

Freddie

By

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Freeditorial 

Freddie

Entry to never forget,

When I was eight years old, I had a dream. It was hard to forget at is lead to different adventures in its path. I kept having the same dream for years until I gotten to my teens were the dream left and it didn't return until now. To understand were my story begins I feel as if I have to I have to tell you about it. I can remember every detail to this day. Don't forget the dream as the rest of the story is interlinked in this somehow. Pay attention your never know when this dream will come up again. Here I go, get ready.....

The family and I were all spending the night at my Grandfather's house. There was something happening that weekend that's how the four of us gotten to be there. The four of us had went out that next day and when we got back we noticed that my grandfather wasn't in at the moment. We thought he went to bed and didn't tell us. I told Uncle Hampy to check on him but he just kept telling us he's okay, he's okay. But something in the back of my head told me different. We all slowly went to bed, and the room I was staying in was right next to his. For some reason there were seven rooms upstairs, were in real life there's only two. The clock read 5:25 am flashing red. I didn't think of it but I just went back to sleep. Sleeping in a dream odd at first but you don't pay attention to it. I woke to a sound from the bathroom. I went to investigate like a good noise person would. The door opened and my grandfather came out dressed in black dress pants, a fancy white shirt, black shoes, and a brown pilot jacket. In my dream for some reason the bathroom was his bedroom. He just walked right passed me as he took the leash and went to go get my aunt's

Dalmatian, Shane for a walk. It confused me because that dog had been gone for a while now. I went to the middle step of the stairs and sat as he opened the door. My grandfather turned my way and there was a bright light right behind him. He said, "See you later Freddie." Then he turned and went into the light turning left. But the light was slowly leaving for me to see the red pick nick table he had on his porch.

I was then pulled by my right arm by Aunt Mary out of bed at 10:26, as she told me there was something wrong with my grandfather. Next thing you know two men go past as the paramedics. The only one I remember is a guy with brown eyes, and black wave hair with a roundish nose, looked like he was Italian. The others were in the bedroom but I wasn't allowed to see them the only person I was allowed to see was Aunt Mary as we were holding hands. It was like I had x-ray vision as I looked through the wall to see the man with the brown eyes breathing into my grandfather in the back of my mind I known he was dead. It had to be a dream being he was still living. The brown eyed guy came in the room and told us he was sorry but he didn't make it. I let go of my aunt's hand as I ran to the middle of the stairs to cry. The light was still in the door way. I stood and walked into it myself.

I found myself walking in a field of flowers, glow as the sun beam hit them. They didn't have a smell, but the one that stock out the most was the blue roses, I never seen a blue rose before. In the filed stood a young man in his early thirty's looking. Black hair combed back, my skin, ruby grapefruit lips, with a roundish nose. He was built like he worked out. He was wearing a white button up with two buttons missing, and black trousers, black dress paints and shoes to match. He stood out as he looked like the brown eyed guy

that worked on my grandfather. He kept on teasing me making moose antlers with his hands on his head waiving them so often. Sticking his tongue at me. Making faces like someone would with a child. I couldn't help go to him. As I approached he gave me his hand. I could feel the peace in his body. He lead me to the edge of the woods where a gust of wind kept me from going in, but he didn't have a problem. I went in anyway.

When I went into the woods I came to a road that was made of nothing but red brick. But I was a little boy again. Wearing one of my father's t-shirts and my underwear feeling the cold on my legs. It felt like I was all alone in the world. In no time I saw a little boy run past me. He wore blue jeans, and a blue button up shirt that was torn. I could feel his pain. I could feel his feet hurt where he was running because out of nowhere mine had. I could feel the wind shorten because I was begging for it. I could feel my chest tighten up as the lungs were being the sponge in the air. The little broccoli stems that sat in the two muscles in my chest were turning purple with every second. I felt the pain in his head. The chalkboard and the nails don't affect me as much as the others thing. I felt too much as he ran. I was a sick puppy trying to lick his wounds, a bad put together ragdoll. After he was out of sight three men on horses were running after him. I was all of a sudden the little boy running I just closed my eyes as I ran. I was too scared. When I finally opened my eyes I opened them to see a cliff. Somehow I moved without knowing it. I was falling I looked back to see where the men on the horses were. I could feel the wind on my back. I could feel how scared he was. I didn't want him to fall. Once I hit the floor I hit a rock floor. Now I know how it is for every bone in your body break. I watched through his eyes at the end, of how he died. He

was seeing the men laughing as if they gotten there prize. He wasn't scared no more, didn't feel no more, just went to sleep.

As I woke on my bed, I found myself sitting up trying to get air. As I tried to get air I felt something sit at the bottom of my bed. It was the little boy just smiling away, how can you smile after you had died? He asked, if I was okay. When I gave him the answer he wanted he took off down the hall, I ran after him finding he disappeared. I told my mother there was a boy in the house and will not talk to me. They just told me I was dreaming and to go back to sleep. But I know he was real being I had the dream a long time after with him reappearing to me. My mother over the years showed me pictures of my grandfather as he was a little boy, and a young man. I was scared as they were the two people in my dream I watched as my grandfather aged backward. Confusing I know, I don't know how to describe it to you, that's the best I could do so. Now that you know the dream I had as a kid and even now. I can tell you my story which is, Freddie.

Entry number one,

My world is hard to crack. I had so many fingers pointed at me that I won't let anyone in that dose. In my world. I consider myself mythical. Because what it is that makes me, well me. My kingdom is protected by a glass knight. A glass knight in my view is a young man who hasn't been trained yet, however the king puts him out to fight anyway. The knight is weak, the cold blows a kiss to crack the glass armor to it touch. Exposing him

for the weak and he is the strong man inside wishing he can call out, but he can call out as he would give away where he was hiding. Why a glass knight? Well sometimes we all feel we are stronger than the world then we get a bitter taste of what the world is to not want to be so strong in the long run.

Blood what is in it that makes us worried. It's the genetic makeup that makes us who we are. The characteristics is the best friend in the game that makes us who we are as a person. The thing that hides in our gene pool also hides behind in the blood. It hides behind the red things that we see. Everyone has different blood. For example, of myself you make me by the fact that I have Irish, German, Indian, and English blood in my veins. It doesn't help after a while it surfaces to the skin. By my Irish part coming out through my freckles. The German comes out in me by the fact of I have dark red hair. The Indian shows when I get mad at myself. It's not only the house that builds me that makes me who I am. It is the family around me. I don't have to look like my parents, I mean I have my uncles nose, my aunts knees, but the one thing that my family has that makes me different from everyone else is a gift. Also my great grandfather, William Stewart Conklin was the strongest man in Rockland County. He laid all the steps for the stairs to the homes in the neighborhood towns. He did it in two days were the others would have taken weeks.

As you drive down the road of Hay Cook, New York you will find the kindest of people. You can find the men in the bars talking about the things their old lady's did to make them mad. Then you can find the woman at their weekly genealogy meeting talking about dead relative its stories that drove the men to the bar in the first place. If you ever ventured into this small town you

could have a good old time playing bingo as you drink some good old sweet tea. If you want to get a seat at bingo it's located in the only church we own but I tell you this better get there before the old lady with the cane gets there and saves all the tables for her church buddies. You can only go shopping in one store that's all the folk in this town can get being our land is mainly farmed. The town gets its name from all the hay fields you can see for miles. Nothing happens much here last thing to happen was the mayor gotten stuck in his bath tub last July after to many hotdogs. But the town gotten a new taste of what kind of people are in this town tonight. I was the people.

The fog took over the window from our breath. The room seemed darker than ever before. The only noise you could hear was the rain dripping down onto the outside window. Tension hit my muscles so hard that you feel some pain. My biceps were plunging next the seams of my purple t-shirt. My skin fever was so hot it made the chili peppers scream that sat in the fridge. My blood swimming through my veins like a school of clown fish swimming in the ocean. My heart beating like a nail getting hammered into a piece of wood. Senses glued to a knife sharp blade. My jaw could keep my mouth shut even though I tried. Sweet running down our faces faster than a man can run around the track. my legs just laid there I had no feeling in them. She left an impression on me of a hand on my bottom looking like a really bad sunburn. As I looked down to the most loveable girl the thought stood out to each brain cell it touched, each neuron gotten a chance to recharge. I could read her face like a book. Yeah she's cute. Who cares what they might say at school. Tonight I left my boyhood behind and became a man. It was the first time for the both of us. All night I hoped it wouldn't end. Nothing was stopping us that

night. We know what we were doing, we wanted our parents mad. An hour passed quicker than ever before. Time sure goes fast when you're having fun. I just laid there staring out of the window as she went into the bathroom to take a shower. She was chasing away the evidence away from her body before going home. I was tired so I just decided to shut my eyes just a little, and gone into rapid eye movement that's a stage where you know of your surroundings and at the same time getting rest.

Panic all of a sudden hit me. The thought that mom was coming home made it even worse than before. I was lucky that my brothers didn't say a peep. I gotten off the bed faster than I have ever before quickly throwing on my under pants and blue jeans when she came out of the bathroom we slowly and quietly went to each step as if it was life or death. When we finally gotten to the bottom of the stairs we heard a door slam from up the stairs. As I looked there was no one there so we kept on going. Something told me to go out the back door, the thought of not getting caught was out of the question to the list of things my mother is going to put down our necks. When she dose find out what we were doing behind her back. I could even see her father shinning his gun waiting for me to show my face any minute. There was a giant teddy bear of my one brother Ryan's sitting on the couch I thought it was my mother. The bear kept moving were my orange cat was sleeping onto it. We got lucky this time, but the next time we are going to hear about it. I lifted my hand to grasp the door handle until we heard a key in the door. When we heard the noise it triggered us to run back up the stairs. We were caught just like I told you so. But not by my mother. When we started up the stairs my mother's boyfriend, Bo came out of the kitchen we were dead meat.

While he took a sip of his pink lemonade and put in on the television set I know that we weren't going anywhere when he caught us he made the two of sit on the sofa. Bo looked at me, then to her, then back to me as he inhaled, then exhaled loudly like he knew that something bad was going to happen. I was trying to get my land legs back. All we could do was look at him with smiles painted on our faces from ear to ear. I know we were getting into big trouble, but Bo was the last person I thought would be the one to get us in this boat. My blood bubbled, just the thought that then man was making my head hurt. He sat in front of us staring into our souls with those wolf like eyes. The phone rang from the other room he looked at us then to the kitchen, about five time when he finally went to answer the phone. He didn't know why we were in trouble but he liked to get me into trouble so he looked good in my mom's eyes. As Bo went into the other room, and shut the door, we shut the front door at the same time so the sound of the two doors happened at the same timing.

"That.....was close...Freddie." She sat in the front seat. Shacking and tired. She stuttered as she spoke. She was right what if mom came in the back door and we didn't know about it. I know that Bo will never keep his mouth shut. So I have to try to make it home before mom dose. I turned the truck on and started out the drive way to her house not far from hear. It took about ten minutes for us to get there. We gotten lucky that her parents were out for the night at her father's sisters. She told me not to walk her to the door being her neighbor would tell her father. She didn't want any trouble. She didn't look back when she did go in the door she put the front light on for me telling me everything was okay.

I had a pain on my side. It was either gas or I was hungry. So I took myself to the diner. I sat alone in booth five looking around at the different metal lunch pals that the owner collected he had every television show from the late 20th century. I ordered a cheese burger with eight pickles I like pickles. Waited about fifteen minutes when the waiter brought me the food over. But it's not about the food. I sat there knowing I wasn't going to beat my mother home I sat there trying to wrap my head around everything. I watched people look at me, leave, and come, leave and come. I didn't want to hear the words that were going to be said. I got done with the burger. I wasn't ready to go home so I told the waiter to another on for me. As the rain gotten heavier so did the wind. I had to wait for it to die down. The whole place was packed and you couldn't get another person in the place. A man came in he was different then everyone else. He looked like my grandfather as a young man. He was wearing only a thing of red long johns with the first button missing exposing the hairs on his chest, he was wet so the fabric stuck to his skin. The legs of the long johns were rolled up past his knees. He was looking for somewhere to sit. One lady sat her coat next to her on the seat so he couldn't sit. Others just said no. I let him sit. People here if they don't know you forget having then be friendly. The other people just gasped as the site that one of their own was sitting with an alien. As he sat there I could tell he was shacking like a leaf of the tree on a fall afternoon, but something stood out. It was like I have seen him before. I could tell he didn't want to talk and if it wasn't for the rain he wouldn't be here at all. It was hard to sit still as a total stranger sits across from you and read the menu. He told the waiter to order a thing of cheese sticks. When the waiter left he took as napkin and a pen I had

in my pocket and started to draw. He drew a building in detail. He drew a wooden building that had a boat inside of it.

“What are you looking at?” he asked as I looked he got angry at me. He said it like a barking dog. I just let it go. Mom, was yelling in the back of my mind.

“Nothing, why?” He climbed over the table like a lion at lunch time. He took my hair and put my face so I saw the table. It hurt because he pulled out some of my hair from head leaving a bold spot.

“You know this building?” he asked as if I knew the answer.

“What?” I answer with a question you would do if your head was close to a piece of wood. He finally let me go as I sat on the other side all I could do was look at him. He told me it was because of my gift but I had no clue on the fact about what he was talking about. Then he asked me how old I was. I had to answer, I thought..... I needed to.

“Seventeen.” I replied my words weren’t coming out the right way. He told me I just gotten this so said gift because I can see him. He gotten onto his feet and as he walked to the exit he left like dust in a wind storm. He wasn’t human. But as I looked the diner was empty and it wasn’t raining. And the bold spot still had hair when I touched it. I explained this to the waiter he told me that those type of things happen to people in that booth. They see something when in reality it’s not happening. He told me not to be scared as the man in red came all the time. I let it go out of my head as I thought about getting home before my mother.

I let go of what the stranger told me. Those are just words, but knowing

I have something like a gift of some kind really made the words sit at the back of my mind. After going into the bathroom and yelling at myself I finally got the courage to go home. I know that getting something to eat it seemed she would beat me back to the house, but you know I didn't care. I ran to the car dodging the bullets of rain that hit me anyway. I was ready for the responsibility that came with what I have done. As I drove the dream I had at the age of eight came rushing in my head. Don't know why it just happened. When I thought about the dream I kept driving but I wasn't looking at the road. It was as if something pulled me out of my body through my eyes, however my feet gotten stuck so I was still in my body and could feel myself in the car but at the same time I was looking at this picture of a little boy he was giggling. I tried not to freak out, but was I having an out of body experience? I didn't know what to think when I was able to get back into my body I was thankful somehow my vision came back. Somehow something guided me to my drive way. I looked at the car I could tell she wasn't at work. She was in there I wasn't ready I went anyway.

I took my time going in. the thing on the other side of the door is waiting to eat me alive. I know that my mother will show her teeth and the hair on the back of her neck will stand on end. Then her claws will come out. When you have your back turned she will go for the kill. As I gripped the handle to the door I could hear the yelling of my mother voice. She was practicing what she was going to say before she actually said it. I was scared to open the door, but I made it so I had no choice in the matter.as the door opened the cat like creator was there to greet me. She looked like a mountain lion before it attacks you, but this was much scarier. As I walked up to her I put on the puppy eyes

into play. She just looked into my eyes as I looked into hers, I saw anger. She pointed to the sofa, so as a good dog I went and sat down. As I sat on the sofa I could feel the chill in the air. Mother went up the stairs and called my brothers down for a family meeting. She was putting me on show.

Mom called the meeting late the boys were already in bed sleeping. Mom never cared she did what she wanted when she wanted to do it. The first brother to come down was my brother Stu, he looked like me but he was fifteen and had blond hair. He was a mystery in that word. He kept to himself as his study the family history, he solved so many family secrets. I am so proud of him. He was so tired he couldn't keep his eyes open. He came over and sat on the sofa right next to me. I told him I would try to keep him awake. The next brother was my youngest brother. His buttercup hair is just like Stu. He always wore this pair of pink footed pajamas never went to bed without them. Always carrying my old purple dinosaur teddy bear around with him. He's an old soul as well. There's a picture in this one magazine I have and he keeps looking at this one man saying that was him in his last life. But he also watches the same shows I do so he may have picked it up. The last one to come down the stairs was our orange cat, Buddy. We found him in a box in the middle of the road as a kitten. We saved him he needed us as much as we need him. Bo gotten a hand full of peanuts and mom came out of the bathroom. I was in for it.

“Freddie James Schnitzer, the very thing you have done tonight hit the roof. We first caught you swimming naked at some party, then mud wrestling in the neighbor's back yard with some of your friends, and not this. That's three you don't get more chances. We called your Aunt in Tennessee, she has

agreed to house you boys for the next school year. I said no at first, but you can all thank Freddie for my word.” She was redder then a tomato in July. It went better than I thought but she isn’t going to make my brother go down for this as well.

“Mom that’s not fair. You’re trying to get rid of us just like you gotten rid of dad.” I yelled at her. That was the first time I yelled out of turn in a family meeting. I felt as if I couldn’t trust anyone. They were all pointing finger at me as I sat in the corner with a pointed hat on my head. But my mom, her lies fall out of her mouth faster than the wind. It sickens me to the fact on her face you can see how she stews up something to make it look like the truth. “I am glad we are going, mother. We are going to go. I am glad that the boys will not have to look at you as you lie to them ever chance you get....it dose sicken me. I’m going to be eighteen in a year and then I will have the power over them.....not you. My lies mother are the truth.” I just couldn’t look at her one more moment I had to get the boys to bed, and get ready to leave as fast as I could. The boys didn’t remember that night as the two of them slept through most of it. I was scared if my mom because she always made it that way so we didn’t speak our peace but I was done. I was ready to and thank goodness we are. I took three suit cases from the hall closet and had all three packed up of our things and sitting next to the front door. We didn’t have much. But all I know is this is the last night in this house. The next day as we all said our goodbyes I saw the girl that dropped off to her house form the night before on a football players arm. I was just her toy in her sick web. I trusted her.

Bo was nice to put the suit cases and the other things in the back of my

Purple Truck. Ryan took Buddy in the back seat, and Stu kept me company in the front. Mom couldn't bear see us go how fast she changes. I pulled out of the drive and told the boys this was a new adventure for us to go on. We were shutting the door in Hay Cook, New York and opening a new one in Dickson, Tennessee.

Entry number two,

Tennessee of all the places to live or visit. Country boy I's am, still you can't take some of the city out of a person. The three of us all we know are the people that we are related to. As time goes on I'm sure we will find our way. I just hope we do well here in good old Tennessee being my track record isn't really good. When we go to Tennessee I know, I am not going to see the stars in the skies that night. Orion's belt will not have a chance to make him known until everything in my life goes back to normal. It's odd how Orion is the only group of stars I can find without trying to look. I can't wait for Tennessee, but at the same time I don't want to really go. I can't wait for the smell of bread waiting for us when we get home from after school. I can't wait for the long nights and telling of ghost stories. The one thing out of them all I am looking for in this trip is the people.

First we have my cousin, Erica. She is my best friend. She was the only one I could tell my secrets to. I would go every summer to her house. We would have a ball. We would make forts in the woods, and we would make trails that only we known were they lead too. We spent more time in the woods then in the house we know them like the back of our hands. Just looked at my hand I didn't know it looked like that. She would bring her dolls and I would bring my action figures and we would play all day until her mother called us in for dinner. One summer we made a circle of rocks, and we put a piece of our hair in the circle and we thought it made us best friends for life. Erica, she had the reddest of red hair, and it is ever long. Her hair is so long it

made tomatoes blush. We both are a year apart in age however people always thought we were twins when we went shopping with Aunt Mary. She was given green eyes they say she gets them from her daddy. She isn't scared to tell you were to go. She is the girly girl. Her favorite color is pink. If you want more to her description then you should see her smile. She can make you smile when you're down in the dumps it's just the way she is. The one thing that's her who she is, is that she collects antique keys. I brought her one about three summers back that was shaped as a rose from a garage sale, she never takes it off. She looks just like her mother, cute as a button.

Second is Walton Travis, Walton is my second brother we went into the woods one night in the dark. We poked our finger tips till they bleed and mixed our blood. We were lucky that we didn't get a bad disease that summer. That was the night we became brothers. We will do anything for each other. He isn't related but to me he is family. That same night he told me his deepest darkest secret, I never told him mine, when I find more about this gift I can finally tell him mine. When the summer came to an end we always stayed pen pals. Walton he's an old soul. You can tell as he goes to old things. He dresses like he was from the 1930s. He kind of looks like he could of popped out of a picture out of a remember back magazines, were you share your family stories. He is five foot tall, nine inches about 142 pounds. He has medium size finger, his thumb however bends halfway backward. Walton I know is my brother we must have been in a past life, for two old souls to stay with each other is a cool thing. His hair is black and wavy. When he smiles he don't show his teeth, he has a small smile. His skin was as if it was made out of porcelain. One memory always stood out. One time we skinny dipped in the old creek down the road it was only last summer when we turned sixteen. When some kids took our cloths. We had to borrow clothing from Mr. Jason's old scare crow. Aunt Mary didn't know what to think when I showed up in a torn white long sleeve sweater that went down a little past my bottom, and Walton in overalls, and brown trousers, hey we were clean. We had good times.

Then there is Aunt Mary. The one who gave Erica her looks. She looks like her daughter if she was older. She was the mom I always wanted, and every summer I got to have her as my mom. She was the one who helps us

learn to cook and sew. She was the one who made my childhood what it is. She wears her hair one way in a banana clip. She collects all the Dalmatian figures she can get her hands onto. When she wants you to know something she will tell you. She always told me that I didn't look like the family. I gotten my looks from a background character from a Christmas movie she watched since she was a little girl. Uncle Hampy should win, uncle of the year. He is the local builder of the town, if you need something done on your house his phone is the number to call. He always came home with wood shavings falling off his body, and always smelt like pine. He was the one who taught me to fight my own battles. He was there when my dad died. He was the one that made sure he took me under his wing. I do miss my dad but I have his twin. The only thing that makes him different is that he was in the navy, he would track anyone who would listen down and tell his old stories to them. He wears his old navy hat to work every day to hide the bald spot. I always said he looked like, a young Grant Turner. Those are people I can't wait to see. They are the ones that are my family.

It took a good two and a half day drive from our drive way in New York. To Tennessee. We stopped for a lot of bathroom breaks, plus we had to eat something. Thank goodness I had Stu he kept me going by talking about the family history, I learned a lot on that drive. The closer we got the more of the thought of my night mare being over quickly coming true. No more mom and no more Bo. Yes, I finally can be myself. I didn't want to smile in front of the sad brothers that sat in my truck. So I decided to smile in the back of my mind. While driving however I couldn't look in my rear view mirror as the man in red was still with me sitting next to Ryan in the back. I only saw him when I looked into the mirror. We finally arrived to the sign that said we were in Tennessee. I was so happy that I stopped the truck and took pictures making my brothers pose for the camera. As we went on, we past the most known town. Known to even man's stupidest person. We saw the building that made the painting pop out even more as you drove through it. It was like the city of New York but less populated, plus mom and Bo didn't live two hours away. As I looked at the town as I drove through it I saw things. Things like the local fruit and vegetable stands were my Uncle Richie went and ate his oysters. Right behind it was the biggest building we call the batman towers. Because of

the two points on the top of the building. Why, didn't I come this summer? Well, that's a good question. The answer is that Stu Brocken his arm and I had to stay home to take care of him.

We finally pulled up to a street that I would recognized anywhere. A Street I called home every summer. A Street I called home and could call home until I go off to college. The street was nothing but trees and little pebbles that make the road what it is. If you go down the road you could see any kind of animal that come to mind. The road may be pebbles and rocks but if you look hard you can see blue beads. The beads were a part of a necklace of Erica's that I broke, that's when I gave her that key. Just eighteen feet down the road lies the very house that I call home once a year. It goes in little from the road. Just the right space for a drive way and a small yard in front. In the back is where the money is. A huge back yard, when were kids we thought it was a football field long but it gotten smaller since then. The house has two floors. The bottom floor in the house you will find a kitchen, living room, two bed rooms, and three baths, Uncle Hampy built an and additional bed room upstairs for me as the room that is up there is locked from the other family that was here from before. That is the room for us three boys to share. The upstairs has a bathroom as well, but it is tiny. The house on the outside was tan trimmed and dark green shutters. It has a rap around porch and a Dalmatian statue sitting next to the welcome mat. I gave a beep to let them inside know we have finally gotten there. The sound of the tires hit the drive way made me put a smile on my face. My hands found their way to thank the car as I put it in park and turned the key off. That purple truck gave me a lot, and I give it thanks.

The deer were eating the old apple cores that lied beside the bottom of the trash cans. The butterflies kept getting in the way. The bees were at work as the factory witch they work was busy every second it got a spot of day light. The flies were all over like little kids playing a game of hide and seek. Just sitting there in my tuck taking it all in like I never seen it before. The door creaked open and the souls of my shoes hit the rocks and pebbles that made up the drive way. I looked up to the house once more and I was home, finally home I was ready to say that I was now home. As the door made a

sound shutting a famous red head walked out of the house to help me unload the truck.

“Hello there stranger.” She spoken as if it was the first time in years since I heard it. In a soft way like Erica always did. I had my back facing her I didn’t want to turn just yet.

“Erica, what a long time it has been.” I still didn’t want to turn, I turned and my past was still in front of me as my future was behind me.

“You still the funny and hard headed cousin of mine?” She replied as I heard her lean on the truck.

“Of course.” I replied, I finally gave in and turned. There she was with the biggest smile. It is bigger than the sun. Ryan took the cat into the house as Aunt Mary greeted him and showered him in kisses. Then there was Stu, he didn’t look the same like he always did. It was as if he found out the news he was going to die tomorrow. “Stu are you okay?” I asked he passed, he didn’t say a word just walked into the house. “So how have you been?” I ended it with another question.

“Bull, Freddie I want the juice on what happened.” Yeah so she could tell Walton first and not me.

“You have to wait. I haven’t told Walton yet. So any cute girls around these part?” she looked at me like I had seven head and turned the shade of purple that was on my shirt.

“Okay, Romeo keep it in your pants you might have to go live with some other family member if you keep it up.” She knew I didn’t have to spill the juice just yet. We unloaded my truck and went upstairs to put it in the bed room. In the room lied a blue metal dresser a bed on the left and a set of bunk beds on the right. Stu and I already known that this was the lay out so he took the top and I took the bottom. We gave Ryan the bed being he still wet the bed. But Stu was acting odd. It was like something took Stu and replaced him. All he wanted to do was lay there on his bunk. Erica retuned down stairs as I unpacked Ryan’s clothing into the top two levels of his dresser with clothing and the bottom level with his toys. I put my clothing under my bunk in a flat

bin along with Stu's. I left Stu's items on his bed. We didn't have much but Uncle Hampy built each of us a wooden shelf to put them on. I put my collection of action figures each one Fred from Scooby Doo. I only had the one from 2001. It all started when I gotten my first one on my tenth Christmas. It was my way to keep my childhood alive. However Stu was still in my head. How come he was acting like he was?

"Look Stu is there something I need to know? I know this move is hard on you, but if you like to talk I'm here." He swallowed his pride that moment as his eyes shut and opened. I know he want to say something. If he wasn't taking this move okay I won't stand in his way if he wants to go back. But he did talk.

"Freddie, I'm glad that we aren't there no more...there is something happening to me. I noticed as I was in the boy's room I was....." He couldn't stop crying. He couldn't get it together to tell me what happened on our way here. He will tell me when he's ready I guess. I have to be the big brother he needs.

I turned the conversation to a positive as he finished unpacking his things. Sitting on the bunk I looked at each palm. Something told me to, there was not voice in the room that sounded like that. An ash like substance came writing on my flesh. Stu looked puzzled and I was scared as well. On the left side my palm read, "He's", and the other side said, "mine". Stu ran me into the bathroom as fast as he could I was screaming from the pain. He turned on the hot water and started scrubbing my hands trying to get it off. It wasn't coming off. Stu saw it so I wasn't losing my mind. I had the whole house up in the tiny bathroom as they were worried about what was going on. I held my hands so tight together that you couldn't force them open. When the pain subsided I showed them my palms, but the ash words weren't there no more. Was I seeing things, am I going crazy? Do I say anything or wait to see more as time goes on to tell. I was scared I needed Walton to be here.

"Erica, where is Walton?" I asked as, I cried. The others went down stairs to star super as she stayed behind to talk. I know in the back of my mind Stu needed me, but I needed Walton. I thought I was going crazy. The man in

red came with me if I liked it or not. She told me he was coming over tomorrow his mother had him out in town. He wanted to be here, but his grandmother only visited once a month. I understood can't keep him from that. Can I wait?

Super went by quicker than ever. She went over the house rules while we ate. There were seven to follow I think we can do that. Stu and Ryan stayed up with Aunt Mary waiting for Uncle Hampy to go home. I couldn't eat after what happened all I could do was sleep. I woke to a noise and a guy's voice. When I opened my eyes I saw black legs hairs. I didn't know what to think. Was I dreaming? The person finally bent down. It was Walton. I didn't think I was going to see him I found my way to sit up on my bunk.

"Didn't think I was going to see you until tomorrow." My voice sounded as it needed a drink.

"I didn't mean to wake you up, but I hit my foot on the bed. My mom still thinks I'm sleeping up stairs, but I needed to see my brother." I was glad he came but it must have been cold walking over here in briefs and a white t-shirt. "Erica told me about what happened. It must have been scary for you.

"Yeah, but now that you're here it's going to be fine." We stayed up past two in the morning just talking and getting up dated on our lives. He walked back to his house. He didn't need to come see me, but I'm glad he did. I'm glad he did.

Entry number three,

Walton, and Aunt Mary had went out and gotten us items we needed for the school year. It felt funny as in New York we had to get penny items. They shopped as if we shopped for ourselves. We were thankful for things we were given. We just didn't have anything to give in return. Aunt Mary looked at the two of us. And told us.....

"You better bring home good grades and I want to have words with your teachers once in a blue moon." She doesn't ask for much, but at least she

knows what she wants. It was very nice it felt more like a family when they did that. It's the small tokens of their love that matters.

The next day was the first full day in Tennessee we went down to the school to make up the list of classes we needed for the next school year. Walton waited to do his so we could do it together. I tried to ask Stu what type of classes he wanted to take, but he just looked at the wall. There was something that boy was thinking about. I'm going to pop like a balloon if he doesn't tell me soon. When I was called in I sat with a lady who looked like a really bad doll after getting a makeover from a little girl. It didn't matter the classes I took, I knew Stu's classes as he went in first. I took fifth period as my Genealogy class to get closer with him. I just can't believe they have a class with that topic. I noticed the two of us weren't as close as I thought maybe he needed time with me on his own. If he doesn't tell me what's on his mind I'll never know what happened at the truck stop when he went in to the rest room. Walton and I gotten every class as we could together. Six out of ten isn't as bad as we thought we were going to get. We spent the rest of the day at the beach. The whole family went. Erica, and Ryan went swimming. Aunt Mary and Uncle Hampy just sat on the dock having an ice-cream cone. I took Stu and Walton to get dressed in the dressing room.

We saw a store that had new but looked vintage swim suits from the 1920s so I thought to get Stu out of his mood I bought three for us to wear. The building sat on the dock. It was only one room and if the door was red, you stayed out being someone was in there. If it was green you could go in. just our luck no one was in there, or was someone in there! Stu went in first as the two of went and sat on the bench that sat right beside it. It was odd to me how the changing room roof was made out of hay. The people just went on their way visiting the small shops and having a good time. Nothing was going wrong. Whatever was happening may have been taking a day off, until.....

"Freddie this isn't funny.....the light went out and I can't see.I think someone is in here with me." I could hear the chill in his voice. I could tell this wasn't a trick. Walton pointed out the door was still red so we knew nothing was in there with him. Was he seeing those things as well? As long as

no one was in there wearing red, if he hurts Stu I will hurt him. How can you fight something you can't touch? I noticed that the people were at a standstill. Their eyes glow red as if they were being controlled by strings like a puppet master was telling them what to do. I was waiting for it to end like a bad zombie movie, but the people didn't move. Every minute that went on I worried more. He was calling for help. I tried to get in, the door was the first thing I tried, but the door was as if it was glued to the frame it was built around. The door wasn't opening. My muscles hurt so much I could feel the pain it left on each cell wall. My fist hurt from pounding onto the material that surrounded my brother. I gotten lucky, Walton ran over to get the ladder that was laying on the side to the one hotdog stand. He put the ladder up faster than you can say tulip forty times. All I did was throw the hay on the ground uncovering the image of Stu. Not seeing him made my heart tear into pieces. I couldn't help or control the people I love now. I know, I was going madder than the mad hatter. I may have well of just worn the top hat lined with mercury.

All he could do was shiver cold and try to catch his breath. Written all over the wall in red lip stick was the two words that was written on my hands from the other night. Stu is what the man in red wanted. I will go to the ends of the earth before he gets to my brother. Walton and I just looked at the walls not knowing what to think. Whatever he was is just that it was bigger than myself. What was happening? Stu wasn't an item to win after the game, he was mine all mine. All I know is that the man in red might want to haunt another Freddie. We took photos of the wall with Walton's phone. When the three of us looked at the screen there was no words. Just like my hands. This time I had two other people that saw it as well. Whatever this was is nonliving and is more powerful the three hard headed teen boys like us. Keeping Stu in my sight all the time is going to be the hardest thing. I need to give him his space, but I need to know if something like this is going to happen again. I just wish he wasn't involved. It took all we could to get my brother back to the truck. He laid on the back seat not making a sound. I could tell it was making him scared. When we drove away I could tell the red eyed puppets were back to their normal selves.

“How are you doing?” I wanted to know what happened to him in the rest room, and now this oh what’s going to happen next.

“Cut the act, Freddie tell me the truth. Right now!” He was madder than a bees nest full of bees. I pulled the truck over to talk some more.

“I have no clue myself, when I know more, you two will be the first to know. Don’t tell the others. We don’t want to scare them. Not now.” Thank goodness they took it well. Stu wanted to come up with a code word, I really didn’t mind much. She came up with a good word. The family was in something that is bigger than us, it started and we will be ready. The others had Aunt Mary’s car so they had a way home, we didn’t just leave them with nothing.

“Ashes.” He was of this, so was Walton but what is this? At dinner Stu brought up what happened and told everyone about the code word. I let him, it made him feel important he seemed to be happy for some odd reason. I wasn’t going to take that away from him. Was I jumping the gun to quick? The first day of school was tomorrow. That was the new thing to worry about.

The alarm clock rang too early. It was earlier then I was used to. I just wanted to throw is out the window. My hand found the way to kill off the sound. My hair was all over the place. My ears half open because of the time it was. My legs were still asleep. The only reason I had to wake up was to jam in the things I had to do before, I walked out the door. I watched as the scuba diver action figure flouted up slowly. The water took over the tub as it mixed the children’s bath soup and the water together. Ryan hopped in right away when the water was right to jump in. I closed the shower curtain I was going to get ready as he played. So I decided to undress, and start to shave. I pulled down my purple pajama bottoms and they saw the floor. I took one foot out then the other kicking them into the laundry basket. Then the t-shirt was the next to go. My hands found their way to the bottom to the bottom of my t-shirt and started to lift up the fabric. As the shirt slowly went over my head I could feel the cold chill hit my bear chest. Like a cat to catnip. As I looked in the mirror to my bear chest I always thought my chest is the shield volcano a large gentle dome. I was quick to change my underpants. Took them off to throw

them in the basket, and grabbed my briefs with the purple hippo print as they crawled to find their way around my nice firm bottom and the thing that made me a man, the fruit of the loom. I completed my outfit with my ranch red jeans, and matching shirt. Then a dark purple cardigan to put the cherry on top.

Ryan was in his pink footed pajamas then off to bed. As I was cleaning the bathroom the water in the tube I forgotten to drain was making noise. Still water shouldn't make a noise. My feet had to see for themselves what it was. My hands grasped the curtain and pulled it back. I didn't want to see anything there. I was scared that the little boy from my dream was behind there. Was relieved when all I saw was water. Getting ready to go down the stairs Stu went by me first looking sad. Felt for him.

"Walton, why are you bringing your Halloween costume to school?" I asked as he came up the stairs holding a roman costume. He just told me that that he was the school mascot they liked him so much they asked him to carry in to this year. This one thing I didn't know about. When we wrote to each other we never talked about our school lives. The lunchboxes were all full on the counter waiting for us. Aunt Mary was sure nice to do that for us before going to bed every night. She still used the old ones we had from when we kids. She even had one for Walton. The bus driver pulled up and caught everyone off guard. Every time she honked her horn outside one of us kids went out to her. Stu and Erica sat in the back of the bus listing to their music. Walton and I decide to sit up front as we were on the small bus we wanted to have our time. Walton was understanding knowing everything going on and then Stu at the same time. I was trying to be in two places at one time, but it wasn't working. Aunt Mary and Ryan waved good bye as Uncle Hampy brought out his tool box then put it in the back of his truck going to work. Something came over me, I started to feel dizzy I didn't know where I was. When I looked at my hands I saw that blood was hitting the palms of my hands. The man in red was standing on the steps of the bus. He walked over to look at Stu, I couldn't move wanted to, so much. I gave all the energy to my head to turn it to see he was just watching him. Just gave in and fell out of the seat, when I woke it was as if I dreamed the first morning to the first day of

school. It was a dream.

“He’s mine.” The man in red said. I was lying in bed looking right into his eyes as he was laying right next to me. He scared me so I was on my feet faster than I thought I would of.

“Help is that what you need? What is your name?” I tried to keep calm. He thought I knew. He told me his name was, Bradley Melvin Mason. I wanted to know what I need to know so I could finally make sure I wasn’t going madder than the mad hatter.

“I think, I should tell him.” A voice cried out. It sounded like my fathers. “HI Freddie.” It said again. Suddenly beside Bradley, my dad stood. It was like the times he would tuck me in at night. As he came in the picture, the man in red left the room. He came and sat on my bunk, but I didn’t think I could trust him. “Grown up since the last time I saw you.” I tried so hard to see the good in him, but he didn’t sit right in my thoughts. I asked him what was going on. I needed answers to my question. He told me, and I finally gotten my answer I needed. ”You have a gift. I can help you with it. I knew of the things that happened. At the beach and on your hands. You have the ability to see and speak to the dead. I had to sit then it took me a while to have it run through my head. It made sense of everything that was going on. This wasn’t the way I thought, I was going to find this out. Then he added.

“You need help. I made sure you got it. I sent you in the summers to your Aunt’s house. Walton is the one to be the strong man. Keep him close. He can do more than you think he can. Erica is the healer take her everywhere. Stu he needs your help. It’s going to take my boy a while for him to come to you, but let him take his time. He might go to others but you’re the one on his mind the most. I have said all there is. You have to put everything else into the puzzle. Each clue you get is a piece you are going to need. There’s a book I used to help me figure this out, it’s black with a pink dot on it. Each first male of each generation is born as the gift hides into that baby. You still can do what you can do but it splits each time. When I passed it all went to you. The other side said I knew too much that’s why my time was up. I didn’t have the people I needed, but I made sure you had them. Trust me or don’t trust me. I told you

too much but I leave you with this. Try to help the one who come to you, and get them into the light so they can be at piece. You had that dream for a reason.” He walked out. Looking back one last time leaving me there to figure out what he said. I called Walton to come over, as we talked about what my dad said. I didn’t know what he was going to think about what I was going to tell him. I think he just went along with it all. He needed more to believe me I think. Not I can be wrong. We both decide that night to stick together every minute we could spare. He was my brother, and I’m glad to have him. We spent the rest of that night watching old cartoons from when we were kids having a good time he was trying to get my mind off of everything and it was working. Neither of us gotten sleep for the next day, being the first day of School. Just hope that this doesn’t break up our brotherhood.

It had been two week after I was told, I could do what I do. Things have been strange, I had to act good, and nice in school not letting then see me scared. The other students have been seeing me talking to myself. Can give up having friends here. I couldn’t help looking behind my back every time I got to be alone. I tried to back away from the situation. I didn’t want to get the gift the boot. Just hope if I don’t think of the gift then it will go to someone else. Didn’t want the gift, however now I want it. This whole thing was hard to swallow for me. I put the tie on the door to the bathroom being there wasn’t a lock, the tie was our lock. That was the key to tell everyone someone was in the tub. The tub was where no one could get into my world. I stripped of my clothing as the water ran worm. Looked at the toilet noticing that I forgotten a change of clothes. Took the purple towel out of the closet then raped it around my body. Ran to the room grabbed my pajamas and went into the shower.

The cold and the hot went together to make the worm. Each string of water were bullets that can’t punch through your skin. The waster it is like pain killers, but it doesn’t kill your liver. The pools of water ran down my face then made their way down to my toes. I just stood there as the water spited in my hand. What I was feeling wasn’t water. It was different. It was as if someone left a body in the basement and its blood was dripping down into my hand. My heart started pumping faster and faster like a rain was coming and the noise was getting louder. It started out pink then got redder then a tomato.

Knowing that something was in my happy place made my happy place not so happy. The blood got faster and faster as time went on. The water that was coming out of the shower head started to come out red as well. Before I knew, I was covered in blood. I didn't want to say anything because maybe this was going to go away just like the other things. I quickly took myself out of the tub. Then once my eyes hit the mirror, there he was.

"He's mine." Once again he said those words.

"No...Stu in my brother. He didn't do nothing to you." I was mad at first, but it needed to find things out so I can help him. I guess!

"You don't understand not your brother." He was calm I shouldn't of been so mad.

"Then why are you sniffing around my brother for?" I asked, he was letting me see him as he wanted me to see him. Those things he showed me before was what he was trying to tell me. What my dad said is starting to come together.

"My brother has the same name he looks just like him too. I must have gotten the two mixed up. Can I ask you something, am I dead?" He was lost. I had to help his soul find its way. It just came to me as if I was doing this for my whole life. My father's voice just bugged me. He was on the opposite side of the mirror. He took his hand then made a fist with his right hand. He went to punch the glass. Never saw someone break glass from the other side of it. I covered my face so no glass hit me thinking glass was going to hit all I felt was water as Bradley put me back in the shower and the water was normal once more. My hands turned the water from on to off. Letting the water drip down my chin. I stood there bent over with my hands in the knobs looking right at the bottom of the tub. Never been moved from one place of the room to another part by a ghost. I just went to the room with my towel on as Bradley wet my clothing that sat on the toilet. I couldn't even go to my room. My day was going from bad to worse.

"Hello there." Walton was standing there. Looked behind him as I couldn't help but notice he was holding a knife.

“Why, do you have a knife?” all he could do was stair into my eyes. I didn’t see Walton, I saw different eyes. They were silver. The strangest thing was I could see right through his body. He was a ghost. I confronted him of that. That’s when my dad took his place. What was going on?

I watched as the knife come from his hand in my direction. Just stood there just like nothing was going to hurt me. My chest pounding faster than a speeding bullet. As the knife tip hit the was right next to the side of my head I looked over seeing myself into its side. I could tell this was real this time. It’s odd how Bradley shows up before my dad each time. I did then next best thing as I past he as fast as I could, could feel my ankles get harder. Didn’t look back just ran? I tried to open my bedroom door, he locked them. I then tried the window he locked them too. I never known how powerful a ghost could get until then. Was my dad trying to test me, or could I trust him? Tried everything from kicking and screaming, hoping someone down stairs would hear me. He had me in the corner and I couldn’t go anywhere just to stand and fight. Couldn’t move a muscle, I was to fight or could give up seeing tomorrow. I had my fist as my father had his knife. He didn’t say a word, he just stared at me. He showed me the knife tip to me. Describing I almost like he was going to make love to it that made it so I still couldn’t move. He started to run my way with the knife in his hand. It was like a bad video game, two players but my little boy was going pee and not playing the game. The knife went into my chest breaking my chest bone. I stood there looking at him. At that moment I went from seeing him as a good to a bad. He did try to help me, but I could tell he was trying to get me onto his side when I needed to be on Bradley’s side. He had a smile on his face. I felt as my chest worked over time to get air. Could feel the blood run down my ears. The blood then ran in my mouth tasting like snot. My eyes just closed. I watched as the killer had all the fun. As I was done with everything went back. I found myself in my bed covered in my purple towel. It was just a dream. My chest wasn’t in pain, I wasn’t dead. I gotten off the bed to find Bradley standing in the corner near the bed.

“Your father isn’t as nice as you think you do. He uses us to get what he wants. I came to you for a reason. I’m going too hid in your shadows.” He

was welcome, if dad did that to me in a dream, then is needed to protect him. “I’m so sorry I can’t help you.” He looked to the floor, when I looked between my legs I saw his face. His hand took my ankle as I fell to the floor while he drug me under the bed. I watched Bradley get further and further away until black. I just covered my head screaming waiting for him to come get me. When I heard a voice call my name.

“Freddie!” Walton hummed. I forced myself to stand up. Putting on my blue scrubs that I gotten from the hospital. Gotten them when my class took a trip to see what an emergency room looked like. “What happened to you this time?”

“You sound like you don’t believe me.” I was shacking like a leaf falling off the tree in autumn.

“I do believe you. Your father visited me in my dream while I was napping. There coming to me in my dreams as I found I can tell the future through them.” The gift was hiding in different people I had touched over the years. Only family, if that’s the case what else was hiding?

Entry number four,

One day before school I decided to go to the library with Walton. Like anything you want to know information on you have to do some digging to find that information. I know that Stu had nothing but a phrase to go on and solved the family secrets. I always had to say to myself when he told himself, there has to be more. My father lies we looked for that book with the pink dot on it and never found it. Doesn’t mean I’m going to give up looking for it. Walton hid in the hall closet waiting for the others to leave. I watched as Aunt Mary took Ryan and took off to the store. Uncle Hampy, pulled his truck out, and drove off to work with wood once again. For some odd reason I knew he was going to be a bigger help today then I thought. As the bus took off with Erica, and Stu. Once I saw it leave I motioned Walton to go. We only had a one way trip for the bus in our pockets combined. Knowing we had to walk back to the house. Walton and I sat between a fat man and a blond middle aged

waitress late for her shift. When the bus let us off in front of the library I noticed that there was a guard standing outside of the door. He looked like that policeman that sat on the Norman Rockwell painting. He had everything to the description to that very painting.

“When were you going to tell me that your brother was the guard at the library Walton?” I whispered as we approached him. Walton’s brother was working here as the guard to pay through school. I was puzzled to see him there.

“He told me he was off today.” When we approached him he knew what we were up to I could tell by the CY in his voice.

“Walton aren’t you needed in school today little brother?” He looked down on him with this look like he just past gas. The answer to his question is yes, but we didn’t tell him that. All I could do was look at Walton as he worked in his mind what he was going to say once his eye brow went up you knew he was thinking.

“Yeah, but Freddie and I have a school paper to research on and the local historical society are the only ones that can help us. Freddie made sure we got a pardon from the teacher. Now if you don’t believe me then that up to you. I’ll, let you take that chance.” He came up with that thing out off no were all the time. He was good at that watch out for that eye brow you never win.

“Where’s the pardon then? Let’s have it, then I will let you in.” He got us we didn’t have a pardon.

“Mom has it you really want to wake her up after doing the night shift!” Like I said that eye brow has power. All he did was put one hand on his belt and opened the door for us looking the other way.

“Walton I thank thy.” I replied as we walked in. he laughed in an answer. When we did walk in you could feel the cold air of the conditioner. The shelves were wooden and were lined with every book known to man himself. I could tell they don’t give books away here for free. There was a lady who stood in the middle of the library who you went to looking for answers to me she looked like a really old version of Aunt Mary if she ever was to get old. I

didn't want to go over at first. Walton and I went through all the local history books and couldn't find a thing. I still after words didn't want to go over to her I was scared for what I didn't know. I sat there frozen, Walton wasn't scared he walked right up to her.

"Hello, welcome to The Mason Library, how may I help you today sir?" "The Mason Library wasn't that the last name to the man in red? The look on her face was not what I wanted to see thank goodness Walton did the dirty work. He didn't do the dirty work for long as I watched Walton walk into the Mystery novels she came over to my table and sat down. "So your friend told me that wanted my help. Walton wait until I get to talk to you later.

"Yes mam, my name is Freddie Schnitzer and yours?" I didn't know what to think but to turn red. I gotten a chill down my spine.

"My name is Daisy." She was sweet after I gotten to know her a little.

"What can you tell me about, Mr. Bradley Melvin Mason?" Once I said his name, she wanted me gone. She put on a smile to shut me up. She kept finding a way to get me to leave, but I didn't want to. She left for about five minutes and returned with a folder. "This library was founded by Bradley's father. Benjamin Manson. He was the local doctor of the late 1800's. "I did some digging over the years myself and was able to find a picture. The whole town gathered in front of the mason house to take a picture. Here you can see the house that your Aunt is in now. This is a small town nothing gets past the library. The house still looks the same today but your Uncle did update it a little." All I could wonder was if Bradley died before or after this picture but as she went on she was reading my mind as she told me. The picture was sitting on the table in front of me I took in ever face. She went on. "Up on the porch the fifth one in standing next to the little girl with a bow tie on is Bradley's father. The one you're looking for is standing on the ground from the left hand side the fourth one in standing behind the three boys right next to the lady with the black coat on, is Bradley the man wearing a hat. The basement was the morgue. Someone volunteered to sit with the body s to make sure the body didn't get up and walk away. If the body did sit up to make sure it was really dead." It was him Bradley I was able to show Walton and the rest

of the family who he was now, but did I want to. He was something back then a good catch. She let me have a copy of this picture and the rest of the folder as well to read as I wished. I thanked her and then returned to Walton in the mystery novels, but Walton wasn't there. It looked like Walton the back side of him anyway but then I knew it wasn't him.

"Bradley, why are you here?" I whispered if you didn't whisper then the old ladies got mad. Bradley turned and looked at me.

"That's the last picture of me. It was taken a few days before I died. I did die. Do you know how I died?" That I didn't know yet the coroners notes were in the folder but I didn't read it yet.

"When I find out you will be the first to know." I could hear the shiver in his voice. He needed an answer. He was confused.

"Now that I know I'm dead, I know about my other lives. I was born and died two times now." How did he know that? I asked him how he knew that. He replied saying the in ages of that of once was had come rushing to him. When daisy gave me the folder he read everything without me knowing. He said he was going to live another life again, but he needed me to tell him how he died in the life he lived before I didn't understand it. I didn't believe in retuning after you had died, but he did. I believe that once you are done here in this world there is a day of judgment were your fellow spirts who helped you're on your path say what happens next. That you help your loved ones on their paths as you spend the time with your loved one who came before you and those who carry on. I know there is something there on the other side but I think that your loved ones are the one that help you they get promotion from a higher power then they help you as you need it. When we do die we return to our younger self, or an image of a yester year. Bradley left me as he always did by walking through a wall. He was confused and lost. I needed to know more, he knew it but until I do he stays lost following me around. Now where is Walton? As I walked around the library Bradley came back to me panicked.

"I know where Walton is. Your father took him. Go to the second room you will find your friend." He was gone in a flash. To help him he needed to help me. The second room it hit me it was the room upstairs that was locked,

but how was I to open it. My feet had me to the second room as fast as they could. I didn't stop never knowing what was going to happen if my dad was not a nice man then who knows what he would do by the time I get there.

I grabbed the box of Erica's antic keys trying each one at a time never knowing if one of these keys fit in that door. Nothing was opening that door. I cried out for Walton to make a sound but I didn't hear a thing, was something in there or am I being fooled? My fingers panicked as they shook trying to grab another key then the next one and so on. Good thing Erica collected these keys as one did open the door. The wood creaked as the door swung open. The stairs were black covered in dust. I had to go I didn't want to but I had to see if Walton was up there for myself. As each foot took another step I could hear each stair make a sound. I could tell this place wasn't used for years. It smelt like bad perfume. When I went on the door closed as if it had a mind of its own, and the lights went on. There was nothing up here. What we thought about as kids of things that were up here. The second room I never thought of as an attic. The walls were an old robin's egg blue as the hard wood was a reddish stain. There he was in the middle of the room tied to a chair. Never thought I would take the word of a ghost. He was freaking out trying to get loose.

"Freddie he told me things. Freddie he tied me here asking me what type of things you knew about Bradley. I didn't tell him a thing. If you didn't open the door he was going to kill me." I couldn't get him to stop worrying looking behind every other word out of his mouth. He didn't want me to touch him all I could do was apologies he told me how were to know about this. "Freddie you need to stop this. Helping a ghost with whatever it is he needs is going to hurt us." I could see the scared look in his face he wanted me to stop.

"If we give in now he wins. We need to help this guy out. Walton it's up to the two of us to do this. I can't do it without you. But I understand if you can't. I'll march on alone." I needed him but if he wasn't up to everything I could understand. I didn't want him part of this in the first place.

"You think you can have all the fun without me. I am in this if I like it or not. Thanks for untying me. Before your father left he handed me this key.

And a note I think this is for you.” He handed me a key with a purple diamond in the middle in it. The note read, (the kid of fourteen with braces from ear to ear. With red hair and wearing purple sweaters is now ready. If you look you will see underneath the maple tree is a secret from a long time ago.) Was I to find all this out when I was fourteen? If that’s the case how come I am finding this out now? I wasn’t ready that or I needed to be in Tennessee for this whole thing to take place. I read the message that way Walton could also listen in. We couldn’t figure it out. There wasn’t maple tree in this room.

“There it is the maple trees shadow the sun is going down the shadow is making it look like its branches are pointing to the closet.” He always knew what to look for. The door hid a small yellow metal container. On the one side was a purple number fourteen. It wanted an age. It was a number to go by. Walton picked it up, we returned to sit on the floor near the chair he was sitting on as he opened it we couldn’t believe what was inside the container. We both just looked at each other in amusement. We both needed to call a family meeting to tell them. This room had secrets all right. Not the ones I thought were here. We both waited down stairs I couldn’t sit in that attic no more. What the attic had to hold was one thing I didn’t want to know. It was time for the hiding to stop. Erica was given a ride home from her father after her cheerleader practice. I could hear them laughing as they wondered in.

“Daddy all I asked was to drive the truck, I got my permit today. I think, I could.” If she only known, but I hid the smile of being happy she passed and can now drive.

“I think you should wait.” He was right.

“Freddie what do you think?” I had something else on my mind. They were still standing near the door as Erica tried to get the keys out of his hand.

“There’s Mary’s lights Freddie.” Walton marked. I asked if they would all sit as we had all the members in the room.

“Hay, what’s going on here boys?” Uncle Hampy said as he shuck wood dust off his skin.

“I don’t know Freddie called this family meeting.” Erica remarked.

“We went up into the attic today or should I say the second bedroom. I see what the maple tree had to hide.” Walton was angry when he spoken I could tell it all it got to him. There reactions were still as if they had nothing to hide just a blank wall to stare into. The only one who didn’t look like that was Erica as you could tell she was clueless.

“So you boys now know.” Uncle Hampy what was he trying to get at.

“Know what?” Erica asked.

“In this container lies the fact that on June 12, 1991, Freddie and Walton Schniter was born. That I was adopted by the lady down the road.” Walton was brave facing this. He took it well. We knew we were brothers but didn’t know we were really brothers. “On the birth record it states that Hanford and Mary Schniter are our birth parents.” Aunt Mary didn’t know what to think as Uncle Hampy looked at the ground running his hands through his hair.

“So you two are twin brothers, seventeen years of growing up together and calling yourselves brothers. Was actually right. I just want to know why?” Stu butted in. Uncle Hampy or should I say dad took a minute to think before telling us the truth. All Aunt Mary could do was go in the kitchen to start cooking.

“We didn’t want to tell you, but we know of the gifts power. We didn’t want it to do to you as it did to me and my brother. We all decided that day to spilt you up and that be the end of it. Walton moved in down the road. We kept our mouths shut tell now. I am so sorry, I had so many sleepless nights thinking of telling you. But my brother was the one who wanted to be there for you. Erica was his daughter we switched children. We tried so hard, splitting you guys up, but the three of you stuck together like glue. What was I to do? I just hope the three of you can forgive me, and your mother. “I looked to see a man cry who never cries. A man who taught me to be tough actually being soft. It was like I pushed the button on the rusted robot. I am glad he told us and that the truth was out there now. I was hoping it would be him. He’s the one besides Walton I share things with. We were given the second chance to have a father again. Erica didn’t know what to say. She just went into her bed room. Stu followed her to make sure she was fine.

“We both forgive you. You guys are here and the truth is out let’s move on from that.” Walton and I decided to move on if we were going to have a piece of mind. He told Walton he could move in being that he was family. He took him on his word. We replaced Ryan’s bed with another set of bunk beds until Uncle Hampy redid the second bedroom. It was going to be tight but we didn’t mind.

“Freddie that means you can see.....”I stopped him, I told him I will tell everyone as time went on that only Walton and I besides him knew what was going on. It felt good knowing that what the family had to hide was out in the open. It was a mild stone of time that my family lost. If they only said something earlier we could have avoided it all. I thought the masons didn’t leave a thing until now.

“Freddie follow me.” He started for the kitchen. “The Mason family left something. I think you need to have it.” He opened the cabinet and took a box from behind the glasses we drank from. All these years and I thought it was Aunt Mary’s candy box. It was old looking. It was blue in color like the color of the attic walls, it also had an old five cent poster of a football player on the lid. That was the only thing we found inside was a bunch of short stories and photos. It also has an old toy inside. Inside we saw it was owned by a person named Bradley. Remember that seahorse necklace you wear around your neck the yellow surfboard with the seahorse onto it. You couldn’t figure out why there was a B, engraved in the back. It was Bradley’s as well.” I ran over and gotten the folder. That night Walton, Hampy and I sat at the table talking about the Mason Family, and Bradley as the others slept. I knew more about Bradley then I thought, I did. Was he coming to me because I wore his necklace? I wanted to read the short stories Bradley wrote out in the open. Bradley knew we were doing this he watched from a far I could feel him in the room that night. He knew if he helped me I would know how to help him. The words he spoke were so lovely. There was a picture of a little boy named right after him and a woman I never known. Walton took the picture of the house with the people standing in front of it and framed it on the wall. It was to remind me of those who come before me and those who carry on. I leave this entry with this last notion the last thing to come out of the tin was a picture of Bradley in long

johns. That photo has more to tell then a man in his underwear.

Entry number five,

Uncle Hampy tracked down a used washer and dryer. The family needed a new one for years so he decided to update his old machines. It was about a forty five minute drive away from where we lived. He had asked me to go pick them up as he had to take Ryan to a swimming class. Now the time changed. October came calling her sweet song. Her leaves lay on the ground, as the acorns fall. Walton and Stu tagged along to help lift if needed. My truck pulled into an apartment complex. The outside was stone looked very old right up Stu's ally. A young man in his late twenty's answered the door with black hair. He was a red neck if I ever saw one. He had a southern way about his voice. He was in fighting for our freedom and he was being up rooted to Germany with his two sons younger than a year old, and with his young wife. His name was A.J. never got to thank him.

Walton and I took the machines out to my truck as Stu paid the man. On our way home I could tell that Stu was getting ready to let me know the things on his mind. He kept trying all day to go somewhere and talk. I couldn't do that being we had to pick and drop off the machines. I kind of talked and did stuff all that time with Walton not looking his way. On the way home I had to drop Walton off to his old house to pack being he was going to move in with us.

The dryer was the first to go inside. Stu tried asking me to have Erica help me but, I wasn't listening. He got the lighter side as I had the heaviest. As we picked up the machine we put it down as fast. Stu was holding himself making bad pains sounds. I couldn't figure out why he did that. Everyone inside the house could hear the screams that he made.

"Stu what's going on?" I asked, he just walked into the house running into the bathroom upstairs as I heard the door shut from outside. Erica was inside no more as she came my way.

"Freddie you need to go talk with him. He told me what was going on.

Made me not tell, but you need to go in there and talk with him. He asked me how to tell you I tried to answer as best as I could. He needs his brother.” Erica and Aunt Mary worked on getting the machines in the house, women power! I went in the bathroom and sat on the toilet. There he was sitting in the tub with his pants unzipped with his hands down his under wear. I could tell he was too embarrassed. He was red in the face as tears fell down his cheeks.

“Stu is there something you need to tell me.” I didn’t know what else to say. I didn’t know the material he was going to throw my way. With everything Bradley shown and did to me I was ready for anything.

“I wasI.....I. “He was too emotional to even talk. All I could tell him was to take his time. “When I was in the rest room at the truck stop. I undid my pants as I started to pee in the urinal the man next to me noticed I was.....” He was taking his time but I wasn’t ready for the next answer I just sat there listening being there for him. “He told me that I was peeing out blood. I looked down and my hand was covered in it. I’m scared.” That’s why Bradley was having the shower come out like blood. I didn’t know what to say. What do you say?

“Thank you for telling me. It is brave for you to do that. I wouldn’t be so brave to say anything to Walton or anyone else. Don’t worry I will make a call and bring you to see a doctor tomorrow.” He showed me his hand as he took it out of his pants it was full of blood. He told me if he carries or lifts anything heavy it happened. He threw me off I didn’t know what to say. Aunt Mary beat me to the punch she already had one set for the next morning. I helped him get cleaned up. That next morning came to fast for Stu he didn’t want to go. He turned into a little boy again. I had to drag him inside the doctor’s office.

“Freddie wait I don’t want to give my name out there. What if something was wrong?” The nurse in pink came over and went to take his information. As she took his name he panicked. “My name is Walton Schnitzer.” I had all I could do was not to laugh. She told him it was okay to give a fake name. He worn a whole in the floor as he wouldn’t sit. When they called his name he jumped like a cat to water.

He had to sit on the cold table as the nurse in pink took his blood

pressure and his weight. He was timid, he didn't want to be there, but he did it for me. She handed him a gown to put on. Told him to strip and put it on. He turned so red it could make a stop sign blush. He took off his shoes boy did those things stink worse than his breath. Then his socks, green colored jeans and his T-shirt. He didn't want to pull down his underpants. It took a while for me to get him to try. He cried as he pulled down the fabric. All I saw was purple. I felt for him if I could have traded places I would of.

The doctor came in and sat near him on a round stool that was on wheels. Stu kept jumping with every word he said. He took one look at Stu and told him he wasn't ready to be seen. There was a pill he needed to take. It was a little blue one. He took it like a good boy, but I could tell the pill made him too big. He wanted to put his underpants back on but they wouldn't fit. I had all I could do to not hear him scream at the pain. I tried so hard to calm him down there was nothing I said that helped. The whole waiting room heard him scream to make it go away. Screams came out of him so loud I didn't think he could make those noises. He wasn't fully developed for that pill they gave him they made him live the next three years in a five minute period. The Doctor came back in and finally said he was ready. I was given the boot by the doctor, but Stu kept kicking at him I was quickly brought back in. Stu felt better with a female doctor so he screamed until she came. He sat on the cold table with his legs in these metal slings they needed him to be in a right position. They needed to look up in his man hood. If I could trade skin with him right now I would.

"No.....no.....no it hurts. Freddie make it stop." The doctor hasn't even began to come near him. He was scared all I could do was offer to hold his hand as he went through this hard time.

"Just take my hand and if you feel pain squeeze." I wanted him to know, I was there and always will be. Her hand had a little rod that started in past his gown as it wasn't visible no more my hand was being taken off by Stu's hard grip. He jumped and made a loud noise when the rod went in. His Adams apple went up and down as he swallowed hard. I could feel how a one inch rod was going into a whole that was centimeters in diameter would hurt. He passed out during the whole thing can't blame the kid. I saw things inside of

Stu I didn't want to see. My eyes didn't want to look but they looked anyway. She slowly pulled the rod out. I was hoping it wasn't going to get stuck. She had me look at him there she pointed out things I didn't understand. When he was all done, they wheeled him to a place where he could rest. The doctor took a while but came back into the room as I was retreating his things.

"I am looking for the guardian of Walton Schnitzer. Are you him?" Did I want to know the answer?

"Yes, I am his brother, Freddie." I gave my hand as she took it. She didn't look as if she had good news.

"I will let you make the choice if you want to tell him or I could. What I found was a little nothing I fixed it as we were up there. But the part he pulled was torn. He torn it so bad he can't have children in this life time." How do I tell him something like that?

"I will inform my brother." Can't have kids now what was he going to do. He studies family history and now can't pass it on. Hey he can adopt.

"I'm giving him some medicine to take for at least three days it should make the healing time go faster. I want to see him back here in a week were I can look again" As she left the room he was wheeled back in with a purple pair of scrubs to change into. I watched him he was so young. He was a younger me. I wouldn't have been so brave. What would I do if I didn't have him? If he waited for more time to tell me he would have been in a worse state then he was in at this time.

"Well, Freddie let me have it." I couldn't do it he still plays with his action figures. He was still a little boy even thought that pill they gave him made him a man. He put on his scrubs then sat on the wheel chair once more.

"I was told you can't have children. You had a little hole and it infected the hole making it so you can't have children." I bit my tongue as I was waiting for his replied. But he just sat there quit. I asked if he was okay. After the doctor talked with him and handed me the script he hit the fan.

"Freddie what do I do. I rather die then have this happen to me." He was crying a lot today.

“You can try adopting there’s other things. You can work for an orphanage, or even be a teacher.”

“Then that’s what I will do. Try to adopt. That’s what I want to do with my life be a dad. More than anything.” He was counting his ducks faster than I could even spell the word blue. I told him to think about it he had the time to do that. He needed to find himself. He slept the whole time on the drive home. I took him out for a nice dinner and a movie. He asked me if I could spend more brother time with him. I think, I can give him that. With everything he is going through today. When we got home it was dark. I stopped him from going on the porch and gave him a big hug. He lied his head on my chest just crying away the pain. We ended the night sitting on the porch talking about the future. This tested our brotherhood, goes to show it can’t break what we have. I sent Stu upstairs to get some rest as my mind tried to grasp all that happened today. Sitting there on the porch bench that was an old church bench. Stu sure took this better than I thought he was going to. He was hiding more, but I guess time will only tell. Just sat there with my eyes closed.

“What’s going on?” A voice said as I felt a hand on mine. I opened my eyes to see a face I didn’t think I would have seen. The man we got the machines from was sitting there. His clothing were torn as if he was involved in a fight. His face was all scraps. I could feel him confused as looked at him.

“A.J. what are you doing here?” I couldn’t understand why he was here.

“Every person you meet your father gathers. He started collecting those who come before you. He’s not dead yet just having an out of body experience. I don’t know where he is. Your father took him. He’s missing as far as I know. I will help him as until you can get Erica to him.” Bradley popped in sitting on the other side of me. My father or can I call him? That man sitting there didn’t do anything to him. Why would he do that? A.J. sat there looking at me scared he didn’t want to go with my dad.

“Bradley how do I protect him?” I didn’t want my dad to have the upper hand, but I know he is my uncle I can’t see him as anything else. Was there something happening I didn’t have control over.

“I’ll take him with me. Make sure nothing bad happens. We are going to

hide from him. We will be in the shadows of those who stick close with you.....remember that. Make sure you try to stay strong. You let your guard down today being your brother was sick. It lead to the man sitting next to you today. Let's go kid." Bradley took A.J. by the hand started to walk until I said something.

"Wait how did A.J. die?" I had two spirits that are puzzled waiting for me to help them.

"That's up to you to find out." I heard a sound of a bell and looked away from them as soon as my eyes looked back they were gone. I am going to go one day without something going sower. It was time to call out my glass knight, but the question is who my glass knight was? My feet tried to take me in the house as I heard Walton cry out my name. He was walking over to see how Stu was feeling. He never minds just coming over in his boots and underwear at night dose him. I think, I found my glass knight.

Entry number six,

I had it with this whole thing. I mean it is one thing to mess with my feelings, but when you bring my family into it you might of well-read me my last rights. If I tell them that, I can do what I can do. It might make my life different. I can't have them hate me. Time goes fast after you tell yourself that I need them to know. Shortly it happened, one day it came out like nothing else. It was hotter than a tomato on a sidewalk. You could make breakfast on the pavement on just the heat. The birds where overfilling the birdbaths, the sun was dancing in the sky as each cloud pass by. The grass filled in the air just after each piece hit the bottom of the push mower. I asked Erica to go over to see A.J.'s wife and to talk to her about her husband's death. She had no clue why I asked her, but she went to get out of the house. Stu picked up on where he stopped with the genealogy as he was with Ryan in the library with his nose in books and Ryan was playing with the other children. Aunt Mary was out in her garden planting her tulip bed. Uncle Hampy, he was out in this heat push mowing the grass for the old lady that lived next door. Walton and I were

watching television shows based on whisperer of ghost. We were trying to teach ourselves about ghost. We thought you needed to know the subject you are trying to look study so your studies strengthen as you learned.

While the lady on the screen was talking away Walton noticed a noise coming from the wash room. Aunt Mary was still in her garden so it wasn't a person in there that could turn on the washer. I took myself and turned it off. We both couldn't understand what was going on. I had no clue what to think. As soon as I turned from unplugging the washing machine I could feel a dot of water hit my head every other second as I stood in one spot. The drip was coming from the upstairs bathroom. My eyes looked up to the roof but there was no water stain. Where was the drip coming from? Well any more I am used to strange things going on. As the character on the screen was frozen I watched as Walton stood and walked over to the bottom of the stairs.

"Walton is everything okay over there?" I asked, as he was frozen Himself.

"Freddie did you leave the upstairs sink on?" He replied, if he replied with a question it has to be bad. There was something going on here. Here we go again.

"It might be nothing this house dose have old pluming issues." As I walked and joined Walton at the bottom of the stairs. Walton's eye brow went up as he told me that he heard the doors and the windows were all locking themselves. One of the two of them was playing a trick with us. The water was getting faster and faster as we spoken each word.

"Freddie I don't think we can swim in the house." Walton added as he stood on the sofa. The water was coming up so fast. We had to get out.

"What I want to know is that, how is Aunt Mary not seeing this?" I was swimming over to the sofa to be with Walton. We could hear the tub turn on from upstairs and then the one in Erica's bathroom. We didn't know what to think. We took ourselves through the water helping each other up the stairs trying not to slip. At the end of the hall stood A.J. boy was I mad at him, but I couldn't really be mad he was confused. He was the only one that could stop this water. The washer was the first sign I should have seen it.

“How dare you send your relative over to my wife? You aren’t taking all my family with you.” He was mad at me. The water was my answer to why he was mad. He thought I was the one who killed him. That’s what I thought any way.

“That’s the last thing we are trying to do. All we are trying to do was help you find piece.” I was calm as he got mad. I was new to this gift I didn’t really know what I was doing.

“You know way too much about my life already. All you had to do was buy a couple of machines.” He went from mad to being puzzled. Could tell by his face he didn’t know where to turn.

“I’ll try to find out what happened to you and, why it happened to you. What you need to do is give me a little bit of time.” I needed time to get all the answers these spirits were faster than I was. “Can you stop this water?”

“No it is up to you.” When he left the room, he teleported me to the front porch. This was a new power I didn’t know he had. Jason was still up stairs and was going to die if the water didn’t stop. He’s my glass knight not my fathers. I made my way to the tool shed and took an ax to make a hole in the roof. There was too much water to go back into the house by foot. My thoughts were not even reaching the neuron it was stored in. my muscles hurt with the touch. The beads of sweat were coming down my face faster than a bullet coming from out of the tip of a gun. I just grabbed that ladder and off I ran. Once the ladder hit the tip of the roof, I was up there faster than the finger that pulled the trigger. I couldn’t hear Walton’s voice cry out no more. If he dies I will never forgive myself. I will not let this be his future. I was on my knees above the spot I thought he was last. Just taking the ax making a hole in the roof. The hole was chopped in the matter of seconds. I made it big just for me to get in. There he was laying on the floor in nothing but his underwear as his clothing flouted by my face. We learned as kids the less cloths you wear the more chances on keeping flout. Good thing he remembered.

“Oh my.....Freddie.....I am very angry with you right now.” I didn’t want to look, I could tell my Aunt was at the top of the ladder. I took off my purple sweeter showing my bear chest. If I was going to go down I need to do

what my brother did to not weigh me down, Aunt Mary came to the spot where I was to help me when I came back up. The water was cold when I hopped in. If you think about it, if you clear your mind as you're in the water it's like you're in air. I gotten to his body I pulled him up by putting my hands under his arms. He was heavy and it was hard to lift him. I could feel the curve of his back push against my body. His legs made it hard to swim up but I made it through. I know he would do the same for me. As I was in the water I could feel my lungs wish for more air. Once we came out of the water the two of us went to the yard right away by carrying him. We didn't waste a minute of this important time.

The sound of metal hitting another piece of metal filled the air as we were deciding what to do. Erica, was running over, and screaming on what she saw. Stu carried Ryan over. His face was blank. He walked with a limp the pills had an effect on his legs. We all known to start CPR. We started as Aunt Mary called for help on Erica's cell phone. Erica compressed and I did the breathing. Thirty compressions then three breathes those words ran through my head like a broken record. After working on him for two minutes Erica couldn't do no more. I didn't stop! I took it in my own hands on faith that he would wake up. I didn't see his spirt, I knew he was waiting to wake up. If I lose him now, I just may as well take myself. After three more minutes working on him he leaned his head up and started spilling out water from his mouth. He was okay. This vision almost killed him. His chest was pumping up and down fast..... so was mine. I think I have a handle on seeing what a vision is and what is real. This was both rapped with a bow.

"You two have been hiding something from us here. I want to know what's going on. We all do." Erica was right to yell. I looked over to the house and it was empty of the water as if nothing happened. I knew, I had to tell them what I knew. Walton and I couldn't keep it a secret forever.

"I can see.....ghost. Didn't want to tell you guys until I knew for myself. With everything going on it just slipped my mind." It took a while in silence. They took it well as if they knew this whole time. I was waiting for them to put me in the corner and make me were the pointed hat. This time they just sat there making sense of it all.

That afternoon Aunt Mary took all of us out for a nice dinner to talk about everything. Now it's out in the open. I didn't have to worry no more. I told them how we all have to be a team to make this work. We all decided that night that we were not only family but one whole as a team. That night ended as we all gathered in the living room to watch a movie. Walton whispered to me as we sat there in front of the couch on the floor.

"When I was sleeping. I meet Bradley and he told me, I was your glass knight. He even told me what one is and what he does. He told me how to use its power. Don't worry this brotherhood will never break its promise." Thank you Bradley for that I didn't know myself how to tell him. We have one more thing to do to help him out. It was as if when one good deed was do it was replaced with another good deed.

The helmet went over to cover the black wave hair on the head of the smart young man. The fabric of those who came before him went over the dry but yet wet flesh of his seventeen year old body. The game was at eight, but the library was only open till five. Walton needed to be at the homecoming football game tonight as their mascot. Before we left for the game I took him into the woods. Trying not to step on any twigs, or leaves to give away what we were doing.

"Where are we going Freddie?" Walton asked in a mysterious voice. I hid the napkin drawing from the diner in my hand. I made sure my hand was in the sleeve to my purple sweater. Every time I heard anything the closer the napkin cut into my skin. The air was chilly that Walton was complaining being he was in a dress. The leaves covered the ground as the rain was falling on our heads. The trees sang if you listen close you could hear each story that the individual one had to hide just by the branch is where they lie. Just fourteen minutes walking in the woods we got to the building. I took the napkin and unfolded it. It matched the picture exactly to the lines of the ink he drew.

"What's inside?" Walton asked, as he wiped the rain from his face.

"The evidence we need to prove, Bradley's name." I'm happy that Walton doesn't look at me as if I was another crazy person that say they can see ghost. I think he had been in visions with me before that he waited for me

to tell what I said. I think they all known, but I had to take my time to tell them just as Stu did with me. The door took a while to open. The lock was rusted but the butter knife did the trick that Walton had brought with him. Inside was grass and an old gray boat that sat in the middle. As Walton and I walked around we couldn't help, but see the clues that the item in front held.

"S.S. Mason the boat was owned by the Mason family." Walton's eye brow was at hard work. "And a hole in the middle of the floor of the boat. Plus a cork means it has been messed with. That means while in the middle of the water his body hit the cork, and the boat went down. He drowned to death. The question is how did he die? Do you still have the pictures from the box our dad gave to you?" He wasn't my glass knight to fight for me he was my glass knight for his brains. That must be what it is.

Later we went down town to the library. Not only to print out the pictures of the boat that Walton taken with his phone, but to look at the picture of Bradley. Stu tagged along as he was the only one who knew how to work the computers here at the library. Thank goodness that Walton knew the night guard. When Stu pushed the scan button the picture came on the screen. I don't know how Stu made the picture color, but he was a genealogist showing his geek side.

"So what eye is it Freddie?" Erica asked, how could I chose, I had to pick one. Oh did I mention Erica's here.

"The right one." He had to use both eyes to see the person who was taking the picture. Stu got closer and closer to his eye there was an image. "Can you make it clear more to see the persons face?" Stu just got to work. When the face cleared, I couldn't believe my eyes myself. We were seeing the killer through his eyes.

"My brother." Bradley butted in at the same time of scaring me. I didn't know he was watching where I couldn't see him. He teleported himself to one of the tables and sat.

"You okay?" I asked, as I walked over his way. If I found out my brother did it, I would poop in my pants too. We now have the pieces just have to put them in the order we needed it to be in.

“I remember now.” He was gone right after that. I didn’t remember anything so I have to dig more. Stu, and Erica were working on scanning in the pictures. I grabbed Walton with the paper work that I had from the librarian.

“Walton put that eye brow to work. Can you tell me anything? Do you notice something?” His eye brow was up like we had outgoing mail, as his eyes looked over the documents. Then he had it. He handed me a paper, a birth record.

“My brother had three children with his wife.” Bradley was back as he sat at the table. The record was a fourth child he never knew about. That explains the picture of a little boy named right after him and a women that I never known.

“Anything you want to tell me.” I asked. My ears were open

“My brother was the town barber I haven’t shaved in over three days being I had a new born at home. My wife died in child birth. The day I went to see him he took my picture as a photographer was in town. I sat on his barber chair in my red long johns it was a hot day. Taking care of the baby I caught a cold. Have you ever had your barber bleed the cold out of you? I did. All I remember was waking up with no in town could see me. Theses men got on their horses and chased my brother off a cliff. They blamed him for my death. I know now.” It all made since now. The dream lead me to him. He showed me how he died the whole time. Using my grandfather as his puppet. I knew the answer this whole time how come I never saw it? He was now standing in front of the window.

“You can now move on.” I said with a big smile painted on my face. As I made my way near him. Thought I had the upper hand this time.

“No you did something for me there’s one more thing I have to do for you. I also need to know if the baby lived. I remember leaving him with my brother while he shaved me.” Bradley was on a mission.

“Freddie you need to see this.” Erica yelled over to me to come over to the computer. Bradley was hiding behind the machine as we solved what

happened.

“Freddie I looked into my genealogy notes. I never noticed it until Erica said something. Bradley Melvin Mason is our great great grandfather. His son was Melvin. It’s all here.” It all made sense the house stayed in the family. The information I was gathering was my own story. That’s when I knew why my father couldn’t get to him. He was a man from the cloth of our blood.

“Your baby survived if he didn’t then we wouldn’t be here today. I think he’s waiting for you in the light.” I looked him right in his eyes. I couldn’t believe what we found out today. Stu had a picture of his son. The boy does his homework. He looked just like his father.

“I don’t know what to think or say.” I told him that he needed to move on. But he just looked at me and said there was going to be a fight he needed to be here for. A lot was said tonight. I didn’t see him or A.J. for a while after that. Things went back to the way they were. Schnitzer was Bradley’s mother’s maiden name. He needed to help me with one more thing. What was that thing? My team I needed came through with flying colors tonight I was glad, I had them. We solved Bradley’s puzzle tonight, but what was keeping him here? Not only did I get another member of this family but we solved a very important family secret. How come the Mason family, our family hid him from our history? He did something in his life time that no one knew about. He wasn’t a bad man just a puzzled one.

Entry number seven,

Luna went away to the other side of the world as the sunshine took over her place. The leaves all flattened on the yard as the rain took over there very flesh. The dogs all inside the house as they drew the blue prints in there heads of how to get the bird. All the children, and adults all dreaming the things that were on their minds from the night before. Morning wasn’t a good time for this house. The doorbell rang at six in the morning. The rings wouldn’t stop coming from the front door. It wasn’t the paper boy, or the milk man they don’t start until seven. Aunt Mary and Uncle Hampy were dead asleep to even

know that the sound was in the air. The others were too busy being the teens that they were born to be. My feet touched the floor cold to the touch. The blanket that sat next to me that covered my body was watching as I walked out the door. Looking at the face of myself with different colored hair was odd. It was like looking in the mirror and knowing the truth tasted sweeter. The steps looked like they were moving because I had all I could do but stay awake. When I opened the door, I wanted to shut it again. It was a monster.

“Freddie dear, do you get dressed ever when you answer the door? It’s not nice when you answer the door in your purple underpants. Are those the one with the purple hippos I gave to you for your birthday?” oh man it was worse than a monster, it was mom. I stood at the door with my mouth dropped to the floor I wanted this to be a dream.

“Mom.....it’s too early. What are you doing here?” as I said those words Aunt Mary came out and took over as I went up to get dressed.

“Who’s Down Stairs?” Walton asked, while I put on my cloths.

“My Mother or Aunt I don’t know what to call her now.” We all gathered in the living room. We found out what she wanted when everyone was there. Just to show up uninvited, how come!

“Mom what is going on?” poor boy, he couldn’t stand he was still on the medication his doctor gave him. He has to be carried every were for a few weeks. We all sat around her as she checked her lipstick. Before she could even say one word, Bo Interrupted.

“Where getting married.” No a cheerleader don’t marry a chess player. “Were getting married next week. I need to get my best men ready before the big day.” I Bit my bottom lip as hard as I could. Tried also not to squeeze the head off of Ryan’s purple dinosaur teddy bear.

“Where is it going to be? “Aunt Mary asked, we knew what was happening.

“All of us are sailing to the Greek Islands. Getting married on the land.” Her nails did all the talking. I saw the book that she wrote in her mouth that needed to be burned.

“No, no, no you get married that’s up to you, but leave me out of it. Go to the Greek Islands. I don’t care.” It was hard in front of my whole family. I had to tell them what was on my mind. But sadly the purple dinosaur teddy bear got the bad timing out of all of us. I now own Ryan a new one. I just had to get out of the room. As I ran up the stairs Stu followed as best as he could.

“Freddie it now time to grow up.” He tried to stay on his feet first time he walked up the stairs he couldn’t before. Couldn’t make a big deal on his walking. It hurt inside the information that we now know was hurting my head it was too much at one time.

“You don’t understand.” My faces produced tears.

“I don’t understand the fact that mom needs a second chance. Yeah, she wasn’t the best mother to the three of us. I want to be able to see her smile again. I saw that in you when you pulled in the drive. Sometimes I think you love Walton then you do me. Finding out he was your twin was the cherry on top for you. Now look we are both crying.” He looked all grown up at this moment. He really made me proud. He gave in and sat on the floor. I thought about what I was going to say, as I joined him. I took his hand as I sat.

“Never think that way. I love everyone equal. I am pulled so many different directions by so many people. Can’t be in all those places at once. How did you get so grown up? Fine, I will go, not like it, but I will go.” That was one of the first times I saw him laugh at one of my jokes. I liked it. After what happened to him he laughed with a little pain but it was still a smile. He told me he thought we were pioneers starting over in a new place but changing it in our little way. His brain don’t surprise me one at all. We went back down the stairs. All the children went out that night to grab something to eat as the adults got caught up with a game night.

Right across the street of, Gertrude’s Toy Chest, sits an old hamburger shack. Erica, Walton, and Stu went inside the hamburger shack to wait for Ryan and me to return from across the street. No one like to wait in the rain. When we walked in there sat a big display for a new plastic doll. “Peter the Farmer.” He came in brown boots with a way to tie his boots. I thought that was a cool way to teach him how to tie his shoes. He also wore blue jeans and

“Hey, look at me. I’m right here. Why can’t you see me? Listen please? What’s going on? Hey, guys I am right here. You don’t have to cry.” I kept on yelling, but they didn’t listen. I screamed and yelled and nothing was getting into their ears.

“Freddie, they can’t see you. Of all the people you should know that.” Bradley told me, but I could touch him where I couldn’t before. That’s when I knew I was dead.

“What’s going on?” I asked, I wasn’t to be puzzled no more.

“Do you remember the group your father told you to get?” I thought, I had it by now.

“Yeah, we got together to help you move on.” I was really getting lost.

“This is why you need them.” He knew this whole time.

“Who did this to me?” I needed to know.

“I did but your father took over me. He has too much power now. You need to stop him. Talk to Walton. He has the gift now. He turned into your glass knight tonight. Use him.” Will he listen? I don’t need him to run away like he would.

“Walton.” I didn’t know if it would work. I leaned near him saying his name many times. Walton turned his head and looked right at me. He wasn’t scared.

“Freddie.....how?” I don’t blame him for being puzzled as I am.

“Not now do what I say.” He said it was fine. He would go along with the whole thing.

“Walton, Freddie isn’t here.” Erica cried.

“Tell her about the time I caught her singing in the back yard with her hair brush. She fell on her bottom and Aunt Mary was mad trying to get the mud out of her clothing.” I had to make her believe I was there.

“Hey, Erica do you remember the time.....” She then knew that I was there. No one else knew about that but the two of us. Erica had to put her right

hand on my heart, and her left hand on my face. To make her powers work, she had to think of a childhood memory that she mostly thinks of. That's why I brought up that moment, but she brought up the time I gave her the key. As she thought about that I felt different like I was going to see my lunch again. Her powers worked on me. Her hands turned a nice shade of pink. My whole body turned into dots of paper like little dots that you get out of the whole puncher and went into the air. They flew into my mouth. After the dots returned to my body I could feel the rain hit my skin where I couldn't before. I took in air and opened my eyes. I laid there on the ground. Watching everyone cry. You don't know blood tell you have none. It is like candy that you can't get until the holiday season comes around. I know how the little boy felt following off that cliff now.

"Freddie." Stu cried.

"Oh my goodness it took tell now to realize that you are my protectors." After I went to the hospital were the nurse checked up on me. We all couldn't think of how they gotten me to wake up. The nurse was thinking the worst but I was fine.

"Your fine?" Bradley said I could tell he felt sorry for what happened.

"Not Now." I replied.

"Listen people over here they want to hurt you. Be careful they almost succeeded tonight." Bradley was right. I had one foot on this side and a bigger one on the other side.

"You need to go. You are at piece now." I said as, I zipped up my zipper and buttoned up of my pants. Bradley told me that it wasn't a dream. I saw the cracks in his mask. He wasn't being truthful. Something is happening now, and I didn't like the fact that my family was being dragged into it all. I got my mind off of what happened. How could I trust the words my father spoke? When the thing happened I felt like, I was made out of leafs again, but slowly turned into water. What is wrong with my family? Both parents not telling the truth through their teeth. They tried but my Aunt and Uncle got to me first. I was blinded at the fact that I had the people around me the whole time. We all got the day out of our heads with ending the day with the game of guess who. I

needed to smile before they come to put the jacket around me. Something happened. My gift was taken on a ride tonight. The ghost world is getting stronger than ever. I want to know, why?

Entry number eight,

As you pull up to the boat. It was the biggest boat since the Titanic. She was a charm. A steam room on the bottom of the ship. Then in the middle you get thirty-seven gift shops that contain anything from the toy store to the book store. On the upper deck you will find 450 rooms with two bed in each room. You will find a nice crew on board. You can find tennis, swimming, and tanning near the pool. At least that was what the paper to the ship said. When I put the paper down, I saw the boat, and it matched the description very well. I would love to put the ship in a bottle. The salt air filled the skies as the other passengers gathered nearby. Erica was taking it all in being she was able to go shopping before the trip and show off her new pink outfit. The adults were all like a kid in the candy store. Ryan was sleeping the whole time he was missing everything. Walton, Stu and I weren't looking forward to this trip we never were ones to have sea legs. You don't want to put three country boys on a boat with that many people.

"Okay here are your room numbers. Walton you will be with Freddie. Stu you're with Ryan. Erica will be with Bo's cousin, Ashley she's from England." Mom barked out everything as we got out of the cars. My thoughts were on Stu he couldn't walk right now so how was he to take care of a three year old as well. Erica was cool she had a roommate that said the word, candy, in a cool way.

"What room numbers mom?" I asked, as I put my suit case on the loading area.

"Walton and Freddie have room number forty two, Stu and Ryan are in fourteen, Mary and Hanford are in room twenty-two, Bo and I are in five, and Erica is in eighty-eight." She said that with a smile, but those rooms were odd numbers. My life was odd why not the room numbers.

“Why so far apart?” Aunt Mary asked. Good question I would like the same answer.

“That’s because Bo and I did as come first. We pulled names out of a hat.” That’s mom for you. I felt the wind as I put my feet on the wood of the ships flooring. Doors to rooms so long that you couldn’t see most of them. Walton and I grabbed the key to the room and our suit cases too. When we walked into the room it smelt like oranges. The bedding was blue and the bathroom matched, but it was a seahorse theme. It had the coolest black seahorse on the wall. The cleaning ladies also leaves mint candies on your pillows. There were two queen sized beds. We didn’t tell mom but we took in Stu and Ryan so I could keep an eye on them. We can share a bed for a while we have before.

“Hi boys.” My mom said as I put my purple shirt in the closet.

“What is it?” Stu asked.

“I forgotten to inform you boys about a little thing about the wedding. You may be asking yourself why you haven’t gotten a tuxedo for it. Well we both decided it would be cool to do a costume theme wedding.” We all looked at each other. Couldn’t figure out why people waited until last minute to tell you things. We finished unpacking in no time as we didn’t have much to we brought.

“So, now that we are all done Unpacking. What do you want to do?” Walton really do you have something to were for this wedding? Oh wait he brought his roman mascot outfit just in case. Now I see why he asked that.

“I guess go to the shops, and get a costume to wear.” Mom known how to spend your money for you. We had so much fun trying on different costumes. Stu had fun coming out in different outfits, cowboy, firefighter, astronaut, he ended up going with the astronaut. He needed this time. I know the one, I wanted. Wanted to be different I chose Tarzan, I wasn’t scared to show off my body share it while you’re in it I guess. A while back I wasn’t in it, so I know how it is. . I picked up a farmer for Ryan. We all ended the first day in the food court for dinner. Erica ate with us we found out she was going as a Fairy.

“You know the fish will get mad at you. They sometimes put fish scales in the lipsticks.” I tried to make a conversation around the table.

“Very funny, you okay with Bo being a new addition to this family?” She was going to throw away that tub of Lipstick I know she’s thinking about it.

“No I’m not but mom needs her chance to move on. She slept with everyone else in town. She finally got her brain set right. I talked to her before we came on this ship, and she agreed. She said I can take care of my brothers until there of age. We found a new home here and we don’t want to have them go all over the place.” Win, win if you think about it. We both get a new life.

“Is there a Freddie Schnitzer in the house?” a voice from the stage came calling my name. I couldn’t believe Erica signed me up for a sing off. I didn’t want to go on stage but everyone at the table made me go. When I gotten to the microphone I chose a song by my favorite red haired country star. She was the queen of music to me. Reba! When I opened my mouth all eyes were on me. My voice I thought wasn’t good but the eyes that watched enjoyed themselves. I loved every minute I was glad now she signed me up. It felt like I needed to be on the stage. It was a night I needed. I had this win in the bag. When the other four people that went up there they all forgotten some of their song. I sang a song I knew the words to. Walton told me to sing that song being I sang it in the shower every time. Yeah, that’s right Erica you carry the first place prize back to the room I’ll show you. The night sky light the stage for Luna to sing her lovely song. The sound of the ocean filled the air as you got the salty taste on your taste buds. The light from the wall outside the room a free night light. The blankets so smooth and gentle to the touch. Walton was making Z’s in the air as he dreamed away. All I could do was take a shower.

The bullets of little drops of water hit my skin, but didn’t bleed through. Only if the water could be a thing to get rid some of the things I live with every day. I take more showers then a famous swimming gold mentalist. The shower runs on quarters so you only get ten minutes at a pop. The ten minutes time was over before I could clear my mind. Once the water stopped I wanted to ten more, but I needed my rest for the next day. My feet touched the towel

that I rested on the floor so nothing bad happened. It was too late to do anything, so I put on my purple briefs then went to bed. Before I closed my eyes, I looked over to the chair where my costume sat, and thinking of the day that we would have in a few days.

I can't tell you what everyone else did during their few day. If I had to tell you, I think Erica made her own plastic doll at the build a plastic doll store. Stu stayed in the room watching old cartoons while Ryan was playing with his toys. Walton mainly stayed on the bingo hall calling out the numbers. I was in the art room taking painting lessons. But the nights seemed like I was replaying a moment. I took a ten minute shower, and put on my purple briefs with the purple hippo prints on them, then off to bed. The next morning I saw the sun light come through the cracks of the window. As I put the blanket aside on the bed and walked over to the bathroom I felt a strange chill rap around me.

"Hello." A voice said.

"Bo...you scared me. What's going on?" I wanted to make things right between us I owed Stu that much. As I was talking Bradley popped his nose in.

"That's not Bo." Bradley added. If that's not Bo then who is it?

"What." I sounded puzzled. I didn't have to ask I saw the silver eyes. It wasn't Bo.

"Dad what do you want." I yelled, I known it was him.

"You better be quit. I am not going to be yelled at by a white boy with red hair. Who wears to much purple? Boy if I am your dad I think you need to know." That was him in there he could go on water Bo was his ticket to coming on this boat.

"Know what?" I asked.

"Only girls wear purple. I can tell that you are you because you wear purple every day." I see he went to the bar and had a glass or two being he took over Bo's body.

“What is it really?” I had to ask he is not going to spoil my mother’s big day.

“I want something.” What would that be?

“My soul to take is that what you want? You want to live again.” I didn’t know I knew those type of words.

“You’re a smart man. Your gift mirrors the safety of you. Bradley made it so hard to get to you. I want to get rid of you all together.” That is what he thinks. I was all alone in a Fight I can’t win. He had too much power. That’s why Bradley was still here to protect me.

“You are sick. You probably can’t see ghost. You can stop with the act. You sicken me. Stay away.” He saw me talking with Bo thinking I made a new friend, and replaced him. He walked in at the wrong moment. I never had something so close like that tell me that I sicken them. My father made it so I had no were to turn. He was at the wrong place at the wrong time.

“Walton let me explain.” I said running to the door he will not forgive me for that. As I turned, I could hear the screaming of my brother and my best friend. As I turned to go to their aid my father grabbed my hands.

“It’s too late you can’t save them.” He replied, but I need to know for myself. “My friends are going to lock them in the pantry. You can save them, but I need you to know that whatever you do your going to die on this ship.” I quickly put on my Tarzan loin cloth costume and started for the pantry. This time he didn’t stop me. My father was screaming that the ship was going to sink in the matter of minutes as I started down the stairs. Once on the same floor as the pantry I had a vision. My feet were suck into the floor. I tried and tried so hard to get my feet free and move, but I had no luck. I looked behind and to the window thinking minutes I had to get to them. The walls started to crack it sounded like ice in the North Pole going their own ways. The windows all busted in due to the pressure of the upper deck. The feeling of water dripped from upstairs came down witch told me that the pool was over my head. I was too scared to move. I had Erica and Walton screaming for me to get into the pantry, but I didn’t want to move. I was too scared, I came all this way to have my nerves get to me. I watched as the bottom of the pool

came down and split the ship in half before noticing that both side of the ship were sinking. I was too scared to even notice that my father finally get what he wanted. I was getting ready to jump to the other side. I noticed the wall paper had cowboys on it witch was after a bull. Just like my dream. Will this be the time I fall and end up in the same place that he is in. I don't want to get hit by the car again. I don't want my happy place to kill me because my father's words killed my brain to what he wanted. Watching as the other side hit the water scared me. My side would soon sink itself. I didn't want to jump. All I could hear is the people in the water screaming as the sharks got to them. No one was to their aid. No one was there, and there will be no one there for me when I jump. I had no safety net for this. I didn't have the strength of the very man that lifted the mirror to kill medusa. I didn't have the brains like the character I was dressed as. I finally see that I can't have the responsibility. If my father hates me then everyone else dose too. It's going to be hard to jump knowing I will not come back. How can I live with myself as I watch my family drown? I finally cried. I couldn't have a tear my whole life. I couldn't even have my brothers see me crack. But all the kings' men can't put me back together again. Jump! Why? Is my identity keeping me from my survival? What do I have to prove to myself? I think if I get my father to see what I do, I can move on. I'll Jump if he will listen. If not I will have to get rid of him so he will not hurt no one else. I want to know what is going on and I want to hear it from my father. As I fell, I was lifted in the air. When the ship hit the water. I could feel the breath leave my lungs. I felt nothing. I just closed my eyes waiting for it to end. I was the little boy, I must have been dreaming about my own death all those years. As I feel, I heard a voice call out.

"No you don't." I felt a hand grab mine. Someone saved me, but I didn't know who. As I opened my eyes I could see the hand that had mine. It matched mine so it wasn't Erica. Stu couldn't walk so it wasn't him. "I didn't want to lose you." Walton said with a smile on his face, and trying to hold on at the same time. He had the pantry door open, and he was on his hands and knees as he tried not to fall back or let me go. Their side wasn't all the way down in the water. I could see his face get redder then a tomato on a hot day in June. He had my back like I always had his. But if he hates me then how can he have forgiven me in a short amount of time? If I came to save him, he must

of saw that, and thought that maybe that he saw the wrong thing. Jumping to a conclusion. I know, I did. I faced my fears a long time ago tell today to face them, but there he was facing his at the same time. If it wasn't for the hair on the top of our heads then people might have thought that they were seeing two.

"Your hand is wet I'll fall." I was slipping in the middle of it all.

"Well we will have to fix that."

"You are going to let me go don't say anything. If I go and well you know. Everything that will happen will go away. You won't have to live with a back stabbing brother like me." Take my life I know they will replace me.

"Well we will take that chance." He cried as he pulled with all his strength to get me in the pantry. He sat me on the door as he sat next to me. We watched as the boat went under a lady tried to open the door but we were going down too fast for her to keep up.

"Why didn't you let me fall?" I asked.

"You're my brother, and that is what brothers do." All I could do was give him a big hug. What do you give someone that saved your life twice?

"Well how do we get out?" Nice question. Now Erica thinks about it. I looked as we all were in our costumes. What they would think when they save us. A Tarzan, a fairy, and an Astronaut. He wasn't wearing his costume however being he saved me. Just wearing his Olive green t-shirt and matching shorts.

"Good question you're the reason we are down here Freddie, you come up with it. My eye brow is too tired." Walton replied.

"Hey, it's not my fault. My father...." That's all I could get out.

"Uncle Freddie you don't have to say anything else." He was trying to start an argument under water.

"I can see ghost if you think I can't then will move back in with my mother." I said with an angry voice. I was hurt and I'm not going to let him forget that.

"I am sorry you have been talking to Bo a lot during the whole thing."

At least he said he was sorry.

“This is because my father took over his body. He got it from the movie that we were watching the day the house flooded.” We didn’t stay angry for long. We let history stay that way. It was a lot like my great grandfather, him and his brother did everything together, but go to the bathroom together. They had each other’s back. I guess the apple didn’t role that far from the maple tree.

“Erica’s key.” I thought how to get out.

“Explain.” Erica asked.

“With your healing powers it will take us to the place your thinking of when your turn the key, and when you open the door we would be home.” I was going madder than a mad hatter.

“That sounds difficult.” I could hear the shacking in her voice.

“Hay, that’s the only thing I can think of not in the puzzled state.” I added.

“Okay I’ll try it.” She was braver then a deer in head lights. She sounded scarred but I knew that she is a rose and she can do anything. If you touch her sharp stem you will bleed. Erica went over to the door shacking like a leaf. She took off her necklace almost like a queen taking off her crown. As she put the key in the door and started to us her powers. Walton and I saw the door turn pink in color. That’s when she needed us to think of the same place with her. As we all thought of Aunt Mary’s house, home she turned the key. I could hear the metal rub together, and the water wash away on the other side. Life to me is riding a Farris wheel, riding it tell it stops at the top. Getting up and dancing wild. Taking the risks that we never could dream of. Erica did that she didn’t stop and dance. She did take a risk and I love her for that. She turned the key with her left hand, and when she opened the door we saw the other side.

Entry number nine,

Isn't it funny how when we die that when people realize how much you were needed in their life? You're just another toy in the toy box of life. Your identity is the only thing you can buy. Sometimes you get sick of yourself, and when you look in the mirror you might want to punch it. You might get sick of seeing the something over and over again. It is funny how people don't think about what they gotten around them until it's gone. I am thankful for those around me. Others might be able to reach that part of their understandings until they get older.

The doors had scratch marks almost like a mountain lion punched it to show the old paint that was hiding behind it all these years. Rocks on the flooring after breaking all the windows. Birds using the toilet as a bird bath, and deer eating way the rug. Leafs were wet to the touch as they stuck to the souls of my bear feet. Spiders crawling at my ankles like a dog. Apples from the apple tree out back fell to the ground and left a bad smell, dirty underwear would smell better. The sink was turning a shade of brown. There were vines taking over the walls. The pictures in there frames turned green from the moisture. The wooden floors made a sound with every step as if they been aged. One thing I did notice was pennies were all around heads up I found them in odd places.

"We are home, but were did everyone else go?" I asked myself in a whisper, so that the others didn't hear. Erica ventured off to her bedroom to see what happened, Walton he stayed with me.

"Two years into the future. The others are still in Greece." Bradley added in. "Your father finally got the power to take over the world. For some strange reason he is staying near this house. When he took over the world A.J., he was released from your father's hand. He's here somewhere." A.J. was alive oh that's great. One good thing happened at least. If my father is out there, and he can do all this then where is he? The trees all were burned, and the grass was gone. The sky was gray when you looked at it. My father took the color away. As I stood there in the living room, I could hear the creek of the closet door. As we got closer, I was too scared to see what it was. I wanted the poor boy. When the poor boy took his steps to show himself I was happy to see his face.

“A.J.” I couldn’t believe my eyes it was him.

“What is odd to me is that my father let you live.”

“He told me that I was his son.” There’s no way I had no clue who this person was until he, wait he might be telling the truth. My mother in New York had to leave for a year to take care of her mother. She returned we couldn’t figure out why she was so sad all this time. She must have had another kid. Was this man my step brother? Couldn’t be! No my cousin. I found out, I had family I didn’t know, I had. This must be the group I needed. The number five always came up in my head every time I had a vision. Walton, Erica, Stu, A.J. and I make five. However we didn’t have Stu. Maybe number five is Bradley. This was the fight I have been waiting for. I wanted to poop out my insides first.

“Your Erica’s older brother. Who raised you?” I asked as we stood there looking each other in the eyes then he hit me with a fast one.

“My Grandfather.” No way this whole time it lead to us meeting, this dream knew I was going to find the boat in the woods and it knew the future. I knew this whole time but was blinded to see it. Why!

“Freddie can this help?” The key.

“He has the key with the purple stone. Then he is the matching puzzle piece to the situation. He got the key that was in Erica’s pocket. You got the words to trap him. I gave you them.” Bradley added in, I know the very words that he wants me to say. If you don’t know by now then you haven’t been reading the story.

He stole my identity, he stole my looks, he stole my face, he stole my life. If who I am is Freddie, then who am I? I can’t tell you because I don’t know myself. It is like someone walking around with your whole life in their hands. Sitting there tied to a chair as he dangles your life, and puts it in his pocket. That’s exactly what he had done. Someone was out there as me, and I couldn’t do nothing about it. I wanted something done. Not even eighteen yet, and my life is gone to the dogs. He’s out there, but where he is I think, I know. Don’t go by my word. Water was the clue. Rain, shower, and ocean it

all made since now. He was near the river. The only source of water we had near this house.

“Freddie I found the book with the pink dot on it. Freddie this is a spell book.” Erica said as she walked out of her room. She flipped the pages reading the words that were in German she knew how to speak that language as I was in that class with her in school this year.

“It don’t make sense. Spell book.” A.J. noted.

“Was my father a wizard?” Erica was right how come she had the gift to heal. We were fighting a wizard. We were the next generation his gift spilt into all of us. I can see ghost, Erica can heal, and Walton is my glass knight, plus he can see the future through his dreams. A.J. haven’t figured him out yet.

“Erica you and A.J. stay here study that book to find a way for us to get home. I am taking Walton and ending this whole thing.” I had to be brave no one else wanted the job.

“You two better come back in one piece. Hugs before you leave.” She didn’t have to cry like that. I needed her hug. A.J. handed me the key when we started for the woods. The image of my Grandfather filled my head as he led us in. This time there was no wind to keep me out. There were no woods he burned it to the ground. We both walked through ashes getting to the river. It made my feet turn to the color of coal. Then there was the code word at the bottom of my feet. Everything that happened lead to this moment. There was the river right in front of our eyes.

“It’s time.” Walton noted, he took out his hand and a glass shield formed. Didn’t know he could do that. Very cool!

“Okay dad. I’m not Adam, I’m not going to eat a poison apple that a snake told me to. I want to talk to you instead.” He appeared in front of us. I could hear Walton touch the key in his pocket with his hand. He was my father, but I had no care in the world to even speak to him. I want to look the other way each time. Walton was going to a fight he didn’t want to go in. this was my fight and not his. Just because he had Schnitzer in his name that meant he was involved in the things that I am facing. My father isn’t going to win

this. I put my tears away a long time ago, and I know, I have to put him with them.

“I think not.” All he did was snap his fingers. He had so much power to hurt me. The sound of a dog whistle came into my brain. It hurt so much like having the television up so loud that you couldn’t hear the other person. He sat there smiling as I was on the ground holding my ears wishing it would all stop. I asked him to stop over and over again. Walton covered me with his shield as I laid there feeling sorry for myself. The sound was making my brain into eggs. It hurt so much I laid myself down to see the ground. I was sorry, I was screaming. You would too if you had a dog whistle built in your brain. The noise came from somewhere I couldn’t see. He had people in high places so I think I’ll never know. Scratch a nail on a piece of glass, and you will know the sound that sat in my head. “Had fun?” he said, as he snapped once more to make the sound go away. Walton helped me to my feet slowly. I didn’t want to stand, but I stood. When I stood I saw the river in the corner of my eye. I grabbed Walton and throw the two of in there. The water was so cold that I wished, I was a polar bear. You had no choice but to shake like a leaf wearing a Tarzan costume. The water flowed between our legs like a school of fish passing by. The water was so cold to the touch it made the air fell warm, my legs didn’t feel, I had all I could do but stand were I was. “What are you doing?” He asked a very stupid question.

“You can’t go into water.” I said, as I put one point down for myself. Felt like the win was mine.

“True however with one more snap.” Once he lifted his hand Walton and I hid behind his shield. There was nothing until when we looked. We saw Erica fighting him talking in German. She learned that book quick. We took our exit as she gave us one. Walton and I took a breath and he followed me under the water. After a while the water didn’t seem like liquid. It felt more like air. I guess the fish inside of you doesn’t realize it. We swam into the cave that sat next to the house. We ended up sitting on the rocks. “Are you done growing up?” Once he came in the cave he started to punch me, but I couldn’t punch back. I didn’t know where the blows were coming from each time. He turned himself into air. He took my head and smashed it on the rock wall. He

kicked me in the ribs every time I was down. I couldn't help but to up chuck some blood. He ended it with throwing me in the water. I had just the right energy to keep afloat. He could not touch Walton as he had his shield. He took me by the back of my costume and lifted me in the air. He was getting ready to get rid of me for good. I watched as Walton got the key ready to throw. I reached out my hand as the key went into the air. I smiled a sweet smile and lifted up my hand. Spoken the words I wish, I can say my whole life.

"He's mine!" I hit the water as he was trapped into the purple diamond on the key. He can't hurt anyone no more.

"Let me go. You will not forget me. You are too weak to fight. I will be your best friend." He said as he was trapped.

"Good bye, Dad." I dropped the key and watched it go to the flooring of the water in the cave. The door speared out of nowhere. It opened on its own. I saw Erica on the other side with A.J., as we started walking through Erica and A.J. did the same. When the four of us walked through we were then in the house as if nothing ever happened. Everything went back to the way it should be.

"Freddie how come you two are wet?" Aunt Mary it was nice to see her face again.

"It's a long story." Walton added in.

"We have the time." Stu wanted to know. That night the four of us told of what happened to us. We didn't know if they would have believed us or not. It was all over. My father couldn't get to us no more. I was glad he was gone. But was I happy. I'm happy that this thing is all going to behind us. The seasons changed as our lives went back to the way we needed then to. A.J. moved in the attic. His family there was no family it was just an image of what is to come. He was even fooled. The ghost changed as well. Now I only see them around town and they are friendly. As the Christmas season came, Walton and I went to and gotten a tree for free being we worked on the tree lot this year to buy Christmas gifts. Bradley was missing for a while, however when I gotten out of my car he was standing in the bed of the truck.

“What’s wrong? Do you see a light if so it’s for you?” He looked at me in fear.

“No, there’s more to come.” He looked in to the outline of the woods. As my eyes looked I felt funny. There were a line of lost spirits. “Freddie we need to talk.”

Entry number ten,

We bottled up his ashes today, looking up to the empty cold wooden house all that’s left is the silhouette of a yester year tree. He has been dead for a spell now, but that house keeps calling him in. those panels of wood my Grandfather put up board by board. He was concentrated the first strongest man in Rockland County. The days have been cloudy since he’s been gone. The other kids have been noticing a man in the attic window from time to time. I just see my father teasing them making moose antlers with his hands, on his head waiving them so often.

He was a dashing young lad. Black hair always kept it combed back. Must have gotten my skin from him smooth like a new born babe. Porcelain skin my mama always said. Still remember those ruby grapefruit lips singing along to the radio. Last time I saw him, he was wearing his favorite white button up with two buttons missing, black trousers, with matching shoes. My old man was an old soul. You can tell as he collected old things like I do. Always said he kind of looked like he could have popped out of a picture from old time magazines. Grandma always shown me pictures of his younger days. He had medium size fingers mine are longer. There’s no mistaking his smile my father is the only one I know who don’t show his teeth. His back had a nice curve to it as his bottom was firm. I see him every time, I look in the mirror while I hold in my breath. No, I didn’t get his skinny gene in my pool.

The boy from next door his daddy always hit him. Every night we heard that belt fly in the air. He didn’t do nothing wrong. Poor boy, his daddy blames him for his mama going with another man. One night my daddy went next door and retuned with the poor boy while he was still wearing his red long

johns, didn't even give him a chance to dress. Our family opened our hearts, our homes to him. How did he repay us? His daddy had friends that chased him off a cliff on horseback. I just wish he didn't die alone. The boy from next door didn't do a thing, but to this day there's no sign of the father. Then Walton moved in.

One thing he told me before he died was that he was proud. He was so proud that I was studying the family bible. Solving the family mysteries. Those stories changed with every generations. Have to find the clues to solve them. However there might not be another generation after me. I went into the bathroom and locked the door. I had to see what was going on. Unbuttoned my trousers made them hit the floor. When I started my business I noticed there was blood mixed in my urine stream. Was there something about my family that we can't have children? Couldn't help but to jump and make a loud sound when I went to grasp my manhood. Really hoped he would have been here for this time in my life when I needed him. Screams so loud came out of me I didn't think I could make those noises.

I could tell he was trying to tell her with all his power. Making things fall over making a big sound to make her look. Messing with the radio as we listened to it. She heard a man walking around in the attic during the day while I was in school. Blowing out the candles. Unlocking the bathroom door as I was in there making her notice. He must have gotten to her. She found a pair of trousers with blood in the inside. He must have put them there. I thought, I through those out. That was the only time I was glad he was my daddy. Found Stu's diary not knowing this was the things he really was thinking as I repeat them for you.

I dared myself to go into that attic. Knowing his stuff sat up there that made me go up there. It took all I could do was open that door. The height chart he sketched was still there behind the door. As I walked up the stairs. The memory came back of me portending to be him walking down them in his shoes the hard thing is I can fit in them now. The attic smelt like him. I knew he was happy I was there. Just sat on the floor holding his royal blue cardigan in my hand crying into it. Reading his short stories he wrote as a boy while I still had day light. Took that sweater and put it on. I think he would want to

wear it. Took the bag of pennies I found lying around the house and lined the window sill with them. I took a piece of him with me that day. I had to say good bye one last time. This door needed to close I needed others.

I feel safe in this house. I see his shadows walk the halls. His smell hits me from time to time. He's the first thing I think of when I go to bed and the first image to see when you look up to that window. It was hard for me to leave for a short while. Didn't want the memory to leave my thoughts. It's his fault, he was the one who left money for me to go back to school. Graduated with my writing degree and minor in genealogy. There was an empty seat at graduation mom saved. She laid his white button up on it to make it like he was there. I published a book written by the short stories I found in the attic with our names side by side. Can't believe Stu was thinking like this.

Uncle Hampy died a while back now thinking of the time was spent for myself after he was gone. When Walton and I graduated from the same college it was a hard time for us not having him there? My Grandparents came it was nice to see their faces in the crowd. Walton graduated with his degree in baking he really gotten into Aunt Mary's cook books over the time and picked it up. Erica she has one more year before graduating in nursing with her healing power she picked the right field. Stu went and started working in an orphan home for boys. He still lives at home, but soon we will have addition to the family being his job is letting him adopt one of the children. He's going to be that dad he wants to be. All four of us decided to go to the same school and stick together in this time of our lives. Aunt Mary took it the hardest out of all of us. She gotten a new job at the college that Walton found for her teaching in the backing classes. That's not good for her being she still comes home sad. Ryan isn't three no more he's now seven. Just an average kid. My gift hasn't been as strong as it was. I see people from time to time. There's a lady from the 1940s I see at the gas station. Then there's a group of young men that hang out in town. Besides them all I see is Bradley, he's still here and I can't put my finger on it. All he says is there is one more thing you have to do for me, and he is talking to Erica. She can't hear him. He was right what happened next hit every one and put them in turmoil. Time sure flies by faster than you think it dose.

The leaves started to turn the shades of autumn, the sun shines through each one making mother nature's stain glass, the acorns feeding the squirrels as he maple leaf seed flown in the air while we were kids we called it nature's toy. The smell of one of Walton's homemade apple pies were filling the air as the touch of chill sat in ever muscle. The pink Calvin's hugged my hip, boy it's been a while since I put those old pair of blue jeans on. Those where Uncle Hampy's favorite pair. Purple t-shirt, with matching socks, as the last thing was my navy blue cardigan with two messenger pockets and lined with gold buttons that has anchors on them. He was in the navy. Put the necklace around my neck that Erica gave me with the cartoon duck wearing a sailor's hat was attached to it. Erica, Walton, and I were going to his grave. He was stuck there for some odd reason. I couldn't make him understand he was dead that he was able to move on he was acting like he was lost. If I could just make him understand.

Walton was running a little late as his boss was making him work some over time. Ryan, and Stu had went to the movies to watch this new movie they both just had to see. Aunt Mary was at her local book club also known as the singing at the bar club. Erica practicing her spells on the back porch, while I was spending the time catching up on that cupcake show on the television. Watching those people have so much to do for a cupcake makes my head hurt trying to think of it. Erica was very loud tonight, however she did go quit for a spell.

My body told me to go to the bathroom, while walking down the hall I kept getting chills which meant only one thing, and I didn't like that one thing. It's odd I think to myself all the time when a new ghost comes to me that back when people thought they were doing badly or that they were even real, they didn't take to them kindly. We would have to hide doing what we can do. That or join the circus. Maybe these are the times to be in! How on Earth did my ancestors hide this gift? Or did they? Whatever this was, was not letting their grip go of me. Putting an 1800's handbag in my hand. Making me feel like they had a grip over there man. All women had this power they make me feel that men had a power over them. Then on the other hand the money that man had earned was in this handbag. The handbag was the man's manhood and the

woman held it everywhere she went by a string. Had a grip over there life making sure they didn't cheat on them. A gross taste in my mouth just thinking about it. Just was glad the vision didn't last very long. When I gotten to the bathroom the clothing found their way to the floor taking a nap so often. Felt the chill thinking to myself who one day will own my handbag.

Felt the back of my legs get tighter as they wanted to stand, I wasn't going anywhere fast. The bathroom changed I was still sitting this time it was on a wooden surface. The corner of my eye looked to see a chain I could pull to flush it. The tub was claw foot it had cracks all through its body as the feet were brown in color. There was an old shelf that stood near the tub it was white with three glass shelves. Looked like an old doctors nook. The floors were wooden and painted blue. There was no door just a hall that looked into the master bed. There was a bed to the opening of the hallway. As I looked down I was fully dressed myself. Black trousers with a soft blue button up shirt that was tucked into it. I used the glass to the shelves to see I had brown hair and glasses on. I never had a vision change my appearance before. My body felt fear as if I was hiding from someone I was scared to get hit. My hands grasped the edge of the wooden toilet I was sitting on getting clammy. There was big belly man that sat up in his bed. As he stood...all I could do was close my eyes so tight I was getting ready to feel his hand go across my face. When I gotten the guts to open my eyes again everything was good again. It was something as simple as getting a message from a spirit that sparked me to finally get up. Everything was going back into the place they were in before. Gotten my confidence back I did. Freddie is who I was and I wasn't going to let them win.

Stood myself up to look into the mirror. Just wish I could pull that Freddie on the other side to this side just switch with him for one day. The water was the next thing on as I started too sweet so fast. Thought washing my face would get rid of it. Did it feel good on my face, like getting a fresh new start? When I went to go look in the mirror again, there fresh start was almost taken away. I didn't want to even believe it for myself. There he was. Standing right behind me. I couldn't tell if this was a spirit or not. It was odd. My eyes never left the mirror. It was a young man looking to be in later teen years, just

graduating from high school. He stood there with a cut on his face, a red patch on his neck as if there was something was around it, and his hair was messed up. Couldn't tell if he had red hair or not as blood was messed all through it. His eyes were so tired he had all he could stand there. His breathing was a gasp sound. His chest was sweeting, and red ran down his legs. The man wasn't wearing a thing, but he held a sailor cap in the middle of his body.

"Can.....can you please help me?" I could have kicked myself in the butt knowing he was hurting and all I did was stand there. The five W's were in my head taking over and kicking out the emotions. But one emotion stayed and thank goodness it did. I was able to react with in time before he fell to the floor. I was able to walk him to my bed and lay him down. He wasn't hurt as much as I thought. He wouldn't let me lift the hat. He was living, he wasn't a ghost but in transit to the bed from the bathroom he told me it was 1942. A sailor from 1942, how did he get to this time? Must getting to conclusions. He had it hard before he gotten here but I will get the answer with in time. That's what I needed. Something to get my mind off of Uncle Hampy's death. He was the one thing Uncle Hampy wanted before he crossed over, he wanted us to move on to help others. He couldn't have been helped. He was still around his stone because he needed to do one more thing. I never had a spirit time travel before. This man was his answer, but now I have questions for him as his rest. Stu tended to the man. As I went to see Erica trying to see if she had anything to do with this man appearing out of nowhere. But as soon as I gotten to the bottom step. I realized that the man that is laying up there was the man that pulled me back sitting on the wooden toilet. Boy dose my head hurt. It was hard for me this time with this one as I watched Uncle Hampy walk into the light. I had to keep that to myself and let the other hearts stay strong. I was getting ready to open the door even my hands grasped the cold knob. Before Stu came running from the stairs yelling to me that he was awake. I had to be two places at one time, but I knew I had to be stairs. Skipped each other step getting there the fastest I could. Sat near him on the wooden chair. I could tell he didn't want to open his eyes at all.

"Freddie I went and found this with his cap." Stu, he handed me a piece of paper stating that he was an Amish man. Funny he didn't look like one.

Then it really sunk in my head. 1942 was a spell from Erica's book not a year. I felt his hand grab mine. He was in there I knew he was. "Freddie I looked and noticed that the cuts will heal on their own, and there was tares on his back side as well." He had been to the dark side of the moon and back. What he has been through. Never will know. His eyes opened like a newly bud flower. Where am I? Who thy be? Not the questions I thought he would say. He leaped off the bed faster than buddie during his bath time. To the corner of the room he went.

"Do what you want with me, cut don't hurt me." Never has I saw fear until I saw it in that child's face. He put his hand out in defense. With all my steps I took he gasped for air and close his eyes even tighter. I stood and just put my hand out for him to see I mean no harm. He then opened his eyes, and put his hand out to me. Just started to cry, I knew what he was going through. This house had its secrets. We bandaged him up the best we could. He wasn't letting us touch him.

I read in a magazine that comes in the mail based on sprits and people that can do what I can do. There was an article that talked about how if you held the hand of a loved one you can time travel in time. There has only been one case where a person in time gotten stuck in the future they brought in a psychic. When she read his persons palm, she switched spaces with him. I never read a palm I don't know how it works. I told it to Walton and Stu about that maybe I could do this, my gift every year changed. Maybe this could work. That night we decided if this was to work then I might want to see if I can bring someone with me. If I did this then maybe we can help him.

"If you go the first time you can come back, but the next time you will not be able to come back. It's a one way trip." Bradley knows when to show up in the right time. Of course I told them what Bradley told me. That night we all chose to go.

"No I will not let all of you live a life you didn't chose. I have to don't mean you have to. Freddie I didn't tell you that there are those that were watching me. They weren't human they knew I was on to them so they placed me here." Okay new news. No we had to go now knowing that which he just

noted. We all took what we could carry on our person's. Erica took my hand as she had Stu's in the other one, Stu ended this paper doll as he held Walton's hand. We all took one last look around the room not knowing where we were going. That's when I took the hand to the man from 1942. It was like the floor was taken away from under our feet when the five of us landed in a pool of water. The water was salty. I could see a thing. Just kept on calling out names to those I knew they were there with me. The water was too strong it just took me under. I tried so hard to stay afloat, but I just let the waves take me. The water took my breath away. Everything went black as when I reopened my eyes. I was swimming at a beach. Was wearing a black bathing suit as my seahorse necklace floated near my flesh! It worked, but where were the others. I kept looking around to faces I didn't know. I was alone we were split up, but I will find them.

To be continued!

String of pearls,

The sound of a phoebe bird filled my ear drums. Her sweet song made me feel more at peace. The smell of good old cooking came in as the mess hall worked away. Didn't see nothing but the insides of my eye lids as I stood taking everything in. The soap ran down the flesh of this twenty three year old body. My chest acting like a shield to the drops of water so it didn't bleed through. The air kissed my firm bottom as my hands rapped around the manhood getting him all nice and clean. The touch of the sand under my feet was sticky, like bathing in glue. Singing a song that sat in my head from the other day listening to the radio. Boy that singer from Memphis sure knows how to sing. Ended the shower letting the water run down my face. There was a knock on the door short after the other man wanted to get in. my hand gave

the shower its final bow. Towel hugged my body dry cleaning the whole thing, like a nice bear hug. The olive green underpants hid the gift I was handed down by the last generation.

Knock, knock, boy was someone waiting for a shower. I like to take showers for a long time myself but I can wait my turn. Knock, knock yelling at me to let him in there were plains overhead. I didn't know what to think. The air filled with loud noises. The ground shook making the shower head make a sound. What was going on? It was as if a giant was walking and everything was all over the place. Let me in, let me in. do I save myself or do I save two souls? What do I do? I swallowed my pride and opened the door. Thinking to myself he was trying something. I don't like to be manhandled. What do I do? I opened the door to see a scarred young man wearing nothing but a white t-shirt and white briefs. Shaking like a leaf. Green eyes popped as the black wave hair was going crazy with the wind. His chest was breathing very strong as his chest didn't stop. Then I saw it. The one thing that changed history forever. As I walked out of the showers there were plains lining the sky as dots were coming out of the end of them. There were too many to count. There were also a strange looking man standing in front of me. I didn't understand his language it sounded alien or something. We both were frozen in fear.

He stepped toward me I didn't the same. The man with the green eyes stood still like he saw a ghost. We repeated the steps until we both saw the whites of our eyes. He smelled like a bad skunk. I didn't know if it was female or not as his hair was pinned up. Was I scared? There is no words to say how I was. It was like I took myself and replaced it with a braver man. He put the tip of the

gun onto the side of my face. I didn't have a chance with all those planes guess this was the next best thing. Was I ready? The green eyes man made a Nosie distracting him. The sun put a bullet in his leg. I rushed him. Just letting and doing the moves I was taught to do. He was passed out in seconds and I was able to get his gun. It was heavy but I tried to drag the green eyed man in the showers until I could think of something else. My feet tried to run backward it was. It took some time but my ears could hear the sounds of feet out side of the building. I was ready to shut until I heard the voice looking for living Americans. I knew I could trust it as I heard it before. I showed myself to them with tears in my eyes. Everything was going to be okay. When he finally woken, he told me how there was no family waiting as he was an orphan. With open arms not only has my family gotten an addition, but I gotten a best friend. Sat near his bed side, refused treatment until he opened his eyes. Those boys I know where thinking before death, mommy I don't like this. I did.

I lived his life through his eyes now it's time to go home. The man was awake finally he was awake. We stayed on the island until we heard that it was okay to go back home. Where did the others go? I came here with four but I was just one. Where is my family, my real family I gotten off the plan to the state of New York? Came full circle as I looked at the house I grew up in. I hated this house, but I wasn't Freddie no more I was a different man as we had switched bodies. The door was painted a sunshine yellow. Behind it was not what I expected. Funny how when you lived here in the future time the past wasn't that different.

"Todd your home." Erica was behind the door it was great to see her as I

thought she had died and she stayed dead.

“Erica where are the others.” I was crying she was just sitting there like Barbie with her plastic smile and hands all nice and in place.

“Todd dear there are times to talk about that, this isn’t a time like that.” What was going on here she wasn’t my cousin, she was, I don’t know what she was. I walked in as I noticed we were the only two that where here. A hero’s welcome for me oh they didn’t have to go to that trouble! “Freddie, Todd was right there are people here from the future. The others let my hand go they didn’t come it’s just the two of us. I gotten together with the other ladies to the block which we live, and there are some you can tell are one of them. They talk of my spell book. They want it. This one lady told me that it was the key to all control. I’m telling them I have the book I took it with Me.” she had to say in secret as the other ladies were outside in their lawns watching every move we had made. The other two most be on the other side with the real Todd in my body. I knew what we had to do. Get rid of the book once and for all it was worth. Erica had been through the war here just as I was. Playing a character she didn’t want to play. I felt for her.

“Is there a spell to create fire? We have to burn it and get rid of it once and for all.” As I talked she flipped through the book looking and gotten nowhere she was freaking out. She wanted this to end as I did. She kept on repeating the word no. the next best thing was I saw there was a fire place. I went and changed into clothing that sat in Todd’s closet. White muscle shirt and brown pants. Walked out and gotten fire wood from the garage. Noticed the others where watching me. Erica and I knew that to end this we had to

fight off these people that Todd did tell us about. Erica put up a shield around the house. As I lit the match. This book was the one thing that wrote our timeline, when it leaves we get to control our lives. I had it in my hands. The man with the black hair was one of them I was fooled as well. He knew how to get passed Erica's shield.

"Freddie, let daddies have the book." Nice! Befriend me to just take it away like you have done before. I wasn't letting him have it.

"Erica give the man the book looking at the number of people that sit around this house we are out..... numbered." Erica told him to look in the top dresser drawer in the bedroom. As he left I put the book in the fire. Erica and I watched it burn knowing we couldn't leave. But I was wrong. He knew that the book wasn't there I could tell he was getting mad. Erica opened the front door expecting there was a mob of people outside. That mob stepped aside knowing the book was gone. There was a maple tree in the front yard. We knew what to do. My father couldn't touch me as the mob turned on him. He couldn't leave the house. There it was a door that sat in front of the maple tree. It had a purple sweater hanging on the back of it. it was home. Erica was the only one who could open it. Took a breath and closed my eyes as I walked through. When I opened my eyes once more, I returned to holding Todd's hand. Erica was the only other person in the room. Todd got to stay here with us.

Knock, Knock, Knock on the door. "Freddie, hey I kind of need to talk with you." There was Walton sticking his nose in the door in his pink t-shirt and matching briefs. Wait one set of bunk beds, and one bed. Erica still had

metal on her teeth. The little boy sleeping in the bed was still three years old. The book was our future as Erica and I walked through the door we unwritten time. Now it is for us write, that's means Uncle Hampy is still with us. We were seventeen again. What was he going to tell me? I asked, he answered. "Freddie, I found this in my house, and thought it was yours." It was a normal math book. Erica looked in it. The words where all in German. The book didn't die it just moved somewhere else. I knew it had as Erica had the only other clue.

"Erica, where's your key? Those are a nice string of pearls around your neck." I said.



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