“Is your mom home?” Billy smiled and shook his head. “They went to my cousin Martha’s wedding. Ronald and I were going to get drunk in a few.” Brenda grinned, “Sounds like fun! Mind if I join in?” Billy and Ronald looked at each other oddly. She wants to get drunk with us? Brenda looked at the two with coyness, “I’m not THAT much older than you two.” Billy smiled, “Uh….I guess. But we’re not going to yet.” Brenda looked at the television, “So you’re watching a movie?” Ronald shrugged, “Kinda. We were talking about shit.” Billy nodded, “The dreaded two thousand dilemma.” Brenda thought, then nodded back understandingly, “Uh huh. The Y2K bug. I’ve heard a lot about that. They’ve been talking about it since what, 1996? They’re still worried about it.” Billy smiled, “Well they should be! I mean, computers will literally go out at the stroke of midnight! PC’s, airplanes, smoke detectors, vacuums, televisions, cars, and all sorts of shit.” Ronald, ever the man of wisdom, raised his head slightly. “Goddammit Billy! We just went through this! I’m telling you, everybody’s all getting worked up over nothing. Perhaps a few things needed to be fixed, but they finished it a long time ago.” Brenda, forgetting about her overall orders to observe Billy for once, actually found herself getting somewhat wrapped up in the debate, “I personally think it’s nothing but a scare. Stocks are going to be at an all-time low right before it, people will become very rich the next day. I mean, look at the stocks for generators…they’re at an all-time high right now.” Ronald looked at her, “So you think it’s a conspiracy?” Brenda nodded. Billy shook his head, “What? Nuh-uh. It’s science. Everything from hair dryers to airplanes have microchips that read as ‘97’, or ‘98’ or whatever, and when it goes to 2000, its going to read ‘00’. The fucking chip will think it’s traveled back in time to 1900! Reality check! There were no hair dryers or airplanes in 1900. Hense, everything will shut down. Period.” Ronald laughed, “That’s what they WANT you to believe!” Billy looked at his friend with annoyance, “Shut up! Your mocking me you fucker!” Ronald began laughing as he looked for his cigarettes. Brenda stifled a small laugh. “On new year’s eve, make sure your ready, you never know what will happen.” Ronald shook his head, “Besides….dumbass….the new millenium starts on new year’s eve at one a.m in 2001. Not 2000. Billy shook his head and pulled his hair back behind his ears, “I need to get drunk.”

Hopelanster, Tennessee

December 21, 1999

Kara Strode wasn’t prepared for the hordes of Christmas shoppers at the Hopelanster Outlets. But after 3 hours, she was able to purchase several gifts for Tommy, Danny, and Stephen. She grinned, If Tommy puts it off any longer, he’ll be in worse luck than I am. She drove into the Hampshire Towers parking lot, and tiredly carried her four large bags up to her apartment. Inside, she found Danny and Tommy playing checkers while Stephen watched Barney on PBS. Tommy smiled at his mom, “Awesome! You got presents!” Kara smiled at her son, “Just seeing him makes me so thankful he’s here.” “Yes. But you can’t peak!” Tommy looked at Danny with serious eyes, “Were serious this time. If we catch you peaking, we’ll tell Santa not to give you anything.” Danny shot Tommy a defiant look, “Tommy! I know that there’s no such thing as Santa…” Kara quickly interrupted her son, “Shhhh! Danny! We were….!” Tommy leaned forward and whispered into his ear, “Do you want to make Stephen cry?” “No.” Danny leaned many years ago, while he and the others were still moving around a lot, that was in fact no Santa Claus. He accepted it, but got annoyed when others would talk about him as if he were real. Tommy explained that it’s “fun” to pretend. He personally didn’t think so. Kara sighed and looked knowingly at Tommy before taking her bags into her bedroom. She then changed her mind, and decided to hide the presents in Tommy’s bedroom. Danny will certainly hunt out my room first. “DANNY! KILL FOR HIM!” Danny dropped his red checker. He looked up at Tommy, “I just heard him again.” Tommy looked calmly at Danny, “The voice man?” “Yep.” “What did he say this time?” “He wants me to kill.” Tommy lowered his head, “That’s the third time this week. How much longer is this going to continue? Michael’s dead. Halloween passed and Danny didn’t develop the curse. Danny felt angry inside, Why cant I just die? Then I can finally be normal. Three hours later, the telephone rang and Kara was the first to answer it. “Hello?” “Hi Kara.” It was Dillon Chambers. Kara smiled, “Oh hi Dillon! How’s Karen?” “Fine! How’s Danny doing?” “He’s still….well….normal! He really doesn’t seem to remember any of it.” “Good. We can all have a merry Christmas. Hey, I can’t talk long. You know, long distance and all. I just want to tell you that agency I hired came through.” Kara put her hand onto her hip, “They found him?” “They said it wasn’t that hard. He lives in Los Angeles. Do you have a pencil with you?” Kara said yes as she picked up a Snoopy pen by the phone. “9899B Denmark Road. Los Angeles, California. 90025. Apparently it’s right by Santa Monica Boulevard. I also got his phone number…” Kara quickly wrote down the number, “Uh huh. I got it.” “Did you get our Christmas card?” Kara smiled, “Yes. In fact I’m looking at it right now. Yours is the only one we got this year.” This made sense, since nobody else knew where they were, and Tommy and Kara rarely made friends when they moved to a new location. Usually we never have time to. “If I don’t speak to you again before Christmas, I want you to tell the others I said have a very merry Christmas and a happy new year.” “Sure thing. And you tell Karen the same thing.” “Got it. Good luck if you try to find him.” “Thanks, I’ll see ya later.” “Bye.” Kara hung the telephone up and smiled. She went into the livingroom, where Danny and Stephen were busy decorating the small fake Christmas tree Tommy won in an office pool at work. Tommy emerged from the hallway, “Who was it?” Kara smiled and held up
the yellow Post-It note, “Dillon! They found John Tate!” “Already?” He was amazed at how fast the agency Dillon hired worked. “Yeah. We got his address and phone number.” “Great.” Kara looked questionably at Tommy. “Do we still want to contact him?” “I don’t know. Is it fair to him?” “Well, that’s really an unfair question. We have no way of knowing. But I think he deserves to know the truth. Hardly anybody knows about Stephen, except for a few people close to Jamie and my family.” “True.” “So now the question is…when?” Kara smiled, obviously excited at the prospect of meeting a cousin she recently learned she had. The news on Laurie had disturbed her, mostly because it was quite bizar. But because of the fact that she hardly remembered Laurie in the first place was shielding enough for her not to lose more than two nights of sleep. “Well, probably after the holidays I think. I don’t think we should take the kids with us.” Kara suddenly frowned, “Yeah, I was thinking the same thing.” “Dillon said he and Karen were coming out here sometime in February, right?” “Yeah, he didn’t mention it on the phone, but I remember him saying it last time.” “Maybe we can talk him into babysitting a week or so. That way Danny won’t miss any school.” Kara made a half-smirk. “Everytime we see him, we ask him to watch the kids. He’s going to quit talking to us, you know.” Tommy laughed and nodded. “That’s what friends are for!”

61.

Los Angeles, California

February 12, 2000

Tommy Doyle and Kara Strode entered the Santa Verde Coffee House, which was located only three blocks away from Santa Monica’s Third Street Promenade. Tommy, who was wearing a red turtle-neck and blue jeans, looked around at the occupants of the coffee house, some of which were wearing extremely strange attire. Dammit, by Blink182 could be heard through the speakers overhead. Kara was wearing an blue shoe-length skirt, with a white shirt topping it. Her hair was down that day, letting her long red locks cover half of her chest. She looked around the place also, and smiled at a teenaged-looking boy sitting by himself at the far end. John Tate nodded back, and started to smile, but instead lifted his eyebrows and made a “O” with his mouth. Kara lead Tommy to John’s table, “John?” John withdrew his hand, “Hi.” Kara smiled, “I’m Kara Strode.” “Strode?” Kara nodded, “Strode.” “Your mother was my cousin.” John looked somewhat disturbed by this, particularly since Tommy didn’t mention that Kara was his cousin. He nodded at Tommy, “You must be Tommy Doyle, right?” Tommy shook his hand, “It’s nice getting to meet you in person.” Kara added, “And that you even came at all. I can imagine how strange it must have been when he called. I mean, out of the blue here we are. But we really do have a lot to talk about.” John looked around the room quickly, “Well, you can sit down. The coffee here isn’t too shitty.” Tommy smiled, “I’ll get them. Kara, you want a Caffe Latte?” “Yeah, thanks.” “Okay. Back in a flash.” Tommy left and began walking towards the ordering booth. Kara sat down across from John, “I just love coffee houses. When I was in college I used to go to them. It was the best place for me to talk to the most interesting people and study them.” She then giggled slightly. When she noticed John wasn’t amused she continued, “So you lived in California your whole life?” “Yeah. I was born here.” “Did Laurie ever talk about me? I was pretty young when she….umm….left town I guess.” John shook his head, “No. Mom didn’t talk about her past much. She told me about her folks. Her dad owned a real estate agency.” Kara tried to smile, “Strode Realty. He still does. My dad, his name was John too by the way, he used to sell for him, but…..well, not anymore.” “Why not?” “Kara looked down, “Well, he was killed.” John felt a tiny tingle in his back. His brown eyes looked at Kara’s, “I’m sorry. By who?” Kara looked gravely at her cousin, “Michael Myers.” John tilted his head to a different angle, “What?” Kara nodded, “Yes. On Halloween in 1995. He also killed my mom and my brother. He almost killed me and my son.” John shook his head, “No. No. This….this isn’t right. Michael….he’s been missing since….since 1978. He escaped from that hospital when it caught on fire. They never found his body.” It was now Kara’s turn to look at John strangely, “1978? No John. Michael escaped confinement way back in 1988. He killed at least a dozen people then, and a year later. And he didn’t escape from the Haddonfield hospital. He didn’t.” John was about to reply when Tommy returned, “They’re going to bring them out.” Kara waited for Tommy to sit down. “He doesn’t know anything about what Michael did after 78.” Tommy’s head looked quickly over to John, “Surely you do. Your mother must have known…” John made a bitter look and shook his head, “No, this is bullshit. Mom told me the story, okay? She was there that night. Michael wanted to kill her because she was his sister. I hope you both know that. Why would he go, or keep going, to their hometown if she “died” in a car accident years ago? This makes no sense.” Kara and Tommy looked at eachother with concern for a long time. Kara finally looked back to the teenager and broke the silence, “Everyone in Haddonfield knows this. He kept coming back to kill his last remaining relative. And…” John interrupted her, “Oh really. My mom? No. He thought she was dead or he would have came for her years ago. What? Was there some other long lost sibling to Michael and my mother that nobody knew about? Dickhead Joe Myers? Come on.” Kara waited for John to discontinue his talking before she began again, “Michael was trying to kill Jamie.” John snickered. “Oh, my mistake. Jamie Myers. The fourth of the Myers clan…” Kara shook her head, “Her name was Jamie Lloyd.” Tommy felt cold despite the room’s heated temperature. He began to realize John’s aparent situation, “Doesn’t that name ring a bell?” John actually stopped and took the time to think. His eyes widened slightly, “Sometimes when my
mom would get drunk, which was very often by the way, she would talk about a Jamie. I didn’t really pay attention, though. Mom would also talk to the plants when she got drunk.” Tommy frowned, Laurie became an alcoholic? “Who is she?” John said as he began playing with his hemp bracelet. Kara, despite the fact that she hardly knew John, took ahold of his hand, “She….John….oh God I’m sorry. Jamie Lloyd is your sister.” John felt a heavy weightness pin his entire body down as he stared into Kara’s truthful eyes. “My sister?” “Yes,” Kara said as she and Tommy both nodded. “No. No way. This….this isn’t right! I don’t have a sister! My mom left that damn town when she was nineteen and she was already pregnant with me. This is fucking bullshit!” Kara looked down, hating to be situation, “Jamie was born in 1980. But Laurie lost her through the court system. The father got custody of her.” “My father?” “No. James Lloyd. John, my family knew all about this. Laurie wasn’t able to cope with her problems. She was getting heavy into drinking. James took Jamie away, and not long after that was the car accident. Everybody really thought she died.” “Yeah…” John had to admit, they seemed to be describing everything accurately. Especially about my mom. “Jamie grew up in Haddonfield, never meeting you or your mother.” John was silent for awhile, sipping his coffee. He finally spoke, “Well….can I….can I call her? Does she know I’m alive? I know my mom’s real name was never broadcast over the news, but maybe she did catch her picture or something…somehow 20/20 was able to sneak her picture into their show…” Tommy and Kara remained quiet, unsure of how to proceed. John, who was forceful only minutes ago, was now showing his true weak side. “Well, I can talk to her right? I mean, she would want to meet me, right?” Kara once again gripped John’s hand, “Jamie….she….John’s dark eyes were wide, and locked completely on Kara’s. His breath slowed as he heard her speak. Kara sighed, “Michael tried very hard to kill her. He was able to track her down when she was fifteen. He….Jamie died, John.” John didn’t break his stare from Kara. He shook slowly, and a tear streamed down his left cheek, “He…..killed her?” Kara nodded largely and spoke softly, “Yes. Nobody knows the complete story. She was kidnapped in 1989. Nobody knows exactly what happened to her, but her body was finally found on Halloween six years later. She was apparently trying to escape back to Haddonfield.” John’s eyes wandered down to the table as the shock subdued into him. He was silent, and eventually lowered his his head into his hands. His pent-up emotions took control, and he began crying. Several teenagers around their table looked oddly at the three. Tommy glanced at them, “Maybe we should leave.” Kara nodded. “Yeah. Ask for the coffees to go, okay?” Tommy complied as Kara led the crying John out of the coffee shop, and into the back of their rent-a-car. She sat herself in the passenger seat and turned around, “I have a picture of her if you’d like to see it.” John looked up, his eyes red. “Um….yeah please.” Kara reached into her purse and found her small wallet. She opened it and pulled out Jamie’s fourth grade school picture. “Jamie’s foster parents gave me a few pictures. The others are back home.” Kara handed it to John. John, through his semi-blurry eyes, saw a pretty school picture of a nine-year-old Jamie Lloyd. Her big brown eyes were bright. Her bangs were combed neatly, and her long straight hair went past her shoulders, going down her back. Her smile was genuine. John stared at the picture for almost a minute before speaking, “Jesus. She looks like my mom. She…” He began crying again. Kara knew that, psychologically, John just had a huge traumatic shock thrown onto him. She turned around and let him continue crying. I’ll wait to tell him about Stephen. He’s not ready for that news yet. John sniffed loudly, “Why the fuck didn’t she ever tell me?” Kara shook her head, not turning back around. “Well, I…” “I….I had a sister! A flesh and blood sister! Only a year older than me and…….and she died!” John’s voice was now distortedly higher-pitched. Kara felt her own eyes begin to water, as she was thinking about losing her younger brother, Tim. “How could she do that?” John said. Kara took a small Kleenex from her purse and wiped her nose. She then handed one to John, “Maybe it was too painfull. I guess you’d have to be in her shoes to fully understand.” John was still crying when Tommy entered the car, handing a coffee to Kara. “Is everything okay?” Kara nodded. Tommy started the car, “So where do you want to go?” “Can you take me to my place?” “Sure.” Kara sniffed. “You know, if you never want to see us again, we’ll respect that.” John wanted to tell her that wasn’t the case at all, but he didn’t. Instead, he continued to delve further into sorrow. The blue rent-a-car drove several blocks until it reached a small apartment complex in the heart of Santa Monica. John invited Tommy and Kara into his apartment. John’s apartment was a ‘single’, which meant it was basically one room with a small bathroom which led to a small bathroom. Kara noticed as she looked around the room that it was very modest in furniture: a bed, a tv, a phone, and a miniature refredgerator. In addition, there was a sliding glass door with a small balcony next to the bed. John, weak, sat on his bed. He still held Jamie’s picture, making sure not to bend or tare it. “I’m sorry, there isn’t much room in here. I don’t have visitors often.” Kara tried to smile, “This is very nice.” “No it’s not. This is hell. My life is hell. It’s….so….pathetic…” John lowered his head. He would have cried again, but he was too weak to do so. Both Tommy and Kara didn’t speak, as it seemed there was nothing to appropriate to say at the moment. Finally, John sighed and looked at his guests, “Well, I used to live in a condiminium. It was too much upkeep.” John said as he made a plain face. Tommy nodded at the bereft boy. The kid’s only eighteen, but I can see somebody much older in him. He must really hate life. Kara was having similar thoughts. He certainly seems miserable. I’m sure our news didn’t help things at all. John stood and opened the blinds on his sliding glass doors. The room was flooded with bright light. Tommy’s eyes squinted as John opened the door, excusing himself without announcement to the balcony. He sat down on one of the two plastic lawnchairs he had set out there when he first moved in. I should go back in there. Talk to them. I invited them in. I can’t let people see me like this though. If they see you show weakness, they can use it against you. I have to tough. Mom never let anybody on the outside see the real her. I can’t let people know how I really feel. But I’ve already opened myself up to them…..well, kinda. They just think I’m wallowing in self-misery. Why not? I have
A sister. No. I HAD a sister. Michael killed her when I was fourteen. Jesus it’s calm out here. So peaceful. And she’s so beautiful. Her eyes…she does look like me. Her smile does too. Our mom would have been happier if we were both with her, I bet. Jesus mom, why didn’t you tell me? Were you going to just let it keep going like that forever? Let me grow old and maybe someday learning about her? Now… Kara walked out onto the balcony, but didn’t make a sound. She decided to wait until John wanted to talk. John still continued his thoughts while staring at several birds flying by a palm tree, I’ll never be the same. I’m wierd. I’m not like anybody around here my age. People think when they see me I’m some normal fucking teenager who likes to buy new clothes and fuck as many girls as I can see. That’s what that dick at the record store thought when he told me about that other girl who worked there, saying she was a slutty whore who liked all-American looking boys. Sickenig. No, I’m not normal. If I ever was, it was a long time ago. Probably I became lame in high school after mom died. I think I did a good job of not showing it, except I didn’t talk much. Molly hardly noticed, except I noticed she began whining more often. I haven’t laughed since my mom died, I know that for a fact. I rarely smile on the outside, sometimes I try to act normal. Working at Computers & More I have to be cordial to customers, but I could give a fuck about any of them. I could give a fuck about anybody. Mom’s dead…..and I have a dead sister. She died and I never met her. Charlie’s dead, and I was probably closer to him than anybody…Molly and I only went out 3 months….no, it was almost four. Dad, I could give a fuck about him. He tries to stay as far away from me as possible and he knows it. But I’m eighteen now, I don’t have to take anything from anybody. Even these two here now. No, I’m not normal. I’m wierd inside. I don’t laugh anymore, and I don’t like smiling. And fuck anybody who tries…. John turned his head, and caught Kara out of the corner of his eye, “Oh…sorry, I needed fresh air.” “You needed to think, I understand.” John thought, for a moment, to explode and say ‘How could possibly understand?’, but then he remembered that Kara had also lost loved ones, “You…you said Michael killed your parents and your brother?” Kara nodded. “It feels like shit, doesn’t it?” “It…it wasn’t easy at all. I think I felt worse because I didn’t know them as well as I wanted.” John turned fully to his cousin, “Why not?” “Honestly, it was my fault. I got pregnant in high school, then I had Danny and tried living at home awhile. My dad didn’t like it, so I tried to be defiant and moved away. I didn’t bother to write or call. Eventually I moved back home, but that was almost five years later. Everything was different. Then they died. It was a hard time in my life, but you never do recover fully from something like that.” John understood what Kara had said, and replied by nodding understandingly. He looked back out over his balcony, “I like to think here. Since I’m on the top floor, I can look out over everyone and just feel…you know…like I actually have control of my life.” Kara rested her hand on John’s shoulder. “Listen, Tommy and I are going to be here for three more days. We cant stay much longer, because our babysitter needs to get back home before too long.” “Yeah?” Kara continued, “I think we should leave you alone now. I do have a lot to tell you about. I can answer many of your questions. But more importantly…..um….John, I…” Kara had a hard time finding the right words, so she reached into her purse and opened her wallet. She pulled out a picture of Stephen, which was taken two months ago at K-Mart. She handed the picture to John. John looked at the boy, “Is he your son?” Kara lowered her eyes, “No. His name is Stephen Lloyd.” John narrowed his eyes, “Stephen?” Kara responded, “I don’t know how to tell you this. Jamie was kidnapped when she was nine. Were not sure exactly where she was being held captive, but Tommy and I have a pretty good idea. While she was there….she….she was raped. John. She gave birth to Stephen not too long before she was killed. Stephen is her son.” John turned white as he stared at the wallet-sized picture. His pulse slowed, and he felt his hands turn to ice. He could see, even in the face, a faint resemblance to his deceased sister. Kara spoke softly, “He’s your nephew.” John was no longer thinking. He merely whispered, “Oh…shit.” Kara sat on the chair next to John, “I thought you needed to know. I wasn’t sure when to tell you, but…..” John continued staring at the picture, “Where is he?” “He’s in Tennessee. I’d like you to meet him someday…if you want to. He’s very bright. He always makes people laugh.” John thought silently, I dont laugh anymore. Nothing is funny. Nothing is worth it. “Yeah, I would.” Kara nodded, “Okay. We’ll leave then. Tommy wrote our hotel number down on your notepad, call us if you want to, okay?” “Yeah, of course.” “John, when you feel ready, we’ll tell you everything. And there’s a lot to tell.” John was curious as to what Kara meant, but at the moment he felt like going to bed. Without a word, he stood and walked back inside. He saw Tommy sitting on the bed. He nodded to him, and spoke softly, “I’ll give you a call tomorrow, okay?” Tommy nodded, “I’m real sorry we had to put you through this.” “It’s fine. I really do appreciate you both coming all the way out here just to talk to me.” Kara responded to that, “I told Tommy it might be best not to tell you over the phone.” John led himself to the front door. He opened it, letting the two out. “The punch number at the gate is zero nine eight. Then press the pound button and the gates will open. I’ll see you both tomorrow.” Kara smiled, and gave John a hug. John returned it by placing one hand around her back. He didn’t feel like having human affection at the moment. And more than that, he rarely felt the need for it any other time. Kara and Tommy then walked down the hallway to the stairwell. Tommy sighed, “That went pretty badly.” Kara disagreed. “No, it went good. He’s been through a lot. But at least he’s still open to receiving more.” Tommy nodded finally, “I don’t know though. He seems….disturbing.” “Yeah….yeah I noticed that too. I don’t think he engages in social activity too often.” Tommy licked his lips as he began walking down the stairs. “That’s obvious. He’s reclusive.” “From a psychological stand point, his anti-social behavior is killing him. I’ve read about cases where adult orphans would gradually begin hiding themselves from the world. And when they realize that the world doesn’t care and moves on, they end up killing themselves.” Tommy frowned, “Always the psychiatrist.” Kara offered Tommy an angry eye. She followed him out the front entrance and the two walked down a small sidewalk surrounded by large shrubbery. “I
Kara Strode woke up earlier in her single bed than she had expected to. She showered, and when finished saw that Tommy was still asleep. She quietly walked out of their room at the Danube Three-Star Hotel and decided to enter the Guests’ Lounge. The room was quite large, and hosted a pool, jacuzzi, rows of patio chairs, and two whole walls were nothing but clear glass. Plants hung everywhere. She went to the magazine rack and picked up a copy of Mom’s Quest, went to a loung chair engulfed in sunlight, and sat down calmly. I have to admit, this IS relaxing. The fountain is so pretty, and the sound it makes is….nice. And this chair is so plush, I need to relax like this more often…being a mom is too hard sometimes. I haven’t been alone like this in a long time. As Kara found an articnal on laundry powder and became engrossed in it, Phoebe Carter entered the room with her 7 year old daughter, Meredith. Phoebe was 27, and had long, blonde hair. Her daughter had hair to match. Meredith removed her shirt and shorts, revealing a bathing suit underneath, “Can I?” Kare glanced up and smiled. “Yeah. But dad’s going to be ready to go before too long. Just a little bit.” “Okay!” Meredith ran for the pool’s stairs. Phoebe smiled at Kara and sat down next to her, and happily basked in the sunlight as well. “Nice place, isn’t it?” Kara smiled. “Yes. This room is beautiful. It’s neat how they can put palm trees right inside.” Phoebe nodded. “Well, were from Ohio. Don’t see much of this around where I come from.” Kara laughed, “I’m from Illinois, well actually Tennessee.” “Really? Well, my name is Phoebe Carter.” Kara smiled, “I’m Kara Strode.” Phoebe glanced at the magazine, “Do you have a child?” “Yes. Two boys. And they are a handful.” Phoebe laughed, “I have one daughter. After having her, I knew one was enough!” “They never understand how much we put into bringing them up. It took me years to get my husband whipped.” Phoebe joined in the laughter, then as she calmed down she stated, “Thank God for boarding schools.” Kara’s smile slightly shifted. “Your daughter is in a boarding school?” “Yes. It’s really a savior. We get to see her every weekend, and she gets the best schooling. And most importantly, I was able to go to college and start a profession.” Kara looked off for a moment, Go to college and start a profession. That used to be my goal in life. Phoebe saw Kara’s face change, so she added, “But I have to admit I have a great respect for live-at-home moms. That’s a career all it’s own.” Kara, not changing her distant stare, nodded slowly, “I was going to become a psychologist. But I eventually had to drop out of college, around the time my second child came around.” Phoebe understood what Kara was saying and joked, “That’s why I had his tubes tied. I didn’t want anything to ruin what we had going.” She then began laughing, and eventually Kara had no choice but to grin at the comment. “Do you ever want to go back to college?” “Well….yes. Actually I think I do.” Kara said realizing at that moment she deserved a life of her own as well. “Maybe when Stephen starts school, I can go back.” Phoebe flashed Kara a smile, “That’s a good thing to do. Women need to get out in the world. And if you try hard enough you can achieve anything.” She then grinned, “And with a figure like yours, you’ll be able to achieve even more.” Kara looked at her a moment before stiffling a small giggle, followed by a small blush. Phoebe looked at the clock on the wall, “Great. Time to pull the mermaid from the water.” She smiled at Kara and gently shook her hand, “It was nice meeting you Kara. Maybe we’ll see eachother again.” Kara nodded and returned the nice gesture. Phoebe then sighed and stood, “Meredith! Out of the water! We have to get ready to go!” Meredith continued slashing, “Mommy! Just two more minutes!” “No! We need to beat the traffic to Six Flags! Do you want to go see Bugs Bunny or not?” Meredith quickly exited the pool, and followed her mother out.
Developed in the late 1980’s by the city of Santa Monica in an effort to revitalize the downtown area and create a center for community life, it has more than surpassed the city’s objectives and has become one of the most successful downtown revitalization projects in the country, as two million tourists pass through the promenade annually. Tommy and Kara looked around the promenade in somewhat of an awe while John Tate ordered himself a coffee from an outside vendor. Within minutes, Kara found a toy store and went inside, leaving John and Tommy to sit on a bench, who gave Kara a smile and wave goodbye. Kara waved back, and looked back at her magazine. However, she did not read the rest of the article. I’ve spent five years doing nothing but running away to towns and starting over from scratch each time. Jesus, I used to have goals in my life. Where the hell did they go? I love being with Danny and Stephen, and I know Danny will appreciate it later on that I’ve always been there for him… I don’t know. Will they try to steal him again from me? I don’t know… but I really should think about this. I’ve wanted to become a psychiatrist ever since I was fourteen. Then, when I have it in my grasp, I’m forced to flee my life. I deserve a life, don’t I? Tommy and I wont be running away forever. Eventually, there will come a time when we will part. Well… I don’t know about that. He is my best friend in the entire world. But even then, I’m going to have to get a job. What qualifications do I have? I worked at IGA in Russelville. Wow. Yeah, mom was always happy being a homebody, but even then I knew she always wanted to be an interior decorator. And she was so proud of me when I came home and began college. Maybe I should start saving up for it. It’s always good to have some securities in life. If I could get my degree in psychology, I could finally be able to support Danny and Stephen. Hehehe… Tommy too… Later that day, John Tate was sitting on his bed, staring at the telephone. He bit his lower lip as he picked up the receiver and called his work. Tamika Childs answered the phone, “Computers and More, this is Tamika.” “Hi Tamika. It’s John.” “Hey John baby! You comin’ in today?” “No. That’s what I needed to call for. I’ll be taking the next three days off.” “Ohh… you be in trouble!” Tamika said in a mocky voice. John frowned and decided to make up a story. “My dad is getting married. I have to be in the wedding.” He knew that weddings were acceptable to cancel work. Tamika sighed, “Okay. I’ll tell Leon. We’ll have to see if we can get Kim Lee to come in today. You know you should have called in advance.” “I just found out last night. Last minute.” “Okay, I’ll take you off the schedule for the next three days.” John pursed his lips tightly before saying, “Thanks. Bye.” He then hung up before she could reply. He knew that, likely, when his father did marry, he wouldn’t be invited to the wedding anyways. He then layed back down and picked up Jamie’s and Stephen’s pictures. He stared at them for minutes before picking up the telephone again. He dialed Tommy’s hotel number, and waited for an answer. Tommy Doyle picked up after the third ring, “Hello?” “Hi. It’s me.” John felt instant regret after calling. It’s like I’m just asking to be sad now. Nothing these people are going to tell me is going to help me. Even Kara, who really does seem nice. “Hi John! I’m glad you called.” “Yeah, well, least I could do right? I’m sorry I had you both leave like that. I needed to think and shit.” “Oh, it’s fine. Did you want to meet today?” John stared at the pictures as he said quietly, “Yes. I took the next few days off, so whenever is good for me.” “Okay. I don’t really know my way around here, so how about I pick you up in about an hour?” John thought, then answered, “You remember your way back here?” “Yes.” “Fine. I’ll be ready.” Tommy said good-bye and hung up on his line. John hung up as well, and sighed loudly as he stood. He yawned and stretched his arm out. He then went to his closet and randomly grabbed a shirt and some jeans. He considered momentarily not showering, but decided against it after taking the time to raise his arm and smell himself. He removed his boxer shorts and turned the shower on. While the water warmed up, he slowly rubbed shaving cream over his face, then proceeded to shave. He accidently nicked his face slightly, and put his finger up to the cut. He then looked at his finger, which had a small drop of blood on the tip. John became captivated with the sight, studying the vital essence of his life. It’s so easy to kill someone the easy way. Cut them, and they die because of this. Blood, Sarah… fuck… Sarah was hallowed out. She was more than killed, she was destroyed. I’ll never forget that. But essentially it’s the blood that’s needed to survive. Blood, oxygen, and a healthy heart and shit like organs. If you take away one of any of them, the others can’t work and you’re dead. But there are other ways to kill somebody, like me. My uncle is killing me even though he’s dead. I’m dying. Not because I’m bleeding, I’m dying slower than that. I’ll be dead before next year. I know it. How can I keep living when there’s nothing to live for? All I can do is live until I die. Existence is so fucked up, what’s left? At least I can bleed like this, to remind myself just what John Tate really is inside. John Tate is flesh, blood, bones, organs, and cells. John has no soul, at least not one to speak of. John Tate is just an empty shell of a human, and it’s a good thing too. Because when I die, it won’t hurt anybody else. John then silently placed his finger inside his mouth, and licked the blood off. He then resumed his shaving, and when he was done with that he showered, being sure to take his time while he thought more. By the time Tommy and Kara arrived, the traffic had become congested, especially on Santa Monica Boulevard. Tommy frowned, “Great. Where would you like to go?” John, in the backseat, shrugged. “What are you in the mood for?” “Actually,” Kara said with a small grin, “I need to get Danny a present. Where’s a good place to shop?” John pointed to his right. “Go right on Santa Monica. It’ll lead us to the Third Street Promenade. Whatever you need, you can find it there.” Tommy smiled as he flicked on his blinker, “Promenade!” Kara rotated in her front seat and looked back at John, “I hope your doing okay. I really felt bad after leaving yesterday.” John, who was staring out the window, looked at her without expression, “I’m fine. I’m pissed inside I think, but I’ve been through it before. I’m actually glad I found out the truth.” “Well, there’s more to tell you, but I think we should wait until later,” Tommy said. John nodded before turning his eyes back to the window. The Third Street Promenade was bustling with both shoppers and tourists. Located only two blocks from the beach of Pacific Ocean, it hosted stores which were specialty shops, outdoor dining, and movie theaters. Developed in the late 1980’s by the city of Santa Monica in an effort to revitalize the downtown area and create a center for community life, it has more than surpassed the city’s objectives and has become one of the most successful downtown revitalization projects in the country, as two million tourists pass through the promenade annually. Tommy and Kara looked around the promenade in somewhat of an awe while John Tate ordered himself a coffee from an outside vendor. Within minutes, Kara found a toy store and went inside, leaving John and Tommy to sit on a bench,
watching a man 20 feet away strum his guitar. John sipped his hot coffee slowly while Tommy said, “I just want you to know how sorry I am about your mom. I knew her, you know. I don’t think I told you that.” “You did?” “She was one of my favorite babysitters when I was a kid. She babysat me the night Michael attacked her.” John frowned, “I thought he came after her in a hospital.” “Well, he did. But that was much later in the night, after all of her friends were killed.” “Friends? My mom’s friends?” “Yeah. They were killed in the house across from mine. Michael used them to bring Laurie over there. He was trying to trap her.” John gave the man an odd look, “What are you saying man? I didn’t know he actually killed anybody else!” Tommy would have laughed at John’s statement had he not seen how serious John was. “Your telling the truth, aren’t you?” “Yes. Mom told me she was in the hospital in her town when Michael had escaped from some other hospital and he tried to kill her. His doctor blew Michael up, or something.” “Your mom didn’t tell you half of it. At least fifteen people died that night, including your mother’s friends. Two girls named Annie and Lynda. I knew them also. But he also killed a lot of other innocent people. The hospital’s staff, for one. I know. I was part of that night. Haddonfield panicked days and days after it was over. But it wasn’t over then, and for all we know it may never be over.” John listened to Tommy’s long speech before commenting, “My mother didn’t tell me any of this. Maybe that’s why she was so fucked up in the head.” Tommy didn’t reply right away. “Laurie was very special to me. She made me feel good. I mean, well…I used to get picked on in school, but your mom always knew the right thing to say. Sometimes I would call her, and looking back I would talk about the dumbest things, but she always listened and talked back. I know it sounds strange, a little kid thinking he was good friends with a seventeen year old, but that’s how it felt to me.” “Mom and I never really got along that well when I got older. She was always drunk, or busy, ya know. I mean, we did have a lot of great times together, but I learned to just hide away. It was easier being hot shit in school than it was being her good little boy.” Kara walked out of the toy store, smiling as she carried a large sack, “I got them both something.” Tommy looked grimly at his friend, “We were just discussing Laurie.” “She preferred Keri.” John said before thinking. Tommy looked at him before continuing, “Did you know that she didn’t tell John hardly anything about that night? He didn’t know about all the horrible things she had to go through, like seeing her friends die.” Kara knelt down and placed her hand on John’s knee, “I’m sorry.” John swiped Kara’s hand from his knee out of instinct, and then apologized, “Sorry. I’m kind of edgy, I guess. Mom was always shielding me from the world. I should thank her I guess. The world blows.” Kara offered him a slight smile, “It doesn’t have to.” “Yeah, whatever.” Tommy stood, “Well, I guess we should eat. That Italian place over there looks okay. What do you say?” John nodded. Kara and Tommy followed John to it, and when they arrived they all ordered a spaghetti meal. They then sat down at an isolated table where Tommy and Kara decided to inform John all they knew. First, they gave him the basic history, telling him about Michael from 1963 up to what they experienced in 1995. They then slowly explained the topic of Thorn, from the cult, to the constellation in the sky, and the curse Michael had. That led them to talk about how they were in constant fear of the cult finding them, and how John’s life may still be in danger. John, as they told him everything, was overwhelmed to say the least. He did hear them out, however, and had to admit they seemed both honest and adamant in their story. When they finished, he raised his eyebrows and took a large drink of his coffee. “Your not shitting about any of this?” “No,” Kara said, “were being completely honest. We seriously thought it was over when we heard about Michael dying, but the cult kidnapped my son. Chances are the cult is watching you too.” John gave the man a long look before commenting, “I don’t know if I believe them. Mom was always shielding me from the world. I should thank her I guess. The world blows.” Tommy stood, “Well, I guess we should eat. That Italian place over there looks okay. What do you say?” John nodded. Kara and Tommy followed John to it, and when they arrived they all ordered a spaghetti meal. They then sat down at an isolated table where Tommy and Kara decided to inform John all they knew. 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He paused to say, “I don’t know. I don’t believe in supernatural things like this. It sounds like superstition.” “Do you believe in God?” Tommy asked. “Sometimes. Not always.” John answered matter-of-factly. “It’s theorized that Thorn is a fallen angel. Fallen angels have been known to take on various corporeal forms and shapes. I seriously believe that Thorn took on the constellation. It’s it’s own way of spreading evil in the world, or even in the universe. It somehow affects certain people’s minds, convinces them that it’s all-powerful. It convinced the ancient Celts.” “And you think they may come after me eventually?” Kara took a drink of her water, “They kidnapped your sister. They still want Stephen and my son. I would say yes, you could be in serious trouble.” This didn’t affect John all that much. His first reaction was fear, but that quickly shifted over into a relief of sorts. If people want me dead that badly, why should I even bother? I already wish Michael would have killed me that night instead of my mom. Why would I give a fuck if a cult killed me? After leaving the Third Street Promenade, John decided he wanted to return home, and Tommy and Kara complied. The three agreed to meet tomorrow before dropping him off at home. On the way back to the hotel, Kara turned off the radio and decided to tell Tommy what she perceived about John. “Did you see how he reacted when we told him?” Tommy nodded. “It’s a lot to handle.” Kara shook her head, “No. That’s just it. I should really say he didn’t react. Mostly, he acted like he didn’t care, especially when we told him he might be in danger.” “Maybe he doesn’t believe us.” Tommy said after thinking a moment. “No….no…that could be it, but I doubt it.” She shook her head quickly and stared off into the distance, “He’s either acting, or…” her voice trailed off. Tommy removed his eyes from the road a moment to look at her, “or what?” “He might be suffering from an emotional disorder. It’s common for youths his age, I mean, when they go through ordeals like that. He could seriously not care at this point if he lives or dies.” “So you think he’s suicidal?” “No. Not exactly. If he were suicidal, he would most likely be taking unnessessary risks or engaging in self-reckless behavior. Maybe he already is, but I cant be certain of course. Right now, he could just getting used to the idea of death. Notice how isolated he is? How distant he is with us? I never once saw the kid smile. “Why should he? It’s not like were visiting for pure social reasons.” “Your missing my whole point. Suicide has a very unique pattern. The subject will usually fall slowly down to the
Okay?"

"I don’t. It’s just... sure, he’s certainly troubled, you have to admit that. He’s reclusive, he has a mouth on him in a vulgar way, and he claimed his life was pathetic. But you know what the weirdest thing is? I like him.”

63.

Los Angeles, California
February 14, 2000

John Tate left his apartment wearing a grey button-up silk shirt and khaki pants which had small tears up the sides. He nodded at one of his neighbors as he made his way to the front gate. He went through it, and sat on a small bench located on the sidewalk, waiting for Tommy Doyle to pick him up. He stared at several kids around his age across the street. They were skaters, and were either wearing their rollerblades or standing on skateboards. They all had long, bleached hair and sported baggy, grunge clothing. They were laughing while sharing a lone cigarette. John frowned, "Who ever said my generation was anything special? The air was slightly cold, as it was winter. But it was just warm enough so that Californians would not have to wear jackets. In fact, several younger citizens wore shorts. John gave his hemp necklace a few tugs as he noticed the rent-a-car speed down his road. He offered Tommy and Kara a plain look as the car pulled up to him, and he slowly entered the back seat. "Hey." Kara smiled, "Hi! How you doing?"

John, who seemed almost sleepy, shrugged and said, "I’m doing." Kara nodded as she turned back around to face the road. Her smile faded somewhat. He can at least try to meet us half way. Tommy drove John back to his hotel, where he proceeded to show him all the proof he could, including every newspaper clipping he had concerning Michael, as well as several books on the Celtic tribes, druids, and Thorn. John stared at the newspaper clippings concerning his mother and sister. He payed special attention to two of them: JAMIE LLOYD STILL MISSING and MYERS’ NEICE FOUND DEAD. Kara looked at the boy with deep sympathy. If he had ANY doubts before, he doesn’t have them now. Tommy handed him the book concerning Thorn, and he flipped through it. When John focused on the actual symbol itself, he stopped momentarily, "Where did you say they put the tattoo?" Tommy looked at him, "The wrist. Why?" John sighed, "Oh. A guy at my work has this on his wrist. I thought it was just some... you know... flashy thing." Kara cocked her head at John, "Are you sure?" "Yes." This actually disturbed John to a degree. These people aren’t shitting me about this. It’s more than a coincidence this rune they’re talking about just happens to be on Trent’s wrist. That might be why he’s always asking me questions about shit. "It makes sense, Kara, it’s like Mrs. Blankenship. They get these people to observe from a close distance. John, you might have a member living right in your apartment complex." John didn’t answer his statement, instead he continued leafing through the book. He stopped when he saw the thorn symbol dripping with blood in the third chapter entitled ‘Samhain’. He began reading; It is claimed to have started on the eve of Samhain thousands of years ago, where a Celtic race living in Northern Ireland first documented the evil. Samhain is the Druid festival of the dead. The warmth of summer is over, including the early-winter heat known today as Indian summer. On the night of Samhain, the physical manifestation of Thorn will blaze in the heavens above, and it’s impact on all things will be at it’s climax for the year at hand. Events and circumstances shall be set into motion until the next. Depending on how faithful the followers are, they will either eat fruit, or suffer the consequences of their actions. It’s been theorized that it’s nothing more than an ancienent, ongoing subconscious subliminal message. That with every celebration of All Hallow’s Eve, or Halloween as it’s known in the Western civilization, a long time running post-hypnotic suggestion is randomly passed into those who are unawary. This is what modern sociologists believe, but those who actually have faith in the druid way, or are descendants, know the truth. Thorn is as actual as it’s legend, which pre-dates many other folklore tales. And if the physical manifestation of Thorn is in the stars, then the non-physical can be found inside the soul of one. Sometimes it’s active, sometimes it’s dormant. And it always wanders from one to another as time passes. It’s theorized that there are numbers who worship it. And they never..... Hmmm....this is strange....what the hell is this? “John,” Kara finally said, “I know you don’t know us very well... but... we do want to help you.” John discontinued reading and looked up to his cousin, "How is that?" "Tommy and I discussed this yesterday, if you’d like, you can come live with us. We don’t have a lot of money or anything, but you’d be safe.” John blinked. "I can take care of myself." "I know. I... I just wanted to offer you the chance. You could be with your nephew, and you’d be with friends. And," Kara said as she leaned in closer, "you could start over again. Get away from all this." Tommy looked at him, "Of course, we wouldn’t expect an answer now. We’ll give you all the time you need to think it over.” John looked at them several minutes before staring down to the floor. These people would really let me live with them? I don’t even know them that well. Kara might be my cousin, but even my mom never spoke of her. "That’s a nice offer. I’ll think it over before I give you an answer, okay?" "Of course.” Kara said as she offered him a warm smile. “So,” John said, his stomach expanding as he breathed in deeply,
“You think you could tell me about your obsession with my uncle?” Kara raised her eyebrows and looked at Tommy, waiting to see how he would answer. Tommy sucked in through his teeth momentarily, “What do you mean?” “The way you talked yesterday, you seemed to track Michael. You know what I’m saying. You were searching for Jamie after she was abducted. You moved in across from Kara’s house. I can understand why Kara’s doing all this. Why do you care so much?” Kara was somewhat bothered by John’s words, Tommy doesn’t like talking about it. He finally cracked to me only after I kept egging him on. But John does have a right to know. He’s trusting us right now. I would ask the same question if I didn’t know Tommy was sincerely a good guy. Tommy frowned, “I… I’ll be honest with you John. I can only say this in a way I think you’ll understand. Your uncle is pure evil. And when that evil is forced upon somebody, it changes them. I still have nightmares about seeing Michael all those years ago. I saw him carry a body, Annie’s body, in front of a house. I saw him in my house. I heard your mother scream in the other room when he went after her. Kara here, she lost her family. Her son is in constant fear even though he doesn’t always show it. After Jamie was attacked she ended up in a hospital for disturbed children. And I know others… many others who were traumatized. You yourself said your mother was always scared to death. I can tell you right now the woman who raised you was not the woman I once knew. And you…” Tommy suddenly cut his sentence short. John flicked his lip with his tongue, “I’m fucked in the head. I know. I do understand, thank you.” Kara gave Tommy a quick, disapproving eye. John looked at her, “It’s allright. I accept it. My life was shattered like my mom’s. I really wish I could tell her I finally understand how she really felt inside.” Kara added, “And how she tried to cope, and give you the best possible life she could.” “Yes. But that doesn’t justify leaving my sister behind.” “No,” Kara said, feeling she had a small right to opinionize about a member of her own family, “I guess she didn’t.” John looked back down at the newspaper clippings, I guess Michael kills us all slowly. Me, my mom, Jamie, Kara, all of us.

Los Angeles, California
February 15, 2000

“And in local news today,” said a reporter on the KTLA news, “two more teenage deaths have occurred, both suspected to be victims of the alleged Mar Vista Stalker. Police have not…” John shut the television off using his remote controll. He sat on his bed, wearing only his boxers and a white t-shirt. He knew that today would be the day his visitors from Tennessee would be leaving, and he suspected they would expect at least some sort of answer. He went to his small coffee maker above the mini-refridgerator, and poured himself some coffee into a small styrofome cup, coffee, the world’s finest chemical suscpension. He then slipped on a pair of red sports shorts and walked out onto his balcony, and stared out at the large palm trees in the close distance, When it all boils down to it, my life has reached a large fork in the road, and which path I choose to follow will determine the outcome. So… I can stay here and continue my exsistance, or I can go with them, and try to change my exsistance. Why should I really bother? I don’t particularly care either way. Life is hallow and I can touch the sky wherever the fuck I want to. Everybody lives in this world caring so much about their own little body, or those who they believe will help them. Is it so hard to believe Tommy and Kara want me to live because if I die Stephen becomes the final target and that puts them in extreme risk? No, it’s not that hard to believe. Everybody wants something from somebody. No… my mom did care about me. I can admit many fucking all-time lows that people do, but not from her. She was my mother, and she wasn’t perfect. Keri Tate was a human, but she did want what was best for me. It must have been terrible shit to have to leave Jamie, but what the fuck could she do? No… she could have done more. Hell… she should have had more sense than to leave her… my sister. But either way, she loved me. But she’s dead. My mom is dead. John fucking Tate is nothing more than a lame bag of flesh wasting away to nothing more than dark thoughts inside and annoying others outside. I used to think I was so fucking hot… I had this wicked notion that I was something because I thought I was good looking. What the FUCK was I thinking? Where did my supposed looks get me? Am I a king? Am I happy? Am I living life like I used to dream about? No. The truth is I’m ugly inside. I’m ugly outside. I’m nothing more than worthless. But what am I supposed to do? I’m tired… so tired of waiting for the end. Why couldn’t I just die like my mom did? At least Jamie, from what I’ve heard, had a sense of self and wanted to survive, even though she’s been through a fucking helluva lot more than I ever was. How is it she wanted to live so much when I would have just killed myself in her place? That’s who you are. Your weak. Your lame inside. Just accept it and let go. Now do I want to go with them? No… not really. What would be the purpose of meeting my nephew? All he’ll remind me of is how skewed up life is, and how it’s ultimately the same. Death to all, sometimes sooner than later. There’s nothing I can contribute to Stephen that Tommy and Kara cannot. All I have to do is step off this damn balcony, and it’s over. How many times have I said that? Just… let go… step off. Then all the bother I’ll be is they’ll have to clean up my blood. Hell, the rain can do that. I DO want to die, but maybe I should see… how did that Jewel song go? Who will save your soul if you can’t save save it yourself? Something like that. Is my soul worth saving? Not really. But there is such a thing as happiness, just like blissfull sadness, I guess. My mom would want me to live, and I don’t think I can do that here. Even if my life continues and I never change, at least I can do one thing for my mom she would want. I can try to live… perhaps even contribute in some small way. Yeah, life is fucked, but maybe
Stephen’s shouldn’t be. If I do one thing in life, maybe that’s what it should be. I’m waste. But maybe I should go with them, try to…well…try. John sat down on the chair and sipped his coffee slowly. He shook his head swiftly as he stood. He went inside, picked up the telephone, and called Tommy’s number. Kara answered, “Hello?” “Kara.” John said plainly. “John! We were just getting ready to come over to say good-bye. Is everything okay?” “Yeah. I’ve thought about it all, and I think I do want to come live with you.” “You do?” “Yeah, I can’t stay here. Umm, is it still okay with you and Tommy?” “Yes. There’s always room for one more.” “My lease is up next month, so when you come over I was thinking we could begin pre-planning and shit.” “I’ll talk to Tommy. He’s at the library right now, but he called and said he would be back any minute. We’ll talk when we get there, okay?” John ran his hand through his short hair, “Yeah, cool.” “Great. I’ll see you soon. Bye!” “Bye,” John said as he hung up the telephone. He looked in his mirror, Well, you just changed your life forever. You just signed your fate into taking a different course. Maybe change is the key.

65.

Hopelanster, Tennessee

March 19, 2000

Kara Strod has been in what she called ‘Swift Mode’ all day long. From the moment she had awoken, she began cleaning her house. She went from room to room, making sure she dusted, vacuumed, and cleaned the glass. Today was the day John Tate would be arriving, and she felt it necessary to have the house spic and span when he arrived. Danny Strod, who had just walked from the school bus, ran inside the living room, “Is he here yet?” Kara was dusting the intables, and turned to her son, “No. But Tommy picked up at the airport in Knoxville over an hour ago. He should be here soon.” Danny felt a strange sensation in his stomach, as he was slightly anxious about meeting his third-cousin, who would not only be living with him, but also sharing his bedroom. I hope we get along. Kara looked at her son again, “Remember, it will take him a long time to get used to being here. He may not be up to talking a lot when he arrives.” Danny pulled his hair back and placed it into a loose pont-tail, even though several strands did not get placed and dangled down. “I remember mom. You’ve told me too many times.” “Well, just want to make his stay here good.” “I know.” Danny said as he flopped onto the couch and turned on the television. “Is Stephen up?” “No. He’s still asleep.” The 12-year-old smiled, “Cool. I can have the tv to myself.” “Do you have homework?” Kara said as she finished dusting. “Yeah. Math. I only have five problems to go, I did most of it on the bus.” Kara reached over and turned the television off, “Well, finish those up and then you can have the tv.” Danny frowned, “Yeah mom.” He then stood and walked out of the room. Kara grinned, He’ll miss school once he graduates. Ten minutes later, Tommy Doyle pulled into the Hampshire Towers parking lot with John Tate in the passenger seat. “Here we are!” John sized up the apartment building, “Nice place.” Tommy momentarily frowned, I can never tell if the kid’s joking or not. The two entered the building and slowly made their way to the top floor. When they entered, Kara had just finished stashing her cleaning utensils under the kitchen sink. She smiled and gave John a small hug after he set his suitcase down. Danny entered the room and saw his cousin. He kept his distance, not sure how to proceed. John saw Danny and raised his hand at the boy, “Hi Danny.” Danny smiled and waved back. “Hi.” Kara smiled as she removed her glasses, “This place isn’t too large or anything, but I think you’ll be comfortable.” John nodded, “It’s pretty cool here, Kara. I’m very…gratefull.” Kara almost blushed, “Would you like to see Stephen?” “Yeah.” “He’s looking forward to seeing his uncle. He’s talked about it for the past few days non-stop.” John blinked several times, “He knows who I am?” “Yes. He didn’t understand when we told him you didn’t know his mother, though. He’s only 4.” “So you told him all about Jamie?” John said. For some reason, he had assumed they didn’t. Tommy nodded, “Of course we did. We would never dishonor Jamie that way. Kara may be like a mother to him, but he deserves to know who his mother really was, and the sacrifice she made to save him.” “Oh.” John glanced at the wall, and indeed, he saw a picture of Jamie on the wall. “I remember mom. You’ve told me too many times.” “Well, I just want to make his stay here good.” “I know.” Danny said as he flopped onto the couch and turned on the television. “Is Stephen up?” “No. He’s still asleep.” The 12-year-old smiled, “Cool. I can have the tv to myself.” “Do you have homework?” Kara said as she finished dusting. “Yeah. Math. 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It was a larger version of the wallet-sized picture he had. Kara smiled. “He’s sleeping. Come on, I’ll show you where he is.” She led him down the hall, and slowly to the bedroom. Tommy smiled at Danny, “He seems pretty neat, huh?” Danny nodded, “He doesn’t act very happy to be here.” “Well, I’ll tell you, I don’t think he’s much of a smiler. So don’t expect much.” Danny sighed, oh great. I’ll be sharing a room with a teenager who doesn’t smile. Kara opened the door and led John into her bedroom, where Stephen shared a bed with her. Stephen Lloyd layed quietly above the covers, snoozing softly. He had one hand above his head, resting on the pillow. The other layed on his stomach, which raised up and down slowly. John felt his breath slow down greatly as he set eyes on his flesh and blood nephew. He whispered, “Oh god.” Kara smiled, This is a big moment in his life. Maybe I shouldn’t be here. She whispered back, “Do you want me to leave you alone with him?” “No.” John had to force his gaze from Stephen to quickly lock eyes with Kara. He nodded, and turned his eyes back to the sleeping child. Kara quietly left. John knelt down at the side of the bed. He stared in silence at the boy for minutes before placing his hand on Stephen’s stomach. He quietly whispered, “Hello Stephen. I… I’m your uncle John. I’m… I came for you. I wont let anybody hurt you, I…” Stephen’s eyes opened slowly and he groaned in a high-pitch moan as he slowly began waking up. His eyes focused in on John, “Who are you?” John was suddenly scared. This is it. The connection will be made. “I’m your uncle John.” Stephen’s eyes opened a
little wider, “Really?” “Yeah. I’m going to be living here.” John felt his eyes involuntarily begin to water. He tried, by instinct, not to cry. Stephen’s eyes almost twinkled in the darkness, “Terrific!” John would have laughed, or at least smiled at the child’s remark, but he didn’t. Actually, he couldn’t. Did I really think Stephen would just snap me back into being happy? But I really AM glad to see he’s alive and safe. Stephen sat up, and looked his uncle over, “Come on!” He jumped off the bed and led John, by the hand, back out into the living room where he could talk to him more. John, who felt uncomfortable doing so while he had tears softly flowing down his eyes, sniffed and complied and decided that, possibly, he did make the right choice.

66.

Haddonfield, Illinois

March 22, 2000

Brenda Curtis brushed her hand through her hair as she paced up and down her bedroom carpet, holding the phone against her ear, “What do you mean he’s gone?” The man on the other end said forcefully, “He’s gone! He just up and quit his job the same damn day he left his apartment. We lost the taxi he was in, but it seems he could have been going to the West Los Angeles area. He was on Sepulveda, so he could have been going to the airport.” Brenda sighed, “Where the hell could he have gone?” The man calmed his voice, “Don’t worry, Thor will tell me in time.” “Then why did you call me?” Brenda sat on the bed. “I need you to call all your contacts, all of them. Tell them to keep on the lookout, that’s all. Call that Verbena you’re so fond of, have her check all flights leaving LAX with a John Tate aboard. It’s simple. If he left, we’ll find him.” Brenda quickly thought, If you would have just kidnapped him in the first place none of this would have happened. At least Wynn knew better than to let that girl stay free. “Fine. I’ll do all I can.” “See that you do.” The man suddenly disconnected the line. Brenda slowly put down the phone, not bothering to hang it up.

67.

Hopelanster, Illinois

April 24, 2000

Kara Strode smiled as she set a microwaved pizza in front of Tommy, Danny, John, and Stephen. She laughed and said, “Voila!” “It looms good mom!” Danny said smiling. He grabbed his fork and waited for Tommy to cut it into slices. John agreed, “Yeah Kara, you outdid youself this time.” Kara shot John a playfull look as Tommy tried to contain his laughter. Kara smiled, He may be rude sometimes, and he doesn’t joke around or offer one smile to any of us, but at least I know he’s reaching out, if only a little bit. At least I can get his sense of humor. It’s like Tim’s, kinda. “Hey! My mom taught me everything, except cooking.” Tommy giggled as he grabbed the pizza slicer, “That’s not it,” he then said in a voice above a whisper, “she flunked home ec.” Kara laughed, “Hey! That was a secret!” John grabbed a slice of pizza, “How did you manage to flunk home ec?” Kara sat down after grabbing a pitcher of strawberry Kool-Aid, “What? Because I’m female I’m supposed to be Martha Stewart?” Tommy turned and faced her, “How did you manage to fail that class? Mrs. Vinyard was one of the easiest teachers to pass in school.” “Well, she had us all make this Thanksgiving dinner, and…” A sudden knock on the door interrupted the conversation. As soon as Kara heard the swift rapping, she jumped up, “I’ll get it!” Tommy and Danny looked at eachother and grinned. Danny called out, “No fair!” Kara opened the front door and saw a pretty, middle-aged woman smiling at her. She was dressed in extremely nice clothing. “Kara Strode?” Kara smiled, “Can I help you?” “My name is Dawn Thompson. I need to speak with you.” Kara picked up on the Irish accent right away and motioned for her to enter. “Please, excuse us, we were in the middle of dinner.” Dawn frowned, “Oh, I’m sorry if I came at a bad time…” Kara waved her hand loosely in the air, “Don’t worry about it. This is Tom, John, that’s Stephen, and this is my son Danny.” Dawn smiled at them all uneasily, “Hello.” Tommy took a drink of his Kool-Aid, “I’m sorry, I didn’t catch your name.” “Dawn Thompson.” Kara looked at Dawn, “Is there something we can do for you, Ms. Thompson?” Dawn nodded, “Yes. I need to speak to you and Tom privately.” Tommy and Kara exchanged sudden-worried looks at eachother. Tommy looked at John, “Watch the kids.” He then glanced up to the guest, “We can talk in the office.” Dawn followed the two into the office. She sat on a small chair. Tommy closed the door, “Now what is this about?” Dawn paused momentarily before speaking, “I want to help you both. All I can ask is that you listen to me. Wether you choose to trust me or not is your choice.” Kara looked nervously at her best friend, who just nodded, silently indicating to Dawn to continue. “I used to work at the Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium.” Tommy’s eyes widened, as did Kara’s. “I was Dr. Wynn’s personal secretary. And…I used to be a follower of Thorn.” Kara’s instincts were to tackle the woman, grab her son, and run. But instead, she sat quietly. “I see,” Tommy simply said. “I can assure you both that I am no longer.” Kara nodded, “We heard. Wynn was murdered.” Dawn shook her head, “No….yes…I mean, I am no
“The Myers house.” Kara wasn’t sure how to respond. Dawn’s eyes pressed into Kara’s, “I used to think it was the right path in life, but it’s full of deceit and betrayal in actuality.” Kara’s face fell hot, “Well a lot of people lost their lives because of you and your friends.” Dawn closed her eyes, “I know.” Kara raised her voice, “My entire family! John and Stephen’s mothers! And countless more!” Tommy remained silent. Dawn had to concentrate to maintain her composure, “I’m very sorry. But you must understand that the followers of Thorn had many purposes. Just like Michael Myers. You couldn’t possibly understand, but Thorn is about much more than Michael. He is but a facet, albeit an important facet, in Thor’s grand scheme of things.” Tommy finally spoke, “Grand scheme of things?” Dawn shook her head, “It’s very difficult, and complicated. Okay, look at the world right now. Countries are infested with famon. There are countless wars. Plagues are killing innocent children. All of this is predicted in the Holy Bible. Now, the ancient Celts had a strong faith in Thorn…” Tommy interrupted her, “I understand what your saying. Anichert scrolls claimed that children inflicted with Thorn would kill their families. And by doing so on the night of Samhain would save the villagers from dying.” Dawn was surprised Tommy knew as much as he did, “Do you know how many lives would have been spared had young Michael Myers killed both of his sisters back in the sixties?” Kara’s frown grew longer, “You make it sound like their deaths would be a good thing.” Tommy looked at Kara, “It’s a horrible way to put it, I agree, but in a way it makes sense. If Laurie would have died, even in 1978, everybody that’s dead would still be alive.” Kara couldn’t believe that Tommy was saying this about her own cousin who had saved Tommy’s life years ago, “You make it sound like it was Laurie’s fault.” Dawn sighed, “No. But she made the family grow. Two children. Then a grandchild. But there’s no way she could have known.” “So what did you need to tell us?” “I wanted to tell you you’re still in danger.” Kara tensed up, not sure how to respond. Why did I know she was going to say that? Why cant these people just leave us alone? Tommy cocked his head. “From who? Michael is dead. Dr. Wynn is dead.” Dawn looked at Tommy with pityful eyes, “Oh, you didn’t really think the followers of Thorn were limited to a small group, did you?” Tommy, suprised, did not reply. “It’s okay. I didn’t know for a long time, and neither did Dr. Wynn. But it’s very true. Dr. Wynn was one man in black among many. He was specifically assigned to watch over Michael, but he failed. So he was punished, along with many of his followers.” “The Illinois Sanitarium Massacre. Big scandal. But you lived.” Tommy said with purservenance. “I was fortunate. I was removed from there prior to…the killings.” Neither Tommy nor Kara felt happiness over Dawn’s aparent escape from death. Dawn continued, “But believe me, there is another man in black protecting Michael. And he has powerful resources.” Kara felt angry and didn’t try to hide it, “But Michael died. His sister killed him. And I don’t understand this whole ‘man in black’ thing.” Tommy spoke up, “I’ve told you about the man in black theory. They’re a paradox. They’re like Lord Minions.” Dawn agreed, “They are responsible for carrying out Thor’s wishes. But they rarely talk to eachother. Most stay isolated in their own sects.” “But Kara’s right Ms. Thompson. Michael was decapitated then cremated.” “But that’s where your wrong. Thor saw to it that Michael survived. It wasn’t Michael they found, but another. A follower.” “So Laurie wasn’t killed by Michael?” Kara grasped onto her skirt. “No. she was. All I’m saying is Michael’s alive.” Kara wasn’t sure she believed Dawn. Dawn looked at Kara, “Your son is lucky. Michael almost killed him in Chicago.” Kara stood, “What? What the hell are you saying?” Dawn remained calm, “Thor couldn’t find your child. It was concerned that if the curse was passed to him, it would end up destroying it. So it sent Michael. Somehow, he managed to escape.” “Where was Danny?” “As far as I know, he was living with a gang of drug dealers.” Tommy squinted his eyes, “A gang. Of drug dealers. Your serious.” “That’s what I’ve heard. But he couldn’t be tracked by Thor, so it sent Michael.” Kara moaned, “Oh Jesus. You’re serious aren’t you?” “Yes. But Thor was able to make recontact with him. So, he is no longer in danger, as long as Michael is still inflicted.” “Maybe we should go to the police,” Kara offered. Dawn blinked, “I’m afraid your pleas will fall on deaf ears. Do you think the police will believe your story?” Neither responded. Dawn added, “And, more than that, Thor has members in many police forces. Even a U.S. Marshall. Tommy slammed his hand onto the desk in frustration, “This is crazy! What are you saying?” “I’ve spoken nothing but the truth. Michael will return. And before too long, you’ll all be in danger. But I’ve come to help.” “How can you help us? Nobody can help us! We just want to be left alone!” Dawn stared at him, unsure of how to respond. “If what you saying is true, what do you suggest we do? Keep running? Move to another country?” “Actually, you’d be better off living in your hometown.” Both Tommy’s and Kara’s jaws dropped. Tommy responded, “Haddonfield? You must be insane.” “Thor’s power is very dominant there. If you can save your son’s soul, you’ll have to fight it where it’s strongest. Trust me, I know.” “And what about Michael?” “You must kill him.” “Michael can’t die.” “Yes he can. Thor’s grip on Michael will not last forever. And when it ends, Michael will be as mortal as you or I.” Tommy inquired, “He won’t be cursed forever?” “No. He was inflicted in 1963. After forty years it ends. Even if his bloodline isn’t destroyed.” “So what happens to Michael?” “Chaos. Michael will become more dangerous than ever before. He will stop at nothing to kill you all. And he’ll do it relentlessly, regardless of what day it is. Michael’s always seemed to be a step above Thor’s controll, but after it’s over with, he will be lethal.” Kara took a deep breath and pulled her hair back with her hands, shaking slightly, “Oh my god.” “But you can stop it. Go to Haddonfield. Michael will return two more times. In 2000, and 2003. You need not worry the first time, Michael will not be after you. From what I’ve learned he’ll have other orders. But in 2003, he’ll certainly be looking for you, and he will most certainly find you. But I’m giving you an advantage. You can be ready for him.” “And how can we possibly be ready for him?” Tommy tried to keep calm. “I’m not sure. But Dr. Loomis was correct, the evil is greatest where it all began.” Tommy knew what Dawn meant, “The Myers house.” Kara looked at Tommy, “You can’t be serious. Michael lived there. It’s too dangerous.”
“Kara, we’ll always be in danger. You know about Loomis’ sting operation there. Jamie herself was willing to risk it, and she was only nine.” Dawn nodded, “And it’s possible Daniel will be able to resist Thorn because he’ll be weak. When Michael is ripped from it, it will most likely not be able to cope as well. It’s ironic. Michael is Thor’s Achilles heel.” Tommy and Kara both sat silently pondering what she said. Kara said to Dawn, “Speaking of Thorn, what about the cult? We’ve spent the last five years running endlessly from state to state hoping to escape, and they found us several times. How do we know that going back to Haddonfield is safe, because they might try to kidnap the kids again?” “I can guarantee you that Thorn members are around you right now. Every town you’ve moved to they’ve came as well. They follow Michael’s bloodline very precisely. John…Jamie…that Kevin boy from Kansas. If they wanted you again, they would acted acted.” “Who’s Kevin?” Tommy asked momentarily. Dawn nodded, “No, you wouldn’t know who he is, his death never made national headlines for some reason. Kevin Myers. Sixteen years old. Died in Kansas City in 1992. He was Michael’s cousin. But none of this is important, that’s all old news. The point is the cult will not try to harm you.” “Like in Chicago?” Dawn paused a moment. “It was after Thor re-established it’s link with your son that it felt that abduction was no longer relevant, as Michael would come no matter where you were.” Tommy frowned. She certainly states everything matter-of-factly. Dawn stood, “I should be leaving you now. I’ve done what I came to do.” Tommy didn’t flinch, “Can you tell us what happened to Jamie Lloyd?” Dawn regretfully lowered her head, “You honestly don’t want to know.” Kara raised her head, “Can you tell us who the father is?” “Yes. But you’re not going to like it.” When she saw both adults wait for her reply. She gulped, “It was Dr. Wynn. He raped her.” Dawn then began walking to the door. “What if we need to reach you?” “You won’t. I’m leaving America.” Tommy nodded, and decided to lead Dawn to the front door. Kara sat still, thinking of Jamie being raped by Dr. Wynn. She felt like crying. How can I ever tell John…let alone Stephen! I guess some things are better left unsaid. Several weeks later, Tommy and Kara finally decided that Dawn’s plan did have enough merit, and it was worth the risk if they could finally kill Michael, and save Danny’s soul from possession. When they consulted John, he was totally indifferent about it, stating that, “He’s going to come after us anyways, so if she’s right then we should listen.”

68.

Haddonfield, Illinois

May 29, 2000

Welcome to Haddonfield Home of the Huskers! All the occupants in the rent-a-car read the sign, indicating that they had all returned to Haddonfield. Tommy scanned the area, and almost felt happy he was returning to familiar territory. I was never much of a travel person. It will be nice returning home, where people know who you are, and you know them back. Kara smiled at her son, “Do you remember Haddonfield Danny?” Danny had been quiet on the plane, and he was even more silent in the car. I didn’t want to leave Hopelanster! I liked it there, and I had friends! He shook his head, “No, not much.” John, who sat next to Danny, looked at the sundappled streets as they passed by, “Mom grew up here?” Kara nodded in the front seat, “Sure did.” “It’s so small.” John stated prematurely. “It’s not small,” Tommy interjected, “It may not be as big as Los Angeles, but there’s a lot to do around here.” John continued staring out his window, not offering a reply. Stephen, who had his head rested on the seat, looked over to his uncle, “John?” John looked over to the child, “What?” “Will you tell Kara I have to pee?” Danny’s eyes rolled upward, Kara grinned, and John pursed his lips. Stephen just went a half hour ago. Oh well…. “Kara, Stephen has to piss.” Tommy spoke up, “Dale’s Gas Station is right up here, I need to get gas anyways.” John looked over to his nephew, who smiled happily back. God I feel nervous, I need to quit shaking. But… I’m going to meet…my grandparents. And….the Corruthers, Tommy said. Oh shit, I’m so nervous…. Ten minutes later, the car pulled in front of Strode Real Estate. Kara left the car, and entered the building alone. She noticed that the inside has not changed much since she saw it last, but the people inside were different. She did know where her uncle was, and she began walking to it. Amber Chillson called out to Kara, “Excuse me, you cant just walk into the office area.” Kara, slightly annoyed stepped and stared at the secretary, “Excuse me, do you know who I am?” Amber shook her head slightly. “I’m Kara Strode.” “Your John’s daughter?” Kara faked a small smile, “That’s right. Now I suggest you let me through.” She then, without further care, continued walking. She entered her uncle’s office, where he was staring out the window while talking on the phone. She cleared her throat, “Hello uncle Morgan.” Morgan Strode spun around, and his eyes widened as he saw his niece for the first time in five years. “Kara! Um….Mr. Connor, I’ll call you back.” He then hung the telephone up and went to Kara, and embraced her in a hug. Kara hugged back. Morgan broke the hug and stared at her, “What are you doing back? Where’s Danny? Where’s my grandson?” Kara smiled. “Their both out in the car. How’s aunt Pam?” Morgan frowned and paused a moment. He took a large breath and closed his eyes, showing obvious pain. “Pamela died three years ago.” “What?!”” Kara grasped onto her uncle’s hand, “How?” “Heart attack. In the end, there was nothing they could do for her.” “I’m so sorry Morgan. I’m…” Morgan smiled, “It’s okay Kara. I’m…I’m better. I…God knows I’m used to it.” “Listen, I have to tell you some….” “Why are you back here?” He interrupted Kara. “Well, I was just about to tell you…sit down first.” Kara watched her uncle sit down before she continued, “Morgan, there’s….god, how do I say this. It’s…well, I guess it’s about Laurie.” Morgan’s eyes narrowed somewhat,
“Laurie?!!? What about her?” Kara tilted her head and swallowed. “Well…” Thirty minutes later, the boys in the rent-a-car were about ready to enter Strode Real Estate, out of sheer boredom. Danny, who had migrated to the front seat, yawned and put his arm out of the window, “How much longer is she going to be in there?” “I don’t know, for the tenth time.” Tommy sighed, as he was also somewhat bored himself. Stephen lie asleep in John’s lap, snoozing softly. John was the first to see Kara emerge from the office, with Morgan shortly behind. His eyes widened. He’s…my mom’s father……my grandfather…well, not so much by blood, but it doesn’t matter….. Danny also saw his mother and uncle. He made a small smile. John quickly shook Stephen awake and once Stephen had his head up John was out of the car. He walked quickly up to Morgan. Kara smiled warmly, “John, this is your grandfather, Morgan Strode.” There was an awkward silence as Morgan and John stared at eachother. Morgan was almost in shock, seeing a young man who resembled his daughter to an astonishing degree. The jawline, the lips, the….eyes. He smiled, “John…” John slowly approached his grandfather and hugged him. He did not smile, or cry. Somehow, I thought this would be more spiritual for me. I wasn’t right…..but he is a key into my mom’s past. Maybe I can learn more about her…..hell, why not. She was his daughter. Hours later, at the Strode household, Morgan and his guests finished dinner. The last three hours was filled with questions from Morgan, who wanted to know EVERYTHING about his daughter, including information about himself, as well. John did his best, and Morgan finally sat back and digested it all. Kara looked to her son, smiled, then looked back to her uncle, “Danny wanted to look at some of the family pictures…” When her parents died, and Kara was in a hurry to flee Haddonfield with Tommy, she had given all of the family heirlooms to Morgan and Pamela, including most of the pictures. Morgan nodded, but didn’t move his eyes from the table, “Oh, well, their all in the den, in the cabinet by the window. Bottom drawer. I keep all the family albums there.” Danny nodded and stood. He looked at John, “You coming?” John looked around the room, “Um….I guess.” He stood and followed his cousin out the way. Tommy gave Kara a few knowing looks before turning to Morgan, “I cant even begin to imagine what you’re going through, Mr. Strode.” Morgan grunted lightly, “I don’t know what the hell I’m going through. I lost my daughter in 1980. That had to be the worst thing that’s ever happoned, including losing Pam and Jamie. I was devastated. But now….how can I accept I’ve lost her….again? She was alive all this time and never bothered letting me or Pam know. How could she do that?” “I don’t know,” Kara said. And that was the truth. What Laurie did, to her, was incredibly selfish. She knew that Laurie was psychologically traumatized at the time, but what could have brought her to take such an action? “Though, now I know I’m finally no longer alone. John…..he’s a very nice young man…..but I don’t know him yet. I don’t think I love him yet. I’ll have to get to know him, learn to love him like a grandson.” He then looked at Kara and smiled, sliding his wrinkled hand into her, “And having you, Danny, and Jamie’s son back is also wonderful. I….I’m really no longer alone anymore. Family always meant so much to me…” Danny sat Indian style on the floor, flipping through a family album which had belonged to his grandmother. Inside were pictures of his deceased family. He looked up to John, “See? That’s my mom and uncle Tim when they were about my age. My uncle Tim was so cool! And there’s my grandma and grandpa. And….there I am with Tim….I was so little!” John, with a strange feeling, casually asked, “What were you? Six?” “I think so.” John nodded and pulled out an older family album. He opened it and saw wedding photos, obviously they were Morgan and Pamela’s. As he kept flipping, suddenly his mother appeared, around four years old. She was a precocious looking little girl, John noted, but she seemed to be quite happy. Danny glanced at the pictures John was staring at. “That’s your mom, right?” “Yeah….god……” John felt chills as he watched his mother get older, seeing her turn into a teenager slowly as the pictures went by. He smiled, “John…” Danny took a small smile. He kept looking at the pictures, seeing Laurie now about sixteen, and most of her pictures were with two other girls, one with curly brown hair, and a very pretty one with long blonde hair. Suddenly, John saw several of Laurie’s graduation pictures, and she looked incredibly nice in them. He muttered, “God, she’s so young here…her hair, I never knew she had it this long, god…..and she seems so happy…” Danny knew John wasn’t talking to him, so he didn’t reply, but looked back at his own photo album. He smiled at a picture taken outside somewhere of himself, his mom, and his grandmother. I miss grandma a lot. She was so nice to me….she was…..I do miss her. John stared right into the picture of his younger mother’s eyes, seeing the same eyes that loved him so much. He began crying. Danny saw this, but ignored it. He knew John cried….in fact, John cried a lot. I see him everynight…..crying in bed…..he tries to be quiet so I wont hear him, but he does….he’s so sad all the time…..but I would feel that way if mom died….. John quickly turned the page and saw pictures of Laurie with an attractive man with short, curly hair. In a few pictures, Laurie had a large stomache, indicating she was pregnant. The final pictures were of Laurie holding a baby in her arms. John knew the baby was Jamie. Mom’s first baby. Her first love. Why? Why does Jamie die and I live? What makes me so special I get to outlive them both?
Billy Hill was surprised he received a phone call from Tommy Doyle earlier that day. He was even more surprised when he learned Tommy and Kara had returned to Haddonfield. And, to his total shock, he learned about the true fate of Laurie and her son. He didn’t need much more convincing to get himself over to Tommy’s house. When he’d arrived, he got to see Jamie’s baby. Then he met John finally. It almost knocked him over. John was a masculine version of Jamie, to almost every degree. Billy then learned that John wanted to know about his dead sister, and Billy was more than happy to comply. John and Billy walked quietly down the sidewalk, in no particular hurry to reach their destination. Billy pulled out his cigarettes, “You smoke?” John shook his head, “No.” “That’s cool.” Billy lit his cigarette and blew a puff of smoke over John’s head. He glanced at John again. John sucked in his lips then turned to Billy, “Will you please stop doing that?” “What?” “Looking at me.” “I’m not.” Billy blushed. “Bullshit. I’m not dumb, man. Why are you?” “You….you actually look a lot like Jamie.” John’s face went expressionless. Billy quickly added, “I’m sorry….I shouldn’t have said that….but it’s just kinda hard for me to get adjusted to meeting you.” “Well, get adjusted but don’t stare at me,” “Fine.” Billy took another hit of his cigarette then turned to John, “Do you want me to tell you about Jamie?” “Well, Tommy said you knew her pretty good. Go ahead.” “Yeah, she was…..very special to me. She was very special period.” “Yeah?” “Absolutely dude. And I’ll tell you something, her life could outmatch any Shakespearean tragedy.” John felt sad on the inside, “I heard.” “It’s so fucking sad. Her mother died when she was one….er….you know what I mean. Her dad and stepmom died when she was seven. She was placed in a foster home, none of her grandparents wanted her. Then Myers tries to kill her, and she witnessed a lot of death. Then she flipped out and stabbed Mrs. Corruthers. The entire fucking town branded her evil. She was placed in the Haddonfield Children’s Clinic where half the kids, and even some of the staff, wouldn’t even give her the time of day. Her uncle returns to kill her again, kills her foster-sister Rachel, and comes this close to killing her as well. Then she somehow manages to survive an explosion at the police station and gets kidnapped. People searched, but nobody could find her for six years until some farmer finds her…..dead body impaled on a corn thresher. Then we all find out she was raped and most likely sacrificed herself for Stephen. I’ve said it before….an end to a tragic life. And you know what? Nobody could do anything about it. You’re mother couldn’t help her, her grandparents couldn’t help her, the Corruthers’ couldn’t help her, Rachel couldn’t help her, the police couldn’t help her, Dr. Loomis couldn’t help her, and even I couldn’t help her.” John waited a beat, “And I couldn’t either.” Billy shifted his head, “Well, there’s no way you could’ve known, ya know. I mean, I’m still shocked shittless looking at you…” “Cuz I look like her, right?” John sighed. “Well, you do kinda. I mean….your John, son of THE Laurie Strode! Brother of Jamie Lloyd! I don’t know if Tommy told you or not, but those two names are almost sacred around here. I’m serious.” John felt tensed up. “Really?” “Shit yeah! Well, a lot of the people a little younger than us don’t know the story that well, but if you can remember those nights, you don’t forget them. It’s almost ironic. You’re mother is remembered as a saint almost….like an angel that was attacked by her demon brother who also killed her sister. Jamie….well….Jamie’s remembered differently.” “How so?” “Actually, it depends on who you ask. From what I’ve gathered, a lot of people who used to be scared to death of her, even before 1988. Then after Michael returned and she stabbed her foster mother, everyone assumed she was Michael Myers part two. And believe me, Haddonfield is a small town in a lot of ways. Everybody knew all about it. There were some people who could see past all that. They assumed she did it while still in shock. Either way, when I met her, she was anything but evil. She was greatly sad, but she did get better. In 1989 after she was kidnapped, it seemed then that only a handfull still openly hated her and was glad she was gone. The rest changed their shade of color. The search parties were huge, and I mean huge.” “Oh,” John said as he tried to comprehend all that he was being told. “Then Jamie Lloyd became….well….somewhat of a symbolic character in Haddonfield history. She was viewed as…..well….as a sort of an end to the horror. People were certain that with Jamie written out of exsistance, her uncle would be too. And that was how she was remembered. Time went by….Halloweens passed, well, not here because Halloween was banned in 89, but before too long it was all turned into a sort of a myth, ya know….like some story you could tell around a campfire. Michael Myers…..Laurie Strode…..Jamie Lloyd…..Rachel Corruthers…..the hospital explosion…..Dr. Loomis…..the police station massacre…..it all became twisted with every retelling. I remember hearing some fucker sat to a whole bunch of people that Jamie killed her mom, half the people at the Tower farm, then ran away with Michael after blowing up the police department and went on a mission to destroy the president or some shit like that. Ugh. Anyways, then when her body was found six years later, it created a lot of panic especially since there were deaths that occured that Halloween, involving the Strode family living in Michael’s old house. But the mayor of the time went on the news and stated it was a Myers copycat. And that as they say is that. Jamie was dead. Case closed.” “Jesus…” John felt like dying right there and then. “It’s a good thing folks around here don’t know who you or Stephen really are or you would both suffer the same shit Jamie did.” “Yeah, that’s probably a good thing, after what you said.” Billy nodded and pointed to his right, “Yeah, the cemetary is right there.” John and Billy walked slowly through the Eternal Peace Cemetery gates. John walked behind Billy at that point, as Billy knew exactly where he was going. After a few minutes, Billy stopped. “This is your aunt’s grave.” John knelt down and read over Judith’s tombstone, “Wow. 1963. It’s hard to believe.” “Yeah…..October…..before John F. Kennedy was killed.” John stood, “Take me to Jamie’s.” “I was going to next. It’s way towards the back.” John followed Billy, who began to talk again. “Her funeral service was pretty nice. But….well….you could tell there were things wrong with her just by looking at her. She was as white as a ghost. I mean……not white as in dead…..but white as in she was kept out of the sun for a long time. Whoever stole her made sure of that. She also had deep circles under her eyes, not to
that's what it was. 

"Good stories." 

"That's weird, but I've heard the same thing. You know, it's something that people like to hang out. There is one where people like to hang out."

"So does Haddonfield have any coffee houses?"

"Well, there's a cool one….but it's not really a cool one…but I don't know, maybe she never told me because she didn't want me coming here."

"I feel better now, ya know."

"You…..god, you…..I would give anything to bring you back."

 donc fuseaux, what would you do?"

"What would you do?"

"What would you do?"

"I mean, I don't know, I think mom left Laurie Strode's spirit here when she became Keri Tate."

"It's easy, let it go."

"It's easy, let it go."

"Damn plane in a heartbeat. I've learned a lot about you, and maybe if you lived with us, mom wouldn't have drank so much. You….god, you…..I would give anything to bring you back."

"But please remember Jamie, my sister, you are still innocent. Cause we are born innocent Believe me Adia We are still innocent. It's easy, we all falter. Does it matter? Adia I thought that we could make it. I know I can't change the way you feel. Leave you with your misery. A friend who won't betray. Pull you from your terror, take away your pain. Show you all the beauty you possess…. If you'd only let yourself believe That we are born innocent Believe me Adia We are still innocent. It's easy, we all falter. Does it matter? As John listened, he understood. He could no longer hold back his tears as he began crying. Billy turned and decided to give John a hug, despite the fact that he hardly knew him. John opened a tombstone over and over, trying to find some meaning in the simple words. He felt a shiver run down his spine, "a loving sister?"

"Jamie wasn't psychic in the way most people would assume. What she did have was a telepathic link with your uncle. "A telepathic link?" "Yeah. She could tell when he was around, or when he was going to kill. At least I think that's what it was. I remember she tried to save Rachel, and she came close too. Tina too. But Michael had an effect on her. She
For reasons that neither Billy nor John understood, the two continued seeing each other almost everyday. They would usually go to the coffee house, or to each other’s houses. Their conversations were nothing spectacular, yet in an odd way both boys found solace in knowing the fact that they were not alone in the world….they felt the same loss inside. It wasn’t spoken in realistic terms, but it was assumed, and incorporated, into their newly-found friendship. John was able to confide in Billy things in which he could not tell
Billy was able to do the same. Today was not different, as the two met up at the Haddonfield Coffee House, a place which was becoming a favorite hang out for them both. Billy lit his cigarette, “…and so Ronny went up to ISU to visit Dena, and he got pulled over twice for speeding.” John frowned, “He’s lucky they didn’t search his car.” “No shit.” John took several drinks of his coffee. Billy decided to speak, “Are you feeling okay?” “Um….yeah.” John said, taken off guard by Billy inquiry. “Okay,” Billy said, not wanting to press the issue. The truth was even though he knew John never smiled, and he had no sense of humor, he did have an underlining ‘norm’ about him. But in the past few days, he seemed to be slipping underneath his usual ‘norm’. John quickly finished his coffee, and stood. “Hey man, I’m going to go. If you want you can come by later on tonight, pick up a movie and we can watch it or something.” Billy nodded, “Sure.” John raised his hand and then turned and walked away. Later that night, Billy walked up to Tommy’s house, and knocked on the door. Tommy answered it, and smiled at the young man at his doorway, “Hi Billy. What’s up?” Billy held up two videotapes. “I came by to watch some videos with John.” “Okay, well he should be in his room. Kara and I are trying to get this damn house up to code….her uncle didn’t know half the problems this house had. No wonder the last owners wanted to sell it so badly.” Billy smiled and nodded, “Oh, that sucks.” He followed Tommy inside, and saw Kara, with a rag covering her hair, was painting the living room white. She turned and smiled at Billy, raising her hand to wave at him. Billy waved back before proceeding to walk to John’s room down the hall. John Tate layed on his bed, surrounded by darkness. The music from his cd player was playing moderately loud. Can you tell me what you see Whenever you look around. Where tripping all over ourselves and Pulling eachother down. Oh, were seperating Consciousness is fading Are you thinking that it’s Me you’re fooling? Where’s the right in All of our fighting? Look at, look at, what were doing. Where’s the love? It’s not enough. It makes the world go round and round and round….” Billy entered the room and switched on the light. John squinted, and reached for his cd remote, turning the player off. “Uh…..hi Billy….I was almost asleep…” Billy smiled and sat on his bed, “Hey…I never thought of you as a Hanson fan.” “Oh,” John breathed loudly and sat up, rubbing his face with his hand. “My mom got me their cd for my seventeenth birthday. She didn’t know what type of music I liked, and some lady at the store said Hanson was really popular, so she got it for me.” Billy grinned, “You must have been pissed.” “Well, not really. I mean, it was nice of her, and I didn’t tell her I would have rather wanted something else. Now, looking back, it was the last gift she got me before she died. I started listening to the cd more after and I grew to like it a lot. I honestly don’t understand why people hate Hanson so much, their music means a lot sometimes.” Billy smiled, “I like their song wierd….it’s like an anthem for certain people.” John nodded, “Yeah whatever. Anyways, what movies did you bring?” Billy handed John the videotapes. “The Doom Generation and Nowhere. Their dark cult movies. I think you’ll get a kick out of them.” John nodded, “Cool.” Billy smiled, but inside he knew something was wrong. John was acting incredibly passive. What the hell is wrong with him? Doesn’t he care about anything?

72.

Haddonfield, Illinois

July 8, 1999

Billy Hill walked slowly downstairs, somewhat tired after taking his morning shower. He went into the kitchen, opened the refrigerator, and took out a can of Pepsi. He opened it, and took several drinks as he heard someone enter the room. He turned and saw it was his mother. Joan Allen Hill, dressed for work, picked up her purse from the kitchen table. She shot her only son a smile, “Good morning, honey.” “Mornin’ mom.” Billy said before taking another drink. Joan Allen suddenly shot Billy a frown, “You know, you better start going to bed earlier, waking up at four p.m. is bad, you’re going to develop a rash from never getting any sun.” “Yeah, whatever.” “Your friend John was by while you were taking a shower.” “He was?!?” Billy asked. “He wanted to give you something. I took it and put it in your room, on your bed.” “Oh,” Billy then began walking to the door, “Have a good day in work.” “Bye,” Joan Allen said smiling, “I love you.” Billy ran up the staircase and bounded for his room. Inside, he found, sitting on his bed just as his mother said, a taped up cardboard box. He set his Pepsi down, and proceeded to open it quickly. Inside the plain box was several items; a letter, an envelope, and three cd’s. First he picked up the cd’s, and saw they were John’s favorites: Hanson, Third Eye Blind, and The Offspring. He then opened the envelope. Inside were two pictures of Jamie, three pictures of Stephen, and five pictures of John, one of which was taken only a week ago with Billy. He finally read the letter: Billy, I just wanted to let you know that you are a great friend and I think the only way I can express it is to give you some of my favorite things of all time. When you see me next, don’t make a big deal of it or anything. I don’t think I’m ready to talk about how I feel inside but maybe someday I will. Anythings possible, right? Anyways, I hope at least one of us can find happiness again, but it’s tough isn’t it? Your friend, John Tate Billy smiled, and placed the note back into the box. He layed back on his bed, and lit a cigarette. He is such a weird dude…..but if this is his way of reaching out, at least he’s doing it. John Tate stared at himself in the mirror, thinking deeply as he stared into his own dark eyes. Life just keeps going, wherever it leads me it’s all the same thing. I meet new people, do new things, but it’s all the same. Never changing the way I feel. Pleasure, pain, love, hate, life, death, fuck, it’s all the same thing. Who is the only one who can lead me out of the dirt, the mud? Nobody has yet. Stephen….I think I do love him, he’s all I really have in life, but
what’s the point of infecting him with me? And it will happen. As he grows he’ll see exactly how I am, and he’ll do nothing but absorb it. He’ll become me. Unhappy. Lifeless. No sparks. Why do I even bother dressing nice? To make an impression that I’m something I don’t feel inside. How can I continue doing this? I don’t want to. Then don’t. What? Don’t John, don’t put up with all this motherfucking, hypocritical bullshit. You’ve known it for so long, and today is like a whole new beginning. The clarity….the absolute clarity….keep your memories and move on…..just move on….. The sun was beginning to go down when John left his bedroom. He walked downstairs, where Danny was napping on the couch in just a pair of shorts. Stephen was sitting on the floor, coloring into a Disney coloring book. John knelt down and placed his hand on Stephen’s head, ruffling his hair. Stephen looked up and smiled. “Hi! You smell funny!” John nodded. “It’s called cologne. Look, tell Tommy and Kara I’m going out for the night. I’ll be back soon, okay?” Stephen nodded, and returned to his coloring. John stood, and left the house. Billy picked up his telephone and dialed John’s number. After three rings, Kara picked up. “Hi Kara.” “Hi Billy! How are you doing?” “Pretty good. Kinda tired. Looking for a job still.” “Yeah John told me. I’ve been working at the real estate agency, if you want I can put in a good word for you. The secretary there just quit.” Billy’s eyes perked up, “Yeah that would be cool! Thanks, Kara!” “Sure, and your welcome. I’m guessing you wanted to talk to John…” “Yeah, please.” “I thought he was out with you. He left sometime around six, I don’t know where he is…” Billy sighed and ran his hand through his hair. “Okay….well, if he comes back tell him I called. Okay?” “No problem. I’ll talk to you later and try to pull a few strings about the job, if you’d like.” “Great. Thanks. Bye.” “Bye.” Billy hung the telephone up, and took several breaths. He lit a cigarette, and stared at the letter again. His eyes transfixed on the writing, seeing for the first time that some of the ink seemed to be smeared in certain parts. What the…..fuck? It’s…..are these supposed to be tears? Yeah……was he crying when he wrote this? His mood…..his favorite things….oh my god….oh fuck…..oh fuck! He stood quickly, threw a shirt on from the floor, and ran from the room. John shivered as he sat on the parapet of the bridge, legs swinging, as the cold breeze blew over his T-shirt clad torso. Looking down, he could see his moonlight-silhouette in the sparkling black water below him along with the ghostly leaffull skeletons of the surrounding trees. What’d he done to deserve this? How come Tommy and Kara didn’t get this strife? Even Billy, who was by no means normal, still could get on with his life. Hell, WHY COULDN’T HE? Why had his dad gone so ape when he told him he wanted to pay him a visit? Why didn’t get this strife? Even Billy, who was by no means normal, still could get on with his life. He’d probably be better off dead. No one’d mind. No one liked him, anyway. He wasn’t a particularly talented guy – Stephen wouldn’t be better off without him. Why did he bother? He’d been hit on by a frigging guy, who told him that he was “silently asking for it”.

In fact he’d probably be off dead. No one’d mind. No one liked him, anyway. He wasn’t a particularly talented guy – Stephen would be better off without him. Why did he bother? He sighed and looked down at his reflection again. Yes…….I do. He heard a branch break in the distance. He looked up and saw a familiar face approach him. He sighed and rolled his eyes, “Billy….please, go away.” Billy entered the bridge, and walked slowly towards him. “No.” “Just fucking leave.” “Why? So you can jump in? Kill yourself?” “Fuck Billy! You don’t know. You have no idea how miserable I am inside. It’s like,” John began tearing in the eyes, “everytime I think things will get better, things fall back and I feel so much pain. I just want to die….please, if your my friend….if you do care for me even a tenth, just turn and walk away. Don’t look back….and know this is what I want inside.” Billy stared at the crying boy for almost a minute before finally nodding. “Okay.” John sniffed, “Thank you.” Billy placed his hand on John’s shoulder as he sat down next to him. “So are you ready?” “What?” “It’s simple. I DO care a lot about you. And if you think this is the best way out, then I will follow you. Do you think I particularly love life? My life is shit too. I’ve lost Jamie, and I don’t want to lose you too. So when your ready, we’ll both jump. Together.” John lowered his head, still crying. “I don’t want you to die…..” “Why should that matter? Do you REALLY think your so nothing that no one would care if you killed yourself?” “But it’s hard! Fuck! I want to be happy…I really do….but everytime I do I end up losing something….I cant live like this.” Billy turned to John, “I’ll make you a promise. If you let me try to help you, I promise never to leave you. If you truly don’t care, we’ll both jump.” John took several breaths before turning to Billy and wrapping his arms around him. He began crying loudly, not caring about how absurd it sounded. Billy returned the hug full on, and after ten minutes…when John’s crying subsided, whispered delicately, “Come on. I’ll walk you home.” John’s voice was crackly, “You really are my best friend. I know it’s dumb and retarded, because we just met not too long ago, but I really care about you.” Billy smiled, and stood. He helped John up, and slowly the two walked back into Haddonfield. When they returned to Tommy’s house, Billy patted him on the sholder, “So I’ll see you tomorrow?” John turned, looked at Billy, and smiled. “Sure.” Billy couldn’t believe it. For the first time since knowing him, John had smiled.

73.

Haddonfield, Illinois

October 30, 2000
Billy Hill awoke in bed, rubbed his eyes, yawned, and finally turned on the radio. It blared the sound of the dj, “...and she was returned to her parents following. You're listening to Raving Randy and the morning crew here at WKNB, the new 112.5! And it's now nine o'clock, and I'm telling all you lazy bones to get out of bed! It's blackcat day all over mid-Illinois! So remember to carve those pumpkins, because the old ones were likely smashed to hell last night! And watch out for all those witches, the ones who weren't burned in Salem, rumor has it they may be working at your local K-Mart. And when you send the little ones out to get candy tonight..., this is important..., before you check their candy, make sure you check their necks. Those vampires, the ones Buffy didn't get to, they are out tonight! And while you're raking your leaves, watch out for ghosts and zombies! If you haven't figured it out yet Restless Illinois spirits, it's that time of year again! The scariest day of the year!” Randy's co-host laughed, “Valentine's Day?” “No. No. That's pretty scary, but this is worse.” “Groundhog's day?” “Getting closer, Kathy.” “Arbor day? That always scared the bejeezus outta me!” “You're right on the tip of the iceberg! Come! Walking dead, witches, trick-or-treating, come on Kathy, yer killing me....” Kathy was laughing loudly, “Oh, of course!!! All you WKNB listeners out there, Raving Randy, Weatherdude Jeffy, me, and all the morning crew would like to wish all our listeners a very Merrrry Christmas!” “Yes! Merry Christmas to all, and to all.....make sure you tee-pee Kathy's house ASAP! It's Halloweeeen! And in celebration, here's an oldie, but a goodie. A little ear-candy for all you gremlins out there. Our good friend Boris singing none other than “The Monster Mash.” As the song began, Billy sighed and gathered his clothes. “I hate today already.” Later that day, the yellow school buses which read HADDONFIELD PUBLIC SCHOOLS roared down the streets as residents raked fallen leaves, which were still falling even now from the trees. Billy walked down the sidewalk, avoiding the groups of kids passing him, many of which were complaining about how there was no such thing as Halloween in their town. Billy smiled and thought, you kids don't know how lucky you are. He walked to Ginny Street, and began crossing the crosswalk. He turned his head and stopped dead in fright as a car zoomed up to him, stopped right at the white line. Billy didn’t move, much like a deer he was frozen in fear. The car....it’s going to hit me.... The car was actually a police vehicle, and officer Franklyn Warner joked his head out the window, “Bill? You okay?” Billy blinked. “Oh....sorry Officer Warner.” Be began walking. Why can't I get over my fucking fear? Franklyn pulled his car around the corner and parked it. He stepped from his car and called out to Billy. Billy stopped and waited for him to catch up. “Sorry I scared you, is everything okay?” “Yeah...it's okay, sir.” Franklyn smiled. “You really don't have to call me sir Bill. We're practically cousins-in-law.” “Yeah, I suppose so.” Billy faked a smile. “Listen, word has it there’s going to be a Halloween party tonight, you heard anything about it?” “Nope.” “Yeah, supposedly it’s high school kids. I guess you’ve been kinda outta circulation about that stuff since you graduated, huh.” Billy raised his eyebrows, “I was out of circulation long before that.” Franklyn nodded, not sure what Billy meant. “So how’s your mother?” “She's okay. Dad and her are at my grandma's. She's very sick.” “Well sorry to hear that. Give them my best when you see them. Have a good day.” “Bye.” Billy began walking again as Franklyn approached his car. But what Billy didn’t know, nor Franklyn for that matter, was that Michael Myers was watching both, and when the time was right, began following Billy again. Billy went to Ronald Bidwell’s house, and saw him sitting on his front porch. Ronald smiled, “Hey Silly Willy. What's shaking?” Billy stopped, “My dick after I piss all over you. Where’s Dena?” “De? I didn’t know she was back in town, dude.” “Bullshit. Your a loyal boyfriend, you know that?” “Shut up man. She’s on her way. Should be here any minute. She wants to show off her new car.” “Cool. I can’t wait to see her.” “Yeah, she’s happy were all getting to hang out again, like old times.” “Yeah, old times...it wasn’t THAT long ago.” “Whatever. Too bad Brandon aint showing.” “Well, what can you do? Illinois State is far away.” Ronald stood and opened a can of beer, “Did John call you today?” “Yeah. They made it to Langdon earlier today. That dude, Dillon, he’s really cool letting them all stay there.” “Too bad John didn’t stay behind, right?” “What do you mean by that?” “Nothing. He’s just cool, that’s all.” Billy was about to respond, but turned his head as Dena Harper pulled into the
“Do you guys know about the alternate ending to Enid’s Billing?”

“Nah, I dunno. I heard it was kind of sappy.”

“I was stoked!”

Billy and Ronald both began laughing.

Billy shook his head, “God I hate Halloween.”

“My weed supply is low again.”

Ronald put his arm around Dena’s sholders, “It’s okay.”

Dena lit a Misty cigarette. “Y’know I was supposed to go to the college’s Halloween party tonight.”

She gave him a look of annoyance, “I got to words for you Ronny, Shut The Fuck Up.”

Dena nodded and rolled her eyes. “We know Billy, you’ve told us a billion and a billion times.”

“Yeah,” Ben agreed, “That’s why you belong here. Haddonfield hates it too!”

Ronald finished his beer.

“Okay. But who will you be smooching with in the theater?”

Dena gave him a look. “I got the lead in “A Streetcar Named Desire.” Blanche Dubois. The director is a total Betty!” She smiled. “You’ve got four words for you, That Aint Two Words.”

“Come on guys!” Dena was already in her car, placing her sunglasses on.

Ronald put his hands over his sholders as he began to laugh. “I’m supposed to go to Peoria tomorrow to get some fertalizer, do you want to come?”

Billy smiled, “Yeah! I wanna go to the store. I hear snotty Callie Olson works there…..fucking home coming queen who thought she was better than anyone is now checking out groceries!”

Dena jumped in joy, still estatic about her new car.

“Terrific!”

She ran to Billy, giving him a hug. “I missed you too, honey.”

Billy opened his mouth in shock, “What?”

She than broke the hug and ran to Ronald, giving him a hug. “I missed you too, honey.”

He smiled and nodded. “I was stoked!”

Ronald quickly exited his car and smiled.

“Terrific!”

Dena was already in her car, driving it down the driveway, in her new 1999 Sedan Deville. Billy smiled, seeing that college hadn’t changed Dena at all. She was still wearing her Clueless clothes, which consisted of a white see-throublouse over another tight white shirt, along with a blue feather boa dangling loosely over her sholders. She was staying true to her chosen fashion. Dena quickly exited her car and smiled. She ran to Billy,

“Billy! Billy it’s been too long!” She gave him a hug, and began getting jumpy. She than broke the hug and ran to Ronald, giving him a soft kiss. “I missed you too, honey.”

Ronald smiled, “I miss you alot.”

Billy walked up to the car. “This is the shit! Where did you get it?”

“Wow! This totally jettin’ place that gives discounts to college students! I was stoked!”

“Terrific! So how’s the play going?”

“It’s pretty nify. I got the lead in “A Streetcar Named Desire.” Blanche Dubois. The director is a total Betty!”

Billy nodded, “I made some pumpkin pie. Hocus Pocus with Bette Midler was playing. Bette Midler was screaming,”

Ronald grunted, “My bad!”

Billy shook his head, “That movie was sadder than Titanic.”

Ronald snickered, “Titanic was funny.”

Billy unlocked the front door to his home, “That really was depressing, the way they both died at the end.”

“Yeah,” Ronald grunted, “Just to save that annying kid.”

Dena opened her mouth in shock, “What?”

Billy shook his head, “Two lives were wasted to save one. How pathetic is that?”

Billy sat on the sofa, “I think the point was that the kid was all the sister had left, and her fience didn’t want to go on living without her.”

Ronald lit a cigarette, “So what you are saying is that the boy is going to grow up in abusive foster homes because the dude wanted to wimp out of life.”

Dena shook her head, “No. No. No. Your missing the whole point. They were being non-selfish! Duh! The boy has a chance at life because of the sacrifice his sister made!”

Ronald laughed, “Do you guys know about the alternate ending to Enid’s Billing?”

“No.”

“Great.

I told you last night before you went to sleep?”

“I probably was asleep.” “Naturally. Well, if we would have went to Denmark, they wouldn’t be coming out here.”

Ronald put his hands over his sholders as he began to laugh. “I’m supposed to go to Peoria tomorrow to get some fertalizer, do you want to come?”

“Yeah,” Ronald grunted, “Just

Billy it’s been too long!” She gave him a hug, and began getting jumpy. She than broke the hug and ran to Ronald, giving him a soft kiss. “I missed you too, honey.”

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Ronald laughed, “Do you guys know about the alternate ending to Enid’s Billing?”

“No.”

“Well, I read all about it on the internet. After the sister and
the dude died, he is in the police car and it gets hit by a drunk driver, killing him on impact. So, like I said, it was all in vain.” Billy began laughing when Dena’s eyes widened, “Oh my god!” Ronald, when seeing Dena’s reaction, joined in Billy’s laughter. Dena eventually figured out she was being mislead, “You are such a jerk. Really, that movie was sweet…but putting Barbara Eden in it was a mistake.” She then began laughing as well. Billy turned on the cd player and Zoot Suit Riot by the Cherry Poppin’ Daddies began playing. Ronald reached into his back pack and pulled out an eight pack of Zima, a bottle of Vodka, a bag of psychedelic mushrooms, and another bag of marijuana. Billy squinted his eyes, “Jesus! Your going to be soared outta yer gored!” Dena agreed, “I thought you were just getting pot and Zima.” Ronald shrugged, “My mom gave me fifty dollars last week if I promised not to come home while she and dad were throwing a party.” Billy didn’t reply, for he knew that deep-down Ronald did in fact wish his parents would try to be with him more, instead of always placing distance between them all. Dena, on the other hand, smiled, “Cool! It must be so nice to be rich like that!” Ronald sneered as he opened a bottle of Zima, “Yeah. It’s the greatest thing in the world.” Billy lowered his head, feeling sympa-thy for his closest friend. Dena opened a bottle as well. “Sha! I’d love to have my own maid and my own credit card!” Ronald shook his head. She really doesn’t get it. He then looked over to Billy and saw his head down. “Silly Willy, what’s wrong?” Billy looked up. Ronald grinned, “I know. Your thinking about somebody taking a vacation. Am I right or am I right?” Billy bent his head and shot Ronald a ‘very funny’ look. Dena smiled, “Do you have a girlfriend?” Billy closed his eyes, “Nope. Ronny is just making things up which don’t exist.” Ronald licked his lips, “Yeah, whatever dude. Why don’t you get some orange juice?” Dena blinked. “Why OJ?” Ronald took a hit of his cigarette, “I’m going to make us some skrewdrivers.” Billy stood and went into his kitchen. Dena whispered, “Who’s on vacation?” Ronald thought a moment, “Nobody.” Dena raised her hands and made a “W” shape, “Whatever!” “Seriously honey, nobody.” Billy heard Dena and Ronald talk through the kitchen door. He smiled, glad Ronald really was a true friend. He grabbed three glasses from the dish washer, then the orange juice from the refrigerator. He then went back into the livingroom. Ronald was already rolling some marijuana with paper. Dena smiled, “Remember that time when we had that hotel party and we didn’t have any papers?” Ronald laughed, “Oh yeah. And we ended up using the front page of that Bible in the nightstand! Ha!” Billy smiled, “That was pretty funny. Those were good times.” Dena looked at him. “Hey! Just because high school is over doesn’t mean life is over too!” “Yeah, but what if we stop hanging out?” Billy was smiling as he picked up a Zima. “As if!” Dena said, “That kinda stuff is, like, so totally stereotype!” “Yeah,” agreed Ronald with a smile, “as if.” Billy changed the cd. Amnesia by Chumbawumba came to life. Ronald screamed, “All right! Let’s spark this dubie up!” Dena, not exactly thrilled about getting high, mockingly clapped her hands, “Oh……goody……” Billy laughed to himself, it’s great having friends. But I know John would hate this what with him being so against drinking and drugs and all…..cest la vie. Outside the Hill household, the shape watched silently through the window, observing the three teenagers. Next door, the Hveneguard’s dog, Buttercup, howled with fierceness, as it sensed the evil close by. “MICHAEL! KILL FOR HIM!” Dena popped a psychedelic mushroom into her mouth, “I’ve never had these before.” Ben took a hit of his joint, kept it inhaled for several seconds, then exhaled the smoke, “You’ll be flying to the moon and back by the time were through.” He then passed the weed to Billy. Billy took a drink of his skrewdriver, then proceeded to smoke the pot. “You should have brought the bowl along, this is burning my fingers.” Dena giggled. Ronald leaned back. “Don’t bitch. Change the cd.” Billy complied as he stood. He felt incredibly heavy, and staggered to the cd player. “Wellll…..we have Aqua…..Tori Amos…..Hole……Merideth Brooks…….” He turned and saw neither were paying attention, so he placed the cd by Garbage into the player. Dena whispered into Ronald’s ear, “Do you wanna go upstairs?” Ronald took another sip of his skrewdriver, then whisered back into Dena’s ear, “No. I really don’t think I can.” Dena whispered, “Why not?” “De, when a guy gets like this, he cant do much except piss.” “Oh,” Dena then reached over for the joint Billy was passing her. Billy sighed and buried himself into the couch, “I’m really….ya know….starting to feel it…” Ronald grinned, “Yeah dude, this is the good stuff.” Dena looked at the boys confused, “I only feel slightly buzzed.” Ronald nodded, “You only had one shroom, and your smoking the blunt like it’s a slim ciggy….you used to really smoke em down, remember?” Dena thought a moment, then stood. “Where are ya going?” Dena smiled and placed her finger onto Ronald’s nose, “I gotta pee!” “Oh hurry back,” Ronald said before finishing off his Zima. Dena walked up the stairs and went into the bathroom. She looked into the mirror, stared at her unblemished face, and began brushing her hair. She noticed her eyes were slightly red. She then went to the toilet, and proceeded to urinate. She began softly singing, “I’ll be waiting for you, here inside my heart….let me be the one to love you more…” After, she went back to the mirror and decided to brush her hair again, and borrow one of Mrs. Hill’s scrunchies so her hair wouldn’t get into her eyes. “Ronald,” she said looking into the mirror, “do you think our relationship is going anywhere? We usually don’t act like we going out, even when were alone. It’s more like were still friends, except we have sex. At first I dated you to make Billy jealous….that was a shitty thing to do, I know that. But I really did grow to love you. But things still aren’t going anywhere. Maybe we should just be friends. I…” There was a slow knock at the door. Dena jumped instantly felt morbidly horrible, knowing that either Billy or Ronald had just overheard what she’d said. “W-who is it?” Another slow rythm of knocks came through the door. “Great.” Dena said as she went to the door, which was unlocked, and opened it. She saw, to her terror, a tall menacing figure wearing a white mask. She shrieked as Michael grabbed her. He quickly snapped her neck, and Dena fell dead to the floor. By that time, Billy and Ronald were both asleep. The shape walked down the stairs and passed freely by both boys. Hours later, Ronald awoke and rubbed his face heavily until he somewhat had his senses back. He noticed Dena was gone, so
Haddonfield, Illinois

75.

jumped effortlessly onto the grassy knoll below. Michael heard the policemen entering the house downstairs, so he quietly walked into the guest bedroom, broke the window, and pounding, and rammed his knife into the door. Billy ran to the door and pressed his hands against it, hoping his weight could hold Michael off long enough. When he finished running through it, which let the moonlight in, casting a bluish hue over the room.

Ronald ran down the stairs, “It’s Dena….she’s…..she’s dead!” “What?” “I don’t know! The drugs or something…” Roland ran to the phone and picked it up. He quickly dialed 911 and waited for them to answer. Billy ran to the stairs, but Ronald hollored, “Don’t go up there! Wha….Billy, its not ringing!” He then saw, to his surprise, that the phone cord was cut. “Oh….fuck!” Billy began shaking, “Shit….shit….shit….we have to get help.” Ronald threw the phone down and grabbed Billy’s arm. “Come on!” Before Billy could react, Michael emerged from the shadows and stabbed Billy in the back of his shoulder. Billy yelped and, instantly, turned around. When he saw the white mask which he knew all too well he screamed as loudly as he could. Ronald screamed as well, and pulled Billy away. Michael plummited the knife into his stomach. Ronald hunched over, and the knife was withdrawn. Billy instinctively began running for the door as Ronald fell over, blood gushing from his stomach. Once Billy was outside, he began screaming for help. He ran nextdoor to Brenda Curtis’ house. He pounded on her door, screaming for Brenda to let him in. Shortly after, Brenda opened the door, “What is it? Billy, are you okay?” Billy darted inside and slammed the front door, bolting it behind him. The shape walked slowly to Brenda’s backyard. “Brenda! You have to call the cops now!” Brenda grabbed Billy by the shoulders, “Calm down…..oh god, your bleeding! What happened to you?” Brenda cried, “He killed my friends. Michael Myers! He killed them! Please…..get on the phone!” Brenda smiled, “Billy, Halloween was banned…..that includes Halloween pranks.” Billy sniffed and quickly shook his head, “No! No! This is real!” Michael entered Brenda’s house through the back patio doors, which were purposely unlocked. Brenda petted Billy’s long hair, “Calm down, we’ll get through this.” Billy cried, “Oh god, what’s happening?” Both Billy and Brenda turned their heads in unison at the sound of footsteps. Billy screamed in horror as Brenda grasped onto him, a small smile echoed into her face. Billy, in shock, struggled, “Let me go!” Brenda laughed, “Sorry Billy, I’m afraid Thorn would never allow it. Your time has come.” “No!” Billy was able to struggle free after stomping onto Brenda’s foot. He ran to the nearest window and threw himself through it, crashing through to the other side. Brenda stared at Michael, “Get him!” Michael stared at Brenda. “MICHAEL! KILL FOR HIM!” Michael grabbed Brenda and stabbed her in the chest. Brenda, in pure horror, screamed, “No! Michael no!” Michael quickly stabbed Brenda ten more times, then dropped her shaking body as he went on his way. Billy knocked loudly on the Hveneguard’s door, pleading with them to let him in. He turned his head, and saw Michael walk slowly through his own front yard. Billy screamed, and tried the door handle. Suprisingly, it opened. Billy swiftly ran into the house and bolted the door. “Mr. Hveneguard?? Are you home?!” Billy switched on the livingroom light and saw to his dismay, Pascal Hveneguard lying face down at the kitchen table. Blood was all over the floor. Billy cried out and ran to the nearest phone, and quickly dialed 911. When he discovered the phone was dead, he slammed it down. He turned around and saw Michael walking towards him from the kitchen door. Billy screamed and ran to the large staircase, leaving Michael to follow. When he finished bolting up the stairs, he looked down the hall and chose a room to hide in. He ran into the Hveneguard’s master bedroom, locking the door behind him. He looked around the granduous room, which had incredibly large prismsed windows with odd angles and lines running through it, which let the moonlight in, casting a bluish hue over the room. He ran to the window and found it could not be opened. He looked through it and saw, with hope, a police car speed to and stop abruptly in front of his house. Billy quickly picked up a brass lamp next to the bed and swung it with all his might into the far side of the window, shattering part of the glass. He looked down, and saw cement underneath him. He knew that jumping could very well kill him. He screamed loudly to the police officers who were approaching the Hill household, “Help! Help me please!” He saw the policemen look in his direction. “Help! Over here! Hurry, he’s in here!” Suddenly, a loud thud came from the bedroom door. Billy screamed, “Please hurry! Don’t let him kill me tooooo!” Billy ran to the door and pressed his hands against it, hoping his weight could hold Michael off long enough. Billy heard several more police cars approach, and very quickly the Hveneguard bedroom was filled with dozens and dozens of dancing red and blue flashing lights, as it went through the prismsed windows. The lights hit all parts of the room, including Billy. Michael quit pounding, and rammed his knife into the door. Billy screamed morbidly as the knife went right into the ring finger on his right hand. Michael heard the policemen entering the house downstairs, so he quietely walked into the guest bedroom, broke the window, and jumped effortlessly onto the grassy knoll below. He then walked away as an ambulance arrived.

75.

Haddonfield, Illinois
November 31, 2000

Tommy, Kara, Danny, Stephen, and John entered the Haddonfield Memorial Hospital. Tommy stopped at the registration desk, “I need to find out which room William Hill is in.” The receptionist, Lin Chu, typed on her computer. Tommy remembered Lin. She was the receptionist who notified security when he had brought Stephen in years ago. Lin read out the information, “He’s on the second floor, room 202.” Tommy nodded, “Thank you.” John was already pressing the up button, and waited impatiently for the elevator. Kara held Stephen’s hand, “He’s going to be okay John.” The elevator door opened, and the five entered quickly. On the second floor, John sprinted ahead of the others and ran to room 202. Kara signed and leaned in to Tommy, “He didn’t take it well at all.” Tommy nodded, “I think he’s John’s best friend.” Kara shook her head. “Why would Michael attack Billy? They aren’t related.” Tommy pursed his lips and thought, “Well, I honestly don’t know. Dawn told us that Michael would return, but he wouldn’t be after us. She was right.” John stared solemnly at Billy, who was sound asleep. He finally touched his shoulder and gave him a small shake. Billy stirred, and his eyes opened slightly. “wha…” John smiled as he began crying, “Billy! I’d thought I’d lost you too!” Billy coughed, “John?” “Yeah.” “How did you get here?” “Tommy and Kara are outside. We came as soon as we heard the news.” “Oh.” “What happened?” Billy began watering at the eyes, “Oh god John……oh god……it was him! It was him. He killed Dena…” John licked his lips. “I heard he killed Ronald too.” “Ronald’s not dead.” John thought. “But…” “I found out Ronald had crawled across the street and called the police.” John pulled a chair next to the bed and sat down. “Oh god…I’m so sorry Billy. I know how close you and Dena were.” Billy closed his eyes, trying to hold back the tears which were building up powerfully around his eyes now. “…..was hoping she might still be alive, but officer Everns told me she did. He….murdered her…” John knew exactly how Billy felt, thinking back to his best friend Charlie. “Try not to think about it. What’s important is that you’re alive and safe.” Billy kept his eyes closed, “Not totally.” He then lifted his right hand. The ring finger was covered in gauze. Billy sniffed. “It’s dead.” John stared at his hand. “What?” “My finger. Michael stabbed it. The nerves were severed. There’s nothing they can do.” “So….it’s just going to be limp?” “No,” Billy said with discust, “I’ve already made up my mind. I’m going to have them amputate it.” John couldn’t believe Billy was already making such a rash decision already, especially since the data was most likely premature. But he wouldn’t press it. He placed his hand on Billy’s arm, “I’m….shit….I’m so….I don’t know what to say…..I feel happy and sad, ya know?” “You do?” Billy said before coughing. “Yeah, it’s complicated…..but I’m glad your alive….that’s, well, I’ll be here for you…..” Billy finally opened his eyes, and stared into John’s. “That means a lot to me….” Tommy, Kara, Danny, and Stephen entered the room. Billy smiled at them, “Hey!” Tommy patted his leg, “Hangin’ in there?” “Yeah…..I guess.” Kara offered him a warm smile, “When will your parents be here?” “By tonight.” Nurse Monica Chapman entered the room, “I’m sorry, only two visitors at a time. Rules are rules. And….Mr. Hill needs his rest.” Tommy looked at her, “Alright. We’ll leave. Just give us a minute to say goodbye.” Monica nodded, “You can come back tomorrow during visiting hours.” Tommy, Kara, Danny, and John said their good-byes, and promised to return the next day to visit both him and Ronald.

76.

Haddonfield, Illinois

August 9, 2001

Haddonfield was experincing Indian Summer as a heatwave washed over the town. Unluckily for everyone living at Tommy’s house, the air conditioner had broken several days before. So, the every window and door was opened, and six fans were on, trying to circulate the house as best as it could. Kara, wiping the sweat from her forehead, had just purchased a newly revised book on psychology, and decided to tackle it….When I return to college I’m going to kick major butt in this class. Tommy, Kara, Danny, and Stephen entered the room. Billy smiled happily as John opened the sack and pulled out a book which had a picture of a black man and woman embracing in a passionate kiss on the cover. The title read, Malibu Bitch—An erotic thriller of love, dominance, and betrayal. By Ronald and Shirl Jones. John laughed, “Ronnie finally wrote that book he was always talking about! I guess his wife took controll, though.” Billy sat down, “If you read the back cover, it says their co-writing another story even now called Ghetto Superstar. Maybe
I’ll buy you that one also when it comes out.” John shook his head, “Well, that’d be cool….but try to remember I do NOT go to sleep at night holding a romance novel.”

77.
Haddonfield, Illinois
November 1, 2002
Tommy Doyle turned on his television, glad to see that there seemed to be nothing wrong. Kara, in her bathrobe, came out of her bedroom. “Morning, did you sleep well last night?” “Nope. I was up till almost five. But nothing happened….he didn’t return….just like Dawn said.” Kara sat down on a chair, “Well, then that’s that. We have one whole year to prepare….” Tommy nodded, “Yeah….one year left…..”

78.
Langdon, Illinois
October 30, 2003
Dillon Chambers smiled warmly as he flicked his cigarette out his car window. He had just dropped off the copy of his greatest work at the publishers….it would surely get printed. The work was entitled The Halloween Murders: The truth behind Michael Myers, the people he killed, and the people who helped him. It was two thousand pages long, and covered everything there was to know about Michael. He ended up giving Dr. Sam Loomis the title of co-writer, as he used much of his manuscript he was typing before he died. Besides that, he also used many of Loomis’ personal notes, as well as official records to capture the true nature of Myers. After that, he conducted extensive interviews with the families of those Michael had slain over time, as well as survivors such as Tommy, Kara, John, Billy, Ronald, and Danny. Also he spent several chapters discussing Judith Myers, Laurie Strode, Jamie Lloyd. Out of curtesy, he neglected to mention the fact that Keri Tate and John were actually Michael’s relatives. Finally, he devoted three chapters to his sister, Marion. Also, he included all of Tommy’s information on Dr. Terence Wynn, Smith’s Grove/Warren County Sanitarium, and the Thorn cult. He was sure this was the most comprehensive book on Michael Myers, and it was also the only official one, as Dr. Loomis was his doctor. He pulled his car onto the street and left his car. He entered his house, and immediately remembered that Karen was still working. He sighed and removed his jacket and shoes. He then went into the kitchen and grabbed a beer from the refrigerator. He felt like celebrating, knowing that he could finally be respected as a writer. That, and I’ll be rich, but that’s an added bonus…. Suddenly, Dillon heard a loud THWAK! in his office, and he suspected the cat, Kissus, had knocked something over. When he entered the office, he noticed the computer was completely trashed. He turned around to leave, but saw a dark figure in the door. A man dressed in black. “Who are you?” The man smiled, “Hello Dillon.” “Do….do I know you?” Dillon asked as he slowly picked up a lead candle stick by his desk. “Well, I’ve heard you wrote a novel about the nature of Thor, so naturally I had to see for myself. It was good reading, actually. You really put a lot of work into it, it’s a shame it will never live to see the light of day.” Dillon glanced at his smashed computer. It would be suicide to tell him two copies of the story existed, one at his editors and the other at Tommy Doyle’s. So, he simply lowered his head and acted as if he was defeated. The man smiled, “Of course, one copy still exists.” Dillon raised his head, eyes wide. The man pointed at Dillon, “In your head. I’m sorry….but that extra copy must be deleted as well.” He then lifted a gun towards the man. Dillon backed away, now afraid for his life. “No…” He switched on the desk lamp, and he could now plainly see the face of his attacker. He gasped and shook his head, “No….you can’t be alive!” The man smiled, “I see you remember me.” Dillon took a deep breath and stood firm, “Jared Wittington…..I could never forget you.” Jared, the man, nodded. “So all this time…you married Marion, so what…..so you could…..” “I don’t see why I need to explain my motives to you. You know Dillon, I’ve never really liked you. So young, good looking….cocky. No, I’m sorry you must die.” Dillon felt the bullet enter his chest, and he fell over backwards. Jared walked closer, “Say goodnight.” He then shot Dillon once more in the chest. He looked out the window and saw Karen Chambers walking up to the house. He quickly dashed for the backdoor, and managed to exit before she entered. He smiled as he walked away, Perfect timing. Thank you Thor, for thy help. Moments later, all of Cypress Pond Drive could hear Karen Chambers’ screaming.
Earlier that day, Tommy, John, Kara, Danny, and Billy all met at Tommy’s and discussed what John called ‘Operation: Let’s Plan Suicide’. They agreed that it all must come to an end, and since they knew Michael would return the next day, they might as well be prepared. It was agreed that John and Billy would lure Michael to his old house, where Tommy would have homemade explosions waiting to kill Michael once and for all. Kara didn’t like the plan at all, but finally agreed it is the only choice. Involving the police would only hinder their efforts, as the past has shown. Now, Tommy and John just finished rigging the explosives to the Myers house. John felt extremely nervous, but had faith that Tommy knew what he was doing. “I never really believed you when you told me you were a survivalist…I could never do all this.” Tommy nodded. “When I was thirteen I picked up a survival book called Boobytraps and other Improvised Antipersonal Devices. My mom flipped when she saw it. But I vowed at that age to protect myself from Michael….even then I knew I would see him again. I dreampt of it.” Later that night, John was sitting in his room, quietly looking at a Rollingstones magazine. Kara entered the doorways and told him Billy was on the phone. John, who was nervous and filled with anxiety, nodded and went to the phone. “Hello?” “Hey….how’s it going.” “Hi.” “Um….since tomorrow’s uh…D day, how about we go out to the coffee house?” John sighed, “No.” “Oh…..why not?” “Dammit Billy, we spend too much time together. I just want to be alone.” As soon as John said it, he regretted it. “Okay…..well, I’ll see you tomorrow morning, bright and early like Tommy said. Bye.” And with that the phone was hung up. John could tell he had deeply hurt Billy…..he ran to his room, slammed the door, and cried into his pillow. Why does tomorrow have to come? Why cant things just go normal? Why did I say those things to Billy? Why?

80.

Haddonfield, Illinois

October 31, 2003

Halloween

The sun rose slowly as the residents of Haddonfield began getting ready for the day. Some were getting ready for another day of work, some were getting their children ready for school, and some were packing their bags, deathly afraid to be in the area on October 31st, just to be sure they would survive till the next day. For every other town in the area, it was a joyous holiday known as Halloween, the night when the dead walked, the teenagers threw parties, the evil was feared, the children dressed up in costumes and collected candy door-to-door, jack o’lanterns were lit with candles, mentally unstable individuals planned ways to tamper with candy, houses were covered with toilet paper, and by the end everyone goes to bed wishing the day had been longer. But not in Haddonfield. On this particular day, Halloween is a forgotten tradition. It was revived once, but was faced with such deadly results it is now long dead. For buried in the annals of the town’s history, and spoken of in whispers, is the tragidc reason. A reason the older residents pray will not return to haunt them again. By the time John Tate had awoken from slumber, Kara Strode and Tommy Doyle were already up, slowly drinking their morning cups of coffee. “Good morning,” Kara said with monotone approach. John tried to smile, “Morning. I bet you’re both having second thoughts, right?” Tommy nodded, “Kara is.” Kara put her hand to her forehead, “I keep thinking about how insane this all is. What normal person would do what we’re going to do? Danny and Stephen should be safe, not put in danger. I…” “Kara, I understand. But I’m going to tell you something. Michael killed my mom, my sister, and my friends. He almost tried to kill me, you both, Stephen, Billy, and Danny. And a lot of other good people. I almost went crazy after he attacked me, just like my mom did. Michael is evil. I’m not trying to turn this into a revenge, I…well…I’ll make sure nobody ever has to lose somebody to him again, even if it kills me.” Kara understood what John said all too well, for she felt the same way after her own family was killed. She didn’t respond. Neither did Tommy. John took several breaths before walking to the coffee pot and pouring himself a cup of coffee. He then sat his cup onto the table and said, “I’m going to get the kids up for school.” Kara nodded. When John left, she turned to her best friend, “I still don’t know…but I think I understand a few things. We can’t keep running. We cant risk the possibility of Danny being controlled by…Thorn. We can’t go to the police. We can’t even send Stephen away, because Michael might choose to go after him.” “But if we all work together, and stick to our plan, we have a chance in hell.” Kara continued to stare forward. “A chance in hell.” “I told all of you this yesterday, this is it. If we go through with this, some of us could die. There’s no turning back once it begins. But I feel…..every fiber in my beings says that what we will do is the right thing. It’s what God wants us to do.” Kara took a large drink of her coffee, “Y’know Tommy, if it was four or five years ago, I would have thought you just were saying this because you were crazy obsessed. After what happened to you all those years ago.” “But not now?” Tommy said with curiosity. “No. Not now.” Tommy smiled as Danny came running into the kitchen, “Mom! I’m going to be late for school!” Kara glanced at the kitchen clock, “Oh. Well, hurry up and get ready! I’ll drive you to school.” Danny smiled, “Cool!” He then ran back to his room. Tommy stood, “I’ll help John get Stephen ready.” Kara watched him leave as she finished her
coffee. God help us all, because today we’ll need it today. Jerry Chrystal and his half-brother, Jason Hampar, walked slowly to school, dragging their book-bags on the ground. Jerry sighed, “I don’t want to miss the bus again. If your late again, you walk alone.” “I said I was sorry asshole.” “ Shut up or I’ll pound you flat!” Jason smiled, glad he annoyed his older brother as the two cornered onto Lampkin Lane. Jerry began talking, “I know I’m going to have to test today in social studies.” “So?” “I didn’t study. I can’t look on someone’s paper again because Mrs. Drysdale said if I do again, I’ll have to go to detention.” “So?” Jason repeated. “Wait until you get into seventh grade Sixths is easy.” “No it’s not.” “The hell it’s not.” Jerry said as Jason began crossing the street. “What are you doing?” “Duh. I’m crossing the street.” “Why?” “Because,” Jason pointed at 45 Lampkin Lane. Jerry looked at the run-down house and grinned, “Oh. The boogieman’s house. Your such a dork!” Jason stopped then walked back to his brother, “I ain’t no dork!” “Okay, your a pussy then.” Jason blushed, “Fine! If your not, then go inside it then! I dare you!” Jerry rolled his eyes, “I’ve been in there before.” “No you haven’t.” “Yes I have! A lot of kids go in there. It’s just some lame old house. Upstairs it’s full of names all sorts of kids around our ages have carved into the walls.” “Is your name there?” Jason didn’t believe his brother’s story. “Yep. Charlie, Nick and I went in earlier this summer.” “So go in!” Jason shot his brother a defiant look. “Sure. Only if you will.” Jerry hoped Jason would call his bluff and decide to give up. Jason was suprised his brother turned the tables on him, but he didn’t want Jerry to call him a pussy, “Uh….okay. You go, I go.” Jerry nodded, “Okay. But we have to be quick. School starts in twenty minutes.” Together, the two made their way up the front walk, up the steps, onto the porch, and up to the front door. Jerry opened it, dismayed it was unlocked. The half-brothers entered the house, shutting the door behind them. Jason saw the long stairwell in front of him, and two rooms; one to his left and one to his right. The windows were all covered by heavy, dusty drapes. “Upstairs,” Jerry said as he led Jason up the stair case. He thought to himself. This house is spooky. I’ve heard stories about it. Teenagers that went to Haddonfield High were killed here. That old plaque by the city hall has something to do with this, or something. A killer lived here and died on Halloween, or something like that. Tiffany said the house was haunted. When the two reached the top of the stairwell, Jerry led Jason to the room at the end of the hallway. He opened the door, and smiled as he saw it was indeed empty, except for at least a hundred engraved markings all over the bare walls. Jason walked to the farthest wall and read several random names aloud, “Amy Carlson, Ethan Caine, Mary Keice, Kennedy Johnson, who the hell are these people?” Jerry shrugged, “Probably graduated already.” “Oh. Well, where’s your name?” “Right on the closet door.” Jason walked to it and saw his brother’s name. He smiled, “Do you have your Swiss army knife?” “Where’s yours?” “I lost it.” Jerry fished into his coat pocket, “You better not let dad find out. He’ll kill you.” He handed Jason the knife. While Jason began carving his name under his brother’s, Jerry looked at a passage scrawled under the nearest window: My sister Samantha was killed, She’s buried in a vault. I cry for her every day, it’s all Jamie Lloyd’s fault! ~Tabitha Glynn, 1997 Jason smiled, “Hurly up Jason!” Jason was working on his last name, “Just a minute!” Jerry read another sentence written in red marker: They say he killed her in here because she was a slut but wouldn’t give him any! Michael’s motto: Incest is best when lust is a must! Herry made a half-smile and worded silently, ‘What the fuck!!!’” Jason smiled widely, “Finished! Look!” Jerry looked at the sloppily engraved, barely legible name of his brother. He sighed then said, “Fine. Let’s go.” Jason turned around, “Hey! What’s that?” He began walking to a box-shaped plate on the wall. Jerry stomped his foot in frustration, “It’s just a laundry shoot!!” Jason opened it, and looked inside. He saw a long metallic tube heading towards the basement, “Cool!!” “Yeah Jas, it’s phat. Now come on!” Jerry then opened the door and gasped when he saw a masked figure in front of him. Before he could scream, his throat was slashed. He didn’t feel it, but did fall over in reaction. Jason witnessed the action, and screamed as the killer walked over his brother’s body, heading towards him. Jason ran to the window and saw it could not be opened. He then ran to the corner, knelt, and held his bookbag over his face, “Help me!” He then felt a hand grab his hair, and against his will he was lifted. His bookbag dropped to the floor. The masked man drove a large knife into the boy’s chest, withdrew it, then reambed it back in again. Jason’s cries became wimpers as he began dying. By the third stab, he was dead. He slumped over, and was let go. He dropped to the floor with a small thump. Jerry witnessed this, but could only cry when he saw his attacker approach him again. He turned over, and began crawling to the open door. He could now feel the warm blood trickling down his throat and onto his chest. Before he could reach the door, he felt a cold steel enter the back of his neck. The last thing he felt was the object make it’s way through the front of his neck. The shape then stood erect, and walked to the window. It was a window his sister once looked through decades ago. Outside, three older teenagers ran from the front door of the house across the street. One of them, a girl, screamed, “Weren’t be late! Come on!” Of course, neither three of the them knew of what just transpired right across the street. For if they had, they might know just what that meant: Michael Audrey Myers has returned to his hometown of Haddonfield. At 12:10 p.m., Billy Hill knocked on Tommy Doyle’s front door. Tommy opened it and nodded at him. Billy was frowning, “I’m ready.” John walked up to the door, “So am I.” Billy half-smiled, “Hi,”, and was met with a hello from John. He then looked back to Tommy, “So basically, all we have to do is walk around Haddonfield all day?” Tommy nodded, “Yeah. Michael will most likely see you and hopefully follow. Make sure you go by his house, he’s probably already there.” John grinned at Billy, “We’re the official Myers bait.” Billy didn’t grin back, “Well, wont he find it odd if we just randomly walk everywhere for five hours without going anywhere specific?” “Maybe. I doubt it. He’s tried to kill you both, he’ll definitely try to follow you as long as it takes. If you do see him, don’t let him know. This has to work.” “Yeah Tommy, you told us all this yesterday!” John then patted Billy on the shoulder as he began walking. Tommy called out, “Good luck.” Danny Strode sat his desk,
half-listening to his teacher, Trudy Hardesty. She was explaining the concepts of global warming and the greenhouse effect. “It’s like a greenhouse,” she explained, “which is why it’s named so. I don’t know how many of you know how a greenhouse works, so let me explain. If you go into a greenhouse any time of the year, you’ll find that it’s always hotter inside than out. The reason for this is the sun shines onto the…” Danny’s thoughts were definitively far from what his teacher was talking about. All he could think about was the mortal danger he was in. That, and the voices he constantly heard every year around this time. They scared him, and it aggravated him to no end that nobody could cure the problem. Nobody could make it go away. He tried not to think about it, as that seemed to make the Voice Man come. “DANNY! COME TO ME!” Danny sighed as he closed his eyes and silently put his head down, resting his face in the palms of his hands. “DANNY! KILL FOR ME!” Danny, without speaking, rapidly turned his head from left to right, hoping that the quick shaking of his head would somehow tell the voices ‘no’. “DANNY! KILL FOR HIM!” Danny began sweating, as his body started shaking lightly. Please…..leave me alone….please….. Trudy looked over her pupils, and saw Danny’s head was down. “Dan, are you okay?” Danny shot his head up, and his long hair fell into his eyes. He quickly pulled his hair behind his ears as he blushed, feeling all eyes on him now. He spoke, “I’m fine, Ms. Hardesty.” Trudy frowned, “What is rule number five?” Danny frowned back at her, “No sleeping.” She nodded, “I’m sorry if this subject is boring to you, but I do require all students to abide by the rules. I have precious little patience for students who disrupt my class. Your upmost concern should be to follow the rules, they aren’t hard.” Danny couldn’t believe Ms. Hardesty was making such a big deal out of him having his head in his hands, especially when she didn’t make a fuss over Lillie Marcegan chewing gum yesterday. He nodded, “I’m sorry.” Trudy gave Danny a quick nod, “Alright then. Now, I know most of you have internet access, and if you’d like extra credit, go to www.globalwarming.com, read over all the new information, and write for me a seven page report, and tell me how you feel our government could try to prevent the danger we are all in. Danny rolled his eyes, Yeah, compared to what I’ll be doing tonight, Ice melting and covering the western shore is a sinch. What a witch.” Billy and John walked in a slow strode down the semi-cool sidewalk in Haddonfield. Since they had no particular place to go, they tried not to walk too fast. Billy lit a cigarette, “Dannit! We need to stop by my house eventually. I’m running low on cigarettes.” John responded, “That’s cool.” He looked around the normally well-kept lawns, which now were covered in colorful leaves.” Billy blew the smoke to his left, “Cops showed up at my neighbors house yesterday.” “Why?” “They set up a scarecrow and a few pumpkins in their yard.” John nodded as he thought of the house which previously belonged to the Hveneguard’s. “Oh, the ones who just moved in, right?” “Yeah, the West family. They had to put their shit in the backyard. How fucked up is that?” John laughed to himself, “This town is so skewed. It’s not like a ‘no-Halloween’ clause was in their purchase agreement.” Billy shrugged, “Well I dunno, I already told you I like the Halloween ban. It should be nationwide.” John nodded, “And you should know I’ve never really celebrated the holiday myself, so I cant really speak unbiasedly.” Billy smiled, “Yeah, your mom was real smart.” John made a small smile to himself. Danny began sweating harder as he heard the Voice Man again. “DANNY! KILL FOR HIM!” Danny really wished somebody could hear it as well, but at least his mother, Tommy, John, and Billy believed him. “DANNY! COME TO ME!” For reasons he couldn’t control, Danny slowly turned his head to his left, and saw a person dressed in black standing across the street, staring directly at him. “DANNY! COME TO ME!” The hairs on Danny’s arms stood on end as his eyes widened. He screamed, “NOOOOO!!!!” Everybody’s, including Trudy’s, heads snapped to Danny’s position, totally shocked at the sudden outburst. Danny frantically stood, but he tripped on the desk’s leg. This caused Danny to scream again as he fell to the floor. As a hush fell over the students, Trudy began running down the isle to her fallen, hysterical student. Danny frantically began scrambling to get up. He screamed again when he felt two hands on his shoulder. He tried to fend the hands off of him, and was able to free his leg and stand up. He ran quickly to the wall, where Trudy quickly caught up with him, “Dan! Dan! It’s alright! Your safe! Dan!” Danny calmed down slightly, but he was still shaking, crying, and jumpy. He tried to speak, “Help me! He’s after me!” “Who?” Trudy was now suddenly concerned the boy might be in trouble. “Hiim!” Danny pointed out the window. Trudy looked out the window, but saw nothing except several student cars parked parked along the street. She turned to Danny, “Listen. I…I want you to calm down. I’m going to take you to the office, okay?” Danny looked around with extreme disorientation. He lowered his head. Trudy whispered, “Okay?” Danny slowly nodded, his face now covered with strands of his long blonde hair. Trudy led Danny up to his row, then to the doorway. Several students turned to their friends with mock-shock faces, some whispered “Oh my god!” Trudy turned to them all at the doorway, “Alright all of you. I’ll be right back. Back to work.” Tommy picked up the ringing telephone, “Hello?” Karen Chamber’s meek voice could scarcely be heard on the other end, “Tommy? This is Karen.” Tommy smiled. “Karen! It’s good hearing from you. Kara tried calling you yesterday…” “I know. I got the message. Oh god Tommy….it’s Dillon. He…” Tommy heard Karen begin to cry. “What happened?” He already knew the answer. “He died. We all thought he’d pull through, but he died of internal bleeding in the emergency room.” Tommy felt extreme heaviness on him as he soaked in the bad news. He took a few breaths, “I don’t know what to say Karen….I’m sorry…” Karen sniffed over the phone, “That bastard! I’ll find him…” “Who?” “It’s unbelievable. Jared Wittington.” Tommy didn’t expect Karen to say that particular name. Of course, it wouldn’t have made sense had it been Michael. “Jared? Isn’t that Marion’s ex-husband?” “Yes. Dillon wanted me to tell you it was him.” “You talked to him?” “He was doing fine for awhile. The doctors expected him to pull through, but then his condition got critical.” “Oh god.” “Dillon wanted me to tell
Kara, who was grabbing her purse.

“Who was on the phone?” Tommy continued staring at the phone, “Karen.” Kara half-smiled, “Did she call to wish us luck?”

Tommy slowly looked at her, “Sit down. I have some bad news.” Danny could not make eye contact with the school’s counselor, Ms. Emma Beckett. Emma sipped her tea, “So…do you want to talk about it?” “No.” “I just talked to Ms. Hardesty. She says you had some trouble in her class.” Danny nodded, “Allright. I will have to call your mother.” Emma frowned, “Look, I was glancing at your records…you’re a good student. But when I looked way back, before you moved away from here, I saw what happened to you when you were in second grade.” Danny’s gaze went from Emma’s back to the floor. “I’ll tell you a secret Danny, okay? When I was about your age, I came home from school and found my grandmother dead. She’d had a heart attack. I went through a lot of inner-struggles after. And if you’re still thinking about that, I want you to know it’s okay.” Danny finally spoke, “Then why did Ms. Hardesty make me see you?” Emma sighed, “This kid is really annoyed with me. She thought of the right thing to say before speaking, ‘She’s just worried, like I am. You scared her in class. You said someone was after you.’” Danny knew Ms. Beckett was trying to make him talk about what happened, but he couldn’t. “I…had a bad dream. I fell asleep. I’m sorry.” Emma wasn’t sure how truthfull Danny was, since it was apparent he wanted to quickly end the conversation. She finally smiled, “Do you want to return to class?” Danny wasn’t sure. Surely a lot of his peers would laugh at him. But Tommy and John both told him not to care what others thought of him. That’s why I have long hair and dress my own way, because I don’t care. I’m me and it’s good they aren’t. “Yes. I do.” Emma nodded, “Allright. I will have to call your mother.” Danny’s eyes shot up to her. “Is that okay?” “Yeah.” “Okay then. I’ll write you a tardy pass….” She filled out the slip, and handed it to the boy. “And please, if you ever need to talk to me about anything, I’ll be here.” “Thanks,” Danny said as he left the office. Emma sat back and stared at the door. Poor Dan. Something’s obviously wrong. But I’ve known all the Strode’s who went here. Kara and Timothy….they were both such good students, oh yeah, then there was Laurie. Yeah, Laurie Strode! She graduated, god how many years ago? She was Dennis’ daughter. Had to have been over twenty some years ago….has it been THAT long? Yeah, all the Strode’s were bright. But Tim…I think he came to me once…..yeah, he did….Emma stood and went into the main office. She grabbed the ‘RESOURCE ROOM’ key, and left. She walked quietly down the hallway, listening to her heels click on the floor. She also smiled at several students who passed her by. She finally arrived at the Resource Room, and unlocked it. The room was host to extra office supplies and a dozen filing cabinets, which held the files of students dating back to 1976. All the files from 1945 to 1975 were kept in the school’s attic. She opened “S” and skimmed through the files until she found Kara Strode’s. After was Laurie’s, then finally Timothy’s. She pulled his out, and opened it. Inside was Tim’s school pictures, from 7th grade until 12th. Also, his high school transcripts were there, as well as the printed out logs Emma herself had made everyday Tim had made a visit. She scanned the logs, until she found what she was looking for: 3-3-94. Worried about father’s alcoholism. Admitted father verbally abused him, causing his grades to slip. Offered advice on keeping distance. Also suspected domestic abuse is an ulterior motive. Emma frowned, If his father was an alcoholic, it could have been passed down to Kara. Maybe I really should speak with her soon. For the past half-hour, John and Billy didn’t speak as they continued their long trek throughout the streets of Haddonfield. Finally, John broke the silence. “Listen. I’m sorry I haven’t called you lately.” Billy did not reply right away, but he did offer a small grunt. John sighed, “Really man. I really wanted to. What I did was wrong. I know that, I know that, I know that now okay?” He spoke very fast, trying to get through to his friend. Billy shrugged, “I don’t want to talk about it now, okay?” “You just have to understand I’m not always all there. I sometimes get fucked in the head. I don’t know what…” Billy cut him off. “No. I don’t want to talk about this now. Not today. Okay?” John lowered his head and said in a soft voice, “Allright.” Billy fished a cigarette from his pack, “Maybe we can talk about it tomorrow, okay?” John nodded, “Cool man. Let’s just talk about something else, then.” Billy lit his cigarette. He blew his smoke into the opposite direction of John. “Did you hear they found out who burned down ‘The Stone Pony’?” “Already?!” “Yeah! Kids from the Russellville football team! Devil’s night prank.” “How’d they catch them so quick?” “I don’t know. All the beer-bellies are pissed, the stone pony was the only bar in town.” “They’ll just go to another bar in another town, I’m sure.” John laughed. Billy laughed as well, “I’d walk a mile for a Bud.” Stephen Lloyd sat in his reading group. He laughed when he read that Blue Rabbit threw a carrot at Red Frog. “STEPHEN! COME TO ME!” Stephen popped his head up, “What?” The other children in his group looked up at him surprised. Stephen’s teacher, Marlene Eichenberg, lifted her finger to her mouth, “Shhhhh! Stevie, silent reading time, remember?” Stephen nodded, and returned to his book, not thinking a second thought on the voice he heard. Tommy looked up at Kara, who was grabbing her purse. “Ready?” “Yeah, but I want to pick the kids up from school.” Tommy stood. “We should be back before then.” “I hope so. I don’t want them riding the bus.” “Are you okay?” Tommy noticed Kara still had red eyes. “Yeah.
I’m….uh….trying not to think about it, but it’s hard.” “I know. Dillon was a good friend.” Kara began walking to the front door, “We have to be strong now. We can grieve now.” Tommy was always amazed by how sometimes Kara could be stronger than himself. “Right. Let’s go.” John and Billy walked to the Myers’ house, trying not to stare at it. Billy frowned, “This is….what….the fourth time we walked by? How much longer do we have to walk?” John looked at his watch, “Only…four more hours give or take. You’re not tired are you It’s only half-past eleven!” “I didn’t sleep well last night.” John replied, “Yeah, neither did I untill I popped a few sleeping pills. I knew I’d need them.” Billy groaned loudly, “I should have thought of that.” John gave Billy a few pats on the shoulder. “We’ll stop by your house, then we’ll go to the coffee house. I’ll order you a black hole.” “What’s that?” John grinned evily, “Oh….you’ll see.” Neither John nor Billy knew that Michael had witnessed both boys walk by his house. He instinctively followed, lurking in the shadows. Danny sat in Algebra class, lost in thought while his fellow classmates took their test. He didn’t notice that on his test sheet, in every answer blank, he was drawing the Thorn symbol. John and Billy approached the Hill household, which sported a large, newly built fence. Also, there were bars on all the windows. The Hill’s parents took the initiative immediately after Billy was attacked three years ago. Billy unlocked his front door, and the two other deadbolts, and led John into his house. Billy’s mother, Joan Allen Hill, smiled at the boys. “Hi John! Haven’t seen you in awhile!” John smiled and held up his hand, “Hi Mrs. Hill.” Joan Allen looked at her son, “Billy, you know I didn’t want you leaving the house today.” Billy rolled his eyes, “I’m fine mother. I’ll be staying the night at John’s.” Joan Allen debated on whether to approve in her head or not. Billy sighed loudly, “Mom! I’m 23! I definately can take care of myself!” His mother made a strange face, “Well, I know. It’s just that….well….I keep thinking of you as….it seems like only yesterday I was teaching you how to ride your bike!” John lowered his head, trying not to laugh. Billy blushed when he saw John. He turned to Joan, “Mother!” Joan Allen nodded and put her arms up in defense, “Okay, okay, I’m sorry honey! Have fun tonight, okay?” Billy began running up to his room. “Promise!” John followed, and began laughing out loud when he reached Billy’s room. Billy grabbed a cigarette pack out of the carton. “Great. Laugh all ya want.” John stifled his laughter, “Your mom’s cool. My ma used to do that to me, right in class. I used to get so embarassed.” Billy grunted, “High school is nothing but embarassment.” John shrugged, “I’ve heard college is better.” Billy lit a cigarette, “I’m not going.” John was startled. “Huh? You’ve been saving for years!” “Yeah, and with that money I can afford to get the hell out of here.” John felt a small shock, “You wanna leave?” Billy tried not to look spiteful, “Yeah, nothing here really holding me back.” John had thought about leaving many times, but knew that was impossible. His ties to his nephew were too stong. He wanted to ask Billy not to leave, but instead shrugged and said, “Whatever, let’s get that coffee. I have to stop home first and get some money.” Billy was used to John’s reactions, and he knew for a fact John was ultimately shocked at Billy’s untimely news. John looked at it dryly, “You’re going to hit him with a box?” “No,” Billy looked suttly back at John. “It’s an old army pistol. It’s really powerful too. Grandpa always told me that he if he could kill Michael Myers, he would use this. Now I have it.” “Lucky you.” John said playfully, raising his eyebrows. Billy opened the box, and saw the gun was gone. In it’s place was a small note which read; “I’ll kill him!” John looked at it dryly, “You’re going to hit him with a box?” “No,” Billy looked suttly back at John. “I’ll kill him!” John smiled, “With what?” Billy looked slowly from the note to John, seeing that he seemed to be taking pleasure out of the situation. Michael watched the two leave the Hill household and followed them to Tommy and Kara’s house, making sure he wasn’t seen along the way. He watched them enter the house, then leave it a few minutes later. He chose not to follow, but instead enter the household. It was ease, as the bathroom window was not locked. He walked from room to room, seeing photos of people he, in the past, killed or tried to kill: Tommy Doyle, Kara Strode, Danny Strode, John and Debra Strode, Tim Strode, Jamie Lloyd, Laurie Strode, John Tate, and Stephen Lloyd. He stared at John and Stephen’s photos for several minutes, feeling the evil within him grow stronger. “MICHAEL! KILL FOR HIM!” Emma Beckett hung up her telephone and frowned, as it was the fourth time she had tried to call Ms. Strode. She looked at the clock and saw it was almost time for her lunch. She weighed the possibilities of visiting her on her lunchbreak. Sure, she thought, it’s not exactly usual. And the school never smiles on it. “No problem.” John replied, “Yeah, neither did I untill I popped a few sleeping pills. I knew I’d need them.” Emma shrugged, “Well, I doubt you go on the wierdest dates don’t you,” Jade said with a strange smile. Emma, caught off guerd, began laughing loudly. “Oh, I thought you were talking about one of my junior high students I just finished talking to! I’m sorry….the date with Erik went well. But….I don’t think were compatible.” “So no more blind dates?” “Not for awhile.” Jade laughed lightly as Emma stood, “Just so you know, I might be back late from lunch. So if any of my appointments come, tell them to go to class. I’ll pull them out when I’m ready.” “No problem.” Emma smiled, “Thanks.” Danny opened his locker. His eyes widened when he saw a paper note taped to the top of the inside and dangling down in front of his face. The note said, “He’s after you, Danny!” Danny turned his head and saw several students laughing at him far away. One of the kids, Brittany Blossom, yelled out, “He’s after me! Oh help teacher, I’m so scared!” Danny shot them all a frown before refacing his locker. He quickly threw his Algebra and Art Study books inside and grabbed his English book. Accidentally, his history book,
entitled “Stars and Stripes Forever”, fell to the floor. He breathed out quickly in frustration before bending over to pick it up. Jordan Clark, one of the boys from the group, was passing by at the time. He used the opportunity to push Danny, which caused the boy to barrel into his locker, hitting his head in the process. Luckily, Danny was able to grab his locker before he was about to fall. He quickly stood erect, and faced Jordan. Jordan laughed, “He’s after you!” He then smiled and walked away. Danny couldn’t believe how cruel some people could be. **“DANNY! KILL FOR HIM!”** Danny angered, and clenched his fist. He spun around and powerfully threw his history book into his locker and, with all his strength, slammed it shut, which created a loud echoing sound throughout the hallway. The Haddonfield Star Hotel had only one occupancy in Room 1. Inside that room, Dr. Jared Wittington sat on his bed, holding a small glass of white wine. He smiled when he heard a quick knock at the door. He slowly stood and went to the entryway. He opened the door, and let Dawn Thompson inside. Dawn smiled, “I came as soon as I could.” Jared nodded, “I’m glad you did.” Dawn removed her jacket and sat on the only chair in the room. “I have a feeling things will go very well for Thor.” “Oh definitely! Things have gone much better since we were able to cleanse all the false followers from the group.” Dawn’s smile faded, “False followers?” “False followers, Wynn’s followers. Everyone who served under him as a man in black has been eliminated.” Dawn’s face clearly reflected her shocked nature, “You mean….they’re all dead?” Jared stared at Dawn with cold, deadpan eyes, “They’re dead. You’re dead. Wynn’s dirty, perverted interpretation of Thor is dead.” He paused momentarily before adding, “I believe that answers your question.” Dawn’s pulse quickened. “I’m dead?” Jared laughed, “Well, we can’t kill everyone in Wynn’s sect and spare his pretty, but loyal secretary, now can we? No, that makes no sense I’m afraid.” “But….I helped you! I went to Doyle and convinced him to come back here with the last relatives and….and the Strode boy!” “And for doing that, Thor granted you to be the last. And that’s how you’ll be remembered, as the last.” Dawn began shaking, “Please…..I…..” Jared withdrew his handgun from his pocket, which had a silencer on it. Dawn began crying. She stood, hoping she could dash for the door. Before she could move any further, Jared shot her through the forehead. Jared smiled as Dawn Thompson fell to the floor, dead before she landed with a thump. He approached her, and closed her wide eyes. “Poor Dawn….maybe I should have told you that you were Thor’s revival sacrifice. Your death could very well assure Thor’s life. It would have been far less cruel.” Billy left the Haddonfield Coffee House with wide eyes. John smiled, “Feel better?” “Actually, I feel sick.” “The lady told you that two black holes would do that.” “So naturally, I have five.” John scratched his head as he smiled. Billy began walking faster than his friend, “Another round by the Myers’ house?” Emma Beckett parked her 99 Honda Civic outside the house where Danny Strode lived. She exited herself from the car and walked quietly up the front yard until she reached the front door. She noticed it was wide open, only the screen door was in her way from entering. She knocked on the door, “Miss Strode? Are you home?” She could hear a sound from inside the house. She placed her ear closer to the screen and determined it was water running from within. She frowned, Great she’s washing dishes. She knocked again, and after glancing at her watch entered the household. She called out, “Miss Strode? It’s Miss Beckett Haddonfield High School, remember me?” The water kept running. Emma wasn’t sure if she should keep venturing into the household. She glanced over the entertainment center and saw several photographs of Kara and Danny on it. She smiled, Daniel looks so happy in the pictures. I don’t think I’ve EVER seen him smile at school before. She called out again, “Kara? Are you home?” A creak in the floor made Emma spin around quickly. Her eyes widened as she saw a masked man exit the closet, holding a large knife in his right hand. She raised her hands in self-defense and slowly began stepping backwards. Michael Myers followed and, in the blink of an eye, plummeted the kitchen knife deep into Emma’s stomach. Emma fell backwards. She began screaming loudly for help. Her pleas were unheard, however, as Michael stabbed her again in the heart. Within minutes, Emma Beckett was dead. Michael stared at the bloody corpse, cocking his head while studying it intensely. After eight minutes, he raised his head and slowly walked into the kitchen. He shut off the faucet, then went back into the living room. He picked up the dead body, and effortlessly carried it out the front door, not concerned that anyone might see. He then walked back into Tommy’s house. He flipped the huge rug with blood stains on it over, took one last glance at John and Stephen’s pictures, locked the front door, and left. The neighborhood dogs would not discontinue barking, even after Michael had driven away, never to return to this house again. At the same time Emma died, John became somewhat shaky. He momentarily saw a dead body, but the image flashed from his mind and he forgot it was even there. Mrs. Gillian Corriander smiled as she finished reading Edgar Allen Poe’s The Raven to her students. Even though the town had banished Halloween, it was no reason for Gillian to give up her tradition of reading her favorite scary story to her students every October 31st. She smiled at the student’s wide eyes, “So, did you like the story?” Several students nodded. Nicole Fraizan, a member of the Junior High cheerleading squad, raised her hand. “Nicole?” “Well, the story makes absolutely no sense. I mean, was Poe on drugs or something?” Gillian smiled, “As a matter of fact, yes. And he was also quite insane.” Nicole stared back, “Oh. Well, I didn’t understand all the words. I mean, who talks like that?” Gillian nodded, “True. I can understand how listening to it the first time could be confusing. Do you think I should read it again?” Several students croaked sarcastically, “Never more! Never more!” Gillian smiled at them, “Well, did anybody understand the story?” Danny raised his hand. Gillian smiled inside, for she knew Danny would comprehend it. He always writes the most elaborately darkest stories. He is so talented. I really hope he takes my advise and submit his stories into Mosaic. “Yes Danny?” Danny, plain faced, sighed and pulled his hair behind his left ear. “The character is thinking about Lenore’s death so much, he goes insane. The raven is symbolic of his
fate, that he’ll never feel better or normal.” The entire class stared at Danny while Gillian nodded, “Exactly. Good job. Yes students, that was the whole point of having the black raven in the story. It represented the man’s fate of eternal misery or death. I don’t think either really mattered.” Danny smiled, for he was glad he did understand the meaning. “DANNY! COME TO ME!” Danny’s smile faded and he lowered his head. He whispered softly, “leave me alone.” Kara blindly stared out the car window as Tommy drove threw Haddonfield. Tommy looked at her quickly, “I really hate this too.” Kara continued looking through the clear glass. Tommy turned his left blinker on, “We’ll all feel better tomorrow…when it’s all finally over.” Kara, not turning her head, spoke softly, “No. We’ll never feel better. That’s bullshit and you know it.” Tommy was going to reply, but decided against it. Danny was in the boy’s lockerroom, changing from his gym clothes back into his regular wear. Most of his male peers around him were changing also, while engaged in laughter and conversation about girls and sports. Danny had just removed his gym shorts when he felt an explosion in his head. He saw flashes of Judith Myers, Kevin James Myers Jr., Jamie Lloyd, and Laurie Strode being killed simultaneously in his head. “DANNY! KILL FOR HIM!!” Danny dropped his shirt on the floor as he began holding back tears. John Tate also felt an explosion in his head at the exact same time Danny did. “JOHN! COME TO ME!” Billy watched John stop dead in his tracks. “John?” he said. John didn’t respond, but instead stood silently still. “JOHN! COME TO ME!” John turned around and began walking in the opposite direction. Billy walked quickly to John and placed his hand on John’s sholder. “John!!!!” John stopped, turned his head slowly to Billy, and gazed blankly at him. Billy looked at his best friend with utter confusion, “John!!!!” John blinked deeply, and began breathing regularly as his eyes opened back up. He frowned, “Huh?” Billy shook his head slowly, “What the hell is wrong with you?” John shrugged and looked casually at him, “Nothing man…..why?” Billy took a step backward, “You’re scaring me dude.” John laughed and raised his hands loosely in a shrug, “What?!” Billy looked down to the sidewalk, “Nothing. You just acted wierd. Let’s go.” John shook his head slowly, “Okay man.” Mr. Marcus Bates was yawnning along with his students as he stood in front of the classroom, “The whole idea is to find the balance between positive and negative space.” The entire art class was hardly paying attention as it was 6th hour, only minutes before the final bell would ring for the day. Marcus, who shared in his students’ enthusiasm that the day was almost over, quickly continued with his demonstration, “I hope you understood this when the sub was here.” Several students made low comments. “I found out just last hour that, once again, they hired a substitute that didn’t understand art. I think she was a botony major. Perfect, right?” Several students groaned. “Well,” Marcus sighed, “I’ll take it easy on all of you when I grade the projects, even though I think the idea of positive and negative space is pretty self-explanatory, don’t you agree?” Most of the pupils were watching the clock like a hawk, and hardly paying attention to Mr. Bates. Marcus frowned. “Allright. It’s almost time to go, hand them all up.” Quickly, all the painted pictures were handed to the front of each row. Marcus collected them all, and smiled as the bell rang. He loudly yelled, “Tomorrow we start collages! Bring a few magazines and don’t forget the glue!” Danny Strode threw his art utensils into his backpack and stood, overly happy that school was finally over, despite his fear of what was to come that very same night. Marcus watched the kid leave, then closed his eyes and sat back in his chair. After nearly a minute of silence, he reopened them and opened his desk drawer. He withdrew his extra strength Tylenol, and popped three tablets into his mouth, swallowing them dry.

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“DANNY! IT’S ALMOST OVER!” Tisha Jackson saw Danny ahead of her. She knew it was him, as his just-under-sholder-length blonde hair was quite noticable. She laughed as she pushed him foreward, causing Danny to crash into the student ahead of him, an eighth grader named Skye Thomas. Skye, in turn, almost fell himself but he was able to ragain his composure and turned around. Danny looked at him, “…I’m sorry.” Skye frowned, “What’s your problem?” Danny pointed at Tisha Jackson, “She pushed me.” Skye’s glair turned to Tisha, “Then what’s your problem?” Danny also looked at Tisha, as did several other students around them. Tisha put her hand on her sholder, trying to look defensive. “He’s a scrubby dork.” Skye’s best friend, Carol, rolled her eyes. She and Skye were popular, but unlike most popular kids, they weren’t mean to others. Skye looked at Danny, and saw a normal, almost-prety, boy who obviously was artistic. He looked back at Tisha, “You’re a little bitch!” Then, as several students began gasping and laughing, Skye and Carol turned and began walking away. Danny did as well, leaving Tisha to stand still, huffing and blushing. Kara and Stephen were in her station wagon, talking about his day in school. Stephen scratched his chin and continued talking, “Then we had to run around the gym four times! Ali couldn’t do it, and Mr. Nowatni made her sit down. And we have a spelling list. I have it in my bag.” Kara nodded. Danny approached his mother’s car, opened the door and looked at Stephen, “Back seat.” Stephen’s wide-eyes looked sadly up to Danny. “Can I pleeaase sit up here?” “No.” Kara smiled, knowing that
made her feel better, not only knowing that she could be saving her son, but also that she was not leading the revenge….she was end up like Michael.

And besides, Michael doesn't have the access code.

as more of a threat.

looked at Tommy, “Yeah, you never said what we’d do in that damned house once we got there.” Tommy replied, “Well, the kids

He’s better than that, and you know it.”

Kara turned to her son. When she saw his expression, she said, “You mean….him?!” “Yeah. He won’t leave me alone!” “Great,” Kara muttered under her breath as she put the car into drive. God, you know that this whole voice in Danny’s head is way out of my league. Please, don’t let anything bad happen to him. “Everybody’s so mean to me, I hate school.” “Most of them will be your friends in high school,” Kara offered. “No, they won’t.” “Trust me. I was there, ya know. People change when they get older.” Danny didn’t believe his mother. Billy had told him what high school was like, and it reminded him all too much of his own life, even in junior high. Tommy too, for that matter. John and Billy sat at the C. W. Lampkin Park resting their feet on the bench. Nobody else was there, except a woman who was walking a white poodle down the sidewalk. Billy flicked his cigarette to the ground, “I think I’m really sick. John didn’t offer a facial expression (he was too tired) but he did reply, “So…uh….where were you planning on moving?” “Somewhere out west. Nevada, Colorado, California. I have a pen pal who lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma.” John smiled, “Well, California is pretty cool, if I do say so myself.” You lived in LA for awhile, right?” “Yeah.” “What part?” “Well, I actually lived in a few hostels in Mar Vista, Culver City, and Hollywood. But eventually I found a good apartment in Pasadena. It was way overpriced, so I moved to Santa Monica and lived there for a pretty long time.” “You lived in Hollywood?” John nodded. “It’s really not all that great there. I’ve never seen a television show that actually shows how it really is there. Except for COPs and the news. It’s dirty, run down, and infested with prostitutes and bums.” “Oh.” “Why? Wanna move to Los Angeles?” “They say dreams come true there.” John laughed, “Yeah. Bad dreams.” Billy fished out another cigarette and lit it, “Well, maybe Nevada.” John frowned, “Do you know how many people die of heat strokes there, man?” “Um….what about Haddonfield.” John grinned slyly, “Well it’s a shitty place, but it’s not that bad.” Billy glanced at John, who glanced back at the same time. “Sounds like you think I should stay here.” To Billy’s surprise, John didn’t joke and told the truth flat out. “I don’t want you to leave. You’re my best friend…you mean a lot to me. I….I’m lucky I met you. I’d miss you if you left, man.” “Thanks.” Billy was deeply touched by what John had said. Sure, Ronald had said the same thing, but for some reason it had made more impact hearing John say it. “…I don’t know. I’ll have to think about it…” Tommy was just finished making a large serving of macaroni and cheese when Kara, Danny, and Stephen entered the house. Stephen ran up to Tommy and hugged him, “Hi!” Tommy picked the small child up and smiled into his face, “Hey Stevie!” Danny threw his bookbag onto the floor, and sat down at the table, immediately resting his head on the surface. Kara went up behind her son and began stroking his long hair. She looked up at Tommy, “He’s been talking to Danny again.” “Who?” “The…..voice man.” Kara said, not wanting to call it that, but had no better title in mind. Tommy looked at Danny, “Oh Dan, I’m sorry.” Stephen sat down in his chair at the table, “I don’t like the voice man! He made Mrs. Eichenburg tell me to be quiet during silent reading.” Tommy and Kara stared at Stephen, followed shortly by Danny who raised his head from the table to stare at a revelation: The voice man was also speaking to Stephen. “What do you mean?” Stephen saw everyone looking at him, and he wasn’t sure he understood the question. Tommy asked Stephen again, “Who’s the voice man?” Stephen frowned, “He’s my friend who lives in my head. He always wants me to come and play with him.” Danny felt his eyes sore up, “What does he say to you?” “He wants me to come to him. But no one can see him.” Tommy went to Stephen and put his hands on his shoulder. “Kara, you know this has to stop.” Kara shook her head, “How can he possibly hear the voices?” “I don’t know. But don’t think it’s not possible.” Kara silently went to get the plates to set on the table while Danny lowered his head back onto the table. Thor was tearing them all apart. John and Billy returned to Tommy’s house at 4:02. They were glad that some macaroni and cheese was saved for them. Kara sat at the table, “How did it go?” John was too busy shoveling the food into his mouth to reply, so Billy did. “We went around Haddonfield fifteen times, and passed by the Myers house at least thirty times.” John spoke with a full mouth, “If he’s there he thaw uth.” Tommy nodded, “Great. I’m betting he followed you and he’s probably around here. He’ll strike at night, and is he sees us to his house, he will pursue. It’s sacred to him.” Kara didn’t reply, thinking of her long-dead family who fell pray to living in that house. John swallowed his food with a Coke. “So….then what? Do we all wait in a room for him?” Tommy thought. Kara looked at Tommy, “Yeah, you never said what we’d do in that damned house once we got there.” Tommy replied, “Well, the kids can probably hide somewhere….maybe the basement or the attic. Michael won’t look for them until he kills us, because he sees us as more of a threat.” “Why should any of us be a threat?” Kara almost laughed in spite of herself, “You rigged explosives to the house. If he knows they’re there, he can just explode us all to hell.” “Michael won’t do that,” Billy said, “that’s too impersonal for him. Michael isn’t into technology. He likes to keep it simple. When he stabs somebody with a knife… it’s like it’s an extension of his body.” “Well Michael tried to mow you down with a car,” John offered. Tommy stared at John and Kara, “No….Billy’s right. And besides, Michael doesn’t have the access code.” “When we shoot Michael, the neighbors are going to call the cops,” Billy stated. “The guns have silencers,” Kara replied. “But I’m still not sure that blowing up a house is going to make the voices stop going after Danny. It makes no sense to me.” “You know none of this makes sense Kara, but think about it for the hundredth time, both Michael and Danny lived in that house when they began hearing….the voices.” John burped slightly, “I don’t want Danny to end up like Michael. He’s better than that, and you know it.” Kara, for the first time, felt forced to proceed with the plan. And that made her feel better, not only knowing that she could be saving her son, but also that she was not leading the revenge….she was
only participating. Hopefully her conscious could take it. Danny slouched lazily on the couch next to Stephen, both watching Kids of the World on television. Stephen laughed at a joke on the tv, and Danny looked at his cousin with curiosity. He’s so annoying all the time. He leaves toys all over my floor and won’t pick them up. Mom lets him get away with everything. I hate him a lot, but seeing him laugh like this makes me…..happy. He’s…..he’s like my brother, kind of but not really. He always asks about his dead mom, even though none of us really knew her well except Billy. Mommy said she knew her a little, but that was when she was little. Michael…..that killer…..he killed both John’s mom and Stephen’s mom. And he wants to kill them too. I don’t want Stephen to die. Look at him….he’s so happy, he can’t die. I love him, and I do want him to be happy. Tommy sat by the back window, staring out the glass with the lights out. Billy entered, “See anything?” “Nope. If he’s watching us, he’s hiding pretty good.” Billy frowned, “You know he can drive. He might try following us in a car.” “Tell Kara to get the kids ready. Were leaving soon.” “Yeah….okay.” Tommy kept panning the back yard, I know your out there Michael. You’ve learned a lot since I was eight. I saw you out the window that night….but you can learn from your mistakes. Well, I learn things too. I have your two remaining relatives right here. You want them, You’ll come. At precisely 6:45, Tommy, Kara, John, Billy, Danny, and Stephen left the house. Billy entered the car, nodding to them before starting it and taking off. The rest began their long walk towards Lampkin Lane. Kara whispered, “Do you think he’s out there?” “He’s out here. He’ll follow us to his house.” John whispered, “How do you know?” Danny answered, “I can feel him.” Kara looked sadly at her son, actually believing him. Before too long, the group arrived at their destination: 45 Lampkin Lane. Billy, who had parked right outside, left the car and walked to them. John said through his teeth, “This is it.” Tommy remembered when, long ago, he tried to prevent Laurie Strode from going up to the porch of the Myers house to place a key under the mat. He had told her it was a spookhouse. But she was fearless, how could she have known what would happen that night? Now, here Tommy was again, leading his loved ones into the house. He felt it was time to give them one last chance; “I’m not going to kid you, this is it. This….is it.” Kara held tightly onto her son’s hand, “Let’s go inside.” As they begin walking down the front walk, Tommy pointed at the Strode Real Estate sign perched in front of the overgrown bush, “The detonator is right behind the sign, set on a fifteen second countdown.” Kara nodded. She dreaded re-entering the very same house she once lived in. She hadn’t been there since just after her family was killed, and she had vowed never to return. Danny also remembered the house, vaguely. They slowly entered the house, already shaking with fear. “Wha…wha…what if-f he’s al-l-rready hear?” Billy asked. Normally, he got angry when he studdered—a reminder of his troubled past. Tommy shook his head, “No. He’d be after us. Staying inside his house the entire day wouldn’t accomplish anything for him. He followed us. That gives us a little time to get ready.” Danny frowned, “He’ll be here soon. I know it.” Tommy placed his hand on Danny’s sholder. “Billy, take Danny and Stephen down to the basement. Hide.” Billy nodded, and grabbed Stephen’s hand. Stephen looked at Tommy sadly, “I’m scared!” John knelt down to his nephew, “Hey bud! Don’t be….okay? Billy and Danny will be right with you.” Kara forced a smile, “Please Stevie, everything’s okay.” Tommy added, “We’ll be right up here.” Stephen nodded, and followed Danny and Billy downstairs. Tommy shut the basement door. He looked up to the others, “Lets go upstairs. Everything’s set up.” Kara nodded, as she began climbing the staircase. When the three reached the top, they slowly went to the farthest room, which at different times had belonged to Judith Myers and Danny Strode. She didn’t dare look into her old bedroom (which also belonged to Michael) as she passed by the door, trying not to remember seeing Tim and Beth’s dead bodies. John entered the room first, and sat quietly on the lone chair, and stared at the mirror in front of him. Tommy and Kara sat in the corner of the room, hoping to hear a warning sign of Michael entering the house. In the basement Danny, Stephen, and Billy huddled together behind the washing machine. Billy stroked his gun in his pocket, hoping he wouldn’t have to use it. Danny tried to ignore Stephen’s whimpering, as it was making him even more afraid. Finally, he placed his hand into Stephen’s and whispered, “It’ll be okay.” Kara looked at her gun, “You sure it’ll work?” “Yes.” Tommy whispered. John made a soft “Shhh” sound and lowered his head, “Do you hear something?” Tommy and Kara listened intently. There was a sound of small creaks, indicating somebody was walking up the stairs. Kara faintly whispered, actually more wording her lips to the words, “Is it Billy?” Tommy shook his head. Tommy and Kara both stood in front. All three of them aimed their guns at the door. Slowly, the footsteps walked slowly down the hallway. John felt the sweat on his forehead linger. The door’s handle turned, and slowly it opened. Dr. Jared Wittington entered the room. Tommy’s eyes narrowed, seeing a man dressed in black. He immediately thought it was Dr. Wynn, but seeing the man’s face, he knew who it was. “You….” Kara gasped, “Who are you?” Tommy answered for him, “Dr. Jared Wittington.” Kara gasped, “God…why….why?” Jared smiled, “It’s quite obvious, isn’t it? I’m here because Thor wishes me to.” John looked at him with contempt. “Even if it means you’re going to die?” Jared nodded slowly. “I live to serve Thor in whatever capacity it wishes.” Tommy began shaking, “You let innocent people die because….because of your fucking beliefs?” Kara added, “You’re own wife?” Jared’s face reflected absolutely no remorse. “The Marion Chambers directive. If Thorn did not interfere with her, she would have directly led to Michael’s destruction. Wynn wasn’t able to coerce her, not surprisingly, but I was able to. I might have….at one time….cared for her, but in the end Marion is just another casualty.” Something, possibly a result of twenty years of living in fear, or living with nightmares, snapped in Tommy’s mind. Jared continued, “Michael will be here soon, and I can only ask that you allow me to witness his triumph.” Kara shook her head, even if she didn’t have a passion for psychology…“You’re crazy.” Jared smiled, “No. Michael will be taking me to the threshold for a whole new beginning for Thorn. After tonight everything will be new, starting with your son Daniel. A new dawn.” Tommy,
sneaking, shook his head. “Oh….Michael will be taking you with him…” Tommy said. He then slightly laughed, “Just not exactly where you thought he’d be taking you.” He then pointed his gun right at Jared’s chest. Time suddenly seemed to stand still as Kara screamed, “Tommy! No!” The bullet burst out of the gun and within a split second impacted Jared’s chest. Blood splattered out as Jared fell backwards, hitting the wall with a large thump. Tommy walked to Jared’s body, knelt down, and closed his eyes. He then turned back to Kara and John as he stood. “I…uh…” Jared slowly withdrew his steady gun from his coat pocket and reached up to Tommy’s back. He gripped his teeth as he shot Tommy in the back. Tommy’s eyes went wide with shock as he reached himself to feel the wound. He felt a small hole inside his back. He brought his hand back to his front, and saw it covered in his own blood. Kara screamed, “No!” as she ran to a falling Tommy. Oddly, the last sensation Jared Wittington experienced before going to hell was that of the smell of smoke, exactly like when Marion Chambers would blow it into his face. Kara began crying, “No! Tom!” Tommy was still able to think clearly despite his predicament, “Kara….I…..ah…..I’m no use to you. Michael must be stopped…..I can’t help you anymore.” Kara put her hand on Tommy’s sholder. “What do you want me to do?” Tommy began standing. “I’m going out….to the car….I’ll be waiting, okay?” Kara helped him walk to the door, knowing he was correct. “I don’t know if…” Tommy grasped her hand and forced himself to speak, “You can! Kara, this is it! You have to end this! But…” Tommy began stumbling out the door, “I have to go….out to the car. I’ll be there.” Kara watched her best friend walk down the hallway, holding his hand to the bleeding wound, trying to stop it from bleeding. Kara, crying, shut the door and looked at John. “This is crazy. What the hell is this? We…” John ran up to Kara and grabbed her cousin, “Quiet! Please! Quiet! Tommy’ll be fine! We’ll just have to finish this…come on…” Kara looked at the strong boy. She nodded reluctantly. John nodded back and hugged her, “He’ll be okay. We’ll take him to the hospital soon.” Kara broke the hug and went to the window. She put her hand to it as she watched Tommy crawl weakly into the backseat of the car. Billy, Danny, and Stephen did not hear the events that went on upstairs, but Danny suddenly felt it. He closed his eyes. Tommy!!!! Ten minutes later, John began twitching. Kara, with tears still streaming down her face, whispered, “What?” John stood, wide-eyed, suddenly and screamed. “He’s after the kids! He’s after the kids!” Kara lost her breath as the two began running down the hallway, then the stairs, then rounding to the basement entrance. Kara switched on the basement lights as she screamed, “Danny?!?!?” When John and Kara reached the bottom of the stairs, they both sighed to see Billy, Danny, and Stephen standing by the washing machine. Billy closed his eyes and lowered his gun. John shook his head, “I saw….” I saw Michael stab Stephen and…” A large creak made everyone turn to a darkened corner. Behind the metallic laundry shoot tube, out stepped Michael Audrey Myers. Everyone screamed loudly as they began racing for the stairs. John paused momentarily, to shoot Michael in the shin before continuing. Michael paused from the blast, giving the rest enough time to continue their journey out of the basement. Michael, for the first time ever, felt stabbing pain from the wound, and he wasn’t sure how to proceed. “MICHAEL! KILL FOR HIM!” The shape began walking. The group raced up the stairs. Kara shouted, “The attic! Go into the attic!” Tommy remembered where the attic steps were, and he quickly went to them. He led the rest upstairs. He then saw, to his dismay, the attic was lit with candles. He looked around the room and screamed when he saw the dead bodies of Jerry Chrysler, Jason Hampar, and Emma Beckett. Billy and John also saw the dead bodies on the floor and joined in the scream. Kara gasped and covered Stephen’s eyes, “Don’t look at them!” The group quickly went back downstairs and ran back into Judith’s room. As Kara slammed the door, she saw Michael enter the hallway. She picked up her gun, which she had dropped onto the floor. She looked at the others, “This is it.” She then screamed loudly, “MICHAEL! Were in here!” John screamed as well, “Uncle Michael! I’m in here! You’re sisters bedroom! Were in here, where it all began!!! So is Jamie’s son! Were waiting for you!” Danny ran to the closet with Stephen. Kara nodded, “Go in there, now!” Danny pushed a whimpering Stephen, who had seen Jared’s dead body, inside and slammed the door. Michael pushed with inhuman strength on the door, and it’s hinges gave away from the warped wood. The door fell inward, and it landed with a loud thump. He then stopped and surveyed the situation. He cocked his head slowly at John, who stared back with terror in his eyes. Kara kept her finger on the trigger, trying to determine the best time, if possible, to begin opening fire on Michael. John, who was now perspiring, and pumping with adrenaline, spoke horesly, “Why Michael?! Why do you want to kill me?” Michael still had his head tilted. His breath slowed as his pale mask stayed focused on his nephew. Billy stared that the man who killed Jamie and Dena. The man who killed Rachel Corruthers, as well as others he knew. The man who tried twice to kill him. He still wasn’t sure, even at this point, if he could live with himself if he pulled the trigger, helping to kill somebody. Michael finally straightened his head, and began walking towards John. “MICHAEL! KILL FOR HIM!” Kara screamed. “Now!” Kara was the first to shoot, but John and Billy were soon to follow suit. Michael slowed as the bullets entered his body. He eventually fell backwards. His breathing subsided. The three quit firing, and stared in anticipation of Michael to revive. He did not, even after several minutes. Kara finally lowered her gun. John did as well, “Who’s going to finish this?” Billy looked over at the large knife on the dresser. He walked slowly to it and picked it up. He then looked at John before walking slowly to Michael. He bent over, not taking his eyes from the mask. Images of Jamie Lloyd flashed through his mind as he placed the knife over Michael’s heart. He gulped, and drove it deep into his chest. Michael twitched, and one hand quickly grabbed Billy’s sholder. The other wrapped around and stabbed Billy in the upper-region of his back. Billy screamed, as Kara hollorred, “No!!!” John ran as fast as he could to his best friend. He pulled Billy from Michael with all his strength, and pointed his gun at Michael’s mask. The last image Michael saw was his nephew, John Tate, fire a gun into his skull. The bullet impacted Michael’s brain and became enlodged inside, finally ending his
life. It ended in the same room where it all began. Exactly forty years of insanity. Forty years of Thorn’s infliction. Forty years of evil….but never more. John stared at his dead uncle shortly before returning to Billy. He saw he was hurt badly, and with emotional urgency, knelt to his crying friend. Billy grimaced in pain as John dragged him to the wall. The knife was withdrawn, and Billy was layed into John’s lap. Kara backed against the opposite wall, crying with despair. John began caressing Billy’s hair, attempting to calm his dying friend. All of his strength and courage was fading. Danny opened the closet door and stopped and stared at John and Billy. John finally began crying as he looked into Billy’s eyes. He now knew that anything he might ever want to say to Billy would have to come now. No putting it off. He continued stroking his hair as he said sorrowfully, “It’s okay Billy. I’ll always care for you….it’s okay.….don’t feel bad. Please. I’m with you….you’re not alone.” Kara slid her back down the wall, watching the two say good-bye to eachother. Danny could not breathe. Billy opened his eyes slightly, and he smiled. Blood trickled out of his mouth. He hoarsely whispered, “Please….I….I’ve never been kissed by anyone.…. John, determined to grant his best friends’ final request, didn’t hesitate as he gave Billy a sweet, final kiss good-bye. It lasted nearly twelve seconds before John pulled back, not concerned with his friends’ blood, which had entered his mouth. If nothing else, a part of Billy will be with me until I die. Billy coughed, “I….I’ll die….knowing I did one good thing in my life….for everyone….and Jamie…..and I love you.” He was now partially seeing John….for reasons unknown when he looked at John he saw Jamie’s face; her eyes, her nose, her mouth. Perhaps I actually kissed Jamie goodbye. It doesn’t matter though. She was my love, he was my best friend. They both are….they always will be…. John knew that he and Billy were more than best friends at that moment. They were brothers. They were family. He then began breathing quicker, knowing that the end was almost near. “Oh…..I love you too….I always will.” Billy gave John one last smile before closing his eyes one last time. John continued stroking Billy’s hair. And through his crying, he began singing, “I know I let you down…..We are born innocent. Believe me Adia, we are still innocent. It’s easy, we all falter, doesn’t matter. Believe me Billy, we are still innocent. Cause we are born innocent…..” The room was quiet as John hunched over the dead body of Billy Hill. …..Billy saw a bright light, saw his grandmother Phyllis Hill….he saw Jamie Lloyd…..he could hear John’s singing somewhere…..he moved for the light…. Kara finally stood and shakily made her way over to the crying boy, “John….come on…..” John continued crying. Kara continued weeping as well. “He loved you.” John looked up to her with red eyes. He sniffed, “I….I could never figure out why. I guess I never will…..” Slowly, John lifted Billy’s slender corpse and layed him down onto the floor. His eyes darted over to Michael’s lifeless body. “It’s finished…..let’s just go. Tommy needs us.” Danny, showing no expression, walked slowly to the body of Michael Myers. He stared at the bloody white mask….and felt a strange sensation; a mixture of horror and relief at the same time. But, slowly, all human feelings and emotions faded away as Danny began his final descent into the realm of Thorn. “DANNY! KILL FOR HIM!” No. Danny thought as he looked over to his mother for help. “DANNY! KILL FOR HIM!” Kara, who was now holding Stephen’s hand, felt eyes on her. She turned to Danny. The first thing she noticed was his empty, blank stare gazing back at her. It disturbed her, even though she was used to seeing it over the years; Danny would often express that face when he wasn’t in his right state of mind. She turned to Danny. 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KILL YOUR FAMILY FOR HIM!” “DANNY! DO IT FOR ME!” “DANNY! KILL FOR HIM!” As Danny gripped his hand into a tight fist, a small Thorn tattoo appeared on his wrist. The demon Thor has made it’s mark. The angels in Heaven cried in despair. John looked over to Michael, then back to Kara, “What the fuck is going on? We have to get out of here!” Kara, who was shaking with fear as her eyes were locked with her son, nodded. “Yes….Danny, what’s wrong?!?” Danny didn’t flinch, his gaze stood stong. John wiped away his tears and hollored again, “Come on!” “Something is wrong with Danny.” Stephen cried out. “The voice man is mad at me! He likes Danny now! He….wants me to die!” John ignored Stephen and continued talking to Kara, “Well grab him and let’s get out of here! We have to help Tommy!” “DANNY! KILL FOR HIM!” Kara shook her head slowly, “Okay. You take Stephen out to the car. I’ll get Danny.” John ran up to Stephen and grabbed his free hand. He led him out the door quickly. Kara watched John and Stephen leave, then she looked back to her child. She began walking slowly to him, extending her hand. Danny finally spoke, “Mother….stay back. Please.” “Danny, we….we have to go!” Danny leaned back down to Michael’s body. “Don’t go by him!” “DANNY! KILL FOR HIM!” Danny didn’t listen. He knelt down and pulled the bloody knife out of his chest. Kara lost her strength and had to put her hand to the wall. She was crying again….what’s happening to my baby? Danny stood and turned slowly to his mother. “DANNY! KILL FOR HIM!” Kara was quivering, “Please honey…” Danny was totally oblivious to his long blonde bangs which loosely dangled in front of his face past his mouth, stared back at his mother with the blackest eyes and lifted the knife. His breathing was now slow and heavy. John reentered the room, “Kara! Wha….” He saw what Danny was doing. “Danny?” Kara quickly responded and pushed him, “Get out….NOW! “DANNY! KILL FOR HIM!” “No! Not without…..” “NOW!” John left the room, but wouldn’t leave the house until he was sure Kara was safely out. Kara stared at her son, “Danny…” Danny gripped the knife. ‘Danny! Don’t!’ Danny saw, through his growing rage, a ghostly vision of Jamie Lloyd. She looked exactly the same way she did...
Blackcats and Goblins

as they sang:

would have walked closer to the burning wreckage, they could have heard the screaming melody of disembodied children's voices away.

later, 45 Lampkin Lane erupted into flames as the loud explosion echoed through Haddonfield.

known, and even those she never knew….those who met their fates with the slash of a knife.

truly evil.

her destiny….she wasn't sure…..and she didn't care.

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ran to the car while John ran to the 'Strode Real Estate' sign perched by the walkway.

gave Danny, Billy…..and Michael…one last glance before leaving the room, and he supported her as she left the house.

it was sensible to leave him.

leaving!"

little…..boy….."

go back to the way we were Danny.

more….....from Thor's perspective, it was all dark as life, or lack there of, obliterated…....

could not go back any further, as Leviathan was not allowed back into Heaven….despite the fact time was traveling in reverse…....

disobedience.

aunt Nai…...

it's brother Nyantheii, it's sister Abigdoah, it's parents Pel and Ziyal.

Miri.

Matthew, and Margaret.

Joseph, Jordan, Zachariah, and Adam.

daughter Eleanor, it's mother Dolores, and it's aunt Zelda…...

two children Mary and Larry with a hacksaw before it's wife, Joann, shot it to

neice Jamie, then it's sister Laurie, then a blow into it’s own skull by it’s nephew John……Then it was Charlie Bowlz, killing it’s two children Mary and Larry with a hacksaw before it’s wife, Joann, shot it to death……Then it was Samantha Ross, killing it’s daughter Eleanor, it’s mother Dolores, and it’s aunt Zelda……then it was Isaac Wilder, killing it’s older brothers Jebediah, Joseph, Jordan, Zachariah, and Adam. Then it’s older sisters Rebecca and Helena. Then it’s parents Jebediah and Sarah. Then it’s aunt Mary and uncle Jobe. Then it’s cousins Luke and Grace. Then it’s aunt Theresa and it’s uncle Peter. Then it’s cousins Luke, Matthew, and Margaret. Then, finally, it’s grandparents Jebediah and Carolyn……then it was Edna Olson, killing it’s younger sister Rachel, then it’s father Frederick……then it was Pelle Lapparen, killing it’s parents Jean-Pierre and Sondra. Then it’s cousin Mimi. Then it’s uncle Christoph. It was killed by a woman named Yvette……Then it was Minuet Gisar-Lamont, killing it’s daughter Belle and it’s brother Roberre……and back……and back……and back……and back………untill it was Mol, killing it’s brother Nyantheii, it’s sister Abigdoah, it’s parents Pel and Ziyal. Then it’s grandparents Arinor, Kers, Zia, and Medu. Then it’s aunt Nai……then it was Leviathan, a newly formed fallen angel, struck down from Heaven by the Lord for corrupt disobediance. Leviathan did not want to join Satan in Hell, however, and decided to slowly corrupt the mortal Earth……time could not go back any further, as Leviathan was not allowed back into Heaven….despite the fact time was traveling in reverse……time was in a dull limbo for a moment before the Lord destroyed Thor……the damage was done to Earth….but Thor was no more……from Thor’s perspective, it was all dark as life, or lack there of, obliterated……Thor was annihilated. John entered the bedroom and gasped when he saw Danny, dead in his mother’s arms. Kara was holding him tight while rocking him slowly, “We’ll go back to the way we were Danny. You…..me…..Stephen…..Tommy…..I know you will, after all you are my….my sweet little…..boy…….” John, who was still crying, grabbed Kara’s sholder. “I’m…..I’m so sorry Kara…..come on……” “No! I’m not leaving!” “Kara! We have to leave! Please!” Kara knew John was right…..even though she at the moment hated herself for knowing it was sensible to leave him. She gave her dead son a kiss on the forehead, and gently put him on the floor. She stood weakly, John gave Danny, Billy…..and Michael…one last glance before leaving the room, and he supported her as she left the house. Judith Myers’ room was dead silent, as the bodies of Jared Wittington, Billy Hill, Danny Strode, and Michael Myers lay in silence. Kara ran to the car while John ran to the ‘Strode Real Estate’ sign perched by the walkway. He knelt to the detonator, punched in the code, and gritted his teeth as he pushed the red button. The fifteen second countdown beeped softly as John ran ran swiftly to the car. He slammed the driver’s door, started the car, and took off as Kara hugged the crying Stephen. Kara turned around to tell Tommy what happened. She grabbed his hand, “Oh Tommy…….” She felt his hand was cold and stiff. She quickly let go…..too in shock to cry even more. She lost her son, her family, her best friend. All she had left was Stephen and John…..but perhaps that was her destiny….she wasn’t sure…..and she didn’t care. But finally, she understood. Michael may have had problems, but he was never truly evil. He was once a small boy like Danny, only he had no choice other than succumb to the voices, the destiny of Michael Myers ended when Danny truly did give a most unselfish sacrifice. And the innocent suffered, and Kara truly felt it, for all she had known, and even those she never knew….those who met their fates with the slash of a knife. All these thoughts boiled in Kara’s head at breakneck speed, possibly a result of the addrenaline running through her system. There would be no rest tonight. A second later, 45 Lampkin Lane erupted into flames as the loud explosion echoed through Haddonfield. Pieces of the house landed yards away. Residents, in their pagamas, ran in panic to view the burning remains of the old Myers house. Perhaps, but not likely, if they would have walked closer to the burning wreckage, they could have heard the screaming melody of disembodied children’s voices as they sang:
Broomsticks and ghosts
Covens of witches
With all of their hosts
You may think they scare me
You’re probably right
Blackcats and goblins
on Halloween Night.

TRICK OR TREAT!!!!!!.