

BY SHADOWDEAD ONE

"So what did you do then?" Johnny inquired.

The stunningly attractive blonde woman opposite him smiled. "What do you think? I dived in! It was a once in a lifetime opportunity!"

Johnny shared her laugh. "I'll bet!"

The waiter set the credit card receipt on the table as he passed. Johnny glanced at his watch. He seemed satisfied. He brought the bill to him and signed it.

"This was very nice of you Johnny. Are you sure I can't pay half?"

He shook his head. "It's the least I can do after ruining your pants."

She glanced down at her mud stained slacks. Her mouth crinkled upward. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you 'tripped' into that puddle and splattered me on purpose! Just to get a date!"

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Story Game 2.0/2.

Johnny put on his most innocent look. "That would be a very underhanded thing to do."

She leaned forward and fluttered her eyelids playfully. "I didn't say I'd mind if you had."

"Holy Mother of God!" Johnny hissed.

The blonde woman's eyelids resumed normal operation. "Excuse me?"

"Hello Johnny." Dana cooed, stopping at their table and eyeing the gorgeous blonde.

Johnny, who'd spied her mere seconds before she reached the table, recovered somewhat. "Um, Kelly, this is ... Dana. The reporter. Dana, this is Kelly. She's a model, in town visiting her parents."

"Charmed." Dana said mischievously. Her dagger eyes glanced off Kelly and returned to cutting open Johnny.

"I was having a bad day until I ran into Johnny!" Kelly gushed.

"No way!" Johnny exclaimed.

Kelly frowned this time. "Excuse me?"

"Hi Johnny!" Sarah said frostily.

Dana produced a smile. "Kelly, this is Sarah, Johnny's ex fiancée. And I'm Dana, his girl- er - ex girlfriend. Sarah and I have lunch a couple times a month these days." She took Sarah's arm. "Come on."

Sarah, looking outraged, started to turn away.

Kelly was blushing furiously. She got up awkwardly. "Um, thanks for a lovely lunch Johnny." With a last darting glance at Sarah and Dana, she hurried off.

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Story Game 2.0/3.

Johnny stayed seated.

Sarah and Dana started to walk out as well.

"So that's it, huh?" Johnny snapped. "After all I've done for people, after all the sacrifices you've seen me make for the good of humanity, you two just naturally assume the worst." He got up, tossing his handkerchief angrily into his plate, grabbed his cane, and started for the opposite door.

"You were helping her? By having lunch with her?" Dana asked skeptically.

Most of the patrons and waiters were looking at them. Johnny nodded his head towards the parking lot. They followed him silently until all three of them were next to Johnny's jeep. "Kelly would have gone back to her parent's house, where she would have interrupted two burglars. The burglars would have panicked and shot her to death. Kelly was leaving to meet her fate right after I bumped into her and she would have arrived before any police could have. Besides, when I got the vision I stumbled and splattered her with mud so I already had an opening to keep her away from the house. So I invited her to lunch and called Walt on the way over. I'm sure the burglars are already in custody."

Sarah and Dana stared at him. Dana spoke first. "Why not just tell her the truth?"

Johnny's voice betrayed his annoyance. "Because when I started to, I got another vision that she would ignore my protests and race home to protect her parent's house from the burglars. She's an impulsive woman. My car was across the lot, I wouldn't have been able to stop her in time. I did what I had to do and I got a pleasant lunch out of it."

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Story Game 2.0/4.

Sarah and Dana stared at him some more.

"You know what?" Johnny sighed. "You two go have your lunch!" He climbed heavily into his car and then hesitated. "Oh, and Dana, that ex-girlfriend comment was completely uncalled for." He slammed his door, fired up the engine, and pulled away.

Sarah and Dana stared after him.

"You buy his story?" Dana asked finally.

Sarah nodded. "He doesn't get mad like that out of defensiveness. Only when he feels he's been wronged or let down." "Great." Dana sighed.

"Let's skip lunch. I'm not very hungry anymore." "So how long before we can safely apologize?" Dana asked cautiously.

"He'll be fine by tomorrow morning."

Four days later, Reverend Purdy let Bruce into Johnny's house. Johnny had not answered the phone or the door in the past four days. Sarah and Dana had assumed he was in a much bigger snit than usual, so it was Bruce who finally got worried enough to call upon Johnny's guardian to try and find him.

"His jeep is here so he should be here." Purdy commented as he fed the password into the alarm box next to the door.

A quick search of the house turned up Johnny. He was lying, fully clothed, in the filled bathtub on his guest bathroom. Why there and not the master bathroom was a mystery.

Johnny's pulse was strong and regular. The bath water was still lukewarm so he'd filled it no more than an hour before.

Johnny's eyes fluttered open as Purdy and Bruce pulled him from the draining bathtub. "What is the deal, man?"

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Story Game 2.0/5.

Bruce asked, noting the lack of alcohol smell around Johnny.

"Whasit?" Johnny mumbled.

"What have you been doing the past four days?" Reverend Purdy inquired worriedly.

Johnny got a vision from one or both of them. A vision of four days of unanswered phone calls and door knocks. He also got the day of the week, Tuesday. His eyes opened wide. "What is going on?" Bruce and Purdy sat him on the toilet seat and grabbed every towel handy to start drying him off. "We're wondering the same thing." Bruce commented.

"The problem is," Johnny stated, "the last thing I remember is leaving Sarah and Dana Friday afternoon. Four days ago! What the heck happened to me?!"

BY LOZZIE TWO

Bruce saw that the Johnny had suddenly started to shiver violently, even under his layer of towels, and so tried to peel the wet clothes off him. But Johnny was having none of it. Irritated, he batted his friend's hands away defensively, with none of his usual aversion to physical contact. Purdy stopped what he was doing to look, one eyebrow raised, at Johnny.

"Hey Reverend - would you give me a hand, please?" said Bruce exasperatedly.

Purdy did more than that. Using the element of surprise to its full advantage, he gripped the tops of Johnny's arms without mercy and propelled him, protesting every step of the way, back along the corridor towards his own bedroom. Using his superior height and strength he briskly stripped the wet clothes off Johnny as if he were some errant three year old boy who had just fallen

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Story Game 2.0/6.

in the garden pond. Johnny looked sullen, confused. But he did not resist.

Bruce forced a smile.

"So man, you got a new pair of 501s or something? Ha!" He laughed rather lamely at his own joke. Purdy regarded him stonily, the popular culture reference whooshing several inches over the top of his head. "You know....'shrink to fit'?" added Bruce, his voice trailing off. The joke fell gasping to the floor, thrashed feebly for a moment, and died.

"Coffee." said Purdy shortly. He was used to taking control of situations and his voice had quiet authority. "Make some coffee please Bruce. Lots of cream, sugar."

"I don't take sugar" said Johnny. His voice was quiet, but determined. He was trying to regain some control of his circumstances, no matter how trivial, but both men could see he was frightened and perplexed.

"And do you know when you last ate anything?" asked Purdy calmly.

Johnny did not answer. "TWO sugars, then. And please take a look around for any sign of foul play, would you please Bruce?" said Purdy. Bruce nodded and left, jumping down the stairs two at a time, glad to be given something constructive to do. Although he kept his face calm, he was very shocked to see his friend in such a vulnerable state. Professional detachment be damned.

Purdy for his part was just glad to be out of the guest-room en suite. Recently redecorated, it had originally been Johnny's parents' room, the room Johnny had been born in.....and it still held one too many bad memories for Gene Purdy.

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Story Game 2.0/8.

They made an unlikely alliance, but both women had enough concern about John Smith to know that more than four days was TOO long for him to be out of contact. So they decided to pool their resources.

Exchanging a meaningful glance with Dana, Sarah reached up and rang the doorbell.

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After Rev. Purdy's doctor had pronounced Johnny essentially sound but still in shock, he left. Purdy knew he could trust the man to be discreet. Under the circumstances yet another sensational tale about the Strange Life Of Johnny Smith was NOT what was needed at all. Purdy left soon after to conduct a little research of his own. He knew exactly where to start.

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When Bruce returned it was to find Johnny pulling on a pair of jogging pants and a sweatshirt. His face, fair anyway, looked even paler than usual.

Casting about, Johnny said, "Where's my cane?"

It occurred to Bruce that he hadn't seen Johnny's cane. A thorough search of the house, garage and jeep failed to turn it up. Somehow, this new development seemed even more disturbing than finding John fully clothed and unconscious in a lukewarm bath. To loose something so personal and intrinsic to John Smith was...well, unthinkable. Bruce hovered by Johnny's elbow as they moved around the house, Johnny flicking his hands and touching various things - telephone, car keys, mobile - hoping for some clue to his Lost Weekend. Finally he started rooting through the pockets of the black leather car coat he had been wearing at the

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Story Game 2.0/9.

restaurant. He found the credit card receipt immediately - touched it -

.....and fell. Visions felt like.....like falling. But not out of control falling - more like the moment of becoming weightless. The moment BEFORE the parachute opens. Johnny Smith fell, out of one life and into another one.

He was sitting in front of an enormous illuminated mirror, having his long blonde hair teased and coaxed into an unlikely sculpture. In the mirror he saw many busy-looking people milling around in a state of organised, industrious excitement, each person intent on performing their part in the show. He could hear - or rather FEEL through his heel bones - the thump thump thump of some modern club classic being played off to his right somewhere. He could smell new clothes, hairspray, makeup. It was intoxicating. It was - it was gone.

"So I'm a supermodel now?" he muttered, regaining his composure.

Bruce looked at him with renewed attention. "You saw supermodels? You saw supermodels? Man you have GOT to admit - there are SOME advantages to having your visions! Now tell me everything you saw. Don't miss anything out - any detail might be important". Bruce mimed whipping out a notebook from a back pocket and licking the end of a pencil, ready to hang on Johnny's every word.

"I gotta find my cane, then I've got to find Kelly"

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"Where's your cane?" asked Dana, noting the old-fashioned bentwood walking stick he was using. It looked odd and out of place, incongruous in Johnny's tight-knuckled grip. For some unaccountable reason Dana felt a sudden rush of adrenalin, as though something momentous had happened, or was just about to happen.

BY LES THREE

"My cane? I don't know where it is. I was hoping that maybe they could shed some light on what's going on." Johnny turned his attention to the couple standing in the doorway. "Mr. and Mrs. Bailey? I'm John Smith. I had lunch with your daughter Kelly recently. I was wondering if I'd be able to get in touch with her again."

"You must be mistaken, Mr. Smith. Kelly has been in Europe for several weeks now, as I was just telling them," Mr. Bailey said, nodding at Sarah and Dana.

"What? That can't be. I had lunch with her. I..." Johnny trailed off then as he spotted a photograph sitting on the mantel in the living room. In it were two women, one of whom he recognized. Pointing, he said, "There. That's Kelly, on the left."

Mrs. Bailey went over and picked up the picture and brought it over to where everyone was standing. "No, that's our younger daughter Allison."

"What? Do you mind if I take a look at that?" Johnny, feeling very confused, reached out and took the picture from Mrs. Bailey. He looked at it closely. Though he had no idea what had happened to him, Johnny was certain that the woman on the left was the one

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Story Game 2.0/12.

he'd had lunch with serveral days earlier. "No,that's her. She's the one I had lunch with, I'm sure of it."

Johnny started to hand the frame back, but it slipped from his hand. He bent to retrieve it, but he lost his balance. Quickly, he reached out and placed his hand against the door to help him balance. As he did, he immediately began to have a vision.

It was dark. As Johnny got his bearings, he noticed that he was standing in front of the Baileys' house. There was no light coming from inside the house, but a car was sitting in the driveway. Just as Johnny was about to go over to the car to see if anyone was inside of it, two people got out and went up to the front door. "Allison, do you still have a key?"

"Yeah, mom gave it to me when I was house sitting for them when they went on vacation."

"Well, hurry up and use it then. I'm feeling really vulnerable out here. Someone might see us."

"Who's going to see us? It's dark. it's midnight, and mom and dad aren't home." Allison said, her annoyance ringing loud and clear in her voice. "Are you sure we should be doing this?"

"Yes, I'm sure. Just do everything like we planned and it will be fine. You aren't trying to back out on me are you?"

"No. No, I'm not. You're right. Everything will be fine."

Finally, Allison had the key in her hand and unlocked the front door. As a light was turned on, Johnny was shocked to see that it was both Allison and Kelly standing there. Even more surprising was what Kelly was holding in her hand. It was Johnny's cane.

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Johnny tried to follow them, to find out more, but the door abruptly shut before him. It was then that the vision ended and he was once again in front of the Baileys' house, this time during the day. He was still leaning heavily against the doorframe. As he looked around he noticed the Mr. and Mrs. Bailey looked confused, while Bruce, Sarah, and Dana all wore expressions of concern.

BY PAMALAX AND LOZZIE FOUR

I'm worried, but at least he's sleeping for now. We all tried to get him to the hospital, but of course he'd have none of that.

After we watched him collapse in the drive on the way to the car Bruce even gave the "I'm not taking no for an answer!" approach a shot. Naturally, that failed. Miserably.

We should all have known better.

The three of us know Johnny well enough to understand that when he builds up his brick wall of resistance, further coaxing is useless.

It's a miracle we convinced him to set the pieces of this current puzzle aside just long enough to rest for a few hours and gather the strength to press on.

A few hours? Quite a few, actually! The man is exhausted.

He's been asleep almost five hours now.

I've been lucky enough to have the last two hours sitting in silence.

Bruce took what had to be the nastiest shift of Johnny-sitting - the early evening. I can imagine the flack he must have endured just getting John back here at all.

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Story Game 2.0/14.

I know Johnny can put up a fight that would impress any 3 year-old prone to temper tantrums.

I also know that Bruce, bless his heart, often bears the brunt of Johnny's stubborn nature.

Yes, I do know how lucky I am! Johnny was already fast asleep when I arrived...

* THUMP..... THUMP.....THUMP*

Just my luck. Here I sit lulled into a false sense of security of how quiet and peaceful things are.... then of course I hear the distinctive sounds of Johnny moving around in the bedroom above my head.

No mistaking it; this quiet break is coming to an end. Fast.

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Heading up the stairs it crosses my mind that I am not the "babysitter" Johnny thinks is here. He expects to see Bruce.

We haven't seen much of each other for some time now. The last time we laid eyes on one another I was lunching with Sarah and raking him over the coals for dining out with another woman.

With all that in mind, I *know* that announcing my presence is the proper thing to do. But then again there is something about Johnny Smith that makes me throw "the proper thing to do" right out the window. Instead, I want to act from something inside me that only he seems to be able to bring out.

That something inside me says, for right or wrong: Walk quietly to the door and poke my head in unnoticed. I do it.

He's seated on the side of his bed, leaning over, head resting in the palms of his hands.

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"You better be getting at least five bucks an hour to babysit a problem child like me," he says.

To my surprise, I don't know what to say. I really didn't think he knew I was here. I'm relieved to hear that sense of humor I know so well, but mixed with it is the sound of pain. I hate hearing that in his voice.

"Its OK Dana, come on in. My health seems to have improved and my disposition is coming along nicely, too."

With my usual defiant and confident air, which I don't think he buys anymore, I shove the door wide and enter.

"How did you know it was me?"

He looks up at me, sporting a striking case of bed head, his chest and forehead damp with sweat from the warm room. His face breaks into a beautiful smile that hints of both warmth and vulnerability I know he's kept tightly undercover since the day he woke.

"Because Bruce doesn't wear high heels. Least, not when he's working. Normally keeps that kind of behaviour for when he's at home."

He grins that 'See! I'm healthy enough to be funny!' grin and I can see better than ever a truly vulnerable Johnny. He doesn't buy my image any more, and I don't buy his. His humour is purely defensive, something to hide behind.

I toss back an equally masked 'Yes, you're a funny charming man' smile.

I wonder - can he see that look in my eye that says - 'You can't expect to be able to hide all you feel behind a charming grin from someone who's spent a lifetime hiding herself.'?

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Story Game 2.0/16.

For a moment our eyes lock on one another and I think maybe everything that lies beneath each of us connects with a will of its own.

He has the strength to recover his composure. He glances away. " Dana, I'm fine."

As a rule I would normally walk away at this point. * This round's score: Johnny Smith - 1 / Dana Bright - 0*.

It's what we would both normally do, actually. I know he's counting on me to get both of us off the hook.

One foot out the door, I shake things up instead. I turn smartly, cross the room and take a seat on the bed next to him.

"You're not fine, Johnny. You and I both know that 75% of your *I'm fines* are complete crap."

I get laughed at for my efforts, but stand my ground just the same.

Determined in the face of the laughter I'm confronted with, I pull the blankets back beneath the suddenly and stubbornly immovable figure of a man beside me.

He does nothing to aid my efforts, just sits watching me. So I order the *problem child* as he referred to himself, back into bed.

"There's still a few hours till dawn John. I think you can get a bit more MUCH NEEDED rest before launching yourself back into the Bailey supermodel mystery come first morning light." Surprisingly he does just as he is told, slipping quietly back under the sheets.

For a change I seemed to have gotten through to him.....I've won the battle!

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Story Game 2.0/17.

Or at least I thought I had, until I see him roll right across the bed drawing back the cover and patting the spot next to him.

He flashes a devilishly charming grin that for once appears to hide no secret emotion or pain. "Keep me company Dana. I'll be a perfect gentleman."

Resistance is futile.

I give up and crawl in next to him.

If I can't get near the real man inside, I might as well enjoy the charming clown that hides him away.

* Johnny Smith - 2 / Dana Bright - 0 *

To my surprise, in spite of what I thought the game was going to be, I feel his arm around me, pulling my body close to his own. Spooning me.

He carefully bunches up the blankets between us, ensuring he remains the perfect gentlemen he promised to be.

Not much shocks me into silence these days, but this sudden taste of gentle but innocent intimacy steals every word from my lips and all thoughts from my mind.

I can feel his warmth near me and the rhythm of his breathing moves his body gently against my own.

Its a slice of heaven I didn't expect, but I sure intend to savour.

Knowing my words are gone, he attempts to find some for both of us instead.

"Dana....?"

I can tell he unsure, struggling for words.

"I need...."

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I feel a sigh rise and fall in his chest. His eyelashes brushing softly against the back of my neck as his eyes drift shut again.

I save him ...

I save us both

"You need rest..... Get some rest John."

BY INSANE GENIUS FIVE

It wasn't supposed to happen like this. Their parents weren't supposed to be home. Kelly had meant to sneak into the house while they were away. That Friday night had been their Anniversary. They always went out on their anniversary. Not this time.

After their conversation outside, Kelly and Allison had slipped the key into the lock and opened the door as cautiously as they could. The house had been pitch dark. They each tiptoed to their planned places. Allison would wait in the living room while Kelly found what they were looking for, which wouldn't take long considering the fact that Kelly had spent most of her life in the same small house she had pilfered through that night.

Everything had gone according to plan until she entered her parents' room and found her mother sitting in the bed. She remembered the petrified look on her mother's face. The look had turned into relief for a split second until they both heard the gunshot.

They both dashed out of the room as fast as Kelly could run and as fast her mother could walk without breaking her hip in her old age. The scene that met both of their eyes was not pretty at all.

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Allison lay on the floor gushing blood from a bullet wound in her left lung. Her shirt was covered in blood, and there was a pool of the sticky red substance forming underneath her. Her father was standing above her with a look of absolute horror plastered on his face, his gun still held in the firing position. She vaguely recalled rushing to her sister's side just in time to hear her dying sister's last gasp.

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Four days later, she was still in shock from the loss of her sister. And there was only one person she had to blame. Johnny Smith. He had paid already for his mistakes, but he still needed a lesson or two that was sure. And one of those lessons involved not jumping into unsolved mysteries the moment you found yourself in a weird situation, such as waking up fully clothed in a bathtub. She just couldn't believe he had the nerve to come limping back to her parents' house just to torture her mind some more. She could see him from her vantage point at the living room window. He was asking her parents about that night. Of course, he would question his sudden lack of memory and she probably shouldn't have taken his cane. But then again she was glad she had now. His cane was just as much a part of his life as Allison had been to her. Allison had always been there for her through thick and through thin. Even then, when Kelly had made a promise to some pretty sketchy people, Allison had helped her out. She was Kelly's crutch. Her cane. Look where her altruism got her. A bullet wound in the chest.

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She heard her parents telling Johnny Smith she was in Rome. They were sticking to the story flawlessly. As long as they didn't make any physical contact with the man, then he would never find out the truth of what happened to him that weekend. Hopefully it would stay that way. Johnny wasn't supposed to remember. He had discovered too much over that weekend, and of course he caused the death of her sister. He should have known that Allison was going to die. He was supposed to be a psychic. He was supposed to be able to see the future.

She looked down at the stained rug in front of her, and another wave of hatred enveloped her. The hatred she felt was so strong she was suddenly overcome with the urge to strangle the blonde man outside. It was lucky for him that he decided to leave at that moment. The door shut loudly as her parents entered the room, jerking her from her momentary reverie.

"Mom. Dad. Thanks for covering for me," she said smirkingly as she pointed the gun her father had used to shoot her sister at himself.

"Like we had much of a choice. Kelly, please put the gun away and let us help you," said her father pleadingly.

"What do you think you were just doing? You helped me out a great deal by feeding that psychic and his crew a bunch of bologna. But you know what, you'd be more help to me dead. You know too much already. I'm sorry, but I'm gonna have to do this," she said with not a hint of emotion playing across her features.

"Kelly, don't. We're your parents," he said in a frantic reply, " You couldn't kill your own father. Could you?"

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"Yes, I can and I will. I'm sorry, but I have to do this. I have no choice. I'm operating under someone else's orders."

She barely had time to register her parent's look of pure fear as she pulled the trigger once and then twice. Even if the look had made it to her eyes, her mind would have never registered it.

With the same detachment she had used to kill her own parents, she whipped out a cell phone from her pocket and began dialing an all too familiar number.

"It's finished," she said to the person on the other side, "Every loose end has been tied."

"And the psychic?" questioned a gruff voice.

"Doesn't remember a thing."

"Good," said the voice, "Meet me later at the place I mentioned earlier in one hour."

With that, the line went dead. Kelly placed the phone back in her pocket and stared hard at the dead bodies of her parents. It was then that the enormity of the situation hit her full force, and she slid down the wall beside them sobbing uncontrollably as she gave into her feelings of grief and guilt.

JOHNNYSGIRL2 SIX

The morning light spilled from the window, bathing Johnny's slumbering features in a golden glow. His brow, furrowed in apparent distress even as he slept, was smoothed by the light, as though it were trying to comfort him.

Dana watched him in silence, content for once to be still and observe. Sometime during the early morning hours, their sleeping positions had shifted. Still in Johnny's warm embrace,

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she now faced him. The blanket that had been bunched between them was tangled at the foot of the bed, forgotten.

Watching him, Dana realized that there was still so much she didn't know about him. She often wondered what Johnny dreamed about. With visions constantly plaguing him during his waking hours, she wondered if he had any peace from them when he slept, or if his dreams were merely extensions of the sights and sounds that so often haunted him.

As if in answer, Johnny shifted suddenly, a groan escaping him. "No...."

Instinctively, Dana reached out for him, pulling back when she reminded herself that the last thing Johnny needed was her touch. Only her memories failed to allow her to forget that there was once a time when he wanted her touch, and when he could touch her without reservation. For her, he had moved beyond his visions and beyond his fears. But she had never been able to move beyond hers.

Johnny stirred again, his eyelids fluttering. Unprepared to answer the questions she knew he would ask, Dana snapped her eyes shut.

Johnny felt the sunlight on his face, even before he opened his eyes. Groggy with sleep, he couldn't shake the feeling that the dream he was having was unpleasant, to say the least. But at least it wasn't a vision,, he thought as he squinted at the bedside clock. It was 8am.

Then his gaze settled on Dana. Unbidden, memories of what had happened when they had last shared his bed flashed through his mind. He smiled, but resisted the urge to caress her cheek.

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Story Game 2.0/23.

He realized that he was perfectly content to watch her sleep, to enjoy the closeness that she had denied them after they had first made love. Months had passed since that night, yet he still found himself bewildered by her behavior.

But she had always stood by him, helping him whenever he asked her to, often without question. Had he ever thanked her? He couldn't recall. Johnny frowned at that thought.

"Well, good morning, Sunshine!"

Startled, Johnny looked back down at Dana, to see her awake and smiling at him. And behind the smile, he could see her emotional shields already rising.

"Hey," he offered with a feeble grin.

"Rules are rules," she purred.

He laughed. "You can't be serious!"

Dana pulled away and sat up, folding her arms and arching her eyebrows in expectation.

"Okay, so you are serious." Johnny sat up. "But for your information, I wasn't having a vision."

"Oh? Then what?"

"I was just... thinking." Johnny cast about for words, failing miserably.

"Just thinking," Dana echoed, doubt clear in her voice. "About what?"

He regarded her intently, their gazes locking. "You sure you really want to know, Dana?"

For a moment, Dana felt herself drawn into the powerful depths of those familiar blue eyes. But then her determination quickly reasserted itself.

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Story Game 2.0/24.

"Yes."

Johnny was reluctant, but he knew he owed her the truth. "I was thinking about us."

"Us? Johnny, there is no *us*."

"Isn't there? Whatever happened to us being *the best of friends*?"

Dana's haughty expression collapsed. "That's not fair, Johnny. Neither of us made any promises that night--."

"No, Dana, we didn't," Johnny began, but Dana was beginning to build up steam.

"I have nothing to apologize for--!"

"But I do!"

Dana's mouth snapped shut, and she stared at him, her eyes wide. Johnny's heart ached as he recognized the fear in them.

"Dana, I am sorry. About a lot of things. But I think that most of all, I'm sorry for taking you for granted. For not letting you know how much your friendship means to me. For not even thanking you for helping me. All those times you've stood by me when no one else would, and in the end, I'd just dismiss you. I'm sorry, Dana."

Her emotional walls breached, Dana's eyes were brimming. Then she shook herself, struggling to regain her composure. "It's really nothing, Johnny," she insisted, her smile as fragile as it was dazzling. "I understand, really. Don't even worry about it."

"Dana--"

Damn this man! Doesn't he realize what he's doing to me?
"Johnny, please, just let it go, " she pleaded, hating herself for the vulnerability that she couldn't keep out of her voice.

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Johnny stared at her, his devastating eyes full and bright.
"I can't"

A tear betrayed Dana, slipping down her face, shattering her careful facade. Johnny reached for her, smoothing the tear away with his thumb as he cradled her face in his hand. He leaned closer, placing a tender kiss where the tear had been. Then their lips met, and Johnny's world spun out of control.

//Blood. There was blood everywhere. On his face. On his hands. He was sobbing over Dana's lifeless body. A gunshot rang out, and another body fell beside him. "Oh God," Johnny sobbed. "Oh God, no.... Not Sarah...."//

Mercilessly, the whirlwind took him again, flinging him back to reality. Tearing away from the kiss, he desperately tried to stifle his horror.

"Johnny, tell me what you saw." Dana's voice brooked no resistance, but Johnny resisted.

"Uh... I really need to get going, Dana." He was already off the bed, moving away from her. "There's still the Bailey situation, and you probably need to get to work...." He headed for the bathroom, with Dana trailing close behind him.

"Johnny--"

He turned on her. "Dana, please! I really need to get out of here and find out what happened this past weekend. If I don't--" He stopped short, unable to articulate the fear that crept up his spine as he recalled the grisly vision.

Dana glared at him. "Fine. I guess we'll both do what we have to do."

They glared at each other. Stalemate.

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"Well, well, well! What have we here? Big Red and Vidal Baboon!" Bruce laughed from the bedroom doorway.

Johnny frowned at him. "Vidal what?"

"Baboon, man! You have *got* to do something about that hair! Looks like a terminal case of bed-head to me, my brother! Totally flatlined!" Bruce laughed heartily at his own joke, until he saw Johnny's stony expression.

"I'll just be in the shower, if anyone cares," Johnny muttered before slamming the bathroom door behind himself.

"Yikes! What's with him?" Bruce gaped at the firmly closed door, then back at Dana.

"Oh, the usual. Johnny's got a vision, and the weight of the world on his shoulders." Sarcasm dripped from every word.

"That bad, huh?"

Dana nodded, not meeting his gaze, and for the first time Bruce noticed the tell-tale signs of exhaustion that were etched into her delicate features.

"So, how long were you standing there?" she inquired suddenly, startling him.

"Oh, uh.... long enough."

Dana arched an eyebrow, and Bruce knew he was in trouble.

"I, uh... didn't want to interrupt. At first. You two seemed pretty intense for a moment there."

Dana sighed. "Intense? Well, Bruce, with Johnny, you never know from one moment to the next. One minute he's right there with you, and the next...."

"La-la land," Bruce supplied, giving her a sympathetic look.

(CONTINUED)

A mirthless smile curved Dana's lips, her eyes suspiciously bright as she returned his gaze. "Yeah."

"So... how did it go last night? Johnny-sitting, I mean."

Dana shrugged. "Fine. At least he got some rest."

"And I'm guessing you didn't."

Dana waved away Bruce's concern, her emotional shields falling into place once again. "I'm just glad that I could help. As it is, I'm late for an interview. I really need to be going."

"Oh, okay. I'll take things from here, then. You'll be in touch?"

"Yes. But first I'm going to do my homework on the Bailey family. You know, their background, known associates; see if they have any skeletons in their closet...."

Bruce chuckled as he followed Dana down the stairs. "I should have known. You wanna track down Jimmy Hoffa while you're at it?"

Dana laughed. "Sure thing. I think I may even have his cell phone number in my rolodex!"

As they reached the front door, Bruce opened it for her.

"LOOK, DANA. ABOUT JOHNNY-- ,"

"Just take care of him, okay?" She looked at him, her face carefully composed, yet her eyes pleading.

Bruce felt helpless. "Yeah, I will, " he assured her.

"Thank you, Bruce." Dana touched his shoulder, then turned away.

Bruce sagged against the doorframe as he watched her get into her convertible and drive away. "Johnny, my man, we need to have a *serious* talk!"

"About what?"

(CONTINUED)

Bruce whirled around. Johnny, clad in a robe and dripping wet, stood in the foyer behind him.

"Geez, man, do you have to do that?"

"Do what?" Johnny blinked innocently.

"You scared the crap out of me!" Bruce complained.

Johnny shrugged. "Sorry." He turned away, heading back into the living room.

"Yeah, you're sorry, all right," Bruce muttered as he shut the door and followed him.

"So what's this serious talk you want to have with me?"

Bruce shook his head, holding up his hands in surrender.

"Why don't we just deal with one disaster at a time, huh?"

Johnny frowned. "Okay."

"Gene Purdy has been doing some research. Turns out that the Bailey family have been members of his congregation for over ten years. And get this: Rod and Anne Bailey have **two** daughters. Twins. Allison and Kelly."

"Twins?" Johnny echoed. "Well, that may explain some things...."

"Yeah. Oh, and it seems that the daughters weren't exactly the goody two-shoes type, either. Kelly in particular, but Allison usually went along with her. They were fourteen when they were first busted for possession of marajuana."

"Lovely," Johnny muttered. "Gene told you all this?"

"Yeah, and he wants to talk to you at his office, by the way. I'm here to pick you up."

"So why didn't he just call me himself?"

(CONTINUED)

Bruce rolled his eyes. "He tried. But you haven't been answering your phone. Again."

Johnny frowned. "I guess I turned it off. I needed rest, remember? Doctor Bruce's orders?"

"Well, it's time to join the land of the living again, my brother! Go get dressed, man. Purdy's waiting."

Purdy glanced at his watch, trying to stifle his impatience. He had called Bruce over an hour ago---

The phone rang, a shrill note that shook him from his thoughts. He snapped up the receiver. "Yes?" He listened intently, feeling his heart sink as he heard the news. He deflated, settling uneasily into his chair. "Oh, dear God." He listened for a few more moments. "Yes, all right. I understand. No, I'll handle it. I'll be there within the hour. Thank you, Stephen."

Purdy carefully replaced the receiver in its cradle, far more gently than he wanted to. He allowed himself only a moment to grieve before he shifted into action. With trembling fingers, he dialed Bruce's number.

"So, what is up with you and Dana?"

Johnny frowned. "What do you mean?"

"C'mon, John. This is me. Your friend? The guy you can confide in, remember?"

Johnny shook his head. "There's nothing going on with me and Dana, okay? I've just... got something else on my mind right now...."

(CONTINUED)

They pulled up to a red light. Bruce studied Johnny from the corner of his eye. He knew further coaxing was useless. He couldn't help but wish that Johnny didn't insist on bearing his burdens alone. Bruce didn't like feeling this helpless.

His cell phone rang, shattering the silence. Casting one last look at Johnny, Bruce answered it. "Yeah? Hey, Rev! We're on our way--. What? Oh my God....."

Johnny's hawklike gaze fixed on Bruce.

"Geez... that's terrible! Should we just meet you there? Yeah. Yeah, I will. I'll tell him.... We'll see you there.... Yeah. Thanks, Reverend."

Bruce snapped the phone off, not noticing that the traffic light in front of him had been green for almost twenty seconds. "Oh, man..."

"What is it?" Johnny's voice was full of resignation.

A car behind them blared it's horn, and Bruce stomped on the gas, yanking the steering the wheel, whipping the cruiser into a fierce u-turn.

"Are you going to tell me what's going on?" Johnny persisted.

Bruce glanced at him, his face grim. "Rod and Anne Bailey were murdered last night. They were shot to death. In their house. Purdy wants us to meet him there."

Feeling sick, Johnny turned away, his eyes smarting. Why didn't I see that coming?

They rode the rest of the way in utter silence.

Pulling up to the Bailey house for the second time in as many days, Johnny and Bruce took in the scene. Walt and few of his deputies were going over the property, searching for evidence. The coroner's van was parked along the curb, a grim reminder. As

Story Game 2.0/31.

they got out of the cruiser to approach Walt, Purdy's limo pulled up.

"Johnny? What are you doing here?" Walt frowned.

"Walt, I need to get inside the house. I have to see what happened--"

"No way. This is still an active crime scene--"

"Sheriff," Purdy said in greeting as he approached them. "I would ask that you allow Johnny to do this. As you've seen many times, Johnny can discover things that even the latest forensic technology can't. And there are other reasons that he needs to do this..."

Walt's expression softened as he looked at Johnny's pallid face. "You still don't know what happened to you over the weekend?"

"No. But I do know that the Baileys are connected to it somehow. I need to find Kelly. Maybe she knows something.... " Johnny tensed. "She wasn't here when...?"

"We don't think so," Walt assured him. "We only found two bodies. Her parents."

"Maybe the same people who killed her parents kidnapped her," Bruce suggested.

"I need to know..." Johnny said, starting forward.

As Johnny approached the door, Roscoe stepped aside, allowing him to enter the house. Blood was everywhere. Johnny swallowed thickly, reality once again dueling with the memory of his earlier vision. Trembling with shock and aversion, he bent down to touch the blood-stained rug.

//Darkness surrounded him like a cloak. He was waiting. Kelly was taking too long, dammit!

(CONTINUED)

Story Game 2.0/32.

A movement nearby startled him . He saw a flash in the darkness, a loud pop ringing in his ears even as pain began to blossom in his chest....//

Gasping, Johnny collapsed out of the vision. Walt, Bruce and Purdy wore equal expression of concern and expectation.

"Rod and Anne weren't the only ones who died here," Johnny breathed. "Allison was killed... right here, in this spot."

"Dear God...." Purdy closed his eyes.

"Do you know who killed her?" Walt asked.

Swallowing, Johnny could only shake his head. He climbed unsteadily to his feet, reaching for the picture frame on the mantle. As he touched it, his reality fell apart again.

//Kelly grinned at him, an incongruous expression of warmth beneath her icy gaze. She kept the gun trained on him. "So, which one, Johnny-boy? Sarah or Dana?"

"What?" Johnny was incredulous, tugging fiercely at the ropes that bound him.

"One of them dies. You took my sister from me, so now I'm going to take someone you love from you."

Johnny stared at her in horror. "I didn't--"

"Oh, it's corny, I know," Kelly went on blithely, as though he'd never spoken. "But in a way, it's justice. I'm going to kill one of them, make no mistake about that. Only I'm going to let you choose which one dies. A life for a life, Johnny-boy...."

She swung the gun towards Sarah and Dana, her finger tightening on the trigger....//

MANY WINGS SEVEN

Kelly with the help of Tony and Sonny, men who helped she and Allison kidnap fledgling models, lay in wait for John Smith to return to his gated house. It was late and in cover of the night no one would see their actions. This is a scenario that they have played out more than once, only Allison was with them, waiting for their victims to come home. It was easier with the young girls who wanted to become models. They would stay out until the early hours of the morning partying with the people that could make or break their careers. They would come home tired, slightly inebriated and unawares of the harm very early morning returns could be. The business of selling black market "donations" was big, especially if the victims were young, healthy and dumb. Trusting of one of the top models in the world when she approached them to say that an early morning shoot was in trouble but with the model's help they could finish on time. Who wouldn't trust one of the big models if they asked you to further your career in doing a shoot with her? But tonight will be different, this was something very different, John Smith had to pay for his part in the death of her sister. First she would get her revenge and then they just might make some money from Johnny Smith. First things first. Getting John Smith. He wouldn't be exhausted from partying all night so they have created another plan. It won't be easy either after the information they had gotten today. They had bugged her parent's house prior to the deaths of Allison and her parents to get needed information. When she found out the police were at her parent's house she, Tony and Sonny listened to the activities of the police. At first it was just the usual police action, until

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John Smith showed up. That's when they overheard him tell the Sheriff and the Reverend Purdy of her sister and her parents deaths. The sensitive microphone also picked up the side whispered conversation between Johnny and his friend Bruce of Johnny's other vision. A vision that could be useful to them in obtaining revenge against John Smith. Those two women seem to mean something to him. Another way to make him regret his actions in what has happened. A way to make him suffer.

In silence the trio wait hidden behind the large bushes of Johnny's neighbor's house. At 11:00 PM Johnny's Jeep is coming down the street. Sonny moves closer to the gate. This will have to be timed perfectly. Kelly waits in the bushes to keep an eye out for intruders. Kelly as she waits thinks of her sister Allison, although they were twins in the truest sense of the word with their souls and hearts connected, there was always the unspoken agreement that Allison was the carbon copy of Kelly. Kelly always had it all - the looks, the moves and the friends but Allison never truly accepted by the "In crowd" had the drive, the brains and the determination to move whatever the twins wanted to do forward. Kelly coming back from her thoughts sees that Tony was in motion quietly running the short distance to the dark van parked at the curb three houses down. He slides through the open window so as not to activate the interior light of the van. She could hear the start of an engine as Tony starts the van and waits in the running vehicle until he is signaled forward.

Johnny's Jeep slows in speed as he approaches his gate. The gate makes a creaking groan as it begins to slowly open in response to the activation of the remote in the Jeep. Kelly watches as

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Johnny looks around as he prepares to drive through the gate. As Johnny's head turns towards his driveway, Kelly signals Sonny to move. Sonny in a low crouch quickly moves behind the Jeep as it drives through the gate. Kelly creeps up to the closing gate and watches as best she can in the little light provided as Sonny at a slow run is behind the Jeep keeping down so as not to be seen in the rear view mirror.

Johnny slowly drives up to his garage. He cuts the engine and tiredly steps out of the Jeep trying to keep his balance, as his right leg was tired and weak. Just as he turns he hears a voice and the cold sharp steel of knife at his throat.

"Activate your gate opener slowly." Sonny is menacing in his words.

Johnny freezes. He feels the warm trickle of blood from the blade at his throat. "I don't think your understanding. Open your gate." Again the menacing voice speaks behind him.

Johnny trying to think replies, "If you want money, I don't keep a lot here. There's only a little in the house and what I have on me."

The figure behinds him laughs evilly and Johnny feels the blade dig deeper. He reaches out and slowly punches the button to the gate. It seems like hours before he hears the crunching of tires behind him. He then feels a hand in the middle of his back pushing him forward.

Johnny stumbles on his weak leg as he views the dark van he is being pushed towards. The sliding door opens and out steps a beautiful blonde woman dressed in black. The face of the woman registers in his shocked mind and he freezes as he looks into the

(CONTINUED)

beautiful face before him. It's not the beauty that freezes his movements but it's the cold hard hatred that chills his blood as he recognizes Kelly. "Kelly? What are you doing here?"

Kelly sneers, "I'm here to see you Johnny only my visions are very different from yours on your future." She continues, "I know you were at my parents house today and I know what you told the police. But what I need to know is did you say anything outside of the house and away from the microphones?"

Johnny confused but remembering this vision earlier in the day with Dana and Sara feels the chill creep beneath his skin and tries to back away only to feel the sting of the knife puncture his shoulder blade where it had been moved. Johnny would have cried out from the sudden pain but a quick hand from behind smothered the sound.

Kelly seeing his movements says, "I need to see what else you told the police. Do you or they know who killed my sister or my parents? Do the police know?"

Johnny feeling the hatred emanate from Kelly asks quietly, "Kelly what was I suppose to see? Who killed your sister and parents? We can help you Kelly, just let us help you."

Kelly gives a wave of her arm in a distracted manner signaling Sonny to move Johnny forward. Sonny puts a choking arm lock around Johnny's neck and moves him forward.

Kelly responding to Johnny in an eerily calm tone, "No John Smith you know full well what happened. Because of your interference my sister is dead. Your friend and your Sheriff buddy won't be able to help.....YOU!"

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Story Game 2.0/37.

Just as she said the last word Johnny feels the release of choking hold around his neck as he is violently pushed forward into the open van door. Johnny falls heavily onto the floor of the van stunned. Kelly and Sonny jump in quickly behind closing the sliding door and the van begins to move down the drive. Tony activates the manual gate control and it slides open. Johnny feeling the nose of a gun in his side asks, "What's this all about?"

Kelly answers in a deadly calm tone, "Because of your interference that day my sister is dead. I loved my sister dearly and you must pay for her death. You see Mr. Smith not only was Kelly my sister, my best friend, and confidant but she was my partner in our very lucrative business..... which is going to be more difficult to keep going. Allison had the drive and the connections."

Johnny looking around the darkened van asks, "What type of business?"

Kelly with a weirdly and surreal jovial tone says, "We deal in parts Mr. Smith. We were brokers in a way." The two men chuckle menacingly.

Johnny not understanding asks, "What type of parts? Automobile or computers?"

Kelly leans towards and in one word says "People."

Johnny feeling sick asks without really wanting to know the answer, "People. What do you mean, people."

Johnny can't see Kelly's face but he can feel the evil emanating from her as she replies, "Mr. Smith you a smart man, figure it out. Parts, people.....you know body parts/organs of healthy unsuspecting people."

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She continues calmly, "You've read of those people waking up in bathtubs of ice after having a kidney removed. There are people out in the world who have matching bone marrow's that wouldn't think of sharing without our help."

Shocked Johnny can't think clearly, he looks around the van for an escape but none is available. "You can't be serious. You kidnap people and what? Take their body parts. How is that possible?"

Sonny replies as he is using the plastic band used by the police to restrain criminals to bind Johnny's wrists and ankles, "Easy we have a number of medical students who need money for school. They get the money they need; we get the larger cut of the money and those that can pay for the parts get what they need. It all works out easily."

Johnny feeling the bile rise up in his throat from his horror of what he has just heard gasps, "So what do you want with me?"

Kelly leaning close into Johnny's face, "Actually its revenge. Without Allison it will be harder to arrange our 'donors' donations. You see she knew where to find those desperate medical students who are so willing to take the 'donated' parts from those young unsuspecting fools of models. They are like fruit hanging on the vine ready for picking. They trust a well-known model, namely myself, who has taken them into her confidences. I let them tell me everything about them and their family histories, medical histories that is. Those ingenues willingly following a model that can advance their careers to wherever the 'shoot' was going to be. We knew they were healthy and Allison easily found those medical students that needed the money. Now we are going to

(CONTINUED)

have to find our medical assistance where we can which could mean doling out more money or possibly having contaminated parts that were not properly removed which we will have to sell quickly."

Johnny in a hushed tone, "I'm sorry I put a crimp in your business but how am I responsible for the death of your sister?"

Kelly sneering, "Because of your stopping Allison that day our plan to take the Securities that were hidden in our parents house would not have been halted if you had not called the police. Sonny and Tony just got out of the house before the police showed up. Allison and I had to sneak into our parent's house nights later. Our parents were supposed to have been gone but they had stayed in. My father shot Allison and then the day you turned up at our house I had to shoot my parents. They would have told you all what had happened. So you see none of this would have happened if you had not interfered that day. Now you're going to have to suffer before we take our donations from you. Your pretty blue eyes would run a mint if we let bidders know they are from a known psychic. Your kidney, your liver, your bone marrow and other items will be at our regular price but your eyes Mr. Smith will be a gold mine from the highest bidder."

Johnny feels the deep chill of fear run through his every nerve ending. Sonny leans forward and places a gag in Johnny's mouth and with a violent swing knocks Johnny unconscious.

Back in front of Johnny's house Lindsey has woken up her parents. Her family and Johnny have become close since the day he helped them with her brother's death and saving her mother from a death caused by sorrow. She was looking out her front window when she saw Johnny arrive home, watched as the figure jumped behind

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his Jeep and disappeared behind the closing gate. Stunned she then saw a blonde woman come from behind a bush as a dark van pulled and she entered the van through the side. Lindsey seeing the van in apron of Johnny's drive ran to the cupboard where her Dad kept the binoculars. She knew in the very deepness of her being that she had to do this before waking her parents. When she came back the van was gone but minutes later the gates slowly opened allowing the van to drive through. Lindsey using the binoculars looks for the license plate. It was quick but she gets the number off of the plate as the van quickly turns down the street and out of view. Lindsey feeling sick runs to her parent's room. The Clarks are standing by Johnny's gate when Walt with two other cruisers pull up in front of the house.

Johnny awakens in a room where he is chained to the wall. His temple is throbbing where he had been hit and the memory of what had come to pass races back to him. In fear and horror Johnny looks around and notices his coat thrown into a corner of the room where he also sees his cane that he thought he had lost. The chains are long enough for Johnny to reach the floor to push himself to a higher seated position against the wall. Johnny feels a draft and realizes that his shirt has been opened. He then feels prickling across his nerve endings alerting him to the fact that he was not alone. Johnny turns his head and finds the three that kidnapped him in the room. Kelly is holding an object in her hand; it is a whip with multiple thongs. He tries to shallow but find he cannot create the salvia needed.

Kelly smiles nastily at him, "I hope you remember I said you were going to suffer for the death of my sister. Well welcome to

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Story Game 2.0/41.

the first day of what will seem like eternity. You see we can't hurt the inside but the outside is full game." Johnny shudders. Kelly smiles, "First we have a small bet between ourselves. Are you for real, can you really 'see' things?"

Johnny dry mouth simply replies, "Yes."

Sonny walking up to Johnny kicks him in his right thigh violently making Johnny grunt loudly in pain, "Well that's what we are going to test. You see this?" Sonny was holding the silver handle of a scalpel without the blade in front of him. Before Johnny realizes what will happen Sonny forcefully puts the handle of the scalpel into Johnny's palm and forcing Johnny's fingers over the handle. "Tell us what this was used for."

RAMP TO JOHNNY'S FACE.

The vision opens with Johnny looking at the scalpel in his hand only this one had a blade attached to it. His hands are encased in plastic gloves. He looks up to see a bright round light and beneath the light is a table that holds the figure of a girl of about 20 years old gagged and struggling with her bindings. Johnny is horrified as he realizes that whoever held the scalpel was going to operate on the girl. A rushing noise comes into Johnny's ears and he jumps quickly out of the vision.

Johnny struggles to release Sonny's grip from his fingers so that he could drop the handle of the scalpel. He then turns his head and retches violently.

Tony dryly, "Hmmm, guess he's legit."

Johnny looks at them, "Why, why do this? What did they do to you?"

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Kelly in a hateful sneer replies, "Actually they did everything. Those are the types of girls in high school that caused Allison and myself misery. The ones that think they are everything and you are nothing. They deserve what they get; those self centered little pigs for how they treated Allison and myself. They never accepted us. Oh, they wanted me but they didn't want Allison. We were as one and if they were to accept me they had to accept Allison but they didn't. Whenever Allison was not around they accepted me but they ignored us when we were together. We said that we would one day make them pay."

Johnny, "But you are a model. Aren't you like them?"

Kelly in a tone of denial, "I was never like those girls to Allison. Although I was prettier than Allison was they never accepted us. They made fun of Allison calling her the nerd and loser. They, those models, always looked at Allison after I made it big and made fun of her whenever I was not around. That is when Allison and I decided to have our revenge and make a little money on the side."

Johnny trying to talk only and directly to Kelly, "Your successful. Allison was your assistance and also lived the life you had. Isn't that revenge enough? All those girls are not alike."

Kelly walks over to Johnny and stoops down in front of him, "Very good Mr. Smith. You must be very good at persuading people to do the right thing. And, you're right all those girls aren't like those others but they are healthy and have the commodities that we need in good condition."

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Kelly runs her finger over Johnny's cheek and his lips before she continues, "So Johnny what did you see when you held the scalpel? Give me all the details."

Johnny briefly tells her of his vision. After he finished relaying his vision Kelly murmurs quietly "Interesting so when you held the scalpel you were on the end of the control"

Johnny puts his head back against the wall in an effort to move as far away from this evil as he could. Kelly feeling Johnny's mental removal reaches into his open shirt and runs her hand under his shirt caressing the skin of his chest before running a finger down his bare chest to his navel "Hmmm, you are delectable. I've always had a preference for tall, blonde, blue eyed and built men. Too bad we won't have a chance to have a lasting relationship."

She then pulls out from behind her back the whip and holds it so that the thongs are briefly brushing Johnny's chest. Johnny flinches at the sight of the whip. "Let's see you held onto the handle of the scalpel and had a vision where you were in the position of control. What would happen when you held the end of something that won't give control but as a victim?"

Kelly raises the whip suddenly and Johnny winces in anticipation of the downward movement. Sonny takes the whip from her hand and Tony takes up position on the other side of Johnny. Kelly leans close to Johnny, "Oh no, there will be no physical contact..... at first, my love. That comes later." She then leans in closer and licks Johnny's closed lips before kissing him.

Standing quickly she looks at both men. "You know what to do."

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Story Game 2.0/44.

Sonny holds out the whip over Johnny's hand and Tony forces Johnny's hand open. The thongs of the whip are placed into Johnny's hand and Tony crushes Johnny's fingers over the thongs. Johnny feels the tingling and begins to shudder as a forceful vision over takes him.

RAMP TO JOHNNY'S FACE

Johnny is tethered to a ring with his arms over his head his feet hanging barely touching the ground, his shirt is off and he hears behind him the cracking of the whip. The person holding the whip is taunting him cracking it close by his ear but not touching him. Then suddenly the striking pain connects with his back. The strikes come rapidly and painfully. Each hit of the multiple thongs of the whip making Johnny's body revolt viciously. The whip hits his back and his chest striping marks across his stomach, chest, upper and lower backs as he spins in circles from the blows. Johnny feels himself falling into a world of blackness. He is then released from his vision.

The three watch Johnny while in the vision. His body is reacting to the whip flinching with ferocious movements, the sweat glistens on his forehead and on his chest. His breathing coming in rapid gasps. Tony is pressing Johnny's fingers into his palm with such force that it is causing blood to emerge from where Johnny's nails cut into the meaty part of his palm. Tony can feel the slackening of Johnny's grip and releases his hand.

All three look down in amazement at Johnny. Kelly stoops down again in front of Johnny slowly reaching out "Well will you look at that, verrrrry interesting" as she runs her fingers over

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the mounds of dark red welts running across Johnny's chest and stomach.

Johnny barely conscious feels the pain of her hand on his stomach and looks down in horror/fascination/disbelief. The force of his vision left marks as if he had actually gone through the act. This has never happened before in one of his visions. Johnny looks up into the eyes of Kelly. They were brimming over with hatred but also with equal fascination at the effects of the vision on Johnny's body and satisfaction at his pain.

Johnny seeing the triumph in her eyes slips into blissful escape.

Hours have passed and the trio has psychically caused pain to Johnny but they have also physically caused pain. His head is throbbing in unison with his body. His right leg and hip ache from where Sonny enjoys kicking him before inflicting some sort of pain. Johnny's eyes are closed, his head is resting back on the wall and he tries to merge the individual throbbing into one to control the pain. He feels a presence in front of him. Opening his eyes he sees Kelly stooping over him the keys to the manacles in her hand. She puts the keys on the floor next to him.

"Hello, my but we look uncomfortable. Having a hard day precious?" Kelly sneers and opens his shirt to reveal the body beneath. The welts of their handy work have receded but are turning into a dark black/purple. Her smile is the polished smile of a cover model.

Johnny says nothing in response, which causes the smile to fade. "Well Johnny I'm still not done with you but we have let it out on the black market that a pair of iris' from a proven psychic

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are available. You won't believe the astronomical prices that we are getting. I guess you won't be needing your sight for what we have planned for you so we have arranged a little "surgery" for you."

Johnny's pale face becomes paler and before he can formulate a reply Tony bursts into the room. "Kelly you better come out here right now. We have a problem." The tone and stance of Tony is alarmed. Kelly stands quickly and leaves the room with Tony. Johnny hears the fading footsteps and as he lowers his eyes he sees the keys to the manacles on the floor that are within his reach. Ignoring his pain and feeling the urgency of survival he takes the keys and unlocks the cuffs of the manacles at his wrists. As fast as his throbbing body will allow Johnny stands only to stagger back against the wall. He looks to the corner where his cane is standing and painfully limps to retrieve it.

At the touch of the cane Johnny gasps and enters a vision that tells him of his missing days but the frantic sounds coming from far beyond the walls of the room bring him out of the vision in a start. Johnny looks to the door knowing that he cannot escape that way and heads towards the window. He tries the window but it won't open. He looks to his discarded coat and his cane. Using both he breaks the glass and clears the frame of the jagged edges. Johnny leans out the window to see that he is two stories up. Knowing that this is his only escape, Johnny slowly moves through the opening. He throws his cane and jacket through the window. Using what little strength he has he lowers his body out and down. He hangs the length of his body hoping his height and length of

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Story Game 2.0/47.

his arms will make the fall less than what it already is into the bushes below.

Just as he is lowering himself out the window he hears the door of the room where he was held open and the angry tones of his captors. Sonny loudly shouts, "How the hell did he get loose? He's gone through the window"

And then Kelly's "DAMN! I left the keys next to him when we were going to take him to the surgery site! He can't have gotten far in his condition."

Johnny then hears Tony's urgent voice, "We've got to get out of here. We don't have time to look for the fool."

Johnny at this lets go of his grip to plunge downward. He crashes into the bushes with force feeling the tearing of the branches and the solid base of the plant hits his side as he falls heavily. Unable to move Johnny closes his eyes and lies still. Johnny in a fog hears far off the shout of voices before he feels hands on him. He tenses waiting for the blows to come but hears the reassuring tones of Bruce.

"John, Johnny. I've got you. Easy man don't move too much. Walt! WALT!! Over here! Shine the light over here. Oh! Sweet Jesus! What have they done to you? Just don't move!"

Walt talking into his radio, "Get an ambulance immediately!"

Johnny feeling an overwhelming relief opens his eyes to Bruce's stricken face says. "Hey, Bruce.....I found my cane" before he succumbs to the welcoming darkness.

GOLDY26 EIGHT

Johnny wakes up surrounded by bright lights. "What?, where?, Bruce what is going on?", Johnny asks in a state of confusion.

(CONTINUED)

"Look man, after that fall you took, you were out. We brought you to the hospital just to check you out", said Bruce.

Johnny isn't happy and Bruce knows it. While they were tending to Johnny, Kelly and her cohorts were able to slip away before anyone knew they were gone.

"You need to talk to Walt as soon as you feel up to it", Bruce said.

"Not now", replied Johnny as he swung his legs of the examining table. "What happened with Kelly and the others", he asked.

"After we got you taken care of, we searched the house and no one was there." said Bruce.

That is great Johnny thought, I guess I better fill Walt in after all. "Where's Walt?" asked Johnny as he walked out of the ER.

With Bruce running along behind him they all three rush out to the car. Johnny explained everything to Walt, Kelly's so called business and her parents deaths. "We have to find them now, Walt, before they harm someone else", Johnny says with a sense of panic in his voice. All he can think about is Dana and Sarah, and the horrific vision he had.

Kelly is one ticked off woman. She is screaming and crying. "What are we gonna do now?", she screams through her tears. "He knows everything, and it won't be long before that damn police officer is hot on our trail", she yells.

Tony and Sonny repeatedly try to calm her down. "Gettin all upset like that ain't helpin nothin", Sonny tells her sternly in his country twang. Kelly is taking deep breaths and thinking.

(CONTINUED)

Thats it, Sarah and Dana!! Surely Johnny hasn't had the time to warn them with all that is going on. So she makes plans to meet with one or both of them.

Sarah walked up and knocked on the front door. She was really confused as to what could be so urgent that Kelly would have to see her this instant. As usual, Sarah was looking out for Johnny and had to find out what exactly was going on. As Kelly opened the door Sarah got a feeling that something just wasn't right. No sooner than Kelly shut the door behind them, two men came from the living room. "Just sit down Sarah and you will be ok", Kelly said. They tied her feet and hands and by the time Sarah seen the gun she was already pleading for her life. What has he gotten me into now, she thought.

Oh my God, thought Johnny, Sarah!! Why hadn't he warned Sarah or Dana about what could happen? Because he thought he could handle it, well turns out he couldn't. He tried to call her cell. After calling four times she answered. Not Sarah's, but Kelly's voice was on the other end. "Johnny, has your vision came true yet?", she asked. The look on Johnny's face was enough, Walt punched the gas, as Johnny tried to find out where they had taken Sarah and just how much damage was already done.

JCSPUDLOVER NINE

Johnny's jaw tightened. "Kelly." He said like a surprised friend. "Which vision do you mean?" he glanced over his shoulder at Bruce and Walt. As he held the phone close t his ear for anything, waiting, anticipating a vision to come-nothing... A horrible laugh emancipated from the receiver or more pointedly, the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

"Walt..." Johnny hung up the phone as Walt pulled his side arm and stood rigid at the door. A few minutes later, Reverend Purdy's advisor stumbled into the room. "Reverend-" He panted. "Purdy" He finished, bending over. The three other men sighed thankfully. A second later the advisor was explaining everything. "He just disappeared?" Bruce asked, he wondered with the other two how a Reverend could suddenly turn up missing, especially when he had the most recognizable face in Maine.

Johnny smirked. "Yeah right." He said aloud. "You are joking right?"

Bruce stared at him intently. "Johnny, maybe-"

"Ah Bull." Walt interrupted. "They couldn't have moved that quickly unless-"

"Unless someone else was on the inside." Johnny's thoughts trailed back to the elder Misses Bailey.

"What are you thinking?" The advisor asked.

Bruce held his arm up.

"I'm saying that this could have been a set up." John replied.

"Guys?!" Bruce asked from the back-round.

"Sarah? You think she's in on this too? " Walt asked a tad angry.

"Guys?!" Bruce asked again.

"No, I wouldn't go that far-yet. But don't you see it? it's been a set up from the beginning!"-Johnny threw up a hand in frustration.

"I don't think-" Walt started.

"HEY GUYS!" Bruce yelled.

(CONTINUED)

"What?!" Walt and Johnny asked in unison as they continued to think disparaging thoughts about the woman and the previous run-in with Kelly. "Does anyone else here feel as confused as I do about this whole situation?" He asked.

Walt sighed. "Shut up Bruce" Walt turned back to Johnny. "We're going to need some help if that's the case."

"Hey, you try getting the FBI on your side when they think you already belong in a nicely padded cell!" Johnny disagreed.

Suddenly four men crashed through windows and into the room, followed by a woman in all black. The advisor fainted.

Meanwhile, Walt had his gun in front of him, trying to grab hold of the situation and frantically, changing his aim to accommodate every one of the men.

"Walt." Johnny warned, he shook his head, and finally, Walt threw his gun down. The advisor woke up and stared at the scene before him. "God lord" he muttered. Johnny tried to read her eyes but there was nothing there to read.

"Gentlemen." The woman acknowledged before whipping out her pistol and walking towards them. At the last minute when she was about five inches from arms length she stopped. Then she turned to Walt. "Sheriff Bannerman?" She asked.

He nodded. She tossed him her badge. "Annabelle Crider, British Intelligence."

Walt examined the photo. "This says FBI." He corrected.

Annabelle Crider snapped her fingers with her free hand. "Darn! I did it again!" She said unbelievably.

"Did what?" Bruce asked, then dropped his vice to a murmur.

(CONTINUED)

"Lost your mind?" Johnny heard and tried hard to stifle a giggle.

She rolled her eyes. "I used to be British Intelligence."

"What happened?"

"I was, chosen by your FBI for a particular case five months ago. Sort of like the NFL draft you know?" She stood and slipped her desert eagle pistol into its holster that was hooked to her thigh and stared at Johnny for a moment before approaching. "Mr. Smith I presume?" she asked. He nodded. "Its-ahh-nice to meet you." Johnny held out his hand. She looked at it for a moment. "Forgive me if I don't shake hands." She explained. She turned and reloaded her other pistol, which happened to be out of ammo. "But if you're FBI why aren't you investigating the Bailey family?" "I'm undercover." She said in a disgusted tone like the people before her were absolutely crazy not to have already picked that little bit of information up. "Oh yeah" Bruce nodded, in casual agreement. "So naturally you repelled into a hospital room during the busiest time of the day right?!" He finished.

She glared at him. "I'll pretend I didn't hear that." She growled. "It appears that a woman by the name of Kelly something or other is a hired hand of some lunatic who's discovered larceny and made it his hobby. He's planning on slaughtering the competition-literally." She twirled the gun in her hand cocked it, fired low at a shut closet door. Then she walked over to it and opened it, a man fell out.

"Urgh!" He landed with a memorable thud. "Isn't that right?" She asked him. He nodded slowly. "Where are they being held?" After a moment the injured man told all.

(CONTINUED)

Johnny was silent as he grabbed the IV out of shock from what just happened-when he had a vision...

The Agent raised her hand, twirling it madly like she was crazy or something. "Aha-ha-ha-ha! I have a plan!" "Are you a defect?!" Walt asked just before a black hawk helicopter hovered a few feet above them. A ladder was leveled down to them. "Nope, I'm going the agent that's going to put your Butt in gear!" She yelled climbing up the rope! Bruce nodded. "You do that!" He smiled as Walt glared over his shoulder at him.

THEN FLASH AHEAD TO DARK, CREEPY-LOOKING DUNGEON LIKE PLACE:

..Gene's mouth seemed to slowly over flow with blood as the man slammed his fist into his face. "You should learn to support a real cause -not to mention man, not some pansy-whoopee cushion-for-brains-butt head Stillson you hypogeusia jerk!" they growled. Gene closed his eyes with pain as they threw another fist to his stomach. Gene met his eyes. His hands and feet were chained to a wall behind him. "Oh." He moaned. The he looked beside him, and blinked. Walt, Bruce and Sarah were also chained up and bleeding. "This is a financial nightmare." He thought to himself just before the door opened again and Johnny was flung into the room right beside him. "Johnny?!" Gene was surprised at how much his jaw hurt.

"Love the cane dude!" the man proclaimed snapping it over his knee in front of him.

"You son of a-" Johnny stopped instantly when he spotted the figure sitting next to him in the darkness.

"Aw, look, Daddy's little boy!"

(CONTINUED)

"He's NOT my father!" Johnny yelled, fidgeting in his restraints.

Johnny gasped as he fell out of it. "Kelly found Gene" He stated matter of factly.

The agent nodded. "Tell us something we don't already know- Mr. Smith, do you have any idea what we're up against? We've gotten word that Mrs. Bannerman didn't make it through the night. So I suggest if you want to keep your step-father alive you'd better start getting to work" she warned, grabbing his shoulder-instantly he was thrust into a vision faster than a camackazie potatoe in Idaho...

Johnny looked at Gene, met his eyes. The Reverend looked away from him. "I'm sorry Gene." He replied. Gene nodded blankly and tried to sit up more directly. Walt shook his head. "You had to follow the limo didn't you?" He groaned. "I've never known so much pain before in my life!!" He paused angrily. "And I'm a COP!" He finished, kicking a bit of dirt from the hard, brick floor at Johnny, but missed, getting Bruce covered.

"Hey knock it off! I'm ah-ah-Chooooo!-llergic to dust man!" He yelled.

Walt smirked evilly. "Would all just calm down!" some one spoke up.

Gene looked up to see Dana, freed from her chains and standing with her hands on her hips. "Dana." Gene said irratically. "You look different." He tried to sound impassive but that didn't exactly come out right.

Dana paid no attention. "Thanks. I'm not sure what changed me either, but I think I like it. Who knows!

(CONTINUED)

Story Game 2.0/55.

Maybe it was last night's dinner!"

"What'd you have?" Bruce asked, somehow crazily interested in her digestive system's recycling ability.. "MASHED POTATOES with sour cream and a little bit of teriyaki sauce..."

"Ah." Purdy tried to sound like he thought it was good. It didn't quite go.

"how'd you-" Johnny was suddenly thrust out of the vision as Bruce sneezed on him.

Johnny flew to the floor like he'd just been blown five miles away by a hurricane. "Whoa." Johnny managed, trying desperately to catch his breath. There was something he managed to detect, something else, something that was nagging at his brain-then it hit him like a train going 55 would smash a cow that was eating grass happily on the tracks...

"Walt. The gas..." Walt's eyes went wide. "GO! everybody get out of here!-NOW!"

"No..." Johnny mumbled as he heard the phone ring. He picked it up.

"Johnny!" the voice coughed on the other line but it was unmistakable.

"Gene?! Gene Are you alright?" Johnny said quickly.

"No!" A deep voice growled on the other end. "I finally have my perfect 'heart' donor. Say goodnight Purdy- Mr. Smith." The voice hung up, but not before Johnny heard a gun shot and a memorable thud on the other line.

"Gene! NOO!!" After a minute Johnny hung up and turned to the small crowd.

(CONTINUED)

Story Game 2.0/56.

Bruce took notice of the impending sadness in Johnny's eyes. "John John?! What's up? who was on the phone?"

Johnny's chin wavered slightly but he fought back the tears. "They have Gene."

"We already know that!" The agent yelled. "Mr. Smith! You're beginning to waste my time!"

"They're going to kill him! if they haven't already!" Johnny yelled flinging the phone to the other side of the room and instantly breaking it. He grabbed some of his hair angrily. "Why can't they try to kill someone I don't know for a change Darn-it!" He yelled furiously.

Walt stared at the floor. "Maybe who they're really after, John, is you." Walt looked into his eyes solemnly. Johnny met his eyes, a few tears creasing his cheeks as he followed him, racing out of the hospital...

CALIFZONWOMAN TEN

Johnny and Bruce hopped into Walt's car, and with siren blaring they all headed back to the Bailey residence. Walt drove as he'd never done before; he was truly a man on a mission.

When they reached the house, Annabelle was already waiting on the front porch, courtesy of the FBI helicopter. Her clothing was different, tighter. Somehow she had managed to change clothes on the way to the Bailey house.

Fiercely, she put her hand up to stop their charge into the house.

"Halt!" she said loudly, firmly. She held up her badge. "Annabelle Crider, KGB."

"Hey!" said Bruce. "I thought you were with, uh..."

(CONTINUED)

"...the FBI," finished Johnny.

"Oh, it's you guys," she muttered, stuffing the badge into the waist of her spandex pants. Still muttering, she turned and stomped into the house. "I gotta stop doing that!"

Once in the house, Walt turned to Johnny. "What do you think you'll find, John?"

"I don't know, Walt. I don't know."

Johnny began moving from area to area, his hand hovering over each piece of furniture, each artifact, each vase, lamp, candy dish, urn. He stopped at a picture on the wall, a picture of Seabiscuit, the race horse. In a jerking motion, he pulled the picture from the wall, the hook jarring loose a section of plaster about a foot square. He stared at the image intently.

"He found something!" yelled Walt. They all hushed, waiting with bated breath.

"No," Johnny said after a long pause. "I kind of like this picture. I just wanted to look at it closer."

Annabelle tapped her foot impatiently. "Get on with it, then!"

Johnny set the picture down, and continued his exploration. Nothing gave him a vision, not even the picture of Kelly and Allison he had seen on his previous visit. He moved into the hall, the bathroom, the kitchen. Walt and Bruce looked at each other.

"I'm gonna take a look outside," said Walt.

"Yeh, I gotta go too, man," said Bruce.

Walt stared at Bruce for a moment, then finally shook his head in exasperation. "I said I need to take a look," he said finally, "not a leak. There's always a chance somebody from the department missed something when they collected evidence here."

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Bruce nodded his understanding. "I still have to go, man." And the two went out through the front door.

Annabelle started snooping in the bedroom, when she heard a thump coming from the kitchen. Running out of the bedroom, she could see Johnny staggering out into the hall. He looked dazed as he glanced up at Annabelle.

"It was Mrs. Bailey," he said as he collapsed into her arms. "She was the brains."

Annabelle dropped Johnny and ran outside calling for Walt. Knowing he was probably in the woods behind the house, she ran to the back of the house and called his name again. "Hey, Bannerman!"

Nothing.

She looked over at the four FBI agents guarding the helicopter. "Hey, where'd they go?"

"Over there!" yelled one of the agents, pointing to the woods.

"They've been gone too long," Annabelle yelled. "Did you hear or see anything?"

"No, just a lot of noise, some yelling, a couple of shots being fired, and the bushes were shaking a lot," the agent said. "But, you know, we figured they'd want their privacy."

Annabelle snorted. "Stupid FBI," she muttered under her breath. "I should've stayed with the Italian Intelligence Agencia. They know what real trouble is when it bites you on the as*."

"Go and look for them! That's an order!"

The four men took off at a gallop into the woods.

Annabelle went back into the house. Her clothing was different, even tighter than before, and showing more cleavage. Somehow she had managed to change clothes on the way back.

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Johnny was coming to his senses and stood there, shaking.

"Mrs. Bailey was a nurse," he started. "The whole thing was her idea. She taught the girls everything they needed to know to run their little, uh, 'business'." He shivered. " She was cold and calculating. I guess they got that from her too."

"I bet she never realized they'd turn on her."

"I think when it happened, she was actually proud of her girls," said Johnny. "They finally earned her respect."

"How does this fit in with my mission?"

"I don't know yet." Johnny looked at the picture of Allison and Kelly where it still sat on the mantel.

The agent Annabelle had spoken to outside came bounding up the front steps and through the door. Out of breath, he managed to inform Annabelle they weren't able to locate Sheriff Bannerman and the other guy.

"Bruce and Walt?" asked Johnny, wide-eyed. "They're missing?"

"Duh," snorted Annabelle. She stomped toward the door. "This is gonna look terrible on my resume. I misplaced the sheriff." And she started through the door.

"Wait!" cried Johnny. "You gotta help me get to them! They've got them all!"

"Who?"

"Sarah, Dana, Purdy, ... All of them."

"No, who's they?"

"I just told you. Sarah, Dana, Gene, Bruce, Wa..."

"Not those they! They're the them they!"

"They are the they. The bad guys are the them!"

(CONTINUED)

"No. I distinctly heard you say, 'They've got them.' That 'they' is the 'they' I'm asking about. Not the 'them' they."

"Oh, you mean, them. Why didn't you say so? I don't know."

Annabelle shifted her holster, snorted, and turned on her heel toward the door. Johnny started after her, bumping against a small table in the vestibule. >>>>He feels his mind being pulled out of the Bailey house and into the past. He is Rod Bailey standing at the entrance to a huge structure, holding a clipboard and directing a forklift into position behind a stack of palletted crates just outside the building. The forklift hoists a section of the crates a foot above the ground, then proceeds inside, past rows of similar crates, finally depositing its cargo, backing up and returning to the entrance. Rod hands his clipboard to a supervisor, then walks in past more stacked crates, past tables of workers unpacking the contents of other crates, and finally to another group of workers sorting and labeling goods. He moves toward a door in a side wall near the rear of the building, opens it and starts down the stairs. Johnny's mind returns instantly to the Bailey home.<<<<

"I know where they are!" he said quietly.

Annabelle stopped in her tracks halfway out the door. "But I thought you just said..." She looked up at the porch overhang, rolling her eyes, then slowly dropped her head, looking down at the floor and tapped her foot petulantly. "Ok, I give. Who?"

"Th... Uh, all of they, uh, them." He waited for her to turn around. "I just now saw it in a vision. The Baileys bought one of the old hangars on what used to be a military base half way between here and Bangor. The hangar is huge. It was used for maintenance

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Story Game 2.0/61.

on the C-5, the Air Force Galaxy troop transport. There's a series of rooms underground. Mr. Bailey was an importer and used the hangar as a warehouse and office. He imported goods from Europe mainly, like shoes from Italy and fine linens from England -- especially towels." He paused and watched her face while the information sank in.

"You're telling me civilians can actually own military facilities in this country?"

"Yeh, sure, they do it all the time."

"And at the same time, this country is on the hunt for terrorists?"

"Yeh."

"So why don't they just sell the military facilities to the terrorists and everybody would be happy? The terrorists would have their military base and the government would know where they are and run in and apprehend them." She reached behind her back and pulled out a little notebook and pen from her spandex waist, scribbled some notes, then tucked everything back under the tight fabric.

"Hmmmf," she snorted as she started out the door. "Another problem solved. Now that will look good on my resume."

Johnny followed her out.

The helicopter flight to the base only took minutes, but to Johnny it seemed an eternity. Everything he touched in the helicopter gave him horrible images -- people dying, guns being fired, K rations consumed. Somehow Annabelle had managed to change clothes again. Her clothing was the tightest since Johnny had first seen her. Instead of spandex pants, she was wearing spandex

(CONTINUED)

Story Game 2.0/62.

shorts and a low-cut halter top with lacings up the front, and, strangely, a cute little whimsical giraffe just above the left breast.

Thankfully, the helicopter finally hovered at the southern edge of the base, then settled, stirring up dust and weeds. Johnny and Annabelle climbed out. Annabelle began shouting orders to the four agents.

"No, I have to go in alone!" shouted Johnny over the roar of the rotors.

Annabelle looked at him admiringly.

"I have to go in alone," he repeated. "I know what I have to do."

He turned and started walking toward the C-5 hangar, four buildings over from their position. He knew he was heading out to find his friends, and he had already had images of what their fates contained. He knew he was stepping into a trap, a complex, fiendishly clever trap begun years ago by Mrs. Bailey. What Mrs. Bailey had started out with was ingenious in its own right; but by the time her daughters, and their associates, and their associates' associates, took over the "business", it had been twisted by unimaginable proportions. It was as if a long -- a very long -- story had been written by sixteen different writers -- each adding their own warped personal touch.

And only Johnny Smith could end it.