

# Disturbed in the Suburbs

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A disturbing little short story

By Jeanne St. James



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**Disturbed in the Suburbs**

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## Disturbed in the Suburbs

When I first told my family about what I had done, they didn't believe me. Yes, I've lied to my family in the past. *A lot.* What kid doesn't? But why would I make up something like this?

It began when I was in the ninth grade. The neighbors' pets started to disappear. At first, it was just the rabbits living practically forgotten in their outside pens. Then the family dogs, kept in runs, started to attract me. The rabbits were too easy; all you had to do was corner them in the wire cage. At least the dogs were a challenge. Try to secretly snag a beagle that barks his head off.

I got bored quickly. It just wasn't a challenge any more. Within a couple years, I started to find hidden house keys and open windows. I quickly figured out codes for garage door keypads. Homeowners: don't use your house number for your secret code. It's too predictable.

While the neighbors were at work, out running errands, or even at church, I'd enter their homes and find whatever creature they held dear to them... their Siamese cat, their Pekinese, even their goldfish.

Within a few months, an emergency neighborhood meeting was held. They all gathered at the nearby fire hall. I sat in the back with my parents, who had only gone to observe. We didn't own pets. I kept a straight face, but inside I felt incredible. I had the power. No one knew it was me!

They squawked and squabbled like a flock of pigeons. Who could have done this? Why haven't the police caught anyone? Why would anyone do something so horrible?

The police chief, standing fat and pasty up front, didn't have answers. *But I did.* He only had suggestions. Keep your doors and windows locked. Keep an eye out. Call 911 if you see anything or anyone suspicious. Keep your pet in sight at all times. It was a Pet State of Emergency.

Some of the neighbors I knew, but most I didn't. This meeting gave me the chance to put names and faces to their adorable pets. The headless, skinless skeletons now hidden under leaves, dirt and rocks in the woods behind the middle school only three blocks away.

The Petersons owned Sammy the Siamese. The Martins missed their beloved Scruffy, the mixed terrier (he was a fighter). And poor, poor Danny Wilcox was crying over his Bubbles (who flushed very easily down their own toilet).

As stories were told, there was hardly a dry eye in the hall. All because of some stupid animals. If they wanted something to cry about, I'd give it to them. I'd give them a real reason to boo hoo.

And within a year after that meeting, no more pets went missing. The "Lost! – Reward!" posters on the utility poles disappeared like the neighborhood pets. No one was outside at midnight any more calling frantically for their "Bowser."

Almost everyone in the neighborhood had installed those worthless security systems. It didn't take much to set off those alarms! A bang on a window, a partially opened door – it became a game for me. The police were called out constantly to our

neighborhood because of false alarms. So much so that their response time became slower and slower.

*Until one day.* The day I grabbed little Danny Wilcox. His scream was deafening and he bit me. I accidentally let him go. The brat ran screeching up the road. The worst part was that I had dropped my lure. The goldfish bowl had shattered into tiny little pieces on the concrete. The bottoms of my jeans were soaked. A lone, nameless goldfish flopped helplessly on the ground. I stomped on it with my heel. *Someone* had to put it out of its misery.

Danny was the one that escaped. The only one. The final one.

Danny pointed me out with wet, filthy streak marks running down his cheeks, snot bubbling out of his nose. Poor, poor Danny Wilcox, he was missing his chance to be reunited with his beloved Bubbles.

I placed my hands behind me and turned my back to the cop. He didn't need to point that gun at me; I knew my reign was over. *For now.*

That's when I noticed my parents standing there on the sidewalk, their faces white, their eyes wide, their mouths gaped. I gave them a wide grin and said, "I told you so."

And that's how I ended up in shiny, cold, inescapable bracelets.

*The End*

## ABOUT JEANNE

*Writing about an Alpha Male (or two) who knows what he wants, when he wants it, and how to get it*

Jeanne started writing around 13 years old and found it great therapy. Over her high school years she wrote her first novel, a young adult novel that was pretty raw about a young girl growing up in a gang. That manuscript is now forever lost (and that might be a good thing). During this time she read loads of books, most of them historical romances and category romances (contemporary). She fell in love with the genre. And has been writing ever since...

Jeanne now concentrates on the erotic romance genre. Why? Because it's a blast. There's nothing like a hot, hot romance to get your juices flowing. But she still likes the HEA (Happily Ever After) ending.

Jeanne currently resides in south central Pennsylvania with her dog and the love of her life (yes, he has two legs, not four).

Her first published erotica piece was a fantasy short story in the July 2006 issue of *Playgirl*, which was titled "The Hot Ride."

Come visit Jeanne on [MySpace](#) and on [Facebook](#) and come befriend her. And if you Twitter, find her [here](#). She also has a [blog](#), but it doesn't get updated regularly. She'd rather be writing hot stories.

**For more information about Jeanne St. James, visit her website at**

**[www.jeannestjames.com](http://www.jeannestjames.com)**