

### Chapter 3: Strange Feelings

Bobby woke up early. He didn't recall having a bad dream this time, but he didn't feel like he'd had enough sleep. He thought about that weird dream he'd had the night before.

Dad opened the boys' bedroom door and saw that they were still sleeping, "Wake up boys! Breakfast is getting cold."

Chris was still sleeping when dad walked in but jumped up quickly when he heard him.

Chris looked at Bobby like he was scared.

"What's wrong?" Bobby asked.

Chris rubbed his eyes, "Just a bad nightmare," he said as he slowly got up to get dressed.

"Really?" Bobby said curiously, "what was it about?"

“It was weird,” Chris said as he tried to remember the details.

“Something dark and evil was chasing me throughout the dream, and I barely got *away!*”

“Really?” Bobby said surprised. “I had a nightmare like that too.”

“You did?” Chris said surprised.

“Yeah,” Bobby continued, “ever since you took the top off that vase, I’ve felt different.

“How?” Chris asked.

“I don’t know,” Bobby explained, “hard to explain - just weird,” he continued, “I sometimes feel like something’s watching me, but I look around and no one’s there. Or I get an idea and don’t know where it comes from.”

“Yeah,” Chris said, “like when you knew there were firecrackers in the cubby hole?”

“Yeah,” Bobby said as he was getting dressed, “what are we gonna do with the firecrackers and stuff?”

“Gonna take ‘em with us when we go out into the woods and set them off, but don’t tell anyone ya here?” he warned.

“OK,” Bobby said, but he thought it might not be such a good idea.

“Come on you guys,” mom peaked her head in the door, “your dad wants to get started early on the garage.”

“OK,” Chris said, “we’re comin’.” Chris looked at Bobby as they were walking down the hall to the kitchen, “don’t tell anyone about this OK?”

“OK?” Bobby agreed.

“You boys hurry and eat and get out to the garage to help finish packing things up,” mom said, “Gary and B.J., and Carla and Kenny are

coming over to help,” she continued, “and we need to finish up the garage and attic today.”

The boys ate quickly. Chris grabbed the last piece of bacon and headed off to the garage. Bobby finished his breakfast, then stood outside on the steps watching as Chris set down one of the boxes.

“Bobby,” Chris yelled, “put this box in the truck.”

Bobby tried to pick up the box, but it was too heavy.

“You whimp,” Chris said as he picked it up and slid the box onto the tailgate.

“Shut up,” Bobby said and then remembered, *it’s too hard to be good!*

“You boys want some help?” Uncle Gary asked as he and Aunt B.J. got out of the car with their cousins, Brad and little Ricky.

“Yeah sure!” Chris said and Bobby ran to give Uncle Gary and Aunt B.J. a hug.

Chris waved to the guys and pointed to where the boxes were so they could help load them into the truck.

“What are ya gonna do with all this stuff?” Brad asked.

Chris stood up in the back of the truck and stretched as he scanned all the stuff loaded into the truck, “Going to the Salvation Army.”

“Anything any good in there that we might want?” B.J. asked.

“Don’t think so,” Chris said, “mostly old, and I mean *really old* stuff they got out of the attic.”

“Yeah,” B.J. agreed, “I’m sure they are *really, really* old,” and smiled and walked in the house holding little Ricky.

Gary walked in while Larry and Bob were sorting through the rest of the stuff in the garage.

“Hey Gary,” Larry pointed to the fishing gear, “you want any of this?”



“Maybe,” and Gary began inspecting the items on the table, “let me see what we have here.”

“Oh man,” Gary laughed as he picked up the wash tub. “We cleaned enough fish in this thing didn’t we Larry?”

“Oh yeah,” Larry agreed and chuckled.

Chris, Bobby, and Brad came in the garage as Gary began to tell a story about the wash tub. Chris remembered that uncle Gary *always* had a story.

“Remember when Lorene paddled around in this thing when the ditch was flooded after hurricane Hazel?” then everyone laughed.

“Really?” Chris asked and laughed too.

“Yep,” Larry continued, “we couldn’t get her out of that tub.” Everyone laughed as Lorene, B.J, Lynn, Carla and Kenny walked in.

“Yeah,” Lorene jumped in “that’s because all of you wanted to get in it and I wouldn’t let you,” she laughed, “especially Carla,” everyone laughed again.

“I believe we have a picture of her somewhere in that thing,” Larry said still laughing.

“Yeah!” Bobby yelled out, “I saw it in an old box of pictures in the attic!” he said, “was that *you* mom?”

“Unfortunately,” mom said with a smirk.

“Ok everyone,” Bob announced, “let’s get this fishing gear into the truck with the other stuff.”

“It’s sad to see it go,” Gary said, “there’s a lot of good memories with this stuff.”

“Yeah,” Larry agreed, “but, what are we gonna to do with it?” he continued, “none of us fish anymore and most of this stuff is really old and outdated.”

“Yep,” Bob chimed in, “it sure is.”

So, they loaded the fishing gear in the truck and the rest of things that they brought down from the attic.

“This is gonna take several trips,” Bob said.

“Let’s take a break for now and have some lunch,” Lorene said, and she and Lynn started passing out sandwiches.

“We should have most of this out of here tomorrow,” Larry said, and Bob agreed.

“So, we can start ripping out the carpet on Saturday since the painters will be here on Monday,” Bob said, and Larry agreed.



“Can we go exploring in the woods tomorrow?” Chris asked.

“Well,” dad said, “you boys have been working hard,” he said and smiled, “so, you can take off tomorrow if you want.”

“What’s there to do in the woods?” Bobby asked?

“Well,” Brad thought about it for a second, “there’s Sunshine Valley, Bamboo Forest, and there may be some tadpoles in the ditch along the woods.”

“Sounds cool,” Chris said.

“Yeah,” Danny said, and there’s that old tree fort that uncle Larry, daddy, and Gary C built when they were kids.”

“Really?” Bobby said with excitement.

Uncle Gary overheard them and said, “Is that thing still there?”

“Sure is,” Danny said, “it’s one of our favorite places to play when we come over here.”

“I like going to the pool,” Brad said.

“The pool?” Bobby asked.

“Yeah,” Brad continued, “we’re members and we can take you as our guests.”

“Yeah,” Bobby said excitedly, “I wanna go to the pool too, can we Uncle Gary?”

“Ok,” Uncle Gary said, “Maybe we can go to the pool when the painters come on Monday.”

Everyone agreed, so that was the plan.

“We’ll be staying at Carla and Kenny’s house for the rest of the trip boys,” mom said. “So, go pack up your stuff.”

“We were going to explore in the woods tomorrow,” Chris said pleadingly.

“You’ll have to do it some other time,” mom said.

“Oh man,” Chris said not happy about their decision.

“Well,” Chris said, “at least we get to go to the pool.

“Maybe Aunt B.J. can take us to the pool tomorrow?” Chris suggested looking her pleadingly.

“Sure,” she said, “I guess so.”

“Yippee!” everyone yelled.

“I’ll make you guys a lunch if you want,” Aunt Carla suggested.

“No way!” Brad said, “the pool pizza is the best!”

“OK,” Carla said.

Lorene asked, “Is the pool pizza still that good? I remember how good it was when we were kids.”

“Oh yeah,” Danny said, “it’s the best!

“It’s not the woods,” Chris said, “but the pool sounds fun.”

“Yeah,” Brad said excitedly, “there’s a high dive, shuffleboard, horse shoes, and a volleyball net.”

“Oh yeah?” Chris sounded a little more excited, “sounds good to me.”

“Yeah, me too,” Bobby agreed.

“Dad,” Chris asked, “will we be able to go surfing in Virginia Beach before we leave?”

“I plan on it!” Bob said. “There’s also a skateboard park over there called Mount Trashmore,” looking at Bobby.

“Really?” Bobby was excited to hear that. “When can we go?”

“After the house and yard are all done so we can put it on the market,” dad explained, “maybe we can go next weekend.”

“Yeah!” all the kids shouted.

Things were looking up for the boys.