

Blake Steidler

KILL List
Jamaal ✓
Tyrone
Wiggles
Guard
Tony

Fire
Booby
Trap

Tyrone
Guard

**When
Nightmares
Become
Dreams**

When Nightmares Become Dreams

By Blake Steidler

Prologue

Thirty Nine year old Vincent Young finally got to see his true self in the mirror. Everything looked so different to him because the mirrors in prison he was used to seeing were scratched and opaque. What he saw looked nothing like what he imagined.

It was 1:30 pm and business was slow at the truck stop where Vincent was staring at himself in the mirror while all alone in the mens restroom. Only ninety minutes had passed since his release from federal prison where he had just spent 10 years of his life. Vincent pulled his face closer to the mirror to examine the scars on his face he had acquired during the duration of his prison sentence. The voice was with him now and he began to laugh hysterically. His life was ruined now and they had just made a big mistake of letting him out. Big mistake.

Just as Vincent turned on the hot water to wash his hands an elderly man dressed in a white Polo shirt and white golfer's cap walked in the restroom and over to the urinal. Vincent remained oblivious to the old man and continued laughing hysterically into the mirror. His eye patch over his left eye and the hideous scars on his face truly made him

look like a monster. He had no idea the old timer at the urinal was staring right at him. Curiosity struck the golfer and he could take it no more. He felt compelled to speak his mind.

" Freak!" Hissed the old man from the urinal.

Vincent pretended not to hear him and calmly shut off the water then walked over to the automated paper towel dispenser. While the old man continued urinating he decided to holler out once more. He was one of those guys that was so old he often got away with obnoxious comments. When you get that old you just can't help yourself but push your luck.

" Freak!" He shouted a little bit louder this time.

Vincent didn't so much as turn his head and began waving his hand in front of sensor of the paper towel dispenser. He immediately became infatuated with the paper towel dispenser and waved his hand continuously while hoarding up paper towels and wadding them into a ball.

The old man zipped up his fly then walked over to the sink. Vincent nonchalantly approached the old man and stood with him face to face.

" Excuse me sir, I couldn't hear what you were saying earlier."

The old man twitched his eyes then grinned wryly.

" I said you're a fre-"

Suddenly, abruptly, Vincent grasped the golfer's throat firmly with his left hand and pinned him up against the wall.

The sudden movement caused the white cap to fall to the floor and the old timer went cross eyed as he tried to shout for help. Before he could wail, the freak's right hand was cramming wadded up paper towels into the golfer's mouth until his gums bled. The old man tried to pull the hand off of his throat but the grip got tighter than he could ever grip a Lynx golf club. More wads of paper towels got shoved into his throat until all movement from the golfer ceased and his eyes reached tranquility.

Finally all movement from the golfer ceased and his eyes became tranquil. Vincent let go and the doted old chap fell straight to the floor. He scurried to pick him off the ground then drug him into an empty toilet stall and propped him up on the toilet seat. Quickly he locked the door to the stall then slid out from underneath it. He then washed the little bit of blood off his hands then returned to the paper towel dispenser.

He punched the dispenser until the nickle sized pyro sensor dangled from the machine. The pyro sensor got ripped away from the machine and placed into his right pocket. Vincent smiled as he thought of all the evil things he could do with the sensor. Perhaps it would be the perfect piece he needed to build his bomb. The freak chortled with excitement and then left the restroom remembering to stifle his smile on his way out.

" What took you so long? Look, I got you your favorite, Boardwalk fries." Said a lady in a long dark brown dress holding fries in a paper cup.

It was his very own mother. Too many years had passed for her to comprehend her oldest son's odd behavior.

" Oh, I had to do a number two." He replied without a tremor in his voice.

He was getting good at hiding things and lying was becoming easy. Theresa was Vincent's mother and a devout Christian. She had sandy blond curly hair and looked good for her age of sixty. She had gone her entire life without ever once touching alcohol or even a cigarette. Nothing other than wrinkle-free smiles would ever permeate her face. Her pretty blue eyes radiated true happiness.

" The apple cider vinegar is over there with the condiments so help yourself." She said handing over the fries.

Vincent swiped the fries from his mother and went straight for the vinegar at the counter when he noticed his hands shaking incessantly. He quickly realized that his hands weren't shaking because he just killed a man, his hands always shook when he was extremely famished.

The bottle of vinegar was empty by the time he was finished dousing his fries. He immediately began shoving large handfuls of fries into his mouth without ever chewing them. He could feel the eyes of the people watching him with utmost fascination. they'd never seen anybody eat so fast.

" Oh, you have to excuse him." Said Theresa, " He's just been released from prison." She whispered softly while cupping her mouth.

Within a minute the entire bucket of fries was gone. Vincent tossed the empty bucket onto the floor and beckoned his mother to follow him out the door. Theresa picked up the bucket, threw it in the trash, and followed after

him while apologizing on her way out. She didn't criticize him for littering because she knew he had problems. After all, he had just lost 10 years of his life for a crime he didn't even commit.

It started to rain as they walked out to Theresa's 92 Geo Prism. Prison had dramatically changed Vincent. It had changed him so much that he had already forgotten what he had done in the Men's room. His thoughts were of killing, and only killing. He was going to see to it that the whole world would pay for his unrighteous incarceration. Vincent hunkered into his mother's little brown car and was greeted by a strange odor. It didn't take him long to figure out what he was smelling was the spoor of Lilly, the family dog.

" I know you hate to wear your seat belt but can you please do it for me?" Asked Theresa.

Vincent pretended not to hear his mother and stared at the glove box as if he was stuck in some kind of trance. She turned her head to look at him but all she could see was his left eye patch. There was no way she could try to determine what was really bothering him. She reluctantly started up the car and put it in gear. They were off like a herd of turtles.

Vincent really hated the way she drove the car. She constantly shifted before the RPM gage could even reach 1000 RPMs. She had always insisted it was a great way to save gas and had been shifting that way for years. Even though they were only 45 minutes away from home, nothing seemed to look familiar to Vincent. What used to be farmland was now covered with gas stations and restaurants. There seemed to be new houses and neighborhoods everywhere. The freak reveled in the silent moment. The sound of silence was something he hadn't

experienced in 10 long years.

The freak's glorious moment of solace came to an abrupt end when his mother broke the silence.

" You know your sister can't wait to see you."

" I'll bet." He replied sarcastically.

" No seriously, she thinks about you all the time. She just never found the time to write."

" Yeah, whatever."

Vincent wasn't really paying attention to his mother. Instead he had his eyes fixated on an oncoming tractor trailer still looming in the distance.

" Just wait until you see how cute her kids turned out." She said while resting her hand on the bottom of the steering wheel.

Is this lady ever going to shut up? Vincent thought to himself while clenching his teeth. The tractor trailer was getting closer now and still had his attention. Theresa droned on.

" Yeah, the oldest one is already playing softball." She continued.

The freak's nerves were shot. He had just gotten out of jail and all he craved was a little silence. Was that too much to ask? The big rig was looking bigger as it moved towards them. An idea popped into his mind. A head on collision with a truck that size would surely put both him and his mother

out of their misery. A quick jerk of the wheel would give him the perpetual silence he yearned for. The big rig was only 500 ft. in front of them now. Vincent ever so slowly lifted his left hand from his knee and shifted his eye towards the steering wheel. Theresa remained oblivious.

" And you know that your brother is doing really well with law enforcement."

The freak had 4 seconds to decide whether or not he wanted to jerk the wheel and kill them both. He inched his left hand closer to the steering wheel and smiled. Theresa continued to babble.

" The dog will be really happy to see..... What are you doing!?"

Vincent quickly removed his hand from the steering wheel.

" Oh, I just wanted to pet this fuzzy steering wheel cover, where did you get this at?"

" Your uncle got it for me for Christmas. Doesn't it feel neat?"

" I guess so."

The big rig sped past them splashing a big splurt of dirty,oily, rain. Even though he wanted to kill himself he just couldn't do it. After all, he had people to kill, lots of people.

The only thing that looked the same in his parents

neighborhood was the house itself. The thirty year old two story rancher stuck out like a sore thumb compared to the rest of the neighborhood. Other houses had renovated and built all sorts of additions onto their homes. But his parents house looked exactly the same from when it was built 30 years ago. The only new addition to the house was lots of bird excrement decorating the whole outside of the home. The white droppings caused the rickety black shutters and mailbox to resemble something looking like a zebra.

Vincent was the first to go inside where Lilly awaited him at the top of the steps. She was wagging her brown and black tail as if she had the power to shake it off if she wanted to. The family dog wasted no time pouncing Vincent and licking his disfigured face. The freak couldn't really discern whether or not Lilly remembered him because she always did this to everybody that walked through the door.

Despite the exterior of the house deteriorating, everything on the inside of the house looked almost new. Theresa never had a job growing up so she had all the time in the world to keep the place clean.

" You can put your release papers on the kitchen table and your father will take a look at them when he gets home from work." Said his mother.

Vincent placed the manila packet on the kitchen table then walked over to the living room adjacent to the kitchen. The dog jumped up beside him while he sat on the sofa then nestled her snout into his lap. Theresa remained in the kitchen and began making eggnog, one of Vincent's favorite beverages.

With just the two of them there the freak could once

more revel in the peace and quiet while he kicked back and petted the dog. It felt good to sit on a sofa, too good perhaps. No jail in the world had sofas for inmates to roost on. With only the sound of the distant stirring of eggnog, Vincent found he could finally relax, but that lasted all of thirty seconds.

" Our God is an awesome God..... He reins from heaven above...."

Vincent felt his heart rate get jacked up almost immediately. *No way! This couldn't possibly be so. Was Theresa singing? How dare she have the audacity to ruin his solace!*

" Our God is an awesome God He reins from heaven above....."

Sure enough Theresa was singing while she stirred eggnog and that was enough to push Vincent over the edge. He rose up from the sofa and tip toed into the kitchen undetected. Theresa had her back to him while she hunched over the stove and stirred.

On the counter was a paring knife that just seemed to be crying out to him.

" Over here buddy, try using me, I'll shut the old lady up." Said the knife.

Vincent truly believed the knife was talking to him until he recognized the voice. It was the same Italian voice he remembered from the time he was placed in solitary confinement for the first time.

Vincent grabbed the knife and held it behind his back as he tip-toed up behind his mother. Theresa was completely oblivious to what he was doing and continued to stir the eggnog.

" Our God is an awesome God..... He reins from heaven above...."

The freak was now standing directly behind his mother. He firmly held the knife in his right hand just inches from her throat without her knowing. She continued to sing completely unaware.

" With wisdom power and lo.... What the?"

Theresa jumped like she'd just seen a mouse. Her jumpiness almost caused the blade to puncture the side of her neck. Before she could catch a glimpse of the blade, Vincent quickly retreated the knife behind his back and out of her site.

" Vince! You scared the buggars out of me!"

" Sorry mom, I just wanted to see what you were doing."

" I'm stirring eggnog honey."

The freak carefully walked backward and placed the knife back on the counter without her noticing.

" This eggnog takes 20 minutes to stir, do you want to pitch in?"

" Sure, why not?"

Vincent grabbed the ladle and began to stir in perfect rhythm. Prison had blemished his mental stability and when the freak looked down he was in shock.

He wasn't stirring eggnog, he was stirring blood.

CHAPTER 1

10 YEARS AGO

The long beautiful mahogany table looked to be the only thing of value in the room. Of course that was only if you overlooked the coffee stains put there by the careless members of the school board. They all had their eyes fixated on Vincent with utmost curiosity. Nobody fully understood why he was here. The head chairman was the first to break the silence without ever looking up from the table.

" This is an impressive resume Mr.Young."

The portly chairman kept his gaze on the resume lying before him as he talked to Vincent. It appeared he had no interest in taking his eyes off of the resume. The resume vaunted relentlessly of Vincent's crowning achievements.

"We all just don't seem to understand Mr.Young, you really have it made over there at St.Mary's. Why do you wish to take a pay cut to come teach at our school?"

There were snickers throughout the room as if it was time for Vince to answer the million dollar question. He had everything over at St.Mary's Catholic Middle School and his students loved him dearly. Why should he take a pay cut to come teach kids from Baltimore city that were probably going to amount to nothing?

Vincent remained steadfast in his chair and admired the view from the window of Inner Harbor. It seemed to be the only thing nice about the school. He cleared his throat before he could answer.

" I know this sounds a bit ludicrous but life has been very good to me, heck, that's why I served in the Marines. I want to make a difference in this world and in these kids lives."

The school board committee looked astonished. School teachers were constantly going on strike all the time asking for more money and here was Vincent, a well respected school teacher from St.Mary's, wanting to come teach at their cruddy school.

Vincent's sincere answer to their question quieted the giggly crowd. It was now their turn to talk. Mr.Thomas, the middle school principal, loosened up his checkered tie, leaned forward, and placed his rigid hands on the table.

" Mr.Young, let me tell you something. I have been a principal at this school for 8 years and do not know of one teacher here that is content. These kids are from the inner city and can be a real handful."

Vincent straightened up in his chair.

" Well, I don't have any kids of my own but my wife and I are planning to have some soon. I just seem to have a way with kids."

Snickers quickly erupted throughout the room and the lady in the pink dress nearly choked on her cup of water. The portly chairman raised his hand signaling them to stop laughing. He quickly took over the conversation.

" We're not trying to intimidate you Mr.Young. A lot of our teachers have had bad experiences with the children. In fact, we would love to take you on board. What do you guys think?"

Everybody nodded with approval and the wiry man in the corner even gave a thumbs up. That ended the interview and everyone got up from their seats to shake Vincent's hand. He was now officially a teacher at a middle school that would change his life forever.

CHAPTER 2

He could feel the sun beating down on the nape of his neck as he walked through the Terrance Middle School parking lot out to his 93 dark green Saturn. He knew he made the right choice by taking a pay cut to influence the lives of the Baltimore city kids. Everything felt right but it wasn't. Vincent had no idea what these kids that he thought were so innocent had in store for him. He would be the best math teacher those 7th graders would ever come across. He got into his car and fastened his seatbelt then briefly mulled about some things of his past. When he was in the 7th grade he found a way to get expelled. His grandmother had given him a radio controlled car which he took apart and figured out how to detonate firecrackers by remote control. He had

hid a circuit board, antenna, and firecrackers under the stair well and then detonated them. It was just a harmless prank but the school was very upset. Fortunately for Vince, Theresa had paid to have his juvenile record sealed. These thoughts from his childhood were quickly forgotten as he pulled out of the parking lot.

When he walked through the threshold of his duplex apartment he could smell the pork roast in the oven. Cindy, his wife, was in the den surfing the internet.

"Honey is that you?"

"Yes babe. I got the job." replied Vinny

Cindy came out to greet her husband.

"You look terrific." She said, "But I think you look better without the glasses."

Vincent removed the thick black framed glasses from his face. He looked like a young sharp cunning lawyer on his very first case. He stood 6ft. 4in. tall, 195 pounds of lean muscle, and sported neatly combed dark brown hair. His eyes were piercing and meaningful and desiring nothing but virtuous success. Cindy caressed his baby smooth face thanks to the shick Quatro, a razor with 4 blades.

"You look pretty good yourself." He said then kissed his wife on the lips.

Cindy had short blond hair and big puckered lips that could suck the life right out of you. Vinny liked women with big lips because they made better kissers. After they were finished smooching Cindy set the plates and they enjoyed

the pork roast dinner. Cindy made a lot of money at being a dentist so they were going to do just fine. They celebrated Vinny's new job with a bottle of Merlot and some chocolate mousse. Life was good to the Young's and it could only get better, or so they thought.

CHAPTER 3

Vincent stood in front of the chalkboard dressed for success. He was wearing his pink tie given to him from his wife as a birthday gift. Something in the classroom seemed way out of kilter. He was told that he would be teaching a full class but he noticed 7 desks were empty. Vinny recounted the class one more time. 12-13-14-15..... Where was the other 7? He patiently waited for the din to settle but it never got quiet. One kid was reading a porn magazine hidden inside a Men's Health magazine. A red headed girl was listening to a personal CD player. To no surprise, the majority of the class was African American. The floor tiles looked drab and in need of repair. The whole entire classroom was a mess. Vincent walked over and snatched the porn magazine out of the student's hands.

" Hey man what gives?" Pouted the boy

" Not in my class." replied Vinny and threw it in the garbage.

He walked back over to the front of the chalkboard and cupped his hands over his mouth.

" Can I have your attention please?" He shouted through his cupped hands.

The noise dropped a little but there were still people

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