

8. SLEEP TIGHT, MY LOVELY

Jack had been coming on too strong. She didn't mind if he was trying to find out who was trying to kill her. But he was interfering in her personal life. This was getting her angry. He was taking advantage of her weakness. Simply because she couldn't remember things gave him no right to try to insert his life in hers. She wanted her independence. She needed it.

She had decided to take Lynette's car. Lynette had offered it to her. This time she wasn't going to come back. She'd send her back the keys and some money when she made her own way. But for now, she just needed some way to escape.

She also needed gas. She had about three hundred dollars. This would see her through for a couple of days until she could get something going somewhere else. She could get another job at a restaurant. She could make it a go before she knew it. Her mind was racing way ahead of itself.

She pulled into the only gas station in the town. She watched a man staring at her. This was a deep stare as if he really did know something about her. He looked at her for a long time.

She looked away as she pumped the gas. She tried to concentrate on the image of his face in her mind. She didn't want to look back. It just gave her the creeps that she knew he was looking in on her. He had already pumped his gas and paid for it. But he was still standing at the other end of the station.

The man jumped back in his car when he saw her approaching. Her heels clicked on the cement. As she reached his car, he sped away. She looked at him trying to jog something loose in her memory. It wasn't helping her at all. Nothing was helping.

The incident at the gas station made her change her mind. This was the first real clue that she had if it could be called that. She needed to find the man. She needed to figure out why he gave her that look.

Sienna headed towards the house. Lynette was just home from the hospital. She had gotten a ride back from work. The light were on.

"I took your car. I put some gas in it."

"No problem. Thanks for the gas."

"I saw this guy at the gas station. He was giving me the strangest look."

"Did you recognize him?"

Sienna was frustrated, "I tried. I really tried. I'm just useless."

"Give it time. It will come to you." Lynette was coaxing her on in the hope that she might remember anything that would help.

"Now it starting to worry me. What if he's the guy. Now he knows I'm here."

"He didn't follow you back to the house."

"Not that I know off. He sped off before I was even in my car. I don't think that he hung around to wait. But then he could already know where I am."

"There's been nothing weird here."

"Nothing that you know about."

When she was getting ready for bed, she had the strangest feeling as if someone was watching her. That didn't seem to bother her that much. But when she woke up in the morning she was sure that someone had been in the room. Lynette was up and getting ready for a long day

at work.

“I’m doing a double today. But they’ll probably let me leave early. I just want to be home before eleven.”

“You didn’t come in my room last night, did you?” Sienna questioned her.

“I was tired. I went out like a light. I knew that I had a long day today. Nothing was going to keep me up. Why?”

“I had the weirdest feeling that there was a man in my room.”

“No one was in here. I would have heard it. Your mind’s playing tricks on you.”

“Lynette, I guess you’re right.”

She hoped that she was right.

She decided to turn in early that night, around 10. She heard something outside. She thought it might be some nocturnal creature going about its activities. She turned over in her bed and pulled the covers over her.

The noise started coming closer. She heard tapping. Then a growling. Maybe a dog had escaped its owner. Or a wolf.

There was a scratching at the door. She got out of her bed and looked down from her window. She couldn’t see a thing. The door was on the other side of the house. She didn’t dare go over to that side, to try to look from Lynette’s room. It was probably nothing. Just a screen door that had come loose and was blowing in the wind.

She tossed restlessly in the bed. She had trouble getting to sleep. She tried to ignore the noises. Then she went out like a light.

“Lynette, you didn’t hear anything strange last night when you came in?”

Sienna was eating breakfast. She had hardly seen Lynette, and she was getting ready for another day at work.

“I was dead tired. I don’t think that I would have heard someone if they were in the house.”

When she finished breakfast, she went back to her room to dress. She hadn’t noticed it before, but someone had written on the dresser mirror, “*The Devil’s Harlot, are you sleeping alone?*”

She jumped almost all the way across the room. Lynette rushed up the stairs when she heard her scream. Sienna was pointing at it?

“What the hell is that? What the hell is that?”

Warren sent a squad car over. Jerry was looking around the outside of the house. Then he went upstairs and tried to find some clues.

“It looks like some high school kids who were doing a prank. There’s no sign of forced entry.”

Lynette had waited for the officer to arrive. Then she went to work.

“We’re going to get to the bottom of this?” she said as she drove out.

Jerry asked Sienna a few more questions.

“You didn’t see anything?”

“I heard some weird noises. That was all. How did they get in?”

“Someone just walked in the door.”

“I was sure that it was locked.”

“What about the back door?”

“We never use the back door. Lynette was at work. But she uses her key to get in.”

“Sienna, I don’t think that you really have anything to worry about. Someone was having fun at your expense.”

She attempted to contradict Jerry, “They were in my room.”

“We’ll have someone stop by here every night just to check on things. That ought to make you feel a little safer.”

“If he got in once, he can do it again.”

He shook her hand and then jumped into the cruiser and drove away. Sienna was alone again.

What had prompted all this? What did the person mean by what had been written?

Sienna was still frightened. But she thought that this psycho would only try something under the cover of darkness. Lynette would be home early that evening.

It was a cloudy day, a little chilly to be outside. Sienna was inside watching TV. Anything to take her mind off what had happened. Bleak shadows filled the other rooms. She already imagined ghosts trailing through the darkness. The seed was planted. Her imagination would fill in the rest. Was someone on a hill near the house watching every second? Was someone still inside waiting until she dozed off so he could slash her throat?

Her eyes were heavy. She tried to stay awake. Tried to concentrate on the television. The shows all seemed boring. She had flipped through the channels. She didn’t see anything that she liked. She left it on with the sound low. The next thing that she knew she was asleep. Her nap lasted the rest of the afternoon until Lynette came home early from work.

“I’m sorry that I didn’t leave the car for you today. I just couldn’t get a ride.”

Sienna was groggy.

“I’ve got to check the lock on the back door. There’s been some high school kids throwing eggs at the house. Silly things. But no one’s been inside.”

Sienna was still in a daze. She tried to answer back.

Lynette cautioned her, “You really look out of it. You’ve been in the house too much.”

“I feel like I’m sleepwalking right now. I need some coffee.”

“It’s not going to keep you up all night.”

“I’ll be OK. I slept most of the day. I don’t know how long I can keep on like this.”

“There’s no rush as far as I’m concerned. Your house is my house. You can stay here as long as you need to.”

“I’m completely better now. I’ve got to do something. I’ve got to move on. I just don’t know where to go.”

“I know what it’s like. I’m working in a hospital. People struggling to get better. Until that becomes the only thing in their lives.”

“But there’s someone out there trying to kill me.”

“And we’re going to find who that is.”

“I wish that it was that easy to get my memory back. I feel like someone has stolen my personality, and now I’m trying to get it back.”

“That’s how I felt after my last break up.” Sienna wanted to hear more. But this wasn’t the time. She was still reeling from the events in her own life. Night was coming on. She hoped

that it wouldn't be a repeat of the day before.

She had the strangest dream. She was in the gas station. No one else was there. It gave it an ominous quality. She moved as if she was floating. She passed into the washroom.

On the window written in blood it said, "Get out of town, devil ugly!" She freaked out. Immediately, she woke up. She was all sweating. Her heart was pounding. She wanted to scream out. She just lay there.