

# *The Home*

By R. D. Mayor

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# *Dedication*

To my dear family and friends,  
May you never have a vampire walk into your life.

God Bless  
R.D. Mayor

# *One*

I have spent most of my life trying to find out information about where the true story of Vampires started. The legends all have different situations from Vlad III Dracul of Wallachia, who was known as “Vlad the Impaler.” During his main reign of 1456 - 1462 it has been documented that he had killed between 20,000 to 40,000 civilians and as many as 100,000 Turkish Muslims.

His method of impaling them on a sharp pole was what made people fear him in his reign. Abraham “Bram” Stoker used Vlad’s life as the person where his book *Dracula* was developed. The death of his wife is something that many say drove him crazy and against his religious beliefs.

The name “Dracul” is derived from what a secret fraternal order of knights called the Order of the Dragon, founded by Sigismund of Luxembourg to uphold Christianity, and defend the empire against the Ottoman Turks. Vlad II Dracul, father of Vlad III, was admitted to the order around 1431 because of his bravery in fighting the Turks. Vlad II wore their symbol of the dragon when he was the ruler of Wallachia. The name *Dracula* means “Son of Dracul.”

Another person in history was Countess Elizabeth Bathory, who was born in the kingdom of Hungary. It is believed that she tortured and killed up to seven hundred servant girls in order to bathe herself in, also drinking their blood daily. She believed their blood would preserve her youth. Some believe that she had haunted her town and home for several years after her death. Many still believe that she still haunts her town to this day.

There are many Vampire stories that I have come across in my days trying to figure out the truth of their true existence. This is one that I believe may give you another twist to the legend of what we have come to know as the “Vampire” or as some have called him “Count Dracula.”

I am a psychiatrist who spends most of his time doing research on the legend of what we all know as ‘The Vampire, Dracula, Prince of the night.’ Most of my colleagues believe that I am obsessed with the stories of Vampires. Some say to the point of wanting to be turned into one before my death. It is true that I would like to be alive forever and witness what the future has in stored for humanity.

I also believe that animal blood could sustain a Vampire just as good as human blood. I have one of the biggest collections of stakes, hammers, crosses, and memorabilia from films. A fortune in real artifacts from the days of Vlad II to some of Elizabeth Bathory’ bowls that was said she used to collect the blood from her victims. Enough about myself let me get to my reason for telling you what I have experienced.

I received a call several years ago from an old college friend. He was basically the best friend I had for many years of my life. He came upon four young men who he believed had something that would be interesting to say the least for me to hear. You see, he knew of my obsession with Vampires.

I caught the first plane out of my hometown of San Francisco, California. I caught the red eye flight, since I did not receive his call until after eight in the evening. I was traveling to Detroit, Michigan and would be catching a small twin prop plane into Rochester, New York.

When I arrived, there was a man with a sign with my name on it and he led me to a limousine. He took me just outside of a small town called Leroy, New York. There was a large wall that surrounded the property to which we pulled in. Two big iron fences stopped us from entering. A sign hung on each side of the

walled columns that held the iron fence and each read, 'Harold Truman Center for the Mentally Disturbed.'

The large metal gates opened making a loud squeaky sound. I opened my window just slightly as the driver pulled down the divider window.

"Just the gates," said the driver, "everyone rolls the windows down; the sound of the gates, are ghostly."

The car stopped and the door opened as I walked out looking at the monstrous building in front of me. It must have been at least seventy years old and just one lamp that hung bent down from the front two doors was the only light present. The sun was about to come up from the east which made it a little easier to see, but I noticed no other lights.

"John Paul," I heard someone calling behind me.

"Carl Richards," I said, walking over as we both gave each other a long hug and a peck on both cheeks.

"How was your trip?" asked Carl, as he took out a large skeleton key and opened the front door.

"Fine," I said, "this is what you call a Mental Institute."

"It is old, isn't it," answered Carl, "and very strange, you will soon find out."

The halls smelled of old wood and pine sol, with the walls and trim work all exposing years of paint. For an older place, security was state of the art. We went through four different sealed entries before we were able to get into the main hall. The trim and molding in the main hall were amazing. They were both done in a Greek style molded out of wood. Greek athletes in various positions were the motif. You could see by the thickness of each athlete, that they were most definitely all carved out, no doubt by hand and an expert craftsman's tools.

The elevator doors were also wood carved, fifty years old at the minimum with the same Greek style. The moldings of Greek athletes in competition and each different then the next.

“The designs are incredible, aren’t they?” asked Carl, “A Greek tycoon built this place many years ago and when his wife went crazy, he turned it into the institution that it is today. Some believe she still walks the halls.”

“Herald Truman Center,” I answered, “that doesn’t sound Greek.”

“No, John Paul,” said Carl, “It was named after the Psychiatrist that took care of his wife for thirty plus years.”

We arrived on the fifth floor and again there were two gates on either side with two cameras looking over the entire area. No keys this time as the door to the left just opened as Carl put his hand on it. There were four rooms on either side of the hall with a sign sticking out a foot on the last room on the left that read, ‘Dr. Carl Richards.’

It was just half past six in the morning, and we entered Carl’s office. Looking around, the awards that he had gotten over the years were all displayed on the walls. I knew that he had made good for himself in New York City where he spent most of his younger days practicing. He never did mention winning so many prestigious awards in Psychiatry.

We talked and reminisced about our college days. Chatting about those that we knew who were still practicing. Neither one of us ever married as we were both married to our work. An alarm went off scaring me almost off my seat. Carl began to laugh as did I when I sat back up.

“It is time to meet the first young man,” said Carl, “he is always in a good mood in the morning, ever since his dreams have stopped haunting him.”

We walked out of the office and directly across to the first door in front of us. Carl opened the door with the same skeleton

key that he used to open the front doors earlier. There was a bed in the corner of the eight-by-eight room and a desk facing the door. There sat on a chair behind the desk a young man, no older I thought than twenty, eating his breakfast on a metal tray on top of the desk.

“Good morning, Steven,” said Dr. Carl, “and how are you felling today?”

The young man looked up and said nothing for a couple of minutes just staring at both of us when finally, he put his fork down.

“I had another good night with no bad dreams. I think the medicine is really working this time Dr. Carl,” said Steven.

“This is my dear friend Dr. John Paul Goodman,” said Dr. Carl.

“Hi,” said Steven, “so do you want me to call you Dr. Goodman, or Dr. John Paul? In this place you must ask because all these doctors are as crazy as the rest of us with their names.”

“Dr. Goodman will be fine,” I said.

“I told you and the rest of the boys about him in our last group meeting,” said, Dr. Carl, “do you remember?”

“You’re the one who knows a lot about Vampires,” asked Steven, “have you ever met one up close?”

“No, I can’t say I have,” I answered.

“How do you know so much about them,” asked Steven, “if you never had to deal with one?”

“I have done a lot of research,” I said, “and have interviewed many who claim to have met a Vampire.”

“Many that claim to have met a Vampire,” said Steven, “so there are many people that you didn’t believe?”



“Some are just too unbelievable,” I said, “but what Dr. Carl has told me about what you boys have gone through, is something I would really like to know more about.”

“Are you still willing to tell Dr. Goodman what you can remember?” asked Dr. Carl.

“We said we would tell it one more time,” said Steven, “but you promised that we wouldn’t have to tell it again, after we tell Dr. Goodman.”

“That I promise you,” said Dr. Carl.

## *Two*

The alarm went off again, and Dr. Carl went to open the door to the room. Steven grabbed his empty tray of food and walked out the door. We followed him as three other young men walked out of the other rooms on the same side as Steven's. They started walking out in the hallway with their trays heading for the locked middle doors.

Dr. Carl walked in front of them as I stayed behind. He unlocked the doors as the young men followed. We went through the other set of doors and each one of them dropped their metal trays off on top of a food serving cart that was parked next to the right-side wall.

They proceeded to walk straight into the last door on the left side of the hall. We walked into a large room. There were two couches and a recliner that faced a big television that hung from the ceiling. A pool table and ping pong table were six feet apart to the left of the room. There was a gated area that had a little opening for medication with a big black man. An orderly no doubt sitting on a chair behind the fence.

Steven and the three young men sat on the couch. Dr. Carl sat in the recliner as he pointed at a chair for me to grab. I sat down next to Dr. Carl as all the young men watched me intently. They

functioned as if they were trying to read my mind, except for Steven who had his eye's looking down at the tiled floor.

“Good morning boys,” said Dr. Carl, “this is my dear friend that I told all of you about, Dr. John Paul Goodman. You may all call him Dr. Goodman.”

“Does he believe us Steven?” asked a red headed boy, who was also the smallest of them all.

“Let me introduce you boys first,” said Dr. Carl, “then we can begin talking. This is Jimmy Norton, Craig James, John Remis, and you already met Steven Jacobs.”

Jimmy Norton was the smallest of the group with red hair and blue eyes and a thin built as all the boys were thin. Craig James had dark hair and black as the night eye's that when you stared at them, would make you feel as if he were looking through you. John Remis was the tallest of the group which was not saying much as they were all under five feet eight inches tall. He had brown hair and hazel eyes and the only one with facial hair. Steven had blond hair and blue eyes and seemed not to be as stressed as the rest of the young men.

“I will give the floor over to Dr. Goodman,” said Dr. Carl, “that is unless anyone has anything to say?”

All four young men just shook their heads in a sign that they did not want to say more than they had to.

“As Dr. Carl said, my name is Dr. Goodman,” I said and continued, “I have spent most of my life taking care of my patient's. I have also spent the rest of my time traveling the world in search of the truth about Vampires. Some who know me call it a hobby and many call it an obsession, what Dr. Carl has told me about what happened to you boys. It is by far the most incredible story of which I have ever heard.”

“This is not a story,” said Jimmy, “we really went through every bit of what you have been told by Dr. Carl.”

“He has not told me everything just a little of your story. We both agreed that it would be much better to hear it from all of you. Instead of from what you have told Dr. Carl so far,” I said.

The room became incredibly quiet as the big orderly moved his chair. He continued to put his big arms on the Counter breaking the silence. You could see that he was listening intently to our conversation. I looked around at every one of the young men, trying to get a feeling about each one of them.

“Who wants to begin telling what you boys went through at the home?” I asked.

All the young men looked at each other and as if on cue Jimmy, Craig and John all stared directly at Steven. He looked down and began telling his story.

“It all started three years ago at the Boys Home, where we had all been living together. It was run by the Catholic Church which had a small church in the front of the home.

The home itself was an old motel turned into rooms for the boys and where there once was a restaurant, was then turned into a church. Six large rooms on each side thirty feet apart with a pool towards the back. An exceptionally large game room was at the end, inclosing the back of the home. A basketball court was laid out behind the game room with nothing, but woods and a small mountain side surrounded the area.

There were twelve of us, from the age of fourteen through eighteen that were still at the home. Ten kids had turned eighteen the year before and you left the home when you turned eighteen. There were some who were allowed to stay until they finished high school.

Father Lorenzo Mayo was our guardian in charge of the boy’s home and Monsignor Bryan Walsh oversaw the church. Monsignor Walsh would travel often, so he could get support in funds to cover the expenses for the home. Because of Monsignor Walsh’s travels, all the duties were left to Father Lorenzo Mayo.

The daily routines of the home, where from Monday through Friday. We would go to school and some of us would stay after to play sports. We had a white fifteen seat van that Father Mayo would use to take us everywhere in town. There was nothing at least thirty minutes in any direction close to the Home. Saturdays were full of playing basketball or different games that were set up in the game room. If the weather was nice swimming in our pool would be another option.

Sundays we spent helping at the church. Twelve different families would attend our eleven in the morning mass. Some of the kids who still had parents would visit on Sundays as the rest of us would watch sports games with Father Mayo after Church on the television in the dining room.

Father Mayo would tell us stories of the missionary work he had done for over twenty years for the Vatican when he was younger every Sunday after supper. Sometimes he would tell us about his stories until ten in the evening if Monsignor Walsh was not home. Monsignor Walsh was a stickler for us having to be in bed with the lights out no later than nine thirty on a school night.

Everyone even the eighteen-year-olds were never tired of Father Mayo's stories. They were always different. Some were incredible to the point of unbelievable, but if you knew Father Mayo you would also know that he would never lie or even exaggerate a single line.

There were fights between many of the boys every so often that were always stopped by the rest of us. You see, if anyone had ever gotten hurt from a fight to where a doctor had to be called, we would all pay. Monsignor Walsh kept a two-and-a-half-foot leather paddle in a drawer in his room. Anyone who ever spent six months' plus at the home would have felt the sting from the paddle at least once.

Father Lorenzo was in his late fifties but looked much older, due to his battle with diabetes ever since he was a young boy. He would go for a walk in the woods every Saturday afternoon for at

least two hours without failure. Many of the boys would try and follow him but no matter how many of us tried, he would always loose us. He would always show up hours later.

We had asked him as did many of the boys before us were does he go, but his response would always be the same.

“I’m just spending a little time to myself and with the Lord our God,” Father Mayo would say.

It was near Christmas when things started to change for Father Mayo. He began showing signs of a bad cough that would scare us all. A foghorn may have been lower than the noise that his cough would produce. Everyday Father Mayo was getting weaker and weaker.

Monsignor Walsh came home on Christmas Eve and brought all of us a present from his trip. He would always bring us something back whenever he would be gone for extended periods of time. He made Father Mayo stay in bed and everyone was given a task that Father Mayo would usually take care of himself before he got sick.

We would all see Father Mayo as often as possible that is, when he was awake. You see, the doctor who would come from town every other day, had him on strong medication, causing him to sleep most of the time.

Monsignor Walsh had a meeting called after he spent almost three hours with the doctor and Father Mayo in Father Mayo’s room. We were all extremely nervous, as we had no idea what the meeting would be about and feared that it would be about losing Father Mayo.

“I know how much all of you care about Father Mayo,” said Monsignor Walsh, “but he will be leaving to the Vatican in the morning. The doctor does not see him making it too much longer.”

Everyone in the room put their heads down and Jimmy Norton started crying as did everyone else after hearing Jimmy cry, even the two eighteen-year-olds.

“You will all take turns saying your goodbyes in the morning. There will be an ambulance taking Father Mayo to the airport at eleven,” said Monsignor Walsh.

“What time in the morning will we be seeing Father Mayo?” asked one of the boys.

“I will make a list and you will each get fifteen minutes alone starting at seven thirty,” said Monsignor Walsh.

Monsignor Walsh stood up looking at each one of us and you could see in his face that he kept a slight smile just for us. We all new in his heart it hurt, because he was losing a dear friend of over twenty-five years.

That night we took turns talking about the best time we each had with Father Mayo. What our favorite story was that he had told us on one of his Sunday night stories telling. We talked until Monsignor Walsh came in the game room at ten, telling us all that we needed to go to bed, and that we would all be saying goodbye to Father Mayo in the morning.

Monsignor Walsh gave us the list with who would be seeing Father Mayo first. He made it with the oldest going first and I would be going last. Although I was older then both Craig and Jimmy, no one was about to tell Monsignor Walsh that he had made a mistake on the list.

That night was a long one for all of us. We tossed and turned that sleepless night. The sun came out about six in the morning and the furthest room from the church which was our kitchen and dining area was full. We were all eating breakfast and waiting for our time to see Father Mayo, when Monsignor Walsh came walking in.

“Good to see all of you up so early,” said Monsignor Walsh, “I just left Father Mayo’s room and he is ready for the first one on the list.”

The eldest of our group, Kevin, went as everyone else watched Monsignor Walsh eat his breakfast. Not a word was spoken as

every fifteen minutes someone else came out of the room with tears in their eyes. After six of the boys had gone Monsignor Walsh said that they may go to their rooms, but no one left the dining area.

John was the ninth to go followed by Craig then Jimmy, as I was the last. Walking in I was shaking. Out of all the boys in the home, I knew as everyone else knew, that I was Father Mayo's favorite. That was probably the reason Monsignor Walsh had let me be the last.

I reached down kissing Father Mayo on both cheeks as I had done thousands of times since I arrived at the home eight years ago. Father Mayo always believed that if you did not kiss each side, you really did not care enough. One kiss is a tease and two had feeling. I could see in Father Mayo's eye's that the years he lived where long and physically draining. You see all the stories that he had told over the eight years, I believed to be all true, not as some of the boys who had left the home years earlier had their doubts about the stories.

"My son," said Father Mayo, "you I will miss more than the others. I know that one day you will make an incredible priest and make me proud. I pray that you walk in my footsteps to keep the evil which I fear will come down on you one day. I only pray that you are much older and have learned enough to be able to defeat those that will try to change you.

Go and move my dresser from its place and you will see a latch holding a small door on the wall. There are several things in there that you need to read and memorize as much as you can. When you feel that you can see each page when you close your eyes. Then and only then, burn it in a fire with maple wood and incense."

I walked over and moved the dresser exposing the small latch on the wall. I then bent down opening the small door and reached in were I felt a satin bag, which I pulled out. It was red with a yellow string, and I sat it on top of the dresser.



“Open the bag,” said Father Mayo.

I untied the knot and pulled out a small leather bounded book. It was only five by five inches in length, but the cover was made of hard cow hide with leather binding.

“Do not open it yet,” said Father Mayo, “you will have plenty of time after I leave to the Vatican.”

I sat next to Father Mayo for the remainder of my fifteen minutes, and I put the book in my pants covering it with my shirt. Monsignor Walsh walked in as did the ambulance men who arrived early, bringing with them the stretcher for transport. Father Mayo gave me one more kiss on each cheek and made the sign of the cross on my forehead.

“May the Lord accompany you with everything that you will face in the future,” said Father Mayo.

“They have arrived, a little early, which is good,” said Monsignor Walsh, “now you will be there with plenty of time for your boarding.”

All the kids from the home were standing outside of Father Mayo’s room when the transport men came out with Father Mayo on the stretcher. Within minutes the ambulance was on its way. Everyone went to their rooms as did Jimmy and I who shared a room together.

Within minutes Jimmy fell asleep and I took the book out of my pants. I looked at the cover which read ‘Lamia.’ I got up and went to the shelf that sat on top of our dresser, pulling out a book that read ‘English to Latin, Latin to English.’ Walking back over to my bed I found the word ‘Lamia - a witch, a Vampire.’

Opening the book, I could see that it was not a book at all as I thought but a memoir of Father Mayo’s life. I began to read and by the dates I could tell that it starts around the time Father Mayo joined the priesthood.

For over two hours Jimmy slept, when he woke up, I shut the book hiding it before Jimmy noticed. Jimmy went out to see what everyone else was doing as I spent the day reading the memoir. Every off and on someone would knock on the door and I would say that I did not feel too good.

The next two days and even on New Year's Eve, I spent all day in my room reading the memoir several times. Every story that Father Mayo had told was in the memoir, but no were near in the detail that he would tell it to us on the Sunday night story telling.

There was a sketching on the last page which I had paid very little mind too until the third time I had finished reading the memoir. This time I took notes of what I believed Father Mayo wanted me to learn. Most of the information I took down was on how to kill and understand the ways of a Vampire.

The sketch began to become much clearer. I looked at it as if it were showing itself to me, the longer I stared at the sketching. It showed the home and a path with different markings that led in the woods. There was an X at the end of the path.

I thought for a while and began to realize that this must be where Father Mayo would go every Saturday. None of the kids from the home wherever able to find out where he went. I believed that at the spot of the X must be a cave or something that hid him from those of us that followed him.

There was not a brave enough boy at the home who would even think of going into a cave. You see, twenty years earlier one boy got dared to enter a cave and to this day. Not even a drop of his blood has been found.

A loud knock on the door startled me as I put the memoir away and went to answer the door.

"I think your time of morning Father Mayo's leaving is about done," said Monsignor Walsh.

"Yes, I know," I said, "I was just about to go outside."

“Good,” said Monsignor Walsh, “and don’t forget that I am still here if you need me for anything.”

“I know,” I answered.

The rest of the day some of the boys in the home teased me about staying in my room for several days. John made them stop, since all of them had wished to have been as close to Father Mayo as I had been.

John was the third oldest of all the boys but if push came to shove, he would probably be the strongest and best fighter of the group. The last couple of years Monsignor Walsh had made sure that fights would not get out of line with his paddle rule. Years before several kids spent days in the hospital since fighting was an everyday occurrence. John learned from the best the home had in those days.

## *Three*

Next morning, I got up at six thirty and went in the bathroom with my cloths in hand. I did not want to disturb Jimmy who for the smallest in the home snored like a man. I had made a copy of the sketch from the back page of the memoir. I put it in a duffle bag that I strapped on my back with a pellet gun that I had found in the woods month's earlier for protection.

Walking outside, the fog was so thick that if you had a long knife, cutting a path would be possible. I took out the paper with the copy of the sketch from the book bag on my back. I was glad having the fog because you never knew who in the home was up and walking around. I was relieved that there was no one who could even if they wanted to follow me, since I could only see a couple of feet ahead.

Walking quickly just in case there was someone nearby. I walked out the fence door that led to the back were our basketball court sat. Looking to the right I noticed the two-hundred-year-old Oak tree and the path that led from the left of the tree. Walking for several minutes down the path, I found what the sketch showed, or as close to the sketch as I could tell. There were two stones with one leaning up against the other. The path I noticed continued to the right of the stones.

Without a hesitation I continued going down the path to the right of the stones. I walked for five minutes looking back and feeling a little scared since the fog was as thick as I had ever witnessed in my life. I felt as if I were going down a hole as the path sunk down two feet but within a couple of more steps it evened out.

I stopped and looked at the map which now was a little wet from the mist of the fog. The two-foot path that was sketched on the map was where I stood. I continued walking and within two minutes the path came back up which made me happy. I stopped again as I looked up noticing the two headed enormous pine tree that with the fog seemed to come out of no where.

The path went to the left of the tree and to the right. I took the left path and started to pick up my pace. I heard what sounded like footsteps coming from behind me. It could not be much further I thought to myself, that is, if the map is as accurate as it had been so far. The X mark should be coming up soon.

The steps behind me seemed to increase as I was sure that the spot on the map, had to be close. I felt something right behind me which now seemed like it was running at a fast pace. Pulling the duffle bag off my back and grabbing the pellet gun. I turned to look and screamed out loud falling to the ground on the right side of the path. I shot the pellet gun in the air as I hit the ground. Whatever it was running my way, had gotten so scared that it jumped to the left of the path slamming into a tree.

I jumped up noticing that it was just a scared doe, getting itself up quickly and running away. I began laughing for fear of passing out. Although I noticed that it was a doe, the situation that had just happened made my body shake. Within minutes I had my wits about me back in order. Looking at the map I began walking and there it was a couple of steps down the path.

Just what I feared, a small four foot high by five-foot-wide hole which I had no doubt would lead to a cave. I had brought with me a small flashlight that I had wished I would not have to use.

Without a hesitation I turned the flashlight on and headed into the cave. You see, I knew that if I spent any time outside the cave, I would convince myself not to enter. This was not just for me, but for the well-being of the rest of the boys from the home.

Entering the hole, I had to stay bent down for several feet until finally I entered a six by ten square foot opening in the cave. There was a wall made of stones in varied sizes and two large doors made of thick two-inch wood by ten-inch planks. A large combination lock on the doors in the middle which was identical to the lock that was on the front of the church, in front of the home. As I looked with the flashlight, I could see that the doors had crosses carved into the wood on both doors.

I looked at the lock and thought to myself, why didn't Father Mayo give me the combination to the lock. I stood there thinking what to do, when it hit me to try the same combination as the church lock. Only Father Mayo, Monsignor Walsh and I knew the combination. I was the only one out of the boys in the home that was trustworthy enough.

Several years earlier there were times, when a key used to be kept in the key box in Father Mayo's room. One of the boys at the home would enter the church and steal the money from the offering safe boxes. Monsignor Walsh decided to get the large combination locks and they were never broken into again. Not to mention if you were caught, you would be guaranteed a minimum of fifty hits with the leather paddle.

I began trying the combination number which was eleven-sixteen-twenty-four and the lock opened. Taking the chain off the two handles, I opened the doors and walked in with my knees knocking the entire time as I was scared to death.

Pointing my flashlight to the right side of the room, I could see a lantern that hung on the wall by a large metal hook. I lit the lantern with the long matches that sat on the lid of the Lantern. I walked around the large room lighting two more lanterns that were positioned perfectly to give the best lighting in the cave. I turned to

look over the area when I brought the first lantern back to its original spot on the hook.

There was an Alter made of stone with a large white satin covering and red trim, with a red cross in the center front of the Alter. Two long candles were at either side on the Alter, with a satin bag in the middle of the Alter. Behind the Alter on the wall twelve feet high above a cross that was made of wood, a spike and a hammer were held by two hooks on top of the cross.

Looking further up I could see a mirror that sat on an angle. Another mirror six feet down sat on the opposite side that faced one more mirror. Five feet off the ground, this mirror pointed towards the front two doors. There were two long ropes on two different pulleys that came from the top of the ceiling. I could almost make out a wooden trap door surrounding the mirror on the roof. I un-wrapped a wooden piece of wood attached to the wall by two thick ropes.

I began untying the two ropes as one had a strong pull. I let it go as far as my arms could stretch. Instantly a soft light came beaming through, reflecting off the first mirror to the second and finally hitting the third mirror. It shined a beam of light straight at the front two doors. It could possibly blind anyone who entered the cave I thought, even scaring an animal away if the sun were at full strength.

I pulled the other lever stretching as I did before and the hatch on the roof closed again, returning the room back to normal. I quickly tied the two ropes back to the wood on the wall. I had noticed two big chests made of wood on the far wall. Each had a small stick on a rope holding the latch closed.

I proceeded to open the first one and I could see several spikes made from wood. There were three big headed wooden mallets which where all wrapped in torn sheets. I closed the chest and walked over to the other chest, a couple of feet away.

I opened it and inside I found six wooden crosses and a satin bag. I could see that there was a book inside, by the shape of the outline. When I lifted the satin bag up, I noticed there was a wooden cross bow with at least twenty, foot and a half long wooden arrows for the crossbow. I walked over to the Alter and began going through the book. I could not understand what was written, because it was in a strange dialect, but I could read what Father Mayo had written on the bottom of each page.

Going through the book I began to see that all the stories that Father Mayo had told me. They had something like the bits and pieces that I could read at the bottom of the pages. How to kill this type of Vampire, compared to this type. How the further you are from the original blood line of the Vampire; your powers are much weaker. How a stronger man could become a more powerful Vampire. Then there are those who are like zombies, only used when needed. They are in between the stage of a Vampire and a human. They are bitten once but not enough to cause them to become full blown Vampires, until they are bitten again.

I looked over at the satin bag in the middle of the Alter opening the bag to find an old bible. There was no writing on any page as I searched through it. I noticed a wooden chair at the right of the Alter and sat down. All this added information that I had just taken in and this cave that I had found, just everything that has gone on in the past couple of days was beginning to get to me. What had I gotten myself into I thought, or maybe this is what Father Mayo had been telling me for several years?

“Some people are born to learn, some younger than others, on what the Lord has set forth in the path of their lives,” Father Mayo would say.

Father Mayo believed that when a boy turned fourteen that he was no longer a boy but a man. He would tell all the boys the same thing when a boy turned fourteen at the home.

Looking around the cave as I began getting myself back from my thoughts and could see what was on the walls if I looked from



different angles. There were small lines of crosses chiseled into the walls every couple of inches. I then realized that this cave must be a haven from the Vampires, a place that they would not set foot into.

Looking down at my watch I couldn't believe how the time had gone by so fast. I would have to hurry as it was my turn to help in the kitchen for lunch and Monsignor Walsh was in charge which meant you had to be on time because every minute late, you were guaranteed one paddle.

Grabbing my backpack, I placed the book in the satin bag. I then grabbed a steak and mallet and placed them next to each other in the backpack. Turning off the lanterns, I took one long last look at the cave and got this feeling that this cave would be part of my new life. Locking the doors and bending down to the opening of the cave, I began walking fast. I was very happy that the fog had lifted and what a difference in walking back when you could see all around you.

The next couple of days with school and all, I couldn't go back to the cave. I had learned through the book that I had found in the cave, that I needed to practice with the cross bow and the spikes. Something deep down inside of me told me that I would need to get myself ready, just in case a Vampire comes calling.

I also read that every Vampire slayer needed a team of trained slayers around him in order to defeat a Vampire as they never traveled alone. Even the Prince of Darkness who was the highest ranking of the Vampires would not travel without several Vampires nearby. I had a task at hand on who I would choose to become my group of Vampire slayers.

Every day I would think of a way to tell Jimmy who I thought would probably think me crazy at the start, but when I showed him the cave and the memoir, and the book in the satin bag. I believed that I would be able to convince Jimmy. I knew that Jimmy would love the fact that I choose him first, because no matter what it was about, Jimmy was always chosen last.

Two weeks it took me to finally tell Jimmy, on a Friday night, when most of the guys went into town to see a movie with Monsignor Walsh. Four out of the twelve had to stay or everyone had to go to the movies, those were Monsignors rules. The only ones that stayed where Jimmy, Craig, John and I. John who was the oldest of us four, since another rule was that one of the four had to be at least seventeen.

I explained to Jimmy everything that had happened to me in the past two weeks. I also told him, that I believed that Father Mayo left me the information so that I could defend the home, just in case of an attack from Vampires. Jimmy was a jokester by nature and began laughing hysterically when I was done. He thought that I had lost my marbles.

“Jimmy,” I said, “you’ve known me ever since you arrived at the home. I have never been one like you to tell jokes and do I look like I am joking?”

Jimmy looked into my eyes and couldn’t believe how serious I looked.

“You are serious, aren’t you?” asked Jimmy, “I guess you will have to take me to the cave, that way I won’t think you’re crazy.”

“We will go now,” I said, “because I am not going to have you laughing at me all night long.”

“We could wait until the morning,” said Jimmy, “I am not going to laugh at you, I promise. I don’t want to go out now, it is getting dark already.”

“Chicken, are we,” I said, “very easy to laugh, but to chicken to go out.”

A dare in the home and being called chicken was like cursing at you or talking about your mamma. Jimmy looked at me for a couple of minutes and jumped off his bed, putting on his hat and his Yankees jacket. I nodded my head as he readied himself. We were off in minutes as I gave Jimmy a flashlight.

We began walking as I didn't need a map. I had already been to the cave everyday if not every other day. Both book's the memoir and the book on how to defeat a Vampire where in the cave where I felt they would be safe. In the home, several times kids would complain about someone going through their things and no one has ever been caught, so I left everything in the cave for this reason.

We both began walking to the left of the big oak, arriving at the double stones. Continuing through the two feet under path as the darkness rolled in and thank God for the moon shining brightly, or if not, we would have been too scared to continue. We arrived at the two headed pine tree and Jimmy just about ran over me.

"What in the heck are you doing?" I asked, as I pulled Jimmy from holding me by the back of my jacket.

"There is someone following us, I am sure of it," said Jimmy.

"I didn't hear anyone," I said, as a sound came from the path behind us, the sound of footsteps coming at a fast pace, much louder than when the deer that scared me on my first trip to the cave.

The sound got louder and as we shinned our flashlights in the direction that the sound came from, lights shinned back at us as Jimmy and I both yelled as loud as we could, Jimmy holding on to my back.

Whoever it was, was yelling as they came right at us, I turned as Jimmy was no longer holding on to my back. I looked and turned to run when I tripped over something.

"We scared the poop out of you guys," said Craig.

"Yes, we did, and were in the world are you guys going?" asked John.

"Jimmy, Jimmy!" I yelled, as I lightly smacked Jimmy's face. Jimmy passed out from being so scared, no wonder he let go of my back I thought.

All of us boys stood up around Jimmy as Craig who always carried a canteen with water whenever he went anywhere near the woods started to splash a little on Jimmy's face as he came to.

"What happened?" asked Jimmy.

"You passed out man," said John.

"Where are we?" asked Jimmy.

"In the woods," I said, as I looked at Craig and John.

"Why were you guys following us?" I asked.

"Craig was going over to see you guys and your window by the door was partly open. He heard you talking to Jimmy about Vampires and stuff. He called me over and I caught the last part of your conversation, so we decided to follow you," said John.

"Yea, we thought we wouldn't catch up because you know I won't go out in the woods without my trusty canteen," said Craig and continued, "and you can all see how handy it became again."

We stood there with only the sound of the wind and the little sound of branches rubbing against each other. I looked at Craig and John deciding that better them, then some of the guys that I had thought of talking about the cave and the books.

"I guess you guys will do," I said, "the only way to stop the Vampires is with back up and four of us should be plenty."

"Holy God, he's serious," said John.

## *Four*

We began walking the last five minutes to the cave. When we arrived, I pointed at the entrance, telling them that they would have to bend down, and it was a short distance before they would be able to stand. Jimmy didn't want to go in, neither did Craig.

"You guys can go in and I am staying right out here with Jimmy," said Craig, "right Jimmy?"

"That's right," said Jimmy, "we will be waiting right here for you guys."

I looked at John who shook his head and we headed into the cave in a squat position. We had gone in as I stood up and reached for John's hand. This helped him realize that he could stand. A rattling noise came from the entrance that we just went through, when out of nowhere came Jimmy and Craig almost knocking John over as they were scared to death, within seconds we all began laughing. I lit the lantern that I left outside of the door and all three boys noticed the large wooden doors, as the laughter subsided.

"Holy Lord, you weren't kidding," said John.

"There's no Vampire behind those doors?" asked Craig, getting behind John as Jimmy followed.

"No," I said, "We are going to learn how to fight the Vampires if they come to the home."

We all stared at each other as I went over and opened the combination lock. John assisted in helping me open the two doors. I walked inside and over to the two other lanterns turning them on. Not a sound was made as the boys continued to look at the walls and the cross behind the Alter. They noticed the steak and mallet hanging from a hook-on top of the cross. I went and opened the two big wooden chests' showing them what was in each.

The Alter had the books, with both being in the satin bag with the leather tie. I began opening each and watched for almost an hour as the three of them briefed through many pages with their eyes wide open. Jimmy was the first that walked away from the books as Craig followed and John continued reading.

“Are you alright?” I asked, looking directly at Jimmy.

“I think I’m going to throw up,” said Jimmy.

“I know I am going to throw up,” said Craig.

John and I began to laugh as the expressions on both boys’ faces were sad to see but funny at the same time.

“We don’t have to be a Vampire slayer,” asked Craig, “do we, because I want to quit before I get chosen?”

“Me to,” said Jimmy, as out of nowhere he began throwing up in a small pail that was next to the two big chests.

Craig came running over next to Jimmy and they both threw up several times, one out doing the next each time. John and I just stayed away until Craig began washing his mouth out with the water in his canteen, giving some to Jimmy. John grabbed the bucket and took it outside the cave putting it by the small opening but not far enough out were if something went by, they could see it.

After Craig and Jimmy caught their breath, I began telling them everything that I had told Jimmy earlier and everything that I hadn’t finished telling. The boys didn’t know what to say but even

John began to get scared after he realized that he now had been chosen to be a Vampire slayer.

We made a pack and swore on our lives that we would not speak to anyone about the cave. We all new that Monsignor Walsh would not take this lightly and no matter how the turn out would be, we would all still be paddled several times.

It was time to get back to the home and we all agreed to meet the following day after breakfast. On our way back as we were within fifty feet of the home, we could see the parking lights of the van, at the far end of the home.

All four of us began running as we knew a heap of paddles would be bestowed on us if we were caught outside of the home's boarder. Jumping the fence on the far side we were all sitting on the lounge chairs by the time the first boy came through the fence door.

Monsignor Walsh came walking over to where we were sitting, with a big smile on his face.

"I have just been called on my cell phone from the Vatican that Father Mayo has been improving," said Monsignor Walsh.

"Great," I said, "so he will be coming back to the home."

All the boys had big smiles on their faces. What a relief it would be to have Father Mayo back at the home. Monsignor Walsh looked at us as if he could read our mind, or as far as seeing through us. If he only knew our reason for hoping that Father Mayo would return to the home.

"Oh, boys don't get me wrong," said Monsignor Walsh, "Father Mayo is doing better but he will be living out the rest of his time at the Vatican even if he gets a hundred percent better."

Monsignor Walsh couldn't believe how all our faces went down. It was as if someone had just stabbed each one of us in the heart.

“Are you boys not telling me something that maybe I should know about?” asked Monsignor Walsh.

“No sir,” said John, “nothing against you Monsignor, but we just miss Father Mayo so much. You know he was like a father to us.”

“I know,” said Monsignor Walsh, “he too had been like a brother and a dear friend to me. Now enough of this sadness let’s get some rest and don’t forget to thank God for making Father Mayo feel much better.”

Every one of us gave Monsignor Walsh a big hug and we walked away to our rooms. I stopped and turned around walking back to where Monsignor Walsh was now sitting. On one of the lounge chairs staring at the stars.

“Yes, Steven what’s wrong?” asked Monsignor Walsh.

“Are we going to have someone replace Father Mayo or are you going to be taking care of us from now on?” I asked.

“I would love to be able to watch over all you boys, every day. You see my boy, someone’s got to get the monies needed to keep food on the table and cloths on your backs,” said Monsignor Walsh, “me being here all of the time won’t get that done.”

“So, who will be taking care of us when you do go away?” I asked.

“I am waiting on the Vatican, which I was told will have someone here for us in the next three months. I want someone with experience with young men not just a missionary priest,” said Monsignor Walsh.

“Thank you,” I said.

“You do know that I am here for anything you may need. That is no matter what it is about, you can trust that I will do whatever it takes to help you,” said Monsignor Walsh.

“Yes sir, I know,” I said.



Again, Monsignor Walsh gave me a long hug and I headed to my room. Walking in, I noticed a baseball bat sticking out next to Jimmy's face, from under his blanket.

"What in the world are you doing?" I asked.

"You got to promise me something," said Jimmy. "First, promise me you won't tell anyone? You well know that I didn't want to be a Vampire slayer, you choose me."

"No problem, I promise," I said.

"From now on when it gets dark you will be in the room with me. If I'm in the cafeteria for study time, you will come and walk me back to the room. You never know if one of those Vampires could be a flying, just like the one in that Vampire movie we saw last year," said Jimmy.

I wanted to laugh but I knew that Jimmy was dead serious, and I understood what it was like to be scared. I too would have reacted the same way when I was fourteen.

For the next month and a half, every chance we got we would go to the cave and practice for hours at a time. We would use the crossbow and holding the mallet with the steaks, practicing on old pillows that we took from a storage room at the home. John began to make Chinese stars that he made from wood sharpening the ends and using small rocks tied by leather strapping. He made them heavier, so it helped to make them fly easier and his accuracy was amazing. We learned that the wood needed to be dipped in Holy water as it would make for a faster kill on the Vampires. We would take turns dipping the stakes in holy water at the church in front of the home, without anyone noticing.

We would practice every day taking turns throwing them. By the end of the second month every one of us could handle every weapon needed to kill the Vampires. Each one of us though had our own preferences. John being the best with the Chinese stars as he had already had practice for years throwing them, which was a hobby of his. Craig could twirl the steaks and use the mallet in one

quick move. Jimmy used a cross bow that John had made almost exactly like the one that I had as my favorite weapon.

Many more arrows and steaks we had made, and John had a minimum of thirty Chinese stars made of sticks. Many of the boys from the home would try and follow us, but we had found different paths and hiding places where we wouldn't be found. We all knew that it would only be a matter of time before someone in the home would catch us in or around the cave.

All four of us were inseparable in everything we did. Monsignor Walsh would use us on numerous occasions against the other boys on how we were like a family as the home was meant to be. Monsignor Walsh like the fact that we had become so close since Father Mayo had left.

Three and a half months went by when Monsignor Walsh called for a meeting at seven thirty that night after supper. Every one of the boys began to come up with reasons for the meeting, which usually had someone or a group of the boys standing in line awaiting their turn at being paddled.

Jimmy, Craig, John and I stayed in the dining area to study after dinner because we felt that maybe a couple of the older boys would try to see if we had done anything to get the rest of the boys in trouble. John had been training all of us on how to defend ourselves for the last three and a half months. We believed that if the home went to war against each other, we seemed confident that we could handle the rest of the boys. At least John believed we could, but why take the chance.

Seven thirty came quick and Monsignor Walsh walked in as the twelve boys were sitting up against the far wall in the dining area.

“Right off the get go,” said Monsignor Walsh, “I can see a lot of sweaty foreheads in the room. No one is in trouble this time, that is unless someone has something to say to me that they feel I should know.”

Everyone in the room shook their heads and no one said a word as Monsignor Walsh continued.

“I received word from the Vatican that a new priest would be coming in the morning to assist me. That way I may go out and continue getting the funds that we so need to cloth and feed you boys,” said Monsignor Walsh.

“Do you know anything about him?” asked John.

“Not at all, but they did tell me that he is a disciplinarian,” said Monsignor Walsh. “I want all of you on your best behavior and if there is any problem with him in the next two days. A total of twenty-five paddles will be administered to anyone of you that is the cause of the problem. Do you understand?”

Everyone in unison said, “Yes, Monsignor Walsh.”

“Good now,” said Monsignor Walsh, “I will be picking him up in the morning and will be back by one. Here is a list of what needs to be done and who will be responsible for each one of them. That means that whoever is responsible for their task, cannot pay another boy to do it. If I were to find out, which you know I will, twenty-five paddles, will be delivered. Now do any of you have any questions or has anyone of you not understood what I have just said? Oh, one more thing! Wear your Sunday best because we will be having an early supper. Our parishioners will be coking something special as a welcome, for our new priest.”

The room was quit as Monsignor Walsh walked out the door. Everyone went to their rooms after looking at the sheet with what shores they were assigned to do.

The next morning everyone was up by seven as Monsignor Walsh walked room to room. He was making sure that we were going to be done with breakfast and begin our chores by eight am. Monsignor Walsh had us clean every inch of the home and even the church in the front of the home. John even had to use the backpack blower to blow leaves off the asphalt driveway that surrounded the home.

It was around a quarter of twelve when the last one of the boys came in for lunch. He had to finish his lunch quickly since even the cafeteria had to be spotless. By twelve everyone was in their rooms showering and getting ready for the arrival of our new guardian, priest.

## *Five*

All the boys were ready and waiting under the overhang by the playroom on the back side of the pool. The sound of Monsignors van came down the road, parking just outside of the fence door to our left. All the boys stood up and leaned as far as we could to see the new Priest who would oversee the boy's home.

Monsignor Walsh was the first to walk through with a big suitcase as he waved to all of us to come over. A tall strong, dark black haired, high cheek boned man dressed in a black priest robe with a white color came walking behind Monsignor Walsh. The boys all came to a stop, because this man looked intimidating. His arms bulged from the weight of the bags that he carried with each hand. He wore a large framed black tinted pair of sunglasses. A black hat that was bigger than what a priest normally used.

“This is Father Demetrius Cordillera,” said Monsignor Walsh, “can you boys help with his bags and this one that I am dragging please? Take them to Father Mayo's old room and meet us at the dining hall as soon as you are done. I will introduce each one of you to Father Cordillera when you return.”

Every one of the boys moved fast. We all knew what Monsignor Walsh wanted us to do, and we could tell by the tone of his voice that he meant business. John grabbed Monsignor Walsh's bag as four of the eldest boys grabbed the bags from Father

Cordillera who sat the bags on the ground. They could not lift them without the help of two more boys, I was one of the boys. The duffle bags had to have been at least seventy pounds apiece.

“Please try not to drop them and I ask that you do not open them because I will know if you did,” said Father Cordillera, in a deep voice with a strange accent.

The bags were put away in Father Mayo’s old room and the last of the boys arrived at the dining room.

“Again,” said Monsignor Walsh, “this is Father Demetrious Cordillera, who is originally from the south of Spain, but grew up mostly in Romania. He received his calling from God when he was seventeen and when he turned eighteen, he was in the seminary studying for the priesthood. Now that’s all I was able to get out of him, the floor is his.”

All the boys sat there as he stood in his large six-foot seven frame, with hands that could probably squeeze anyone of our brains out of our heads with one quick squeeze. Looking at every boy one at a time, he took off his big black hat showing his thick black hair that was as dark as the night. The room went silent except for the large clock on the wall that ticked with each second that passed.

“My name is Father Demetrius Cordillera, and what Monsignor Walsh has already said is all true, but I also spent the last ten years working with troubled boys in northern Italy. I would prefer that all of you call me Father Demi, since Father Demetrius, or Father Cordillera is difficult for some to say.

I believe in getting nothing but the highest respect out of all of you young men. My ears are always open though if there is something that anyone of you need to discuss with me at any time of the day or night. I will guarantee you my full attention. I believe that our body’s need to be taken care of as a temple, so I advise you boys to get ready to get in the best shape of your lives.”

I looked at this monster of a man looking at all the boys trying to read each one of us. His skin complexion didn't seem right to me, and his teeth looked a little big especially where his fangs are, as the boys would call them where located.

"Is there something wrong?" asked Father Demi, as he walked over to where I was sitting, causing two of the boys to move back quickly.

"No, Father Demetrius, I mean Father Demi," I answered.

"Are you sure that you don't have something to say. I see in your expression that maybe I was boring you or do you always daydream when someone is speaking to you?" asked Father Demi.

"No Father Demi, I apologize, but please be sure that I have been listening to your every word," I said.

"I do hope so because I am not one to repeat myself," said Father Demi, "Now where was I. I expect you boys to be on time for everything without any excuses. The only excuse that I would consider good is if someone got hurt seriously or suffered a deadly accident. I will be giving all of you a list of things that you will each oversee taking care of. There is no letting someone else do it for you. Now is there any question that any of you, or even you Monsignor Walsh, would like to ask me?"

There was a deadly silence in the room. This monster of a man a priest, none the less, had in a short speech scared the life out of all the boys present.

"Well, if none of you boys have a question for Father Demi, remember what he said that you may come and see him anytime," said Monsignor Walsh, "I see that the parishioners are beginning to arrive, would you like to get freshened up a little Father Demi?"

"Yes, that would be fine," said Father Demi.

Everyone walked out of the dining area, and some helped with the parishioners, as Father Demi put his big black hat on and walked out the door. Our group of boys who by now, we

considered ourselves the Vampire slayers headed to mine and Jimmy's room.

"What in the world was that? asked Craig. "My God he has got to be a Vampire."

"Did you notice his fangs and his skin complexion was like he had a bunch of make up on his neck and face?" asked Jimmy.

"Yea, and that big black hat," said Craig, "no doubt to cover the sun light from his skin."

John just stood there looking over at me. I just sat on my bed looking straight towards the ceiling.

"What do you think of Father Demi?" asked John, looking directly at me.

"I don't know what to think, but I sure as heck hope that he isn't a Vampire. It will take at least all the boys at the home to even consider taking him on, and remember that Vampires don't travel alone," I said, looking down.

We laid down on the two beds looking at the ceiling. We couldn't believe that we may have to face a man as big and strong as Father Demi. For a good half an hour we just laid there with very little to say as a knock came to our room door. Everyone jumped up and I went to answer it.

"Can I come in," asked Father Demi, who had changed his robes. Now he wore a pair of black slacks, a black long sleeve shirt with a white color and the big black hat. The shirt made his arms look even bigger than before, as the pants he wore exposed the muscles in his legs.

"Sit down," said Father Demi.

We looked at each other and then sat down on my bed as we really didn't want to be too far apart from each other.

"I have been told by Monsignor Walsh that out of all of the boys in the home, all four of you are the closest group," said Father



Demi, “I remember growing up in a home like this one but there were fifty to seventy-five kids, more boys than girls. The small groups that were formed where mostly to protect each other from something or another group of kids, is there a group I should be aware of here?”

“Oh no,” said Jimmy, “We just do things together and help each other with our homework.”

“What about the trips to the woods that the other kids have no idea where you go?” asked Father Demi, “Monsignor Walsh has told me about you going to the woods and disappearing for hours at a time. Now, what do you boys do in the woods for such long periods of time?”

All four of us boys just looked at each other without a word. When a knock came to the door as Father Demi walked over to open it.

“Father Demi,” we heard a voice from the other side of the door. “Monsignor Walsh would like you to come meet the parishioners now, that is if you wish?” said the voice.

“This conversation is not over boys. I will see you at the dining room shortly, I hope,” said Father Demi.

All four of us again laid down on the two beds as we began to stare at the ceiling.

“We are dead meat,” said Jimmy.

“We are dead meat, and then he is going to eat us,” said Craig, “I think I am going to throw up.”

“No one is going to throw up and no one is going to get eaten by Father Demi or any other Vampire,” said John as he stood up. “We made a pack that we would defend the boy’s home and we have learned a lot on defending ourselves from Vampires. Don’t you guys feel we have a shot? We have got to stay in a good frame of mind, as there isn’t anything that we can’t do together, and I do mean anything.”

“John is right,” I said, “Father Demi is just playing a game with us, he is just trying to scare us and remember he doesn’t know anything about the cave or what Father Mayo left us, at least I hope he doesn’t know.”

We got in a circle as we had done several times and John put his hand in the middle as the rest of us followed. “Who are we,” yelled John, “The Slayers,” we all replied.

The rest of the day we had fun with the parishioners, as they brought over all kinds of good food to eat and desserts to die for.

Father Demi had all the parishioners eating out of his hands, as they were all scared and intimidated, in a way, all of us boys thought. Father Demi new how to throw in a line or two every time a conversation got weak, or it had gotten quit in the dining room.

It had gotten late, and the Parishioners were all gone as Monsignor Walsh took Father Demi for a walk around every room. He began showing Father Demi, which boys stayed in each room. Jimmies and my room were the last room that they entered. It was getting late, and they had spent a good while in every room.

“These are what I will guarantee you are the best boys that we have in our home,” said Monsignor Walsh. “First of all, Steven is the most trusted and our youngest is Jimmy, who I know that Steven has taken him under his wing. Anything you ever need done that is important in the task, Steven is the right one to call on.”

“I see,” said Father Demi, who just stared at both of us with a grin on his face really exposing his fangs, causing Jimmy to move further up on his bed.

“Do any of you have any questions for Father Demi?” asked Monsignor Walsh.

“I don’t have any,” said Jimmy, as they turned to me.

“I do if you don’t mind,” I said.

“Not at all,” said Monsignor Walsh, “that’s why where here.” as he looked over at Father Demi who shook his head in agreement.

“Will we still have the same chores as we did prior to you coming here Father Demi?” I asked.

“Monsignor Walsh will be giving me the list of shores that all of you have been doing and we will discuss them before he leaves in two days,” said Father Demi, “I will make sure that you will be the first to know the results.”

“Do either of you have another question?” asked Monsignor Walsh.

Not another word was said as both of us shook our heads. Monsignor Walsh and Father Demi walked out of the room, with Father Demi looking back giving us one last smile which exposed his fang like teeth. Both of us had a shiver go down our spines.

“Oh my God did you see that?” asked Jimmy. “We are dead meat man. I mean, did you see that smile? He is really on to us, I can feel it, Steven.”

“Calm down little buddy,” I said, “We still have time to see what his plans are, and remember what John said. I do believe we are ready to take on any Vampire that comes our way.”

Not another word was said by the two of us as we changed and went to bed. The next morning, I awoke noticing Jimmy’s bed pushed up next to mine as Jimmy laid there sleeping with a bat between his hands. I got up and moved Jimmy’s bed back slowly so that I wouldn’t wake him.

A knock at the door startled me as I set the nightstand back in between both beds. I went to the door and answered it, as Jimmy jumped up in bed screaming, swinging the bat. I thanked God that I hadn’t been close to him, or he would have caused severe damage. I kept that in mind, so that if I ever woke him again, his hands I would grab first.

“Who is it, who is it?” yelled Jimmy, as he fell out of his bed. The bat rolled towards me as I opened the door.

John and Craig both walked in as soon as the door opened, almost walking over me. John and Craig started laughing as Jimmy showed his face from the side of the bed and they could see the bat behind me on the floor.

“What in the heck is going on here?” I asked.

“We need to go to the cave and begin to practice,” said John.

“What time is it?” asked Jimmy.

“Its seven fifteen and here’s your breakfast,” said John, as he pulled out two packs of pop tarts and two small cartons of chocolate milk. He took them out of the backpack that was on Craig’s back, which they got from the home’s kitchen.

“Did Father Demi say anything on his walk through with Monsignor Walsh?” asked Craig.

“No,” said Jimmy, “but he did show us his fangs on his way out the door.”

Both John and Craig looked at each other shaking their heads as you could see that they were plenty concerned.

“The way you tell it Jimmy,” I said, “is like his fangs came down an inch or two.”

“He did show us his fangs,” said Jimmy, “you saw it to.”

“Yes Jimmy, but they were the same size as they were when we first met him,” I said, “Okay, enough of that now, what are we doing?”

“We have church at eleven,” said John, “so that gives us a couple of hours to practice at the cave. We really need to get everything perfect if we plan on beating Father Demi.”

All four of us shook our heads and within minutes we were out the door and on our way towards the cave. Looking back every so often to make sure that we weren't being followed.

Arriving at the cave we began practicing with all the weapons. We had set up several pillows on the wall and on the floor as each one of us took turns practicing our moves on each target. After our third time around, we began looking at each other and smiles where a plenty.

"If I do say so myself," said John, "I think we really are getting the hang of this Vampire weaponry. I also think our little men here are turning into tough guys."

All of us laughed but we all knew that what he said was true. The past several months we had practiced for many hours, and we were getting very good by now. John and I also knew that Jimmy and Craig were also very young. We both believed that they needed more time to build up their confidence.

We had realized what the mirrors were for in the roof and how they reflected from the other mirrors shinning directly at the front doors. We would always take turns pulling the lines which shinned the brightest light on the doors, but we were stumped because at night there was no sun. Everything we had learned in the books stated that Vampires couldn't walk in day light and would burst into flames if they were hit by sunlight for too long.

"Hey guys," said John, "it is time to get going," as he looked at his watch.

We put all our weapons away and began a swift jog as we always would. One for exercise, and the other so that if anyone was near, we would be getting as far as possible from the cave.

Once we hit the big Oak tree that stood across the asphalt road from the home we came to a dead stop. We noticed Father Demi walking out the side gate headed directly for us picking up his pace to a jog as he held onto his hat.

“Oh my God here he comes, and we don’t have our weapons,” yelled Jimmy, as Craig and Jimmy held on to each other. John and I both stood in a fighting stance that John had taught me in one of our fighting lessons at the cave.

Father Demi came to a stop ten feet away from us, as Craig and Jimmy both began screaming loudly.

“What in God’s name are you boys screaming about?” asked Father Demi. He continued, “is there someone chasing you boys through the woods?” Father Demi walked around us and walked six feet into the woods.

“No Father Demi,” said John, “we were just playing a game of hide and seek and you came running over scaring Jimmy and Craig.”

“I am the last person you need to be scared of,” said Father Demi, “come along boys, mass starts in less than an hour and you boys need a shower in the worst way.”

Craig let go of Jimmy and we went on to our rooms to get ready for Mass. Jimmy and I both laughed the whole time we got ready as Father Demi scared the life out of Jimmy and Craig.

## *Six*

The same group of people came to Mass and Father Demi did an incredible job in making everyone present feel exceptionally in good spirits. There wasn't a hesitation at all as he went through the Mass, because even Monsignor Walsh would sometimes hesitate at certain times.

After Mass we all went to eat in town at Gloria's Burger Stop. Gloria and her husband Bradley were one of the biggest supporters in Monsignor Walsh's cause on making the home succeed. She knew that Monsignor Walsh was going away for a while. So, she wanted to have everyone at the home for a small wishing Monsignor Walsh, the best of luck on his trip to gather funds for the home. They also wanted to make Father Demi feel that he was wanted by the towns people since there was only a few who were against the home.

The trip into town was a fun one for Father Demi, as he liked to sing songs whenever he took a trip that lasted more than twenty minutes. We sang Kumbaya my Lord, John Jacob Jingle Hammer Smith, and finally Row, Row, Row Your Boat. Everyone laughed even Monsignor Walsh was in good spirits. When Father Demi sang, he had a strong deep bass voice and when he laughed it was a strong, loud hardy, contagious laugh.

We arrived in town and went directly to Gloria's Burger Stop. Everyone ordered anything they wanted from the menu, as her husband Bradley set up a long table in the far back of the restaurant. A couple of hours later everyone was full to the gills, as two men in their late twenty's walked in. They walked over, sitting in a booth where they could face directly in the direction of our long table.

One of the boys walked towards there table since it was the only way to the restroom. One of the men stuck a leg out tripping the boy. He fell face first cutting his lip on the corner of a table. Gloria and Bradley saw the entire thing taking place as did Father Demi. He stood up immediately walking quickly to the boy who was holding his lip.

"What in the world do you think you were doing tripping this young man?" asked Father Demi.

"Mind your own business," said the biggest of the two men.

"What do you mean mind my own business?" asked Father Demi, who walked directly at the two men.

Monsignor Walsh walked just in front of Father Demi facing the men as Gloria went to the phone by the cash register dialing a number.

"Monsignor who cares a lot," said the smaller man.

"Wilbur and Todd Stoner, what do you think you boys are doing?" said Monsignor Walsh. "Your father said you boys will not be giving us any more trouble and I know when Frank Stoner gives his word, you can bet he means it."

"Well," said Wilbur who was the bigger man, "our father passed away two weeks ago. How can such a caring man not even know that he passed?"

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Monsignor Walsh, "but I have been so busy with the home since Father Mayo got sick several



months back. We are sorry for your loss and will pray for him when we get back to the home.”

“We don’t want you to pray for our father, we are here to tell you that we don’t want the boys from the home in town without supervision from an adult.” said Wilbur. “For any reason, if we catch one alone, he will be dealt with in the old fashion way.”

“What in the world is going on here?” asked Father Demi. “This is a free Country, and the boys are allowed to go anywhere they want without your permission. Who do you think you two are, the owners of the town?”

“Just about three quarters of it,” said Todd.

The doors to Gloria’s Burger Joint opened quickly as two police officers came walking in at a fast pace. One was an older man with a beard and mustache, about five-feet-five and thirty-pounds overweight. The other was a skinny tall man about six two with a long nose and thin face.

“Now what do we have here?” asked the older policeman.

“Officer Jones and Officer Garcia, thank you for coming so quickly,” said Gloria. “The Stoner boys are back at it again with tripping one of the boys on their way to the bathroom.”

“Well,” said Officer Jones, the older officer, “I know your papa died two weeks ago, but I really thought that you boys would listen to the pact that he made with Monsignor Walsh.”

“Papa is not in charge anymore so that makes us the bosses of what the rules are,” said Wilbur.

“No that just makes you look like two jackasses in front of a bunch of good kids,” said Officer Jones.

“You know what that boy did to our sister five years ago and Papa may have let it slide but, we still believe that these boys need to pay,” said Wilbur.

“The boy died with your sister and you boys have caused enough anguish upon the home. You are very lucky not being in jail for a very long time with what you caused Monsignor Walsh and you both may have some responsibility for their death. Now get up and move it or you will both be spending the rest of the day and night in my jail cell. Your Mamma was already contacted and wants both of you home now!” said Officer Jones.

“Why did you call Mamma?” asked Todd.

“Enough of this, let’s go now!” said Officer Jones, in a loud voice.

The Stoner boys began walking out with both looking back pointing their fingers as if to say that they will be seeing us again. Officer Jones and Officer Garcia walked them out without coming back in.

“What in God’s name was that all about?” asked Father Demi.

“I’ll tell you on our way back to the home,” said Monsignor Walsh.

“I’m so sorry,” said Gloria, “I had no idea how they found out about our lunch party. I would try to keep the boys in check for a while since you know how stupid the Stoner boys can get.”

“Thank you very much, Gloria,” said Monsignor Walsh, “and don’t worry about the boys, Father Demi will keep them in check.”

“I will never worry about our boys,” said Gloria, “the Stoners are what we need to keep our eyes out for, and we will be watching them.”

Everyone said their goodbyes as we loaded our van up with everyone and headed for the home. Monsignor Walsh started to tell Father Demi what had happened with the Stoner boy’s sister.

“There was a boy several years ago whose name was James, he fell in love with the Stoners sister, and she was head over heels in love with him. Old Man Stoner was totally against their relationship when he found out a year and a half after it started. His

son Todd caught them kissing at the local Movie Theater. Todd beat James up outside the theater to the point of where James spent three weeks in the hospital.

Our old Chief of police was on the Stoners side as he was getting paid under the table for favors that the Stoners needed. He was beat in the last election for chief, by a much better man. James's situation made a lot of people mad at the Stoners and the Chief of police.

To make a long story short, our boy James and Cynthia Stoner decided that they were going to run away together or die trying. You see, there love was something that they were sure that not even death could tear them apart. She had a new BMW that her father bought in cash, and it was put under her name on her eighteenth birthday. She had taken all the money that she was able to save over the last two years from what her father gave her, which totaled one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

She went to the bank and took out five thousand in cash and the rest in a cashier's check. Where she went wrong, is that her father was called by the president of the bank, as he was one of old man Stoner's closest friend. The teller who helped her went directly to see him when she left the bank.

Cynthia drove to Gloria's where James was waiting for her, and they left town heading west. The Williams family live on the outskirts of town were the only witnesses to see them leave out of town. They also witness a tan F-250 truck driving at a fast speed just minutes after going in the same direction as the BMW.

Three hours later we got a call from the Highway patrol that James and Cynthia were both killed when her BMW lost control at a high rate of speed. The Highway patrol man said that they must have died instantly. They were ejected from the car as they hit a tree head on.

Now the only owner of a new brown F-250 truck in our town was Todd Stoner. No one new that the Williams witnessed the

truck following the BMW until two weeks after the accident, when they came into town to buy supplies as they do every couple of weeks. Old man Williams went and had himself a couple of drinks.

Everyone was still talking in the bar about the accident that killed the two kids in love. Many in town thought that they were the perfect young couple, a common day Romeo and Juliet. Old man Williams started to put the BMW which he remembered seeing two weeks earlier and then he thought of the brown F-250 truck that came following it, at a very fast pace.

Many in the town wanted the Stoners to be brought up on charges but old man Stoner had too much power in their small town back then. The towns people did get a little revenge by making sure that all of those who were on old man Stoners side were all beaten in their next elections. The Mayor, Chief of police and three city board members were all beaten. At the same time the Stoners do own a significant amount of the town's businesses and hold the mortgage on many other town businesses."

"Look out!" yelled Father Demi, as a blue pickup truck came out of a side road at a fast speed hitting the side of the van.

Monsignor Walsh held on to the steering wheel with both hands and swerved two the left then slightly to the right. When finally, he regained control of the van and put on the breaks. The blue truck continued, making a fast turn at the four-way stop almost causing the blue truck to flip.

"Is everyone okay?" asked Monsignor Walsh.

Father Demi got out of the van and opened the side doors checking on all the boys.

"Did anybody see who was driving that blue truck?" asked Father Demi.

"The windows were too tinted to see the person in the truck," said John, "but I will bet you the Stoners have something to do with it."

“The good thing,” said Monsignor Walsh, “is that no one was hurt, and the van just has a slight dent on the side. Get back in Father Demi, will call the police when we get back to the home and get a police report for our insurance.”

The rest of the ride to the home was done without a word spoken by anyone in the van. Upon arrival Monsignor Walsh called the police and within an hour they arrived getting statements from Monsignor Walsh and Father Demi.

Father Demi was not happy about the situation with the Stoners and verbally said different things pertaining to the situation. Monsignor Walsh explained to him that the Lord will take care of it.

That night Monsignor Walsh talked to every one of the boys in his room individually, because he would be leaving in the morning for several weeks if not months.

The next morning Father Demi, Craig and I took Monsignor Walsh to the airport as the rest of the boys stayed at the home. Everything went fine as we stayed to watch Monsignor Walsh’s plane take off.

On the way back to the home Father Demi slowed down. He noticed a large group of people working on a home on the right side of the road that we hadn’t noticed there on our last two trips to the home. Pulling in to see who it was, Father Demi asked Craig and me to come out of the van.

A big man with a large gut exposing his belly button came walking over.

“Can I help you?” said the big man.

“Hi, my name is Father Demi, and I help Monsignor Walsh run the boy’s home, a mile down the road,” said Father Demi. “Are you going to be our new neighbors?”

The big man laughed a strong funny sort of laugh as the rest of us laughed with him, including Father Demi.

“Oh, heck no, we are just fixing the old place up for a family that will be coming into town in a couple of weeks,” said the big man. “Would you like to look around, because it is an amazing home, inside that is?”

“We sure would,” said Father Demi, as he looked over at both of us. We shook our heads in agreement.

The inside of the house was of old antique furnishings and the smell of old wood with a fireplace that was abnormal for the size of the house. Only a mansion would hold such a large fireplace. We walked around the entire house as the big man took us down to the basement.

The smell of mildew and the humidity level made our throat itch. Two men were putting cinder blocks in the holes where the two basement windows were once kept. The big man turned their big battery-operated lamp on a brighter level. It was getting dark as they covered the holes that were once windows.

“Pretty strange,” said the big man, “I have never seen anybody seal a basement window and on top of it, they want it left alone with not a thing done with the moisture or mildew. Normally I get big money to fix up basements, with throwing down a slab of concrete, even drywall and plastering the ceiling.”

Father Demi looked at the big man agreeing with him by shaking his head. We moved out of the basement, through the kitchen and headed to the back yard. There was a long walkway that led to the back where a cluster of weeds and bushes covered what we could almost make out as a Statue.

“Is that some kind of statue in the middle of that cluster?” asked Father Demi.

“Come see it for yourself,” said the big man.

We walked the length of the yard and as we got closer, we could see that it was a statue of an angel with wings, but the face was of a demonic creature with a Wolves snout with long fangs on each side.

“What in the heck is that?” asked Craig.

“We said the same thing when we saw it,” said the big man, “but we were specifically told not to allow anything to happen to it. We have been told to cut the lawn around far enough not to remove the weeds and bushes that cover it.”

“That’s really weird,” I said.

“Well, I got to get myself back to work, feel free to look around longer if you wish,” said the big man.

Father Demi stayed there looking at the statue for several minutes as the big man walked away, then he moved around the cluster of trees as Craig, and I followed. We noticed an opening in the woods, a walkway that led deep into the forest.

“Let’s go boys,” said Father Demi.

We walked around the right side of the house as we noticed the last of the bricks being put in covering the windows to the basement. Waving goodbye we were off to the home. We were all in deep thought as we arrived at the home.

A delivery truck was parked by the back gate of the home as Father Demi parked next to the big vehicle. A man with suspenders holding up an old pair of jeans jumped out of the truck.

“You must be the man in charge,” said the big man.

“Yes, I am,” said Father Demi, “I hope you have my workout equipment?”

“It sure is and after looking at you, I can see you will use every single pound,” said the man.

Father Demi just looked at the man with a strange face. It took two hours to set up the weightlifting equipment inside the game room. No one had noticed that Father Demi had moved everything to one side. When the men where done the room looked like a custom gym/game room. Father Demi showed us all the equipment, one machine at a time.

When Father Demi was done, I called on John and Jimmy to join us in my room, as they were both shooting hoops.

I began telling them what happened on our way back from taking Monsignor Walsh to the airport. “We went to drop Monsignor Walsh off, and on our way back, we stopped at an older house that before you couldn’t see off the main road. They cleared a bunch of bushes and now you can see it clearly from the road. The people who are moving in will be arriving within the month.

A big man, who runs the construction crew, gave us a tour of the house. They are sealing the basement windows with cinder blocks and plaster and leaving the rest alone. The smell of mildew and the humidity from the solid ground floor was horrible. Even the big man who showed us around found it strange that they didn’t want any more work done to the basement. That isn’t the worst part about the place, in the back yard there is a statue with wings and the face of a demonic creature with the snout of a wolf,” I said.

We all stood there looking at each other without saying a word.

“Who would live in a house like that?” asked Jimmy.

“I’ll tell you who,” said John, “Father Demi’s friends who are going to be staying in the basement in their coffins on the solid dirt floor and the statue is probably the devil himself.”

“I don’t know about that,” I said, “but we have got to keep our eyes open on that house. Oh, I forgot to add that there was an opening into the woods. On our way back, I noticed how when the road turns, that statue can’t be more than a mile in the woods from the boy’s home and a little less than half of that from the cave.”

We all sat there thinking for a while, without much said. The rest of the day we spent watching television and making plans to practice in the cave every chance we got.



## *Seven*

For the next several days Father Demi taught all the boys in the home on how to use every single machine and free weights. He also served as a personal trainer by making a workout schedule for every one of the boys but most specifically to work the area's that they needed to improve.

School stayed the same and every chance we got we would practice at the cave. We would also keep an eye out on the house with the statue for any signs of the new neighbors moving in. We decided to hide the book/memoir that Father Mayo had given me and the one I found in the cave under two flat stones two the right of the big doors in the cave, just in case anyone ever found the cave. With a little sand around the edges, only a hound dog with the scent of the books could have found them.

A couple of days went by as Father Demi was working out with a group of the boys including John and Craig. Father Demi had a dark blue towel that he was using to wipe the sweat off his face. The more he used it the stranger he looked and the makeup that he used was making a brown sort of whitish marking on the blue towel.

All the boys were noticing, but John and Craig began to get nervous. They thought that he may be turning into what they had

already suspected a Vampire. Father Demi could see everyone looking at him strangely, but still helping them on their last reps.

When they were done John and Craig ran to my room and told us what had happened. All the boys were getting nervous because there was no doubt that Father Demi would notice when he went to shower as he would look at himself in the mirror.

An hour went by when a knock came to the door and all of us boys jumped up as I went to answer it.

“I need all of you to come to the dining room.” said Father Demi. “There is something that I need to show to all of you.”

Father Demi shut the door as all of us looked at each other with wide eyes.

“What do you think this is about?” asked Craig.

“His face,” said John. “What else could it be?”

We walked outside and watched while Father Demi walked on the opposite side of the home calling on the rest of the boys. After the last boy came into the dining area, Father Demi put a small case on the first table. He then walked into the kitchen and came out with a couple of kitchen towels and a small bowl filled halfway up with water.

“I have been waiting to explain to all of you since I arrived here at the home, why I use the big hats and why the left side of my face and neckline looks a bit strange,” said Father Demi.

“I never thought they looked strange,” said Jimmy, as he looked around at the other boys.

Everyone began to speak at the same time with all of them agreeing that they didn't see or notice anything strange. Father Demi didn't say a word, he just dipped one of the kitchen towels in the bowl in front of him and began wiping the makeup from his face and neck.

All the boys in the home moved back in their seats as they could see the discoloration in his skin, making him look strange, in a scary way.

“I have a rare skin disorder which only one in every million people can get and it causes my skin to turn into this horrible discoloration,” said Father Demi. “It started when I was in my mid-twenties and the sun can cause me extreme pain to the point of causing a burn affect if I get a direct hit from the sun’s rays.”

The whole room just watched Father Demi as he started applying the makeup back on his face.

“Now those of you who noticed me in the weight room, now you should understand exactly why there was a streak of make up on my towel,” said Father Demi.

All the boys sat there wondering what to say as Father Demi continued putting on his make up as everyone watched.

“Well,” said Father Demi, “does anyone else have any questioned that you may want to ask me? You will soon learn that I have no secrets to keep from you.”

“Is it contagious?” asked John, as he looked around at the other boys.

“Yes very,” said Father Demi, “but only if I touch you with my bare hands.”

Father Demi walked quickly around the room touching several of the boys. He began laughing so loud that all the boys stopped, realizing that he was kidding as they all began laughing with him.

“Is there anything else that I need to explain to you?” asked Father Demi.

All the boys tried to think of something but not a single question was asked. Several weeks went by and all the boys in the home had a full five-day work out down pat with the help of Father Demi. Once a week on Saturdays Father Demi would have a maxing out competition.

Everyone would attend and every week someone would lose in one out of the twelve different competitions. Every week one of the boys would workout harder than the rest making him win the next competition.

One day on the way home from school we noticed two moving trucks pulled in front of the house by the road with the statue in the back. Father Demi slowed the van down, as all the boys watched. Two men carried a big box out of one of the trucks.

Father Demi pulled in behind the trucks and asked all the boys to stay in the van until he returned. All the boys moved over to the right side of the van to catch a view of the men moving boxes and antique looking furnishings until Father Demi returned to the van several minutes later.

When Father Demi returned to the van, he started it up as we pulled away and not a word was said by Father Demi until we got to the home.

“I don’t want to catch wind of anyone of you boys going anywhere near that home that we just stopped at,” said Father Demi, “not even if you break down with a friend on your way home from school as some of you use as an excuse every off and on for being late.”

The tone on his voice meant business as none of the boys said a word while we headed for our rooms. I asked John and Craig to join us in our room after they took their things to their room. It took just five minutes before they knocked on our door.

“What do you think that was about with Father Demi?” I asked as I looked at Jimmy, Craig, and John.

“I don’t know but whoever Father Demi talked to must have ticked him off pretty bad,” said John.

“I think that he doesn’t want us there,” said Jimmy, “because he got to speak with his Vampire friend who lives there and they are soon going to come and get us,” said Jimmy.

“I agree with Jimmy,” said Craig. “I am going to be running away, so if anyone of you want to join me your more than welcome.”

I looked at John and he hit Craig on the head as we all began laughing except for Craig who looked more serious than Father Demi did earlier.

“I say we do a little investigating after supper,” I said. “I know that it will take us only fifteen minutes on a quick jog to the back of the house.”

“You think so?” asked John.

“I am positive,” I said. “Remember Sunday when I was gone for a little over an hour. That’s where I went to see if my calculation was right about the distance to the house.”

“It will be dark by the time we return,” said Jimmy.

“I know but we will all be together, with weapons in hand,” I said, “the way to the house leads us right by the cave.”

We seemed a little more positive about the trip knowing that we would have our weapons, but Jimmy and Craig still were scared to death. John and Craig left the room until supper. We were all happy because none of us had clean up duties as we headed right out into the woods without anyone of the other boys noticing.

Before we knew it, we had arrived at the cave as John, and I went in to get our weapons. When we returned Craig and Jimmy where both holding on to each other shaking as if they had seen a ghost.

John and I immediately threw down Jimmy and Craig’s weapons at their feet. I pointed my cross bow up looking into the trees as I circled slowly. John took two steps in front of me standing with one foot in front of the other circling in the other direction looking straight ahead and down as we had practiced a hundred times before.

“Where are they?” I asked, as Jimmy and Craig grabbed their weapons, but still shaking from whatever scared them.

“I don’t know,” said Jimmy, but I swear something flew over us and went down that path to the right of the cave.”

“Could you make out what it was?” asked John.

“It went to fast, but it was black,” said Craig.

“Yea,” said Jimmy, “I also saw it and it was black, like a ghost.”

“Okay,” I said, “whatever it was, it was traveling alone, and we still have an hour and a half before study time. Now, we are ready with our weapons in hand, and I am dying to get this started.”

“Okay,” said Jimmy, “we will go but don’t use the word dying anymore.”

John and I agreed but Craig and Jimmy were still scared to death. I began taking the lead and John took the end, looking constantly back as we picked up our pace. Within minutes we were at a tree branch that hung half broken on the walkway. I moved it exposing the back yard of the house twenty-five feet ahead.

We could see the large statue of the angel with the demonic face totally cleared from the weeds and bushes that covered it before. It was almost lifelike, as we started to walk slowly towards it.

A light was coming from the inside of the house, in the kitchen area, but not a person in sight. The sun started to go down and darkness would be upon us within the next twenty minutes. We were standing behind the Statue but not close enough to touch it or allow it to touch us.

I started running towards the house as the rest followed, backing into the side of the house. Slowly I took one step at a time until we were a turn away from the front. I bent down looking

slowly around the corner, then pulling back, I started shaking my head.

“There’s no one there,” I said in a low voice, “the trucks are gone, and the outside light is on, so there has got to be someone in the house.”

We began walking slowly back in the same direction as we came. John started taking over the back again. A thunderous noise erupted from under our feet as if the ground was going to collapse when we reached the halfway point of the house.

A loud screech came from what we were sure was from the inside of the house’s basement. All four of us began getting close to each other. Everything around us started to get dark. The sun went down as another loud screech came from the basement. All four of us took off as I led the way flashlight in hand.

Craig and Jimmy were right on my tail as was John who started to yell that something was coming. We made the left turn next to the cave and I picked up my pace even faster. All four of us heard what sounded like a storm coming after us when John yelled get down and shoot.

All of us at the same time hit the ground turning on our backs shooting up in the air. What we saw could only be described as a black figure that passed twenty feet over our heads. It turned around and continued down the path towards the house with the statue. We stood up quickly, as John and I began taking the lead because Craig and Jimmy wanted nothing to do with the front.

Finally, we noticed the big oak tree that stood an asphalt street away from the home. We continued running to the back window of my room as I had left it open, just in case. Pushing out the screen as we looked around to see that no one was watching us. Jimmy, Craig, John, and I were in the room within seconds, as we started to hide our weapons. There was a hole that I had found with a hidden door which was cut into the ceiling, in my closet.

As soon as I put the last weapon away and shut the door a knock came from my front door. I walked over still drenched in sweat as where the rest of the boys and opened the door.

“Father Demi,” I said, “Is there something wrong?”

“No,” said Father Demi, “but why are you sweating so profusely?”

I just looked at Father Demi who just stood there waiting for a reply from me.

“We were having a competition on who could do the most pushups,” said John.

Father Demi looked around the room and turned to walk back out, when he turned quickly.

“Are you sure that’s all you were doing?” asked Father Demi.

“Yes sir,” said John, “that’s all.”

When Father Demi left, Craig and Jimmy fell on Jimmy’s bed as John, and I did the same on my bed. We laid there for several minutes, without saying a word. We began trying to take in everything that had happened to us in the last hour and a half.

We didn’t speak until it was time to go to study hall, walking quickly since we knew that something was in the air that didn’t seem like other nights. Father Demi was already sitting down at the far-right table as we were not allowed to talk during study hall, unless you were doing a project for school together. Study hall went by fast as all of us decided to right notes on small pieces of paper. We passed one to each other during study hall that we would go to the cave after school the next day.

That night, none of us had a good night sleep and on our way to school we sat in the back of the van. We began writing notes as we each learned that our dreams were all very similar.

‘Walking down the steps in the old house, leading to the basement as we finally reached the bottom. Several coffins opened



one at a time with each yelling out a loud screech, as if awakening the dead.' Each dream was very similar in detail to the next except for Craig. He said that one came out and grabbed him, trying to pull him in the coffin.

## *Eight*

After school all four of us grabbed our weapons from my hiding place in my room and headed to the cave looking around just in case, we were followed. With no one in site we entered and began doing our normal practicing for several hours until it was time to return to the home. The next several weeks we practiced as we were getting ourselves in the best conditioning of our young lives.

School was only a month away from being over when Officer Jones came to school as everyone had gathered in the gymnasium. No one had any idea what the meeting was going to be about. Even the teachers where a bit stunned that they weren't given a reason for the meeting.

“Good morning boys and girls,” said Officer Jones, “I hope your all doing good in your class work. You know that those who do good will always succeed in life. I am standing here to talk to all of you about a situation that has been happening here in our small town for the past week.

Our mayor and the city board have asked me to come out here to speak with all of you. Your parents have already been notified about this meeting and most agreed as all of you know that this town is run on the majority rules.

Something very strange has been happening to our livestock and many dogs have been missing. No harm so far has been done to any person and we believe the reason is because everything that has happened has only happened at night.”

All the kids in the bleacher’s began talking as Officer Jones began quieting everyone down.

“I don’t know what it is, but what I do know is that we have decided,” said Officer Jones, “to make a curfew for the time being, at sundown. Whatever it is that is killing the animals, we have no doubt could also kill any human.”

This time all the kids got twice as loud as before. They didn’t know that things were actually being killed not just missing.

“Please, calm down!” yelled Officer Jones. “There will not be any practices of any spring sports after 5:00 p.m. That will give everyone a chance to make it home before sunset. All the businesses in town will also be closed. We have hired several National Guardsmen to serve as temporary security. That is just until we can figure out what it is that is causing the damage. Please feel free to ask any questions to your teachers. They will be given a copy of these three-page letters which each teacher will receive explaining to them the situation at hand.”

All the students started talking as we were being taken back in our classes. I looked over at John who knew that he would meet me in the bathroom if anything strange ever happened. In the last couple of months, we had a plan with Craig and Jimmy for any situation that we could think of, especially during school.

“Holy crap,” said Jimmy, as he was the last to enter the bathroom and John locked the door from the inside.

“It has started,” said Craig, “the Vampires are starting with the animals, and it is only a matter of time before they will be eating the people. I am for sure going to be running away.”

“I am going with you,” said Jimmy, as they put an arm on each other’s shoulders.

“You both aren’t going anywhere, and we are the only ones that know what is causing this situation and without us the town will definitely not have a chance,” said Steven. “I know you both don’t want to see Gloria and Brad get killed by a vampire when you could do something to stop them. You know that they have always considered you two like their own little boys.”

“What are we going to do then?” asked Craig, as Jimmy looked on with the same expression as Craig’s.

“We are going to go to the vampire’s home in daylight and kill every one of the Vampires or at least as many as we can,” I said, as John shook his head in agreement.

We left the bathroom and met up again after school. The ride back to the home was a slow one. There was a roadblock already set up just outside of the town by the hired National Guardsmen.

Father Demi couldn’t believe how fast they move when something happens in such a small town. The guardsmen let us through since Father Demi had spoken to them earlier on his way to pick us up at school.

Down the road several miles, Father Demi began slowing down as our van approached the old house and as every day that we passed, there wasn’t a soul to be seen. No cars were parked in the front. There wasn’t a garage so if there was any car, truck or motorized bike it would have been visible.

Father Demi shook his head as he passed by the house. Arriving at the home all four of us boys changed our clothes and went on a quick jog towards the cave. When we arrived, we could hear what sounded like a religious ceremony with chanting going on down the path that led to the house where the statue stood.

All of us went into the cave grabbing our weapons that we needed plus each one of us carried a backpack loaded with extra bows and wooden steaks. We came out of the cave, and I lead the way again with John bringing up the tail end.

We approached the tree branch that showed the statue on the other side down the small hill. I moved it slowly as the chanting was getting louder the closer, we got to the branch.

I could see several people walking around the statue with their heads down chanting something that anyone of us four boys could make out. All four of us were now watching as we were able to notice the six people who walked around, four men and two women.

One of the men looked up chanting something as the rest followed with the same words. John poked me and in a low whisper said, "That's Todd Stoner." We continued watching as we noticed Wilbur Stoner, two town homeless men and two women who we had no idea where they came from as none of us had ever seen them before.

All of them looked as if they were in some other world not paying mind to anything around them. They suddenly stopped walking and Wilbur Stoner picked up a live goat tied at the legs, and he raised it over his head and said some words. The rest of the group repeated the words and in one quick move he held the goat in the air with one hand. He then pulled a big knife out and slit the neckline causing blood to spew on the feet of the statue. The goat shook frantically as Wilbur held it tight.

Two more times Wilbur Stoner repeated the same thing with two other goats, keeping the goat up in the air each time, until the goat would stop bleeding.

"What should we do?" I whispered, as I looked at John because Craig and Jimmy were already ten feet behind us ready to run instantly. All they were waiting for was a signal from me.

"I say we come back tomorrow and do what we said we would do," said John, "this looks like an offering to the statue."

I nodded my head in agreement, so I slowly let the branch go, when suddenly the branch made a cracking sound and the chanting stopped instantly. I looked at John and we were both off running as

fast as we could. Within ten steps, I caught up to Craig and Jimmy taking the lead. John could have passed them, but he stayed in the back for fear that either one would fall.

Thirty feet from the cave, John looked back as did I and we could see that the two women were after us, with their faces being disfigured very similar to the demonic statues face. John turned shooting two wooden stars directly at one of them, hitting her directly in the heart.

The demon lady yelled loudly as she hit the ground shaking uncontrollably. The one behind her jumped over her without skipping a beat. I had my crossbow drawn and shot at the demon lady who was approaching fast missing her as she moved swiftly to the right. A second later the demon woman went down as Jimmy shot his cross bow with a direct hit to the heart.

Both women continued shaking as they began burning up. All four of us boys took off running as fast as we could back to the home. We arrived jumping in through the window in my room again hiding our weapons in my closet hiding spot.

As before there was a knock at the door, but this time I took a minute longer to answer. It was one of the boys from the home who told us that one of the boys saw smoke coming from the woods. I stepped out and looked to the right as I could see Father Demi taking the turn towards the back of the home headed for the woods, no doubt.

“We need one bag of weapons,” I said, I was instantly in the closet and grabbed one of the back packs putting one cross bow, four stakes, two hammers and several wooden stars that I handed over to John.

We were off into the woods hearing the other boys well into the forest but following our own known path to where we left the two burning demons. Making the right at the cave we could see the rest of the boys with Father Demi standing in the same area where we had seen the two demons earlier.

There were two outlined burned marks on the ground in the shape of human bodies. The boys moved over as John, and I came closer as Jimmy and Craig where not going to get close at all.

“What do you think happened here?” asked John, as he looked at Father Demi.

“It looks like someone is trying to play a very sick joke out here,” said Father Demi, “making it look like two bodies in order to scare you boys. Let’s go we must finish getting supper ready.”

Father Demi turned looking back at John and I as he headed back towards the home. John and I stayed behind looking back down the path towards the house with the statue.

“Should we go and see if the Stoners and the two homeless guys are still there?” I asked.

“I really don’t see the need for it,” said John, “since we can take care of this for good tomorrow, nice and early.”

We both turned and walked away back towards the home, but I had gotten a gut feeling as if we were being watched. After dinner all the boys went back to my room to discuss our day and make final plans for our early strike on the house of the Vampires.

We talked until nine thirty pm coming up with the reason that the Stoner brothers were part of the group around the statue because they were easy prey. The Stoners were known to spend long hours at the local bar not leaving until late and the homeless men were always outside, another easy catch for the Vampires. The two demon ladies were probably creatures that protected the Vampires by day. Just as one of the books that I read stated, ‘there were some who were slaves for the Vampires who could walk in daylight.’

The next morning, we were up early as Jimmy had set up duty for breakfast and was able to leave by eight when he was done with setting up the tables. Craig, John, and I where all sitting under the overhang tables in front of the game room or as Father Demi called it, “the muscle, fun room.”

We were off and walking fast as we reached the cave. Quickly getting in as we were anxious in getting this over with. Each one of us loaded up our back packs and we were on our way to the house with the statue.

Getting to the spot where the branch used to block the house which now was on the ground since it was the branch that made the cracking noise the day before. All of us stayed low to the ground just in case any of the Vampires where out.

We finally reached the back of the statue and stayed a foot from its large base. Looking at both sides of the house John pointed that he would go to the right with Jimmy and that I should go to the left with Craig.

Without a hesitation John took off as Jimmy followed him and I did the same but had to walk back grabbing Craig by the shirt because he was not moving. All of us had our weapons ready to fire on anything that moved.

We began walking on either side of the house and saw each other when we got to the front porch. John and I peeked to see if there were anyone around. There were no cars in the driveway which was a relief as we slowly walked up the steps that led to the porch and the front door.

There were two windows on either side of the porch as John looked through one signaling that he couldn't see anyone as I did the same with the other window with no one in site. John took out two butter knives and was able to pick the stems of the lock system as he slowly opened the door.

Jimmy and Craig's knees were knocking so loud that I touched them both on the shoulder so they would stop. Both turned, and instantly there were two large barking rottweiler's hitting the door from the inside as John was holding the door and I jumped at the door to help him. Craig and Jimmy where off running as the door finally caught the lock and John and I were off following Jimmy and Craig.



We ran around the house and into the woods as we could hear the dogs barking from the back window. By the time we had gotten to the cave John, and I had caught up to Jimmy and Craig.

“What kind of dog was that?” asked Jimmy as he was trying to catch his breath.

“They were two rottweiler’s attacking the door,” said John.

“What are we supposed to do now? I can kill a vampire, but I don’t want to kill a dog,” said Craig.

“No one is going to kill a dog,” I said, “we have got to find a way of getting the dogs out of the way. I know that none of us want to kill a dog.”

Not a word was spoken for a long while as we laid down looking at the ceiling in the cave thinking on how we were going to be able to capture the dogs.

“I got it,” said John, “remember the big cage that we saw in the back of Gloria’s place. You guys remember, the one that Brad said had been dropped there by someone a couple of years back and he left it there just in case he ever decided to get a dog.”

“That thing has got to weigh more than three of us put together,” said Jimmy.

“It really isn’t that heavy,” said John, “I saw Bradley move it out of the way when we went to the movies. He moved it by himself, and he didn’t look like he was struggling at all.”

“You know your right especially with Bradley’s bad shoulder. If he can lift it, we four sure can,” I said.

“Let’s go back to the home before it gets too late. I know Father Demi will be going into town for supplies and he needs to get the front tire changed, because there is a bubble on the side of the tire,” said John.

We put our weapons away and headed out of the cave and started our slow jog back to the home. We made it past the big oak

tree, and we could see a group of the boys and Father Demi, through the broken pieces of the wood fence that circled the home sitting on the benches outside of the workout, fun room.

“What’s going on?” asked John.

“Have anyone of you seen Joseph and Tommy?” asked Father Demi.

“No, why?” I asked.

“Several of the boys heard very weird sounds last night. A couple of boys heard several screams that they think may have come from the back side, where you all know Joseph and Tommy’s room is located,” said Father Demi. “We haven’t seen either one of them since last night. I took some nighttime Tylenol because I had a serous headache yesterday and was out like a rock. Did anyone of you, hear anything?”

“Not a thing,” I said, “we were just coming back from the woods because we saw a dog and it ran away. We wanted to know if you were going into town. Gloria and Bradley have a cage that they don’t use in the back of their place. We were hoping that you would let us get it to catch the dog. It really looked skinny and probably hadn’t eaten in a while.”

“I was just thinking of going into town for our weekly supplies and to get that bubble in the tire fixed,” said Father Demi, “Kevin since you are the eldest, you are in charge. I want all of you boys to stick together, no one being left alone. That is until we figure out what happened to Joseph and Tommy.”

Everyone agreed and Father Demi headed towards his room to get the keys and money for our shopping. All the boys started talking as everyone new that there was no way that Joseph and Tommy would run away as others had in the past.

Joseph was too heavily into football and was loved by all in school. Tommy was dating the hottest girl in school, and he would die before leaving her. All the boys started talking about getting

there sling shots and bows and arrow, since something didn't feel right to any one of them.

Father Demi finally came walking over as the four of us went with him and the rest headed to their rooms. They were going to get anything that was a weapon ready, just in case. Then they were going to meet back at the dining room which had a television for them to watch until the rest of us came back from town with Father Demi.

## *Nine*

On our way into town Father Demi slowed down as we passed the house with the statue as there was a white unmarked truck and two people with hoods on their heads caring what looked like old wooden boxes in the house. They stopped as they saw us slowly drive by and looked our way, but we couldn't see their faces because of the big hoods that covered their heads.

“What in the world was that?” yelled Jimmy.

“I have no idea,” said Father Demi.

Not another word was said as we drove into town. Father Demi parked the van at the tire shop as John and I walked over to Gloria's. Father Demi took Jimmy and Craig with him to get our weekly shopping supplies at the market.

Walking into Gloria's, she noticed us and gave us both a strong hug. “So, what are you boys doing at my place so early?” asked Gloria, as the last of the breakfast crowd walked out the door.

“We came with Father Demi, who is doing the shopping for our weekly supplies,” said John, “and we were wondering if you still had that big cage that you use to keep in the back of the restaurant.”

Bradley came walking over. “What are you boys going to do with the cage?” asked Bradley. “Are you trying to catch something big?”

“We spotted a loose dog in the woods by the home that probably was dropped off by someone who didn’t want it any longer. It is very skinny, and we are going to try and catch it, so we can have a pet. That is if it doesn’t die of starvation before we catch it,” said John.

“You boys are so good hearted,” said Gloria, “you can surely have the cage and let me give you a bag of some of our left-over bacon. I will also give you some left over biscuits with some of my special gravy. I will guarantee you if that dog still has his smelling sense, he will find the cage.”

Bradley took both of us around the back of the burger joint and we washed off the dirt on the cage with their high-powered hose in the back. Bradley took out a blower that he uses to clean the front of the dinner, drying the cage off instantly.

“Now that looks like a brand-new cage,” said Gloria as she walked out the back door with a bag of biscuits, bacon and gravy.

Gloria gave each one of us a hug and we were off towards the tire shop with the cage which we were right, as it only weighed thirty pounds at the most.

When we arrived at the tire shop a group of men who were always there on Saturday to talk bull, were sitting on chairs and two benches.

“What are you boys up to?” asked one of the men.

“Just trying to catch a stray dog in the woods near the home,” answered John.

“Are you going to eat the dog when you catch it?” asked, one of the men as the rest started to laugh.

“You better be careful in those woods,” said a man in overalls with two teeth, “there’s some strange things been happening in these parts lately.”

“What has been happening?” I asked.

“All kinds of strange things, like the Stoner brothers just about disappeared and several others have disappeared also,” said the same man.

Bradley came walking over from the dinner as he saw the men talking to us.

“Now what kind of story’s are you men telling these fine boys?” asked Bradley.

“Nothing much just the truth of what’s been going on in these parts lately,” again said the same two tooth man.

“Don’t pay any attention to what he is telling you. A couple of people disappearing is nothing new in this town and the Stoner boys, you never know where they went off too,” said Bradley. “They could have met up with anyone. They may have been shot by someone and lying in a deep hole with as many enemies as they had, only the good Lord knows.”

“Did my boys do something wrong?” asked Father Demi as he came walking over with two full carts of food that Jimmy and Craig were pushing towards the group.

“Nothing at all,” said Bradley, “just a couple of stories they’ve been told about a couple of people disappearing.”

“Well, have you boys said anything to anyone of these men about the home?” asked Father Demi.

“No Father Demi, not a word,” said John.

Father Demi looked at us both and sent us over to load the food in the back of the van as everyone walked away except for Bradley. We then put the cage through the center doors as we

folded the center seats down. Bradley asked Father Demi to take a short walk with him.

“Give me a second so that I can turn the air on in the van we have a lot of dairy and meats that need to stay cool,” said Father Demi.

They walked away and started talking for several minutes with Father Demi returning to the van.

“Is everything alright?” asked John, as Father Demi turned the van and headed in the opposite direction then the home.

“There have been several people missing and I want to report Joseph and Tommy who are also missing from the home to the local policeman,” said Father Demi, “just in case.”

Father Demi stopped at the police station as we sat in the van for several minutes when we heard something hit the glass on the passenger side window. It caused John to jump almost out of his seat.

“Crazy Annie are you crazy,” yelled John as we all started laughing.

“You boys better be careful,” said Crazy Annie, who was the town’s only female homeless/crazy women. “There are things that I have seen lately that can scare a boy halfway to death. You better have a cross on you because there are more and more coming every couple of days.”

“What is coming?” asked Jimmy.

“They have fangs, and they like to drink some blood from those that they want. I am safe since they don’t want my blood,” said Crazy Annie, as she laughed out loud.

“Is there anything that I can help you with?” asked Father Demi as he got in the van.

“Not you,” said Crazy Annie, “they want the boys, not you, they want the boys.”

Crazy Annie repeated the same line as she walked away with her cart loaded with garbage repeating the same lines.

“What was that all about?” asked Father Demi.

“Just Crazy Annie talking some crazy things,” said John.

“What happened in the station?” asked Craig.

“There has been seven people in town missing in the past week and with Joseph and Tommy that makes nine,” said Father Demi, “they are going to be calling more national guardsmen if anyone else goes missing.”

“Do they have any idea what is causing the people to disappear?” asked Jimmy.

“None at all, but I don’t want you four going off in the woods for a while,” said Father Demi.

“Can we at least set up the cage in the woods for the dog?” I asked.

Father Demi didn’t say a word as he started to drive slowly again as we passed by the home with the statue. The truck was gone, and Father Demi slowed down even more as it looked as if someone was waving from the little window in the attic.

“Did any of you see a hand in the top window?” asked Father Demi.

All of us said that we didn’t see a thing. When we arrived at the Home, Father Demi said, “You may put the cage in the woods after everything is put away in the kitchen. I want to see all of you back in the cafeteria in an hour.”

We hurried and put away the groceries and headed to the woods to hide the cage so that we could use it and try to get the two rottweiler’s later.

We stopped at the cave after we hid the cage behind several fallen trees twenty yards from the cave. Each one of us getting our back packs and loading them with our weapons. We were not



taking any chances. We walked back to the home going through the window and putting all four back packs in the closet.

Walking towards the cafeteria we heard a loud yell coming from the woods. Father Demi and all the boys in the cafeteria came running out since the door was open and they two heard the yell. Everyone went running to their rooms to get anything that they could that resembled a weapon, and within minutes everyone was back next to the pool ready to find out where the yell came from.

Father Demi had a bat and every one of the boys either had a bat or a sling shot, and John had his Chinese stars that he made from wood. We left our cross bows in the room and in their place we each had a bat a wooden mallet and plenty of wooden steaks in our back packs.

Everyone headed for the woods with Father Demi taking the lead. Not a sound we could hear outside of the noise that our own feet were making with the leaves and twigs on the ground.

“Help us!” we heard which came in the direction of the house with the statue. “Help us, please!” we heard as everyone stood still.

Father Demi took off running as if he noticed something in the direction that the person calling for help came from. We all followed him staying as close as possible.

Father Demi came to a dead stop and all the boys stayed quiet. Looking around for several minutes. Not a sound was made, as Father Demi turned to say something to us. At the same time, he turned, several drops of blood fell from the sky hitting him in the face, one drop, then two drops.

We all looked up in the air and both Joseph and Tommy where laying on four big tree branches with their heads looking down and they both where white as a ghost, stock naked. Joseph and Tommy’s eyes were closed, and Father Demi began climbing the big tree caring one at a time down as Craig who always carries water with him poured a little on each of their faces.

Father Demi had four boys each grabbing a hand or leg then we carried them to the home as we brought them into their room. Father Demi started to wipe them down taking a small towel with warm water, as the smell on their bodies was of manure, with a slight stench of sulfur. After he cleaned them up Father Demi ran outside and called Doctor Mayor, who was our town doctor.

Coming back in the room all the boys were standing back as Jimmy was pointing to Joseph who had two puncture wounds on his right wrist.

“What would cause something like that?” asked Jimmy, looking directly at Father Demi.

The whole room exploded with every one of the kids saying a “Werewolf or a Vampire,” said a couple of the boys.

“Nonsense,” said Father Demi, “there is no such thing here in America. Now if we were in the old Country, I might believe this possible.”

“What do you mean in the old Country?” I asked.

“Many legends of bites similar two the ones that are on their wrist were said to have happened in various parts of Europe, but the towns people kept it quite since they were only small outbreaks. Some get bit in the neck and are drained of their blood,” said Father Demi. “I have never seen one though, I have only been told about them.”

An hour went by, and Doctor Mayor finally showed up with the towns Ambulance just in case. Dr. Mayor spent five minutes in the room as the rest of the boys were told to stay outside.

“We will need to take these boys back to the Medical Center in town, as they have both lost a lot of blood,” said Dr. Mayor.

The ambulance driver and his assistant went and grabbed one of the two stretchers that they brought with them, because they knew that it was going to be two boys. Each one was given an IV with fluids.

When the ambulance left, Father Demi called for a meeting in the cafeteria. Everyone hurried in as we were happy to know that Joseph and Tommy had been found, but none of us wanted to get bitten by a Vampire or Werewolf.

“I think we all understand what is basically going on here,” said Father Demi, “but we are not sure exactly who or what is causing this blood lost situation. You boys remember that creature that was in South America, ‘The Chupacabra.’ Well, it too sucked the blood out of animals and just disappeared. Let us hope that this is the same situation but until then everyone will stay in groups of four with the last two staying with me.”

John, Craig, Jimmy, and I where one group, as four others where in another group with the oldest Kevin being there leader and the last two who were brothers stayed with Father Demi. We spent the day moving beds into one room as every group and the two brothers brought their beds into Father Demi’s room. All the beds were originally bunk beds, so they fit one on top of the other making the same amount of space as before.

The rest of the day we sat in the cafeteria watching television as Father Demi went into town to see how Joseph and Tommy were doing. When he returned, Father Demi went into his room coming out just before night fall.

He walked into the cafeteria as we began eating since Kevin and John had made Taco’s which was something they cooked every so often. After dinner everyone sat there looking at Father Demi.

“Joseph and Tommy are doing much better, but they still have not awakened from there coma state. If they wake up and continue to get better, they could be home in the next few days,” said Father Demi. “I am very tired, and I hope you can get everything cleaned up. When you are all done go to the assigned rooms and do not come out until daybreak tomorrow.”

With that he stood and went walking out the door as all of us boys just looked at each other not knowing what to do. We conversed amongst ourselves and decided that Father Demi may be having a nervous breakdown, or something is surely wrong with him.

Everything was cleaned up and we headed for our rooms. Not even a minute went by that a knock came to Jimmy's and my door. I got up and answered it while the rest of the boys had their weapons drawn, just in case. As soon as I opened the door the brothers who were supposed to be staying with Father Demi burst into the door.

I moved back as John, Jimmy, and Craig were about to shoot at them when I yelled, "don't shoot!" as I grabbed both brothers by the arm.

"What in the world do you think you are doing?" I asked.

The brothers, names were Bobby and Jason, who just stared at each other to see which one was going to speak first. Finally, Bobby started to speak, "We went to the room and Father Demi was asleep and snoring like a wild beast, we never heard anybody snore like that. We tried to wake him, and he would not wake up, so he again snored loud scaring us even more, so we left the room."

"What do you mean he snored like a wild beast, do you think he may have been bitten by a Vampire or Werewolf?" asked Jimmy.

"I do not know if he was or not, but he is out cold and that is not like him. Remember he told us when he first moved here that if we ever try and sneak out that he could hear like a wolf," said Jason.

"Holy crap," said Craig, "you get it. He snores like a beast and he himself said he hears like a wolf. Oh my God, we have Vampires and oh hell, we have a six foot seven, who is a priest but who is turning into a Werewolf."

## *Ten*

All the boys looked at Craig and John smacked him lightly in the head as the rest of the boys just looked at each other taking in everything that has been going on around them.

We decided to stay together, and the two brothers Bobby and Jason can sleep in one bed, Jimmy and Craig can sleep in the other head to toe as John and I had our own beds.

We talked late into the night, and we made a pact that no matter what we heard outside throughout the night. No one was allowed to open a window or a door. John and I were positive that a Vampire and a Werewolf had to be invited into a home. They just couldn't break in as many of the movies that most of the boys had seen over the years would make it seem.

That night we all heard several noises and a little after midnight there was a howl that sounded like it came from the woods right across our window that faced the woods. Minutes later we heard the crackling sound of someone or something walking around the outside of our room.

A loud breathing noise like if whatever it was couldn't catch a good breath of air, and then there was silence. Not a word was spoken as all of us boys just laid there with our eyes closed until exhaustion hit us and the dead silence made us fall asleep.

Next morning John was the first to awaken as he noticed the light through the window curtains and looked at his watch seeing that it was eight thirty. John started to wake us up, one by one as everyone took turns in the bathroom, because no one wanted to go outside without everyone going together.

When we were done, I opened the door as all the boys stepped out and we could see across the grass area that the other four boys in the other room were looking out the window. John waved to them as they to, walked outside. Everyone met in the middle on the grass.

“Have you seen Father Demi?” asked John.

“No,” replied Kevin the oldest of the group, “we stayed up late and we heard a loud howl, like a big wolf and something was walking around our room outside and then it was gone. We took turns sleeping but by three am none of us were awake, and I woke up at seven. I got everyone up and we’ve been sitting here waiting for all of you to come out of your room.”

All the boys started to walk towards Father Demi’s room as everyone of us were carrying a weapon. Jimmy and I even had our crossbows, since there wasn’t any time left to give a hoot who knew if we had one or not.

Getting to the door I had everyone move back as I noticed the door was cracked open and I looked back at Bobby and Jason the brothers. “Did you guys leave the door open?” I asked. “No, I am positive that we shut the door,” said Bobby.

John and I walked to the door as everyone else stood back. John grabbed the handle as I pointed the crossbow directly at the door. John counted down with his fingers one, two, three, and he pushed the door open. I ran in screaming as loud as I could as all the other boys were screaming just as loud. I looked everywhere but there was no sign of Father Demi.

The Bathroom door was closed, and Kevin walked towards it opening the door as he screamed loud and again the whole group

screamed louder. A noise like if Kevin was being thrown around the bathroom as he screamed, “Help!”

Everyone froze as John, and I went running in with John grabbing the crossbow from Jimmy. John and I started screaming as the group joined us again louder than ever before, then there was silence.

“You idiot!” yelled John.

“Are you crazy?” I yelled, “We could have killed you.”

“Sorry guys, but when I ran in and there was no one there I couldn’t resist,” said Kevin.

Everyone was upset but they all started laughing because it did scare the heck out of all of us.

“What do you think happened with Father Demi?” asked Kevin, after everyone stopped laughing and forgave him for scaring them.

“I don’t know, maybe he went back into town.” said John.

All the boys headed out the door running through the side gates towards where Father Demi would park the white van. The van was still parked in the same place as before as all the boys started to smell gas. We all looked under the van and could see that something had pulled down and ripped a whole through the gas tank, like with a sharp object with four blades.

“Oh, my Lord,” yelled Jimmy, “we are in for it, my God Freddy Kruger is after us too, only that hand with the blades could do this, I know it. Oh my God!”

I went over grabbing Jimmy and holding him as he began to cry. Several other boys had tears as it started to hit them that we were now all alone and no way to ride out of there, since town was over a half hour away.

We started walking quickly towards the dining room with the big kitchen in the room next door. John, Kevin and I went to the

kitchen to fix breakfast for the boys since they were all hungry. After an hour all the boys were full and the kitchen was back to the way it looked before we started, spotless.

“I know what we can do,” said Kevin, “we can make it to the house down the road where the new people moved into on the south side of the road.”

“Are you crazy,” yelled Craig, “where do you think the Vampires live?”

Everyone looked at Craig as if he lost his marbles, as the phone rang in the kitchen scarring all of us half to death. John ran and answered it as everyone stood around him. “No, we are alone,” John answered, “no we don’t know where he is. Good, thank you, and please hurry,” he then hung up the phone.

Everyone started to ask questions as John yelled “Stop and I will tell you all.” Making everyone be quiet.

“That was Gloria and she said that Bobby and Jason broke out of the Medical Center last night and Crazy Annie has been telling everyone that they had turned into wolves as they left the hospital. She asked if Father Demi was here, and I said no, that we didn’t know where he was. Then she said that she and Bradley were going to come in their van to pick us up. You see, Crazy Annie also said that she saw Father Demi running calling to Bobby and Jason when they all changed together in the back of the Medical Center, by the large garbage cans,” said John.

All the boys sat down on the dining room chairs and Father Demi came walking in through the front door of the dining room as every one of the boys yelled and screamed running to get their weapons as Father Demi yelled in a louder voice making them all stop in their tracks.

“What is the matter with you boys, have you gone crazy?” asked Father Demi.

All the boys continued to get their weapons as John, and I had the crossbows aimed directly at Father Demi’s heart.



“Will you two put those cross bows down, and give them to me,” said Father Demi.

“Over our dead bodies,” said Jimmy, sticking his head out just under John’s extended arm. He then moved back behind the rest of the boys next to Craig.

“No, sir, we haven’t gone crazy, but something just isn’t right here,” I said, “You wouldn’t wake up last night, your room door was partially open and Crazy Annie saw you turn into a Werewolf with Bobby and Jason. Not to mention someone punctured a hole, like someone with long sharp nails in the gas tank of the van.”

“What,” said Father Demi, as he turned and walked out the door in the direction where the van had been parked.

All the boys stayed looking at each other as I spoke, “should we go follow him or stay in here, we have the weapons and he’s not a Werewolf because they only turn when the moon is full.”

“Let’s go then,” said John, we have more weapons than he does. He may get a couple of us but no way he can take on all of us.”

All the boys started complaining, as none of them wanted to be the couple who didn’t make it if Father Demi attacked. We decided to go out the door at the same time and when John went to open the door Father Demi came in, we all ran to the corner with the cross bows again pointing directly at him.

“You are right, something must have caused that hole when I went into town last night,” said Father Demi. “I do remember hitting something in the road on my way back from town yesterday that might have caused the hole.”

“A hole can’t be pulled down if you hit something in the road,” said Jimmy, again sticking his head out under John’s arm.

“When you boys are ready to talk, I will be in my room,” said Father Demi.

Father Demi just turned as if someone or something had just called him. He headed towards his room as all the boys looked out the door and window watching him walk away, shutting his door without looking back.

“What are we going to do now?” asked Craig.

“We are going to sit here and wait for Gloria and Bradley to show up,” I said.

Everyone agreed as we began to watch the television. Several hours went by and not a sign of Gloria and Bradley.”

## *Eleven*

“Steven, Steven,” called out Dr. Carl, as all the boys were looking off into space.

“Sorry, Dr. Carl but what happened?” asked Steven.

“Nothing,” said Dr. Carl, “all four of you started to look up to the ceiling at the same time as if someone or something was calling you. Just as you have done several times before in our group meetings, now did you feel like someone had been calling you?”

All four boys looked at each other as if they were talking amongst themselves without speaking a word. I looked over at Dr. Carl who put his hand out giving me the room.

“When all of you look into space to put it in a simple way, is there something there that actually you can feel calling out to you?” I asked.

Again, all four boys looked at each other as if talking without a word.

“We have agreed that maybe we should tell. You do remember promising us that this would be the last time that we would tell our story, right?” asked Steven.

“Tell what?” asked Dr. Carl as I also asked, at the same time.

Again, they stared at each other with Steven turning his head. He looked directly at me, giving me the chill's as if he was looking through me, I felt, not at me.

“We have left one thing out but since we ourselves know that we are getting better and believe that it is time to finish what they started,” said Steven.

“What have you not told me?” asked Dr. Carl, as both Dr. Carl and I where on the edge of our seats waiting to hear what it was that they hadn't told.

“There are three remaining Vampires in the basement of the house with the statue, but they cannot get out unless we allow them out of there coffins,” said Steven, “They call us since you alone know that we were all bitten once but none of us ever turned. Your blood transfusion and what the Vatican sent helped, but we still can hear them when all three call for us at the same time. You see, we can also communicate as they do without speaking.”

The big orderly almost fell off his stool as everyone looked over at him as he was shaking his head with his eye's wide open. He straightened himself up and stood the stool back to normal. The alarm went off signaling that it was time for the dinner carts to be brought in.

Dr. Carl and I left the large room as the orderly walked with us to the door. The big orderly who Dr. Carl introduced me to as he walked outside the large Glass door with us, his name was Derrick.

“Those boys are serious, aren't they?” asked Derrick.

“You tell me Derrick?” asked Dr. Carl, “you have heard all of our conversations in the large hall, what do you think?”

“We are not going to go on another Vampire chase at the old home?” asked Derrick. “This time to see if three Vampire, Dracula people are still alive. You can get yourself another orderly cause this one is going to be retiring.”

“Derrick, go back in and I will speak to you after dinner,” said Dr. Carl.

Derrick did exactly what Dr. Carl had told him to do without another word, but he looked back shaking his head several times. Dr. Carl and I walked back to his office as there was a female orderly walking out of his office. She passed us with a cart full of trays.

“Institution food,” I said.

“Nothing but the best nutrition for my good friend,” said Dr. Carl.

“What was that all about with Derrick?” I asked Dr. Carl.

“Derrick overheard one of our group meetings and I caught him listening in. Well, since I knew I would need someone big and strong when I decide to go and look at the home. Derrick and I made an agreement that he could listen in as long as he serves as an assistant to me, if need be,” said Dr. Carl.

“He didn’t look like he was thinking of going anywhere, especially with the knowledge that three Vampires are locked in somewhere near the home. What happened the last time you went to the home?” I asked.

“We went and looked at the home, which was as Steven explained it perfectly, and the weather was horrible with strong winds and rain. We decided that the cave was probably as accurate as the home, not to mention the place was as creepy as walking into Dracula’s den,” said Dr. Carl.

We both just sat there looking at each other and ate our supper without another word. When we were done, we walked back to the large room where all four boys were still in the same chairs sitting without saying a word.

“So, what are we going to do about the three Vampires who are in the cave?” asked Dr. Carl.

“We have decided that we must free them. Then we will have to pierce each one with a wooden spike. We cannot do anything until daylight because they will have the upper hand if we go at night,” said Steven.

“Can you continue the story of how it all happened?” I asked.

## *Twelve*

“Where were we?” asked Steven.

“You were all waiting in the dining room for Gloria and Bradley to show up,” said Derrick, as he put his head down, not believing that he had just said that.

The boys didn’t even look his way, as if they accepted the fact that he was listening in. Steven looked at the rest of the boys as before and began to continue where he left off.

“All the boys were in the dining room as several hours went by and we all began to think that whatever it was may have gotten to Gloria and Bradley. It was an hour before night fall and all the boys decided to go to their rooms and bring pillows and blankets as they would all be staying in the dining room. They first decided to knock on Father Demi’s door. Just like the day before there was no answer but through a small seam in the curtains, they could see that he was sleeping without even a twitch when someone knocked.

We continued with getting our pillows and blankets and when we were all in the dining room, we pushed all the tables to the walls. We decided to bring five mattresses, so that five could sleep while five would be on watch.

It had gotten dark quickly and not a word from Father Demi, as none of the boys really cared. As far as they were concerned, he was already one of them, a Werewolf. We also knew that it was going to be another full moon that night and one more the next night. If the legend of the Werewolves were accurate, then they wouldn't have to fear a Werewolf attack until the next full moon which would be weeks later.

We began eating our dinner that John and I had made for everyone, hamburgers and deep-fried French fries. Everyone drank Gatorade and each one of us had a backpack with a few sandwiches and two drinks just in case we needed to be on the move.

John, Jimmy, Craig and I decided to tell the other boys that we had suspected that there was something strange going on and that is when we started making the crossbows and the sharp spikes out of wood. We didn't say anything about the cave since that was our place and if anyone got captured, they would be able to know of our hiding spot. We were all sure that we would be forced to give up the cave's location, eventually.

Several more hours went by as we prepared ourselves with candles just in case the electricity goes out. The only generator that kept the electricity on, sat in the far end of the game room. We brought it into the storage room in the kitchen with two five-gallon tanks of gas just in case, with several lamps to be able to see.

It was close to eleven o'clock at night when the wind started to pick up and lightning began striking. It felt like a strike had just missed our roof top. We started to take turns sleeping for three hours at a time with the first group on watch was Jimmy, Craig, John, Kevin and I, as Kevin said he was staying up till morning.

We were all watching the television when a sound came to the door as if someone was knocking slowly as it picked up and the sound got louder. A female's voice came from the door saying, "open up where here to help you." She continued for several minutes.



Then a loud knock came upon the door and what we believed was the same girl screamed an ear shattering scream. She began yelling as if we were small children who had just broken an expensive vase at a crazy aunt's house.

“Open that door if you know what is good for you,” we heard her say from the front of the door as the rest of the windows began rattling from all three sides.

All the blinds were closed as Kevin walked over to one of the windows and went to open the blinds to see what was making the sound. All the boys were up since the scream from the woman at the door had been enough to have awakened the dead.

Everyone watched as Kevin the eldest, grabbed a hold of the small wooden wand and turned it quickly. The rest of the windows and the knocking stopped as everyone even Kevin jumped back. We all met at the far-left corner with many staring at the two beastly creatures that were staring back at us. One was male and the other female, but both were like gargoyles from hell.

John got up and slowly got down low walking towards the window to close the blinds with the wand. He looked back just before he grabbed the wand and yelled, “No, nooo!”

All the boys looked at the door where John was staring as Peter who was a clown about everything in the home was about to unlock the front door. His eyes were looking directly at the female Vampire at the window, hypnotized no doubt. He opened the door, and it was ripped out of his hand flying over the pool that stood fifteen feet in front of the dining room.

The wind and the rain had us all scared to death as it started to come in sideways in the dining room. We all stood with weapons in hand as the first creature the male came to the door with long fangs and his pointed ears. He noticed our weapons and before he could move, two arrows from Jimmy and my cross bows had pierced his heart and a Chinese wooden star hit him directly on the forehead, from John.

He fell immediately on his back shaking and burned up with a horrible scream. The female beast looked quickly around the side of the door and pulled away instantly. We stood there for what seemed like an hour but only ten minutes had gone by. We knew that we needed to get to a secured locked room, or she would be back and probably with several more Vampires.

I stood next to John and told them all that we needed to get out of the dining room before the female Vampire returns with more Vampires. Everyone was scared to death, but we all knew that we would eventually lose the battle if they attacked with something blocking our weapons.

Every one of us grabbed our back packs and all the weapons were drawn as we decided to run out and head directly across the pool to Kevin's room. We had set up the other five mattresses in Kevin's room, for this exact situation. I looked at everyone scared to death as we all were and yelled, "One, Two, and Three!"

We ran as fast as we could out the door and looking directly across to our destination, but first we had to go, five to the left and five to the right around the pool. John came up with the idea just in case we were attacked by either side; someone would be able to make it across.

The rain had stopped, and the visibility was excellent due to the brightness of the full moon.

I was just getting to the other side of the pool as I looked back and watched as a large Werewolf took two jumps. He grabbed Peter as another boy also got hit at full speed, knocking them both into the pool. Looking over to the other side where the boys were coming at full speed. Out of know were, two huge bats came from the sky scooping up the last two boys as a howl came out of the pool. John, Kevin, Craig, Jimmy and Bobby ran into the room as I shut the door.

Craig, Jimmy and Bobby all began crying as they were visibly shaking and scared to death for what they had seen happened to

their friends. The noise outside as I went to look but through the side of the blinds not opening it as before. I could see the lifeless body of Peter being picked up by another Vampire with wings as the Werewolf noticed me and came running towards the room.

There were several other Vampires landing around the pool as I finally closed the small gap in the blinds. This time they made all kinds of noises, but we all sat in the corner with weapons ready for hours. The windows and door were off limits as one by one we fell asleep in our group exhausted and scared to death until daybreak.

John and I where the first to get up, awakening the rest one by one. We had to pry the fingers off Jimmy's crossbow because he hung on to the crossbow for dear life. Everyone went to the bathroom washing their face and teeth, since in our back packs we were ready to live in the woods, if need be, for several days.

John and I looked out of the two front windows and couldn't see anyone moving. We got everyone together weapons drawn, and John opened the door with Kevin at his side, all screaming at the same time. We jumped out fast in fear that we would be hit immediately from one of those flying Vampires or a Werewolf although it was daylight, we still took no chances.

After everyone stopped screaming, we were all locked together circling around looking high and low for any sign of movement. The windows and the other door in the Kitchen area next to the dining area were torn out only leaving the wooden frames. We made our way around the pool area, making it to the kitchen where everything that was in the pantry and the refrigerator was smashed on the floor and half of it was thrown out the back window.

We began to salvage as much as we could, since God only new how long we would have before we would be able to get any supplies at all. After thirty minutes of getting the little we were able to find we started walking towards Father Demi's room since we noticed his door open again as before, when we walked out of the room earlier.

Weapons drawn as John, Kevin and I ran in screaming as the rest followed behind. Not a sign of Father Demi but the place had been ripped apart and Father Demi's priest cloths looked like a pile of rags on the floor. We took all the sodas that Father Demi had in his small refrigerator which was knocked over at the far right of the room. They were all diet and high protein drinks, but we realized that beggars couldn't be choosy.

We walked quickly to a table that sat in the middle of the home on a circular slab of concrete. We could visibly see everything around us. After minutes of arguing what we should do. John took over as the leader as I backed him up because Kevin wanted to take charge, but we knew that we had the upper hand and more weapons to boot.

John looked at all our original three Vampire slayer's and we agreed that our cave would be the only safe place from this day forward. John explained to Kevin and Bobby, of the cave and how we didn't say anything, do to most in the home would have laughed at us as Kevin also admitted that it wouldn't have worked if all were involved.

Back to the room we went to get pillows and blankets and anything else that we thought that we could use, from candles to flashlights. We began walking through the doors that lead to the asphalt road next to the kitchen. None of us could believe the number of things that they threw out the back window as the asphalt was three quarters covered.

Kevin reached over and picked up a butcher knife and two long cutting knives that were thrown out, drawer and all on the street. He noticed Monsignors old sterling silver teapot and four teacups. No one had to be told since we had all forgot until that minute when Kevin picked up the teapot. He pulled out a torch gun that he put in his bag earlier, Kevin said, "only silver can kill a Werewolf." Each one of us took turns tapping Kevin on the shoulder, thanking God because he had realized that we needed the silver.

Finally, we were on the path that led to the cave. John took the lead as he began walking at a very fast pace. No one was arguing, because the faster we got to the cave, the better.

We went through the path seeing the double stones making a right to the two-foot opening. We began following on the side of the path because of the rain the previous night had a one-foot water puddle all the way through. At the two headed pine tree we made a left and within minutes we were at the cave.

One at a time we started passing everything we had brought with us under the large stone until the last one of us was in front of the large double doors. There had been claw marks on the doors that weren't there before and one of the handles had been bent but the doors were able to hold whatever it was as the chains and large lock were just fine.

I finally opened the lock, and everyone walked in the big room. I locked the door from the inside out. John, Jimmy and Craig lit all the lamps as I began to explain in more detail to Kevin and Bobby everything we found in the room and how hard we practiced. We were all hungry and each had a sandwich and a soda, since all of us new that we needed to preserve our food.

We began talking as Kevin and John began melting the silver and dripping it on the tips of the Chinese stars, and on several arrows for the cross bows. We used what we could and what was left he put in an old sock just in case. We then used fishing line to tie the silver tight on the tips. We decided that it was time for us to get things rolling because we couldn't sit there and wait for them to attack us. We needed to attack them, and daylight was on our side. We looked at our watches and couldn't believe that it was already ten minutes after eleven. Everyone geared back up and we headed out of the cave putting the lock back on the double doors.

John took the lead again as we began a slow jog to where we left the cage, that we had gotten from Gloria and Bradley who we had just realized had never showed. It made all of us sad to think

that maybe something had happened to them. Out of everyone in town they were the best, to the boys of the home.

Twenty feet from the cave John came to a standstill as he signaled to all of us to get down. Without skipping a beat, we were all down low looking in the direction away from the cave. Our eyes all widen, looking in the cage, we could see Joseph and Tommy lying next to each other, both fully naked.

I started walking towards the right side as Jimmy gave the other crossbow to Kevin. He walked around to the left and John came with the rest of the guys straight at the cage. When we got closer, we could see that one had a totally healed scar on his neck and the other on his shoulder, no doubt bite marks.

John grabbed a walking stick that Craig had brought from the cave. He poked Tommy through the cage right on the scar that was on his shoulder. Tommy moved as if bothered by being touched but stayed totally asleep. I walked over to the cage taking off the lock mechanism and opened the cage. John passed me the long stick and we had the same reaction from Joseph.

Kevin and John started signaling each other with hand motions as they walked to the cage. I stood there with the crossbow with the silver tips just in case. They pulled Joseph slowly out of the cage, and they could see several marks on his side. It looked like if he had been in a fight with a dog or something with large claws.

We finally got him out of the cage and laid him next to Tommy as they got closer to each other back-to-back. We all sat there looking and the way they moved was like to dogs laying side by side for comfort.

John grabbed one side of the cage as Kevin grabbed the other and we walked off about fifty paces. I looked at Kevin who took out his sock with the left-over melted pieces of silver. We all looked at each other knowing that someone was going to have to go back and finish them off. We would have to either shoot them with the crossbows or stick them with the Chinese stars. We had

no choice because there was one more full moon, and they would most definitely turn into Werewolves and come after us.

Kevin looked around and nodded his head which we all knew after several years with him, that meant that he would do it as he would also nod when he was in charge. We all knew that Kevin didn't much like either Joseph or Tommy but what he was about to do was more than anyone of us could ever imagine doing.

"Steven," said Kevin, "I am going to stick a piece of silver in each one of their mouths so that we don't lose anyone of our weapons with the silver. I need you to come with me just in case they attack."

I looked at Kevin nodding my head but scared to death as the rest of the group kneeled as we began walking back to where Joseph and Tommy where lying.

Kevin walked within a foot of Tommy. He pulled a piece of silver from his sock and scaring the hell out of me as he grabbed Tommy by the hair. He then pulled his head back with his right hand as Tommy's mouth opened, he pushed the piece of silver down his throat. Without skipping a beat, he did the same with Joseph as they both started shaking making both Kevin and I move back several feet.

Their faces and bodies started changing as if they were going to change into Werewolves. Quickly they began turning back to humans as they both laid next to each other, as if they were sleeping in piece.

When I walked back towards the rest of the guys, they all had tears in their eye's since they knew that we had lost two more of the boys from the home.

I believe what happened there made us all stronger. I asked Kevin why he pulled their hair back so fast. He told us all that his father use to raise sheep and that's how they use to give them medicine when he was young. That was a relief for Jimmy, Bobby and Craig I thought, as I watched the expressions on their faces.

We were finally on the path that led towards the house with the statue in the back and would be seeing it very shortly. Walking straight to where the statue stood, at the back of the house. Kevin and I went running to either side of the house making it around to the front. We could see that Gloria's and Bradley's van was parked in the driveway with another van parked behind it with dark tinted windows, with the tint even going halfway down in the front window of the van.

We walked up on the porch and looked threw the right-side window which gave a very good view of the living room and the kitchen area. There was no one there when the same two rottweiler's, came to the door trying to get out. We both ran quickly to the back by the statue.

Kevin grabbed the cage with John, and we walked swiftly on the left side of the house and had the cage in position by the door in minutes. John picked the lock as I waved a raw pound of steak that we found in the kitchen on the floor. John opened the door and booth dogs ran in the cage as we locked it. Neither one of the dogs cared what we did, because they were both fighting for the meat as if they hadn't eaten in days.

We put the staff through the front of the cage. John and I used to ice picks that we also had gotten from the kitchen to lift the back. Kevin and Bobby grabbed the front, and we carried the dogs in the cage halfway down the path that we had just walked through. Far enough where if someone was coming, they wouldn't hear the dogs who now were going crazy in the cage wanting to get out.

We took a break for a couple of minutes. The caring of the dogs was exhausting. The dogs both finally realized that they were not getting out and they both laid in the cage without a word. Catching our wind, we looked down at our watches and it was already ten till two and we still had much to do.



## *Thirteen*



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