Vivian and Andrew rode away to her house.

Andrew hitched his horse to the buggy and placed Vivian’s bags in the buggy.

They arrived at her home and unloaded the buggy.

Andrew carried the luggage into the house.

Vivian stood in the foyer and smiled and said, It’s not as grand as you’ll but I really like this house. I don’t deserve this house. I told Sheryl, when you went to get the house key, to leave that house alone. I don’t know what has gotten into her. She acts as if she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth. There were seven of us and mom and dad. We had nothing. Holes in the walls and ceilings and floors. Sheryl was the oldest and she, me and two of our brothers left home from ages twelve to sixteen. And it was very hard but we found a ragged barn and lived there for two years. Sheryl meet her husband and moved out. He was older than she, but she was escaping. My two brothers joined the navy and I haven’t heard from them in twenty years. Sheryl nor I ever have been home. When we were coming back. I looked down that dirt road we walked seem like a lifetime.”

Andrew said, “I saw you and Sheryl staring at that dirt road. I did not have that hard life. She is not getting my mother’s house.”

Andrew stared at Vivian.

Vivian said, “Andrew I told her.”

Andrew carried Vivian bags up to her room and was looking at her as he went up the stairs.

Vivian shuddered under Andrew’s stare.

She went into the parlor and got a gall to get brandy.

The brandy bottle was empty.

Andrew saw the empty bottle and he walked out the front door and took the buggy and the horses around the back and feed the horses and gave them water and he secured the back and locked the gates and went around the front and peeped and watched out the windows.

Vivian found whiskey was sitting watching Andrew.

Vivian said, “What are you looking for?”

Andrew said, “Anything out of place. And don’t drink any more today.”

Vivian was shocked and looked at Andrew.

Vivian said, “Andrew I don’t have any food until tomorrow when I go to the market. How about biscuits and jam.”

Andrew wanted to say no, but his mother taught him when you are a guess in someone else home whatever they offer you to accept.”

Andrew said, “No thank you.”

He said, “Vivian I have locked up the back and checked the house. I want to sleep now so I can be alert later. The enemy always come when they think you are in the midst of rest.”

Vivian said, “Where you want to sleep?”

Andrew said, “If it is ok, here in the parlor.”

Vivian said, “I will go and get you some blankets and a pillow and start a fire.”

Andrew said, “No fire.”

Vivian stood in the middle floor and was shocked.

She started walking up the stairs and looking back at Andrew.

Andrew stood in the foyer and watched her.

He walked into the kitchen and was coming back with his guns.

Vivian was still in shock and said, “Where did all of those come from? I did not see them in the buggy.”

Andrew did not answer.

Vivian and walked into the parlor and put the guns on the floor.

Vivian was on the last step holding several blankets and two pillows.

There was a knock on the front door.

Andrew looked like how did they get pass me.

He walked and looked out the curtain and sighed and open the front door.

Harold walked in and he had a bag of food. He reached it to Vivian and said, “Skip said you two haven’t eaten in a few days and I knew there was nothing in the house to cook. Here is a few dollars to buy some food.”

Harold was reaching into his pocket.

Andrew walked and took the bag from Vivian.

He looked in the bag and got a bologna sandwich and begin to eat it.

Harold reached Vivian twenty dollars to take care of the house and buy food.

He looked at Andrew who had taken the sofa and then he looked at his guns.

Andrew said, “What?”

Harold walked in and went into the cabinet and got a glass of whiskey and sat across from Andrew and drank his whiskey.

Vivian went and put the twenty dollars in the household jar. She was walking back to the front and was peeping out the door to see Harold. Andrew watched her peeping for her husband.

Harold sat and watched her and drank his whiskey.

She saw his horse, but she did not see him. When she sifted her eyes’ she saw him sitting in the parlor watching her peep for him.

She did not know what to do.

Andrew nodded at Harold.

Vivian walked in the parlor and sat next to Andrew and looked in the bag and got a bologna sandwich.

Andrew said, “Why are you sitting over here when I am getting ready to go to sleep? “

Vivian looked at Andrew and picked up the bag and handed it to Harold.

Andrew put the blankets on the sofa and pulled off his boots and he went into the kitchen and drank some water and brought the glass into the parlor.

He stood in the foyer and looked through the sidelights of the door.

Harold and Vivian were sitting in the dining room.

Harold looked back and saw Andrew, he stood and said, “What?”

Vivian was sitting in the dining room by the window.

Harold said, “Vivian move now.”
Vivian sat and was trying to fold her sandwich paper back.

Harold and Andrew looked at her.

When she lifted her sandwich up to bite it a bullet came through the window.

Andrew and Harold ducked.

Vivian was so scared she could not move.

Harold ran into the dining room and pulled Vivian onto the floor.

Andrew crawled into the parlor and grabbed two handguns.

He ran into the kitchen and grabbed the keys to the cellar and unlocked the door.

He heard several people knocking in the wooden doors to the cellar.

Harold grabbed Vivian and he ran to the parlor and made her get under the sofa.

Vivian said, “Where are you going?”

Harold took out his guns and told Vivian, “I will shoot you. Stay! Quiet!!!”

Harold got on his knees in the hallway foyer.

Vivian was shaking and put her dress hem in her mouth to keep from screaming.

She was shaking and rocking.

She was so scared she could not pray.

She saw Andrew’s rifles by her head.

She stared at the guns.

Vivian pulled one of the rifles to her under the sofa.

Andrew got on his knees in the kitchen.

He heard several footsteps creeping up the stairs from the cellar.

Harold was listening.

He was wondering why they had not come in through the living room door.

Vivian had cocked the rifle and was lying under the sofa.

She would die to keep anybody from killing Andrew and Harold.

It was early evening and there was still daylight outside and people coming home from work and dinner.

Vivian was thinking these evil people are not going to hunt her for her whole life.

She closed her eyes and said, “God. I have to live in this house.”

Harold eased off his knees and eased along the side of the wall to the dining room.

Vivian could see shadows.

She saw several shadows in her dining room.

She knew Harold shadow. She saw his shadow in the hall.

She readied her rifle.

Andrew heard a small noise outside the kitchen window.

He ducked and ran behind Vivian’s cabinets.

The ones outside kicked in the backdoor.

Andrew was quiet and counting them he became made because he had to fix the door.

Andrew counted four and three he counted from the cellar.

He said, “God Vivian won’t be able to live in this house because of dead bodies.”

Andrew was thinking and said, “They can overpower Harold if they make it into the house.”

Andrew fell sideways on the floor and shoot the four back out the kitchen door.

He jumped and ran on the other side of the cellar door and as the three ran up the steps Andrew counted the steps and knew how far each one was behind the other. He jumped in front of the door and shot the first one and he fell back on the other two.

The other two tried to run.

Andrew ran on top of the one that was on the steps and kicked his gun from his reach.

And he sot the two who running out the wooden door.

He ran outside and made sure they were dead.

He ran back in the house the one on the steps was barely alive.

Andrew looked at him and said, “You flunk.”

He grabbed him and pulled him out the house and put him out with the other six dead ones.

Andrew tipped around the house.

He walked upon three that were with the horses.

Andrew shot the three.

He picked up their guns and stooped down.

He ran around the back of the house while he checked the guns.

The assassin that was dying was trying to warn the rest as they ran out the house to see what was taking place.

Harold heard the shooting.

The neighbors were running and screaming.

Andrew heard the dying one trying to tell the other ones about Andrew.

Andrew looked at him and said to himself, “You need to die.”

Andrew heard the three tipping around the house.

He could see their shadows.

He felt to ease from the corner of the house.

He moved back from the corner of the house and stooped down.

Harold had slipped out the dining room window and was scaling the outside wall.

He saw them.

He looked behind him and saw a strange man standing across the street looking.

He was not running like the neighbors, but Harold did not see any gun in his hand.

Harold watched him and he turned in time to hear the shooting.

He looked back and the strange man was gone.

He could not understand that, but the gun fire drew his attention.

He ran and saw two of the soldiers falling back and he ran and kicked their guns away.

He saw Andrew and the last one fighting.

Harold watched to make sure he did not pull out a knife or gun on Andrew.

Someone had contacted the mounted police.

The police rode up and did not hear the gunfire as described.

Skip and Sheryl decided to stop by see if Harold stayed or went to the dormitory.

Skip stopped in front of the house and saw Harold‘s horse, but no lights.

They saw the mounted police standing and looking around.

Sheryl looked around and said, “No one is on the street.”

Skip readied his gun.

Sheryl grabbed Skip’s arm and said, “You’re not leaving me.”

Skip looked at Sheryl as if she lost her mind and shook her hand off of him.

Skip eased out the buggy and walked up to the front door and knocked on the door and started calling, “Vivian. Vivian.”

Vivian recognized Skip’s voice and yelled “Skip!!”

The police looked.

Vivian crawled from under the sofa and ran to the door and unlocked it and Said, “Their out back.”

The police rode up and said, “What’s going on?”

Skip said,”I am the head of the military and these are the assassins after the governor.”

The police jumped off their horses and followed Skip.”

Sheryl was sitting in the buggy.

Vivian looked and saw her and said, “Sheryl come in the house.”

Sheryl was acting like she was so delicate and shaking her head for no.

Vivian was concerned about her husband.

Skip saw the three dead men and he could see Harold and bodies at his feet.

He saw Harold that he had his gun set on someone.

When the three men rounded the corner they saw the dead assassins and Andrew and the other one in hand to hand combat.

The police believed the one in the military uniform was the right person.

Andrew was mad that he had a challenger.

He wanted to show the man he was no match for him.

Skip said, “Don’t waste time. Put him down.”

Andrew knocked the assassin to his knees and the police tied his hands.

The police saw the other one dying.

The dying assassin said, “Donovan.”

Harold said, “Which one?”

Skip looked around at the dead and said, “I’ll telegram headquarters to send a troop to clean this up and fixed the doors and put up aboard for the window.”

Skip had a telegram machine at his house.

The police sat the alive assassin on the street to wait for the military transport.

Vivian wanted to run outside and see tat her husband and Andrew were alive.

She was biting her lips.

She heard some voices and she ran into the dining room and saw the police walking with a prisoner and Skip.

Skip looked at the house next door to Harold and Vivian.

She eased to the window and peeped out towards the back of the house and ducked her head back in when she saw bodies on the ground.

Harold saw Vivian peep out the window. He knew she would look out again.

She peeped out the window and saw Andrew and Harold.

She held onto the frame of the window and took a very deep breathe.

She thought, “Sheryl was right about Andrew. Thank you God. Can you please let them get to the bottom of this organized crime and kill all of them so I can have peace.”

Vivian turned to walk out the dining room and said, “Amen.”

She took another step and said, “In JESUS’name.”

But when Skip reached home, he sent a telegram to the governor’s lead security aide.

The governor’s lead security aide and several of his aides arrived within the hour to Harold’s house.

They identified themselves and walked around the house and saw the rest of the dead.

The military arrived.

The military removed the dead bodies.

One of the soldiers said, “I did not sign up for this.”

The other lead soldier said, “Do you not know this is war. They are trying to beat us under them and rule not only the military but our individual lives. Nobody rule my life but CHRIST.”

Another soldier passing by said, “Amen.”

Harold and Andrew stood and watched everything and said nothing.

Vivian walked through the foyer to the parlor and leaned and peeped and poured a large glass of whiskey and sat in a chair and picked up a rifle and was drunk when Harold and Andrew walked in the house.

Andrew did not have on any boots and he was cold. But he did move until the bodies were removed and the military put up the cellar door and put a board up on the kitchen door.

The soldiers put a board up on the dining room window.

They peeped in the house and saw Vivian sitting with a glass in one hand and the rifle against her cheek in the other hand.

Andrew checked on the horses.

During the attack the horses ran to the other side of the yard.

Harold went to the front of the house and brought his horse around the back with the other horses.

He walked in the house through the back door.

He looked around and saw the soldiers did a good job of cleaning up.

He walked through the kitchen to the hall.

Andrew was walking through the front door and stood still.

Harold looked at Andrew and knew it had to be Vivian.

Harold walked softly to Andrew and followed his eyes to Vivian.

Harold walked in the parlor and pointed the rifle the opposite way and took the glass out of Vivian’s hand.

The governor’s lead security aides bound the prisoner and took him into the governor’s mansion to their office in the basement.

The lead security aide started to lose patience because of their brazen attacks.

He told them to search him and look for pieces of paper, maps, keys, markings and tattoos.

The security aides came back with a map. Key and pentagram tattoo with his name inside of it.

The military took the thirteen horses and put them in their stables.

Skip received a telegram from Jake asking if he was well. He heard the soldiers say he was dead.

Jake said, “If you are not dead, the horses are well trained. Who train your horses.?”

The governor’s lead security aide said,”Leave him tied up and put him in that empty room at the end of the hall.”

One of the security aides said, “That room floods.”

The lead security aide stared at his employee.

The employee took the prisoner and put him in the room.

Another security aide said, “That’s going to make him not want to cooperate.”

The other security aides looked at him.

The lead security aide said, “What do you think this is. They want to take over the government and make all of us subject to them. Do you know the number of them that have gone into battle against the military and the number of them that have died. They will not talk.”

The lead stood up and threw down the report of the dead on his desk.

Another security aide picked up the report to see the number of the dead from the desk and said, “Four hundred sixty three were killed by the military and one hundred and seventy six have been executed. More bodies from tonight that have to be counted and some more trials. How are they going to charge him so he can be executed?”

The lead security aide saw a new folder on his desk.

He walked and picked up the folder.

He read the paper in the folder.

He turned and looked at his people and said, “Who saw this folder on my desk?”

Nobody said anything.

The lead security aide said, “Dexter and Shelia want to talk. They want to make a deal. Contact the prosecutors and sit there until they come to work later this morning.”

One of the security aides said, “Are we going to let anyone know he is here?”

The prisoner was listening.

The lead security aide said, “No.”

They walked out and locked the door.

The security aides walked upstairs with the lead security aide and said, “Good tactic.”

The lead security said nothing.

The security aide looked at him.

He assigned two security aides to go to the prosecutors and discussed Dexter and Shelia.

Andrew put all his guns by him and re-loaded.

He took the rifle and put it on the floor next to him.

He laid on the sofa and heard Vivian and Harold upstairs.

He went to sleep.

He figured the evil ones ay come back that night.

He thought about Skip.

Skip had five soldiers to come to his house.

Sheryl had dressed for bed.

Skip went outside to check on the soldiers.

He pretended he did not see Donovan peeping out his curtain along with Linda his wife.

Skip said, “Soldiers be on guard and keep your eyes opened. I am depending on you to be safe first and secure your environment.”

Skip walked in the house and looked upstairs.

He walked into the parlor and pored a swallow of bourbon.

He stood and thought about what happened that night.

He knew he needed to be quiet and send investigators to the three addresses they found for the dead soldiers.

Harold found two of the beneficiaries and when they reviewed the official government folders they found another beneficiary.

Skip decided he needed to send a troop to that city to be stationed there.

He saw Andrew’s work which he was proud of. He thought that Harold was old and Vivian was twenty years younger than him. He thought the house next door to Vivian and Harold was nice.

Maybe he could buy that house for Sheryl and she and Vivian can live next door to each other.

Skip knew Harold would not out live Vivian. He may go before him.

Skip thought about Dr. Obersteen.

Sheryl was standing at the top of the grand staircase.

Skip walked out the parlor and saw Sheryl standing at the top of the grand staircase.

He walked up the staircase.

He had not walked up that staircase in nearly two months, he knew he had to move his bed downstairs.

He stopped in the middle of the staircase and he turned and looked back.

He thought about the last time he carried Shirley down the staircase.

Shirley loved the staircase because her grandmother had personally designed it and order it for Shirley.

Shirley and her grandmother made it her dream staircase.

Skip continued to Sheryl.

He looked at her in her eyes and said, “You will not have this house Sheryl. I will buy you a house that will be nice. I meet with my lawyer tomorrow to update my will. I will leave you comfortable.”

Sheryl cried and caught Skip by his arm and they walked into their bedroom and closed the door.