

The second home invasion in this book
is based upon an actual home invasion
at the author's house!

Items stolen
and some circumstances
are factual.

The remainder of this book
is the result of a dream
anyone could have had
of such a traumatic event.

This was mine.

I dedicate this book to my family
and their strength in dealing with
the home invasion that occurred
in 2011.

“In the human world, there is law, and justice.
In the animal world, there is territory, and family.”

“That which is most primal and sacred,
is also the most simplistic.”

“Do not encroach upon these tenets and you
may survive. Violate them, and you may not.”

K.D. Adams, Author



“RETRIBUTION”

By K. D. Adams

“Live life with no consequences! Push people's buttons! Sooner or later you'll push the wrong button. Then you'll regret it for the rest of your life, however short that may be!”

-Ethan-Main Character

Twenty years after killing the murderer of his child, a man leaves prison to start over. After his new home and family are violated by a burglary, he tracks the suspects and eliminates each of them in creative ways. He leads investigators on a wild goose chase. The kids have flashbacks of items they stole and/or parts they played in the home invasion. This story shows how a resourceful person can use information to wreak havoc in a person's life, track them down, or turn the system against them.



The night seems alive as a couple drives home. The streetlights flicker as they flash past the car window. They create a dazzling symphony on the dashboard. Impatiently they head home, having spent a night on the town, together. Rarely do they get away from the life of being parents. Tonight, their neighbor's daughter Kelly has offered to watch their own daughter for a few hours. As they turn the last corner down the cul-de-sac to home, they notice a new lightshow. This one is red and blue. There are emergency vehicles and police cars blocking their driveway.

They gaze at each other and then at their house. It looks like an anthill of activity. He parks the car and ejects himself, running toward his home. He breaks past the policeman at the door saying, "Where's my daughter? Is she okay?" Suddenly he stops as he sees his babysitter, battered and bleeding from her face. A medic is covering her blackened eye with a cold compress as a policewoman is writing in a notebook. The babysitter is crying and faces the woman. She stutters at first, then says to the officer, "He tied her to the bed and made her watch, then he made me watch,..." She breaks down in tears and slumps into a ball.

The father's eyes open wide with fear, but it quickly shifts to anger. He looks at the trail of police heading downstairs, some choking back their emotions. At the top of the stairs, one officer is seen vomiting over the rail. The father rushes upstairs yelling out his baby's name, "EMILY!"

He arrives at the top of the stairs. Before anyone can stop him, he bursts into Emily's room.

He looks to her bed. He sees ropes cut and dangling on the footboard in bundles. Her sheets are covered in blood. He scans the room to see his 7 year old girl lying on the floor. She is surrounded by law enforcement and medics. He drops onto his knees at her side. She turns her head, showing her beaten face. He almost doesn't recognize her beneath the blood and bruises. She halfway smiles and cries out when she sees him. "Daddy!" she says as she reaches for him. He scoops his little girl up in his arms tenderly, and holds her close. "Daddy, make the hurting stop" she asks him. He begins to cry and looks over at the Paramedic. Tears begin to rain down the medics face as he shakes his head from side to side. "It will stop soon, baby," he tries to assure her. The mother stands in the doorway unable to contain herself. She collapses into the arms of an officer, and falls unconscious. Emily looks up at her father and says, "I love you, Daddy." He smiles to her and replies, "I love you, too, Princess." She wraps her arms around him as tightly as she can.

He hugs her to his body, knowing what is coming. He feels her grip loosening as he hears the heart monitor on the floor. The steady rhythm slows to a sudden flat tone. Everyone in the room bows their head or turns away. The father cries out uncontrollably. He lifts his head in defiance and screams a blood curdling mass of emotion, “NOOOOOOOO!!!” It fades away silently, as does his reality, into darkness.

The police station is busy today. Despite being in a mid-sized town, it is a rush of activity. Emily's Father is heard yelling in a nearby office. "You have everything you need! Do something!" He yells. The Lieutenant looks up from his desk. "It requires due process or else he will walk free," the officer states. "You know what that animal did, and you let him roam free by not finding him!" The Father says in disgust. The cop says, "We have to follow the rules on this if he's to spend his life in prison." Emily's Father slaps a pile of papers off a nearby file cabinet as he stomps out of the office. He thinks to himself, "Life in prison. He doesn't deserve life."

A picture stands on the computer desk. It is a photo of Emily, smiling, on a swing. At the computer, her Father is scanning websites about DNA, and evidence gathering at crime scenes. He picks up a book, titled "Total Idiot's Guide to Bounty Hunting." He lays it down on top of a stack of books about fingerprinting and tracing public records. He begins running a program on the computer. His wife yells from nearby, "It's not enough that she's gone; now you're throwing your life away, too!"



He jumps up and kicks his chair backwards. He points his finger at the window and responds, “Those cops aren’t doing a single thing to find him! They don’t love her like we do! They just want their paycheck at the end of the week. She’s nothing more than a bit of overtime pay to them!” She looks at him standing there. She drops her hands to her side. “I can’t live here like this. I’m leaving if you keep pursuing this,” she says. She turns and walks away, into the living room.

The outside of the house ages as time carries on. The trees become overgrown. The lawn becomes shaggy, with weeds and tall grass growing everywhere.

The view zooms in through the study's window. The Father walks into the kitchen past a garbage can. It is overflowing all over the floor. Counters are covered by empty Mountain Dew bottles and empty pizza boxes. He walks past the clutter to the coffee maker and pours himself another cup of coffee. He looks up and out the window. He remembers seeing his wife packing items in the car. She drives away and fades out of his scene.

He walks back to the computer and picks up a tattered, but familiar book. His copy of "Total Idiot's Guide to Bounty Hunting" is falling apart from use. The pages have notes written all around the edges. Many items are highlighted and some pages have corners turned down. He smiles. He sets it down next to a newer computer than we saw before. It is running an updated version of his fingerprint and DNA matching software. The computer beeps loudly. He drops his book and taps on the keyboard. A window opens saying, "100% match found!" He drops his coffee cup and it shatters when it hits the floor. He continues typing. A mug shot and profile appears on his screen. He smiles and says, "Gotcha!"

He gazes at the profile and the view shifts from a computer screen to the man sitting in a recliner. He is a bit scruffy looking, wearing a wife beater t-shirt. Watching a wrestling show on TV, he is sitting in a small living room. He doesn't notice the door slowly and quietly open and close behind him. Silently, a gloved hand reaches down and unplugs a cord from the wall outlet. The TV shuts off at a critical moment in the wrestling match. The guy jumps up from his chair. "Not again!" he yells. He throws the beer bottle in his hand at the old television screen and they both shatter violently. As the smoke settles, he turns around. Suddenly, two darts with wires attached slam into his chest. With a terrified look of intense pain on his face, he falls to the floor. His body shaking and flopping around like a fish out of water, he knocks over small tables and lamps. He finally stops moving. In from the shadows, steps the father. His face is under lit from the lamps as if a flashlight were held to his chin. Almost demonically, he smiles, "My turn!"



The view inside the courtroom was overshadowed. The trial this day was not for a criminal who murdered a child. Instead, it is for the Father of one. Emily's Father sits handcuffed at the State Defendant's Table. Ahead of him, the Prosecuting State Attorney approaches the evidence table. He picks up a pair of pliers and turns around. All is silent. Though the attorney is speaking, nothing is heard. Emily's Father watches the moving mouth of the attorney, but hears only sounds of his daughter, playing and laughing in the warm, summer sun.

The lawyer reaches out at groin level and closes the pliers drawing them back towards himself. He motions as if stretching something over a table. Without warning, he slams a large hammer onto the table as if crushing something. Every person in the room jumps in their seats. Nearly every man in the room crosses his legs and grasps himself. Emily's Father watches and a smile creeps across his face. The attorney turns to point at a diagram of a body, many notations with arrows point to locations on the body. The lawyer waves his hand over the evidence table. On exhibit as evidence are; handcuffs, syringes, a Taser, and knives with blood on them.

We see the Father shift from a seated courtroom appearance to sitting in a group therapy session. As he talks, no words are heard, just the sounds of Emily, playing and laughing. The view slowly spins around him. His face becomes more leathery. A few scars appear on his face and his hairline recedes slightly. With every pass, he seems to age.

His face changes from about 25 years old, to that of a 45 year old man. He grows a bit of facial scruff. He sits now in front of a group of doctors behind a table. One of them nods his head and writes in a folder. Emily's Father stands, bows and says, "Thank you."

He is now in his cell, packing items into a bag. He is dressed in street clothes. "They gave you a fresh start?" The Officer at the door asks. "Sir. Yes, Sir." He replies. Emily's Father steps out of the cell and walks down the hall. Moments later, he steps through a gate and out of the prison. A taxi waits with a man standing at the door. The man hands him a folder. He opens it and finds an envelope containing money. The man opens the taxi door for him and smiles.

Emily's Father arrives at his home to find sections of the house collapsed. The yard is very overgrown. Many of the windows are boarded up, with graffiti on them. He walks through the house to see vandalism everywhere. He pulls a tool bag from the cellar.

He begins repairing holes in the walls and painting. “Sorry for leaving you like that.” He says as he slides his hand down the wall.

Days pass and we see the house. It’s destroyed visage shifts to become a nearly new looking house. A realtor places a “SOLD” sign on the lawn. He approaches Emily’s Father and shakes his hand. “I never thought you’d sell it,” he states. Emily’s Father smiles, “Just needed the right person to get it,” he replies. The realtor opens a taxi door and Emily’s Father gets in, carrying luggage. He leans forward and says to the driver, “Airport, please.”

Emily’s Father drives up to a house in a shiny new car. The garage door opens and he drives in. He steps out and pulls a briefcase with him. He walks to the road from the garage and hits a button on his keys. The garage door closes. He collects the mail from a box at the road and walks into his new house. Every room has moving boxes labeled with his address on them.

The house is obviously established, but someone is coming. His home phone rings and he picks up a wireless handset. "Hello?" he says. On the phone can be heard a soft, woman's voice. "Ethan? Baby, we're home early. The boys and I are landing at the airport in less than an hour," she exclaims. He walks into a bedroom and looks around. Fishing tackle and poles are crammed into the closet. The room is being repainted a more muted color. Ethan steps over rolling pans and paintbrushes.

"Your mom didn't want you guys moving down here so soon, did she?" He asks. The lady on the phone replies, "Dana. You haven't known him a year and you marry him. Now, you're moving across the country to his house?" she retorts. "You know mom," she says.

He smiles as he steps into the second bedroom. It is superhero themed, with posters of "Mighty-Man" half hung on the walls. Toys clutter the floor from an open toybox. He tells her that he loves her and hangs up the phone. He smiles to himself and heads downstairs.



Ethan arrives at the airport. He collects his new wife and her two pre-teen sons; Bobby, and Kyle. Ethan loads their luggage into the trunk of his car and kisses Dana. The boys pile into the car and buckle their seatbelts.

Later, at a hotel, the kids play in the pool and Ethan moves stuff from Dana's car to his car. Her car is covered in “Just Married” and “Congratulations” graffiti.

He yells to Dana in the hotel room. “This stuff will be hard to wash off your windows!”

She calls back to him, “What? Wash it? I’m leaving it on there forever!” she proclaims sarcastically.

The next day as both cars pull into the home's driveway, Ethan sees that the garage door is standing open. He looks puzzled. He enters the garage to find the inner door ajar. He motions for Dana and the boys to stay in the car. Ethan steps into the house to find it ransacked. The kids rush upstairs. He rolls his eyes. He yells for them to stand fast. “I told you to stay in the car! At least let me make sure nobody is hanging around up there,” he calls to them. He heads upstairs pushing past the boys. “Oh, my God! NO!” Dana cries out from behind him. She walks in to see the kitchen trashed. He looks down at her from the top rail. “Be careful in case anyone is still in here.” He calls down to her.

He steps to the first room on the right. On the floor, in the middle of the room is a life sized doll. “Mighty-Man” has been gutted and its styrofoam bead fillings are covering the floor.

A flashback is seen of the burglary ringleader, Gavin. He guts it and laughs as he drives a homemade knife into the doll and walks away.

The youngest son, Kyle, rushes in and scoops up the giant doll as Ethan did to his dying child years before. Ethan begins having flashbacks, as if he was looking at himself holding his daughter. The foam beads become blood on the floor. He watches as the blood soaks in to become blood stained carpets. There are visions of Ethan collecting fluid samples. Kyle's crying snaps Ethan out of it. The older child, Bobby, walks in holding Christmas presents that are ripped open. "They went through every box in the house?" he asks confused. Ethan walks down the hall. Dana is crying as Ethan enters her sewing room. Hand lotion bottles are open and spilled all over the floor. She holds up the bottles and shredded sewing patterns. "They dumped out my handmade lotions and tore through my patterns!" She began crying. Her sewing patterns are ripped apart and spilled out of the baskets.

Ethan walks to his sports room and sees a sword rack with many empty spots. There are visual flashes of swords filling those spots, then empty again. He sees a package lying on the floor, cut open. He picks it up, but it is empty of a BB pistol. Ethan steps into the bathroom and sees his first aid kit empty on the floor. He opens the closet to find empty toilet paper bags. He snickers, "Really? Toilet paper?" Ethan is called to the superhero room. Kyle is pointing to a handmade weapon speared into the doll. "They came in here prepared to hurt somebody!" Kyle says. Ethan removes it carefully with a towel and walks to the new study. He lays it on a desk and starts sorting through boxes.

Time lapses and we see him assembling a workbench, a computer, and a small science station. Dana and Ethan argue. She yells at him, "Let the police do their job!" Ethan yells back, "I've been through this before! The cops won't do a damn thing about it!" She packs the boys up and leaves. Ethan throws a book down the hall when they drive off. "Here we go again!" he yells down the hallway.

On a warm sunny day, we find a backyard pool party packed with 15 teenagers. A buff, jock looking kid, named Jimmy walks out waving one of the swords from Ethan's house. He waves it around and says, "I'm a Ninja! Hwaaa!" The view flashes to see Ethan. He walks up to a sword rack and begins dusting it for fingerprints. Seated at poolside is a girl named Lucy. She is sorting through a shoebox of patterns. Ethan begins dusting Dana's desk for fingerprints. He uses scotch tape to draw a print from the desk handle. A boy named Brad is sorting through a bag of medical supplies. "Hmmm..." he thinks. "This is some good stuff!" Ethan lifts his first aid kit with latex gloves on. He places it on his table and blows a white powder onto the case. Instantly, fingerprints appear. He smiles to himself. Back at the pool, all of the kids are having a ball playing with their stolen items and partying. We see one kid's face as they laugh. Then their face freezes and it appears on Ethan's computer screen.

Another kid's face appears on a profile on the table. Lucy's face is coming out of the printer. Photos start to appear on a cork bulletin board on a wall showing each kid. The wall becomes covered by information profile sheets. Ethan stands there and pins one big picture in the middle. It is of Gavin, the ringleader of the burglary.

Days later, the school bell rings. Kids flood out to the bike rack and student car park area. Some begin walking home. A young lady walks past a grey car. Inside, Ethan is comparing photos to faces. Gavin jumps on his bike and rides away. Ethan drives in the opposite direction. An hour later, Gavin rides away from a convenience store with a bag of goodies and sweets. He pushes his bike as he is walking through his backyard. He hears a stick break. He spins to look and everything goes painfully white. Gavin awakens lying on a carpeted floor in a dimly lit room. Handcuffed and gagged, he squints and looks around.

Most of the kids from the party are on the floor around him. Some are still asleep as a figure strolls in and sits in front of them in a chair. Even in the poor light he realizes, it is Ethan. He saw pictures of Ethan in the house they broke into. "This guy owned the stuff we took!" He thinks to himself.

Ethan raises an air horn and depresses the button. The sharp noise jars the kids awake. Some begin crying as they realize what is happening. The terror sets in that nobody can hear them scream. Ethan leans forward in his chair. "The reason I called you all here for this meeting..." he says, then chuckles to himself. "You have all done a very naughty thing!" He says. "This was not your house! This was not your stuff! You don't TOUCH other peoples' STUFF!" he yells at them. "We're going to play a question game," he says. The kids look at each other, puzzled. Suddenly Ethan snaps aloud, "STOP YELLING ALL AT ONCE!" The confused kids look at him, very cautiously. They are unable to speak due to the gags. "What is this guy on?" Brad thinks to himself.

Ethan looks back at the kids. He leans over waving a baseball bat. "The next time you all yell like that, I'll silence you in a nasty way!" He implies. He leans in and asks, "Which one of you brats killed my Emily?" Suddenly, the kids realize this man is nuts and they may very well die here. Ethan composes himself. "I'll ask that, again." He says. "Who destroyed the Mighty-Man doll?" The kids slowly turn their heads and all look at Gavin. "Ah, Mr. Gavin I presume! So I was correct in my assumption. You are also the ringleader of this little band." He says with a smile. Gavin looks at the kids and mumbles something very unkind. Ethan stands up and begins pacing in front of the bound kids, nearly stepping on their faces. Occasionally, he pauses and leans down so they can hear him better. You will all pay for what you have done. You will learn what it is to feel fear, to have your safety violated. Each of you will know pain as you have never known, but have caused me to." He continues.

Suddenly, Ethan spins around and points his finger angrily in the air as if someone were standing in front of him. “Don’t TELL me what I can and CAN’T do!” He yells. “They deserve it!” He spins back around to continue his pacing.

Gavin gets his gag off. He looks up at Ethan and says, “We’re all very sorry! We’ll return everything!” He looks around at the other kids who begin nodding quickly. Ethan says, “I know you all are, but you have pushed the wrong person’s buttons. You never know what that person has in their past. You act like there are no consequences to what you do. Now, Hell is coming for you!” Ethan picks up a baseball bat and steps toward the ringleader. Ethan smiles, and says, “Especially for you, Gavin.” Ethan raises the baseball bat. Gavin closes his eyes.



Gavin wakes up face down in mud, uncuffed in his own backyard. “Was it a dream?” He wonders. He looks at his wrists. They are red and bleeding. His head is throbbing. Gavin opens his shirt to see bloody marks from the removed Taser prongs. His cell phone goes crazy as the other kids start calling him. Gavin runs inside his house and grabs a tomahawk from under his mattress. He hides it under his shirt and walks out. The view changes to all of the kids meeting on a street behind the house they robbed.

“We’re taking this guy out before he gets a second chance at us!” Gavin proclaims. Jimmy breaks a window in the basement. They file in, one after the other. As they walk around the house, they notice it has been rearranged. They keep looking around. Lucy sees a panel on the wall with a blinking red light, "SILENT ALARM ACTIVATED!" “There’s an alarm going off! She screams. Gavin points towards the window, “Everybody out, now!”

The last of them exits the window. A police car pulls up to the front door. The kids scurry like rats through the hedges. They crawl into an adjoining yard.

Ethan is seen at a flea market buying items; a laptop computer, an airsoft gun, camouflage clothes, a ghillie suit, electronic parts, and scuba gear.

Seated around a picnic table, some of the kids are discussing their options. “What if this guy is really a psycho or something?” David asks. “Who knows what he might do.” Lucy looks up from the ground and says, “He knew where to catch each one of us when nobody was around. He could have just killed us! We never would have known what hit us!” She sobs. Gavin leans over and rubs her back, “It will be ok. He didn’t do anything. I think he’s just trying to scare us.” Jimmy throws a plastic cup at a nearby tree. “It looks like he did a great job, huh!” He responds. “My hands are still shaking!” He says as he holds up a trembling hand. Steve stands up and waves his hands out. “Maybe, he’ll just leave us alone after this. I say, we watch each other’s backs for a few weeks. Nobody goes anywhere alone!” They all look at each other and agree. Everyone gets up and walks off in small groups. Across the street from under an oak tree, a figure turns around and gets into a car. It is Ethan, who smiles to himself. “Now the real fun begins,” he mutters. Ethan puts the car in gear and drives off.



David returns home and walks into his garage. It is starting to get dark outside. He turns on the lights and looks around. A car that he is rebuilding is up on jack stands. He looks out towards the front lawn. He starts getting that paranoid feeling that he's being watched. He closes the double doors and locks them. He closes the big garage door and locks it as well. Looking down at his tool box, David sees a bundle of expensive tools. He looks up at his work table to see the table in Ethan's house. David opens a tool bag and slides a bunch of wrenches in. "This guy knows his stuff," he mutters to himself.

“Hope he has insurance for tool replacement,” he laughs out loud. Snapping back to the present, he looks back down at the tool bag on the floor. He picks up a tire iron and begins looking under the car. He slowly walks to the side and raises the club to defend himself. He peers through the window into the back seat. He feels relieved that it is empty. He walks to the back of the car where a large cabinet stands against the wall. The door is slightly ajar. He lifts the tire iron and kicks the door open. Seeing nothing out of the ordinary, he closes the door and laughs to himself. Finally, he is satisfied that there is not a crazed lunatic about to slash his throat.

He sits on the wheeled dolly and slides under the car. “Stupid old fart,” he says loudly. He grabs a wrench and starts twisting a bolt that has seized in place. He jerks hard and the car shifts slightly as he grunts aloud. The bolt doesn’t budge. His legs flail out slightly as he snatches the wrench off. “Freakin’ bolt!” he yells. He grabs the hammer and hits the car half a dozen times to vent some frustration.

“Compose yourself, it’s just a machine,” he reminds himself. He replaces the wrench and tries to turn it again. His leg slides to the side and stops short. Panicked that someone has grabbed his leg he shines the bright work light at his ankle. “Aw crap!” He barks. His ankle had somehow tangled in the work light cord while he was thrashing around. Unable to maneuver, he jerks the cord from his leg and it comes free. He jerks again to get some slack and it pulls a jack stand out from under the axle. Suddenly, the car shifts forward and lands on his chest. His legs begin flailing in desperation. His chest is being crushed. He has no air to scream with. His parents are not home. Nobody hears his cries for help, as quiet as they are. His legs slow their floundering. After one last, futile kick, he lays motionless. A pool of blood begins to creep from under the car, out into the garage. From behind the car, a gloved hand closes the trunk of the car. Ethan steps out the back door and relocks it behind him. It closes with a thud and latches.

The next afternoon, the kids are sitting around a pool. Lucy holds up a newspaper. "They say it was an accident. The garage was locked from the inside." Stanley tosses a nickel into a nearby cup of water. "Maybe the creepy guy killed him then locked the door behind himself. Duh!" He snorts. Brad slides into the pool. He swims over to Lucy who is almost shaking from grief. "It's okay Lucy, the guy is not out to kill us. The cops would have thought of somebody locking the door and walking out. They found his jack stand tangled in the work light. It was just an accident." He tries to assure her. "There were no signs of tampering, it was just a coincidence.



It was a tragic accident at a bad time for everybody.” Mitch stands up and knocks over a chair violently. “I’m sorry!” He yells. “I wasn’t aware there was a GOOD time for a friend to die tragically!” He storms off in his typical arrogant style. They all become somber and silent. Mitch slams the gate as he exits.

The view changes to a file being shredded. A hand reaches into the bin and scoops the shreds out and tosses them into a furnace. Ethan stands up and walks back to a desk. He taps on a laptop and smiles.

Brad and Mitch are sitting in class. They keep looking at each other, and at the clock. A loud bang rings out and they jump under their desks. The class laughs as the teacher picks a book off the floor. "Pay attention! Stop playing hide and seek!" She says. Slowly, Brad and Mitch crawl back into their desks. Paranoia has a strong hold on them.

A football player, Jimmy, is heading into the locker room to shower and soak after practice. He has a flashback of stealing scuba gear from a closet. He snaps awake, still under the shower. He turns off the water and shakes his head.

Jimmy walks to a locker and takes out a bottle of pills. The label says, "Eases Migraine Headaches." He downs three and some sports drink from his squeeze bottle. He walks over to a hot tub and crawls in. "Owwwww!" He says as he circles one arm. He rubs his neck as he leans back. The steam rises around him and he is sweating heavily. He drinks more from his bottle, again, and again. Jimmy wipes his face with a sweat soaked towel. He holds it over the side of the tub.

The bubbling water splashes aggressively over the sides as he drops the towel to the floor. His hand begins to convulse as the view pans across the thermostat. Its reading is rising rapidly; 200, 205, 210... It fades to ambulance lights entering an emergency room driveway.

A doctor walks up to Jimmy's mother. She is sitting with Lucy and Steve. The doctor leans over and says, "I'm so sorry. We did everything we could, but we were too late." Jimmy's mother drops to her knees and cries. The doctor walks over to a nearby cop. The cop asks, "Did you tell the mom that the kid overdosed before he died?" He holds up a box of illegal steroid tablets and liquid caffeine. The doctor replies, "No, she has enough to deal with by losing her son." The doctor walks away as Ethan is seen in scrubs at the desk. Ethan types on a laptop, closes it and walks away.

Dana is in her living room. She is collecting papers from a box near the computer. She finds a legal brief. She opens it to see Ethan's photo, paper clipped over prison papers. She starts looking through the file. Dana turns a page to see a crime scene picture of Ethan's dead child. Dana drops the folder and covers her mouth. She looks around. Slowly, she picks the folder up and continues reading. She quickly shuts it and replaces it in the box. Dana collects her binders and her purse and runs out the door. Her car reaches the end of the block as Ethan pulls into the driveway from the opposite direction.

He stops his car and watches her car turn around the corner. Ethan opens the garage door and drives in. He looks at the light still on in the garage. He twists his lip with his teeth. "Hmmm..." he whispers. "What made you tear off like that? He ponders. Ethan walks to the desk. He sees his file box displaced and quizzically tilts his head. He pulls open the box and sees his old prison file.



He lifts it out and places it where it belongs in the box. He closes the box and slides it back under the desk. He looks back over his shoulder. Ethan stands up, grabs his keys, and heads down the hallway toward the stairs.

A few days pass. Ethan is looking out the window and taps his chin. His watch alarm goes off. He looks at it then resets it. He walks to his computer and looks up at a full sword rack. A hand reaches up and removes one of the swords from the rack. As the sword slides away from the wall, the view around it changes. Steve is holding the sword and swinging it around. The other kids are running through Ethan's house, plundering.

Gavin also has a sword and he pokes at Steve with it. “Tag! You’re it!” Gavin yells.

They begin sword fighting. Brad sneaks up behind Steve and taps him on the head, but it feels so real. Steve snaps awake from his daydream. He is standing at a grill and wearing a Burger Barn outfit. Steve’s manager hits him on the head a second time with a metal spoon. “Get back to work!” The manager exclaims. Steve flips the burgers from the grill into a trash can and mumbles something beneath his breath. The manager walks away, turning out unused lights. He walks out the door and locks it behind himself. Steve moves a box from one table to another and walks to the door, making sure it is locked. He turns around to see a newspaper article. The headline reads, “High school football player dies from steroid overdose.” Steve gets infuriated and slaps the paper onto the floor. He walks back towards the freezer room.

He picks up a box from the floor and stands up. Ethan is standing outside the window staring in at him. Steve screams like a little girl and drops the box. He runs to the main dining room. The doors are chained shut from the inside and he doesn't have his keys. He trips over a chair and from the floor, looks out the window. Ethan is nowhere to be seen. Steve jumps up. Quickly, he grabs the restaurant's phone to call for help, but there is no dial tone. He realizes that his keys and cellphone are in the kitchen. He steps inside the kitchen and looks around. He turns slowly and slips on the newspapers on the floor. He falls and hits the floor hard. His phone and keys fall from the table onto the floor a few feet away from him. Suddenly, a gloved hand reaches down and picks them up. Somehow, Ethan is now inside the locked building with him! Ethan smiles at Steve and holds up the handful of goodies. "Need some help? " He asks. Ethan offers the phone and keys to Steve, who jumps away. Steve leaps over the counter and runs toward the back room.

Ethan slowly pursues him. Steve grabs a knife and spins around, but nobody is there. Hearing a clank behind him, Steve spins to see spoons swinging on a rack. "Go away!" He yells into the kitchen. The cooler door flies open and Ethan covers Steve's head with a plastic bag. Steve drops the knife as he claws at the bag. Ethan spins Steve into the freezer and snatches the bag off. Ethan steps out of the freezer and locks the door.

Steve jumps up and starts beating on the glass. "Let me out!" He yells furiously at Ethan. "Not in the cards." Ethan says as he adjusts the freezer dial to subzero. He smiles at Steve through the glass as Ethan shuts off the air exchanger. Steve beats on the glass as his breath ices up. Ethan sets the keys and cell phone on a table only a few inches from the door as he walks out. Steve beats on the window as it fogs up. Ethan exits a back door, locking it from the inside and letting it close behind him. Ethan gets into a car and opens a laptop computer. He types on it, then closes it and drives away.

Four kids are sitting around a poolside. Gavin shakes a newspaper in the air. He says, "Two of us dead in less than two weeks? That's not just freak accidents! They can't be!" Brad looks at him and asks, "What should we do? You want to tell the cops what we did and hope we don't go to jail?" Lucy kicks her feet in the pool. "Maybe we'd be safer in jail than where he can get to us." She says. "Should we knock on the guy's door and beg forgiveness?" She asks as she rolls her eyes. Rodney leans forward in his chair. "He's hunting us! We need to beg for mercy from someone before this psycho does somebody else in!" He yells with a panicked voice. "We need to go to the cops and tell them the truth. We need to prove these were not accidents!" They all shake their heads in agreement and leave the pool area.

The four kids walk into the station and look around. The place is surprisingly busy for a small town. Rodney goes to the desk and checks in. Dana and Tommy take seats in front of a large TV in the waiting room. Gavin and Brad start pacing nervously behind them. Rodney joins them as a news broadcast starts. Behind the anchor a picture of Steve is shown. His name appears below the picture. Rodney slaps Brad's arm and points to the screen. All four kids watch frantically as the anchor speaks. "A local boy accidentally locked himself inside a walk-in freezer at the Burger Barn. He was an employee, working late and alone. It appears the safety mechanism on the inside of the freezer that allows someone to exit was broken. He was pronounced dead at the scene from extreme cold exposure." Lucy screams and faints. Tommy catches her before she hits the floor and two officers rush over to see what is going on.

There is a view of the kids at separate desks talking to officers. Lucy is heard saying, "Brad was looking through the first aid kits and medical supplies." Tommy is heard saying, "Lucy was the first one to start taking things from the house." Brad was heard saying, "Rodney claimed two swords and walked out with them in his belt." Rodney is heard telling a detective that, "Gavin was the ringleader who convinced us all to break into the house." After an hour of questioning and discussion, the kids are dismissed from the station. They walk down the stairs arguing and complaining about the cops. Gavin throws a business card in the trash. "He told me to call him if I see anyone suspicious in my backyard." Brad states furiously. Lucy kicks at a rock and says, "She told me to return the stolen items to the guy's doorstep with an apology note. She said they couldn't do anything until a full investigation was underway."

Rodney snickers and says, “The cop told me they have no reports of a break-in at that address. He has no interest in starting any investigation. He called us troublemakers and liars!”

Lucy says, “They don’t believe us! It’s all just coincidence. The house belongs to some retired old hermit. The previous owner sold it years ago, and then he vanished. He had last registered a car many states away and nothing has been heard from him, since.” Brad laughs. “Yeah they told me the house is abandoned. He said we deserve what we get if it’s all the truth.”

The kids return to the poolside, feeling that Ethan is stalking them. The view changes to Ethan sitting across the street from the pool house in his car. He is typing on a laptop. He watches the kids enter the pool enclosure and he smiles. He closes the computer and then drives away.



Many weeks pass and the kids graduate from high school with no incidents. They gather telling each other that they are moving to schools in different states. They do this in hopes of eluding any possible attacks. Stanley says, “Nothing has happened, lately. Maybe the guy has died or something.” Rodney says, “Maybe he's waiting for the right moment to strike.” All of them are paranoid. They exchange phone numbers and new addresses. They give each other hugs and walk away. Stanley looks back at the others as they leave. His view changes to see them, now, walking down a hallway in a house.

He looks down at craft bins. He stuffs modeling glue and wood carving knives into his pocket. He sniffs some of the glue and smiles, "GOOD STUFF!"

His face ages slightly, then he looks down as a crane removes a septic tank lid. He turns his head and grimaces at the smell. The guy on the tractor laughs, "Come on Stan, it ain't that bad! 30 years from now, you'll be able to say you were in deep sh...." Stanley cuts him off and says, "Yeah. Yeah. Jerry! I know the rest." Jerry hops off the crane and says, "Get in there and unstop that line. I'll get the power auger from the truck."

As he walks off, Stanley steps down into the sewer main and slips in. He goes completely under. He quickly stands up, spitting and wiping raw sewage from his face. He slips a few more times as he walks across the ten foot pool. Suddenly, he slips again and falls under. He struggles to get to his feet but falls in again. Stanley dips beneath the surface. The water swirls a few times, then stills. His body floats to the surface, face down.

Jerry returns and sees Stanley. Jerry yells to Stanley, as he jumps in. He drags Stanley onto the bank and yells for help, but nobody is around. He runs back to the truck and grabs his phone. He is trying to unplug it from the charger but the cord is tangled. Back at the septic junction, Stanley lies on the bank. The water swirls. A figure stands up slowly from the sewage and checks Stanley for a pulse. Then it slides the body back down the bank into the water and submerges. When Jerry returns, the septic flow has been freed, but Stanley's body is jammed in the outflow. Jerry pulls the body out and the sewage continues to empty from the box.

The view shifts to men standing around the pit's edge. Stanley's body bag is zipped closed as Jerry is talking to the cops. Stanley must have slipped and hit something, then drowned. A cop bends down and picks up a pair of work boots with the laces knotted together. "I guess Stanley must have somehow tangled them and fell." he says.

The view follows the road to a nearby river where sewage is pouring out. A figure jets out into the river. Ethan stands up and climbs the bank, peeling off scuba gear and a dry suit. He rolls them into a waterproof bag and places them into the trunk of a car. Ethan sits in the driver's seat. He types on the laptop, closes it, and then drives away.

A pellet gun is fired repeatedly, knocking cans off a shelf. Tommy says, "It's not an air soft gun, but it will work for now." Rodney takes it and laughs. "You wannabe soldier! You think the military is coming to the field to recruit super ninjas like you? You think if you're serious enough, they'll call you to join the CIA?" He snorts. "I guess somebody has to rescue the cub scouts they sent into battle! DORK!"

Tommy's face ages slightly as he drops an air soft mask onto his face. He picks up his airsoft rifle and trots past a banner that shows:

"Airsoft! Team tryouts today!"



Tommy kneels down in a bunker. Another guy kneels next to him placing his gun against the wall. "This mask keeps fogging up," the guy says. He pulls a rag from his pocket and sweeps the inside of his goggles. Tommy replies, "I think by now they would have solved that problem." The other player laughs, "Yeah! The guns look real. We use real military gear. However, we shoot plastic bb's to win a game of pretend war." They laugh together and the guy picks up his gun.

He turns and says, “See ya on the other side of that hill! Cover me as I sneak around behind them.” Tommy picks up his gun and watches the other player step out of the bunker. Tommy raises his airsoft gun. Two opponents charge over the hill, running straight at him. He flips the selector switch to full auto and pulls the trigger. The gun kicks back and thunders unlike an airsoft gun. The two players disappear behind a cloud of smoke. From the bunker next to him, someone yells, “HE HAS A REAL GUN!” A guy climbs over the wall and knocks Tommy out with the stock of a rifle. Then he yells, “Somebody call an ambulance!” Chaos ensues as people scramble to help the fallen players. A car trunk opens and an identical airsoft rifle drops into the trunk. The figure steps into the car, types on a laptop, then drives away.



Lucy is watching TV while basting a ham and cutting vegetables. A news broadcast breaks in, “A tragic incident occurred today at a sports venue in upstate Michigan. Airsoft is a game using military styled weapons that fire plastic bb's at an opponent. One player apparently took competing for a spot on a local team to a new level. He brought a live military rifle which fires actual bullets onto the field. He shot and critically injured two competitors before being subdued by fellow players.

Anonymous sources tell us that inside his home was an altar, of sorts. It contained photographs of players at the field. Tommy Goldman also had a hit list of players' nicknames and which field they played on. Authorities deny the claims as investigations are still under way. No further information is available at this time." Lucy looks at the picture on the TV and his name below it. She drops the knife and cutting board to the floor. Her Mom rushes in asking, "Honey, are you ok?" Lucy says, "Yeah Mom.

I just saw something on the news." Her Mom says, "Me too! Wasn't that boy from your high school class?" "Uh, Yeah." Lucy stammers. She picks up the items she dropped. Her Mom asks, "Didn't you spend a lot of time with that crowd?" Lucy replies, "I knew him well, or at least, I thought I did." Lucy's Mom replies as she walks out, "Yes, but you just never know. It's always the quiet ones that turn."

Her Mom walks out as Lucy places the ham in the oven and turns it on carefully. Lucy walks back to her bedroom and slides a shoebox of patterns from under the bed. She starts crying, "I'm sorry for what you went through. Please, don't come for me." She closes her eyes and starts to pray, "Dear Lord, watch over us and forgive us for our sins. Grant him the peace to leave us alone." Lucy hears a loud crashing noise from outside her door. She slides the box back under the bed. She steps out into the hallway and sees her Mom in the dining room setting the table. Lucy's Mom has dropped a plate and it shattered. She is picking up the broken pieces.

Lucy's Mom accidentally cuts her fingers. Lucy grasps her mom's hands with a towel to stop the bleeding. Her Mom yells, "No! No! No!" and pulls away. Lucy has blood dripping from her fingers and the towel. Her Mom says, "Honey, now you have someone else's blood all over your hands. I'll go clean up. You need to do the same." Lucy walks into the kitchen and starts washing her hands in the sink.

Her nose twitches and she coughs. She looks at the stove and sees that the burners are not on. She hears a hissing noise. Realizing the stove is not lit, Lucy struggles to turn the knobs, but they come off in her hand. She looks out the window to see Ethan standing on the sidewalk across the street. She begins to cry as he lifts his hand and pushes a button on a remote. A beep is heard from inside the stove and the kitchen explodes leveling her part of the house. Ethan turns and disappears into the wooded area behind him. The view focuses on the rubble. Lucy's Mom walks around dazed. She is holding her arm as if it is broken and calling for Lucy in a panicked voice. Sirens are heard, and slowly the sounds fade. Ethan gets into a car and types on the laptop. He closes it and drives away.



Two cops are sitting at a desk looking at pictures of the kids on a wall. Sergeant Louis ponders, “Is it a coincidence? All 6 of these kids were in the group claiming to have broken into that house.” One cop looks through a file and says, “Look here. He spent 20 years in a mental prison after his kid was killed. He eventually hunted the guy down. He tortured the murderer for over a week before killing him. I guess the scum really deserved what was coming to him.”

Sergeant Louis asks, “What was the address of the house?”

One of the cops hand him a sheet, and says, “It was renovated and resold after he was released. He got a lot from it, cashed the check and disappeared off the grid. The only record was a new car registration in New Mexico a few years later.” The Sergeant rubs his chin. “So the guy sells his house, and moves halfway across the country to get a new start. Years later, people claiming to have been involved in burglarizing his old home have suffered some unusual circumstances?”

Maybe this isn’t such a coincidence. Get me more information on the new home owner. See if he has any ties to the kids' suspect and get the rest of their locations.” The view changes to the front of the burglarized house. Cops arrive at the old house and knock on the door. A very old man answers, looking really scruffy, with a limp. The cops show their ID's and ask questions about the previous owner. The old guy says, “I bought the house from a realtor for my wife and me to retire. I never had to meet the previous owner as the realtor handled everything.

However, my wife passed away in another state before she could move here.”

The old man looked down at his bare feet. “Now, I hope to die of old age in what we bought as our dream house. Unfortunately, I’ll be alone.” He says. The cops apologize for bothering him and leave. The old man walks into the study. He moves a chess piece on a chessboard on his desk. A hidden door slides open and he steps through, losing the limp in his leg. The door closes behind him as he enters a large, carpeted room. It is dimly lit, with a chair in the center. It is eerily familiar as the room where he confronted the kids on the floor. A workbench on the wall becomes visible. He peels off his beard and eyebrows and drops them on the bench. Revealing his true identity, Ethan opens a door next to the bench and walks through. It closes behind him. He walks over to the laptop on the desk and types on it. Ethan smiles. He looks at his watch and closes the computer. He picks it up and walks through another secret passage.

Brad is seen rummaging through a medicine cabinet. It is full of wrist wraps and medicines. He starts laughing. "DUDE! Look at all this cool stuff! Cold packs, hot packs, stuff to drink, lots of goodies!" He yells ecstatically. He starts bagging things up and walks to the living room. He sets the bag on the ground as he looks at the sword rack. There is a pellet gun next to it. He yells out, "Aw, cool!" He looks down at the medical supplies and then looks up again. His face is now aged and he is standing in a dental office. Doctor Bradley is seen as the name on his dental jacket. He reaches into a bag, pulls out a bottle and pops some pills from it. He looks at a list of names. It notes as to how, when, and where they died. He looks at a map on the wall of his office. There are dots that create a path. He places a dot on the map and writes "ME" next to it. He looks at the dots, and connects lines between them. He labels them with the names of the last survivors.



He reaches for a bottle of Vodka and sits in a chair looking at the map. His hand drops to his side as he falls asleep. He awakens and Ethan is standing over him. Brad tries to move but is paralyzed in his own dental chair. Ethan tilts Brad's head back and starts drilling into Brad's mouth. The dentist tries to scream but gurgles instead. He spits up and gags repeatedly as Ethan shoves the drill into Brad's mouth. The sound is gut-wrenching as the drill is heard to bog down.

Ethan shoves a dental gas mask onto Brad's face. After a moment the dentist goes to sleep and Ethan checks for a pulse. Satisfied of there being no heartbeat, he places the drill in the dentist's hand. Once the prints are set, he drops it to the floor.

Ethan places a bottle of illegal pain medications next to the bottle of vodka on the counter. Sitting in his car, he types on the laptop. He chuckles quietly to himself. He closes the computer and drives away.

Ethan walks into his living room. Dana is sitting on a chair holding Ethan's folder from the prison. Ethan smiles, "So, are you turning me in?" She looks at him and says, "I wasn't sure it was you until the dentist was found this morning. They deserved punishment, but killing them? Is that really justified?" She asks. Ethan smiles, "It's actually too good for them. I would prefer they suffered for a long time, but some things just didn't happen that way." She looks at him and questions the name difference on his file.

He smiles, "They will be looking in the wrong place when they do look." He smiles again and says, "Camouflage, if you will. It has its uses." He tells her that he needs to return a book to his neighbor, if she doesn't need him. She smiles, "I'll always need you baby. I came by once before and your workroom was empty. I thought you'd left me." Ethan says, "I just took everything to storage while I sorted some things out." He picks up a book from his desk and says, "I need to give this back before he asks for it." He gets the wife's ok, and he steps out the door.

The view changes to one of the cops at a desk. He is looking through a folder and asks, "What was the address of the burglary?" Another cop hands him a sheet of paper. Sergeant Louis compares it to the file of the suspect, and says, "Those kids gave us the wrong address! Look at this." The officer at the desk looks at the sheets and compares them. He grabs his keys and says, "We have to get over there, now!"

Ethan walks across the street. The view pans around from him leaving his house to walking across the street, into his OLD HOUSE! Shortly afterward, the cops arrive and flood his new yard. They kick in the door and arrest his wife. As she is being led away the other team kicks in the old house's doors but nobody is found. Cops pull away and the garage door lifts. The back wall inside the garage lifts up revealing a hidden room with two cars in it. Ethan drives one of them away from the house and all doors close behind him.

. Dana is questioned by the police about Ethan. She plays stupid and acts horrified at the news of his past. Dana replies, "I suspected there was something Ethan wasn't telling me, but I never expected anything like this."

Meanwhile at a motocross park in a nearby city, Ethan walks up to a motorcycle trailer. The side of the trailer reads, "Mitch, The Tornado." Ethan cuts the lock from the door with bolt cutters, and then swings the door open. He steps inside and opens his backpack.



He removes the laptop. He types on it and closes the screen, then lays it under some papers on the floor.

Ethan looks up to see a shield and swords hanging on the wall above the workbench. He has a flashback of himself, hanging it over his own workbench in his house. He snaps back to the present. He opens a tool drawer and loads some expensive wrenches into the backpack.

He looks out the window and waits. He sees a crew member walking towards the trailer. Ethan opens the door and steps out where the pit crewman can see him. Ethan is wearing a white hat, a green jacket and blue sweat pants. Ethan looks at the pit crew and runs off, smiling. Security hears about a trailer break-in and calls the police over. Two cops enter the trailer to find it burglarized.

One of the officers notices the laptop under the papers. When he opens the laptop, the screen comes on. He sees child porn on the screen and confiscates the computer. Mitch comes to see what happened and gets arrested. The tool filled backpack gets thrown into a dumpster. Ethan turns his sweatpants and jacket inside out and they are different colors than before. He flips the hat inside out and it does the same. Ethan is now wearing a pit crew styled outfit. He walks by security, without an issue, then to his car.

In a police station, the cops are interrogating Mitch. The Sergeant throws a folder onto the desk and leans toward Mitch. In a gruff voice, he says, "Your prints were all over the battery and hard drive inside the computer." They also question him about the content of the computer. A detective flips open the folder in front of Mitch. He looks at Mitch and says, "The computer contains plans for executing the other burglary kids, besides having the child porn. It also has wi-fi signatures at the scene of every incident." It's as if Mitch had been logging in after each attack from somewhere nearby. "The log-in signature is exactly the same as Mitch's home computer." The detective says to the Sergeant. "There is also evidence in the forms of letters to himself. They were about the girl who "GOT AROUND" with the rest of the group. Supposedly, she had an abortion of Brad's baby and a miscarriage of David's baby. Mitch's plans were to kill off Lucy and her mom." He states.

The Sergeant thumbs through the pages and says, "There was a note, chastising himself about Mitch's failure to complete the mission fully. He also wrote about loose ends that needed to be tied up that were missed along the way." Mitch is confused at how his prints are everywhere, even inside, on the battery. He, allegedly, had never seen the laptop before in his life.

The view fades to Ethan standing at his workbench. He is peeling off fake fingertips and dropping them into acid to melt them. Then, he burns another file and walks out through a secret passage.



A hunter is walking through a wooded area. It is Rodney, hacking away at the brush with a medieval sword. As he swings it overhead, the view shifts to the burglary kids play fighting. Gavin and Rodney hold up swords in the house's living room. Rodney says, "I like this one best!" He smiles, and the view fades back to him cutting a brush path. He walks up to a deer blind and opens the door. Rodney steps in and opens a folding chair. He sits down with a rifle across his lap and places the sword upright against the wall. Eventually, he falls asleep.

A snake is seen slithering into the blind beneath him. It strikes him in the ankle. Rodney screams, and jumps up. He falls forward grasping the ankle and the snake strikes his arm, then it vanishes beneath the wall of the tent. It slithers in from a different spot under the wall and strikes him in multiple locations. His vision gets blurry as he reaches for the sword. Rodney drops it onto the ground as he blacks out. An open car trunk is seen. Inside it, a set of boots are dropped into a trash bag. Other trash bags are seen in the trunk but they are already closed. Ethan gets into the car and drives away.

Dana walks back into her house through the front door. She hears Sergeant Louis' voice echoing in her head. "The killer has been identified. We have enough evidence to know it's not your husband. We have seen that Ethan is starting a new life, so we will leave him alone. I apologize for any inconveniences. No charges will be filed against either of you. Please, accept our humble apologies." She drops her keys on a nearby table with a smile on her face.

The view changes to a set of keys dropping onto a workbench. Ethan lifts the trash bags onto the table. He opens one of them and pulls out a ghillie suit and hangs it up on a rack. Hanging next to it is a dry suit and scuba gear. There is also an airsoft gun, and a very realistic snake headed hand puppet. Ethan reaches into the back of the puppet and removes two small syringes. He drops them into the furnace. He hears a voice echoing in his head as he walks down a hallway, “Ma'am, your husband died from multiple rattlesnake bites to critical locations on his body. It was only by chance that the wildlife officers found his abandoned truck and his deer blind. Rodney had been dead for a few hours when they found him. However, even if he had been at a hospital's door, we couldn't have saved him.” Ethan walks through a passageway and exits into his new house from a raised stairwell. As he exits, the stairs drop back down, hiding the passage.



Dana walks into the dining room from the kitchen as he walks in. She smiles and says, “Just as you predicted, sweetheart, they took the bait. You are off the hook. They just announced Rodney’s death as a hunting accident on the news. What will happen to the ringleader?” Ethan drops an envelope on the table.

Dana opens it as Ethan says, "All in due time." She opens the card. It says, "Wedding Shower." The date fades and changes to 8 months later. The words "Wedding Shower" change to the words "Baby Shower." The Mommy-to-be is handed a small gift and she opens it. Gavin is sitting nearby. Inside the gift is a tiny stuffed "Mighty-Man" doll, exactly like the one he destroyed in the burglary. Gavin has flashbacks of himself destroying the full sized doll in Ethan's house. He is daydreaming that he is slowly letting go of the knife he used, leaving the blade embedded in the doll. He snaps back to the present and panics. Gavin asks her with a shaky voice, "Who is it from?" The mom says, "There's no name, just a note in the card." It says, "I will be seeing you and the baby again, soon." The view slides over to the doll and tunnel visions. Slowly, it fades away to blackness.

THE END

About the author;

K.D. Adams has worked in the Law Enforcement and Private Security field for over 20 years. He has worked in the Florida Prison system in Death Row, Mental Health units and Work Camps.

He has studied and practiced multiple forms of Martial Arts for many years and has worked as security in local bars and night clubs. He is a Certified Personal Protection Specialist through Executive Security International in Aspen, Colorado. All these have helped to shape and change his life in many ways.

Now, expressing his dreams, goals and even writing his nightmares into print. This is the first of many stories, novels, and movies, currently being worked on to reach the print stage. It has just begun!

K.D. Adams