**Short Story**

“It’s time for bed, John and Angelina!” Mrs. Clen shouted from the kitchen where she was cleaning up from steak dinner, while their father was fast asleep already. “Yes mama” replied the kids, heading up the cold marble stairs towards bedrooms. John slowly walked his sister to her room and tucked her in because their parents were too unloving to care.

John often acted as care taker to his sister, age seven, as he was the eldest at eleven years. He always stands up for her and never lets anyone or anything hurt her. John learned early that he needs to be the protector every day because in Seattle, Washington it’s a dangerous place by their elementary school. It’s weird because they live in the nicest neighborhood with barley any neighbors by them except the two houses about two miles away and a big pond twenty yards away in their back yard.

The pond just sits in the back of the house waiting for someone to discover what lies underneath. The pond was built there by their parents but they never let the kids or anyone for that matter go by it. John would always try to ask what’s the big pond doing there and why they aren’t allowed to enter or go near it but his father would get furious and his mother would try to change the subject quietly. He would just look at the pond outside his window when he finished his homework. John was always the overachiever in the family; he would finish his homework for the whole week in just an hour or so. Then he always got curious about things around him especially of that dark pond.

I mean who wouldn’t want to see something that they shouldn’t see. It just makes him want to see it.

As she walks down the hall to the bedrooms Mrs. Clen always comes up to their rooms to turn off their lights and shuts the doors. John can’t stand the dark. He’s always afraid that the Boogey Man will come for him; attack then kill him. It’s scared him ever since he was five when he was watching a scary movie with his friend and his friend got a boogey man mask and went behind him to scare him while they were in the dark room. Now when his mom turns off the light he gets up after she leaves and turns it back on. His mother doesn’t know or at least hasn’t mentioned how to overcome his fear. That’s why he does sleep with the lights on, because that’s the only way he feels safe in his own bedroom.

On a strange day in July the family went through their regular routine. After they came home from school and ate dinner, John had a very peculiar feeling. He didn’t know of what but it was just strange. Like someone was there with his family, watching them. Asking his family if they felt the same they all just ate quietly except his little caring sister Angelina. “No Johnny I don’t feel anything or know what you’re talking about.” She said very softly.

When he headed to his bedroom that night the lights were on. That was very odd because they’re always off when he leaves the room and turns them on when he enters his room. John thought maybe his sister or mother was playing at trick on him since the incident at dinner. As his mother was ready to turn off the lights he asks her if she had come in his room earlier to turn the lights on. “No John, why would I turn your lights on and come in your room?” she replied annoyed. “I was just checking because I sure didn’t turn them on and I don’t think Angelina would’ve come in my room without asking. Do you think Dad did it?” John said softly. Then he got a lecture on how to never accuse his father of anything because he would never do such a thing, then she slammed his door after turning off his lights. He sighed sadly as he got out of bed to turn the lights back on. Then keeps thinking about the lights to himself as he gets in his silk sheets and lies down. He finally wants to close his eyes but then the light turns off. Then it blinks twice and illuminates the room. John just thought it was an electricity shortage and tried to fall asleep again. Just again as he had his eyelids shut the light turns out once more. This time it did not turn back on. He waited for a couple minutes waiting for it to turn on. When it didn’t, he couldn’t stand the dark so he got up and turned it on. As soon as he became restful the same thing happened again. Now John was terrified because according to his science class it shouldn’t do it more than once.