

CHAPTER 2



3838 WALNUT STREET

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

3838 Walnut Street 2

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Written by RawlyRawls

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Chapter 2

Sorry ... Mom ... Can't Stop ... Too Hungry

December 12, 1939: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family

"Come and help them, Mr. and Mrs. Creech. It's a heavy crate, and these men need guidance. Men *always* need guidance." Elizabeth Norwood stood in the lobby of 3838 Walnut Street, supervising the crew as they moved the large, wooden crate through the front door.

"What did you purchase this time, dear?" Floyd Norwood exited the elevator and walked over to his wife.

"You've come to meet me, darling?" Elizabeth smiled at her husband.

"I was on my way for my evening constitutional." Floyd was headed down the street to the tavern. He stepped aside to let the workmen pass. He sighed at the dirty men and looked away, admiring the simple, wallpapered walls of the lobby. His wife had filled their apartment with so much clutter, he hardly remembered what their own wallpaper looked like. "What is it, and how much did it cost me?"

"A fertility statue from the Kingdom of Hungary. It's quite old. One of a kind, the gallery said." Elizabeth smiled warmly.

"How much?" Floyd frowned.

"Eight-hundred and thirty-nine dollars." Elizabeth's smile flickered.

The workmen paused and looked back at Elizabeth, amazement on their faces. That was an annual salary to them.

"Keep going, you fools. You heard the missus. It's a rare item. So, don't break it or it will be coming out of your pocketbooks." Natalie Creech shooed the workmen on, sending them toward the elevator.





Floyd whistled. "You'll be the ruin of us, dear." He shook his head at his wife.

"Don't stay out too late drinking, darling." Elizabeth kissed her husband on the cheek and followed the workmen to the elevator. They were holding the door for her, but she waved them up. "Go ahead, I'll catch the next one." She stood as the Creeches, the workmen, and the statue went up to the fourteenth floor. She winced a little, listening to the elevator strain. But thankfully it seemed to perform its duty with aplomb.

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September 27, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund.

It was lovely to see Dave. He was so sweet for making the trip down and meeting me in the library. Afterward, he took me out for sushi! I was sad to see him go, but I can't very well take him back to my apartment.

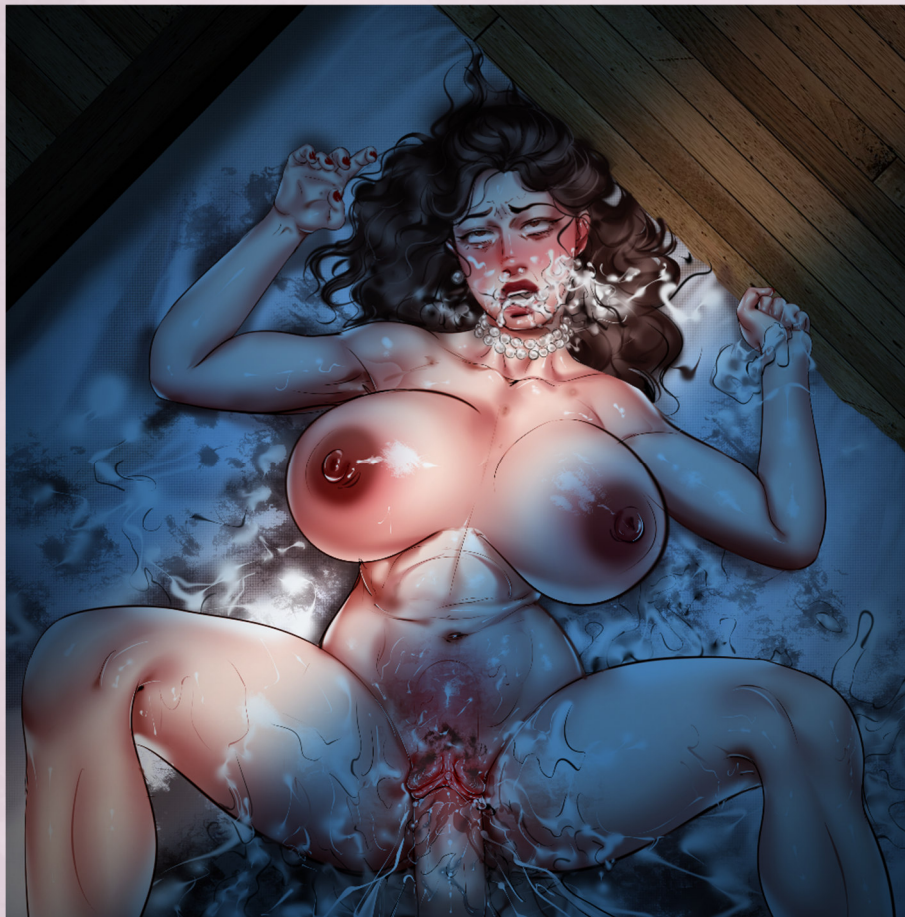
We didn't find much with my sketches of the lobby reliefs. There was a book that the librarian thought would help titled *Early Pagan Art*. I put in a request and hopefully they'll have a copy for me soon.

I keep thinking about Brian's goofy smile when he found out I was walking with him just to talk. I don't know why my mind is fixating on it. He's nineteen and harmless. But ... thinking about that smile makes me warm inside. Can you imagine if I developed a crush on a nerdy teenager? Don't laugh, Diary. Dave wouldn't like that. On the other hand, I don't have a crush, so I don't think Dave would mind if I let Brian show me his glowing mold in the basement. *Not* a euphemism. It could be a clue as to what happened to the Ostrows.

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June 28, 1954: Apartment 4F, the Lavey family.

The second Harold entered his apartment, he could hear the loud, rhythmic thumping. He knew what his wife and son were doing. They had been doing it almost constantly for the last two days. Slowly, he closed the front door and walked to his bedroom. The door was closed. His heart pounded in his ears and perspiration beaded his forehead. There was a low growling sound that he knew to be Billy. That was accompanied by some high-pitched whimpering. Betsy sounded like an injured puppy. Harold knocked. "Betsy ... are you okay?"



"F ... f ... fffiiiiinnnee ... Harold." Betsy was naked on her back, her feet high in the air, toes curling. The curtains were drawn in her bedroom, and the lights were out. A little bit of daylight filtered into the room, allowing her to see the deep concentration on her son's face, and the intensity in his faintly glowing eyes.

"Have ... um ... have you eaten today?" Harold had slept in his son's room the last two nights. He hadn't seen his wife since dinner the night before.

"Yessssssssss." Betsy's breakfast and lunch had been sperm. Thankfully, her son seemed to produce enough to sustain her. She arched her back as her son's penis bore its way into her soul. "Harold ... ooohhhhhh ... Harold ... Billy is hitting ... something ... deep inside ... me. Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!"

"Do you need a priest, Betsy? Is it time?" Harold didn't have the strength to go get outside help. Not on his own. But maybe if his wife asked for it, he could get someone to stop the madness. The banging from his room got louder as his wife shrieked and screamed. She sounded like she was being murdered. Harold opened the door. Maybe if she needed him enough, he could be the hero she needed. The door creaked open, and Harold stood slack-jawed. "Betsy ... oh ... no ... Betsy." His wife looked possessed, her brown hair whipping back and forth. Her face was a sweaty, semen-soaked mess. Her beautiful breasts lurched on her chest in rhythm to Billy's slamming hips. "Your breasts ... Betsy ... I thought you said ... you would keep your top on."

Billy leaned forward, growled, and stuffed his mother's tit into his mouth. While looking at his father, he chewed on her nipple.



“Oooohhhhhh ... Harold ... this is your fault ... your fault ... you wanted to confront Billy ... buck to buck ... and now ... and now ... ooohhhhhhhh.” Betsy’s eyes went vacant as she looked at her husband.

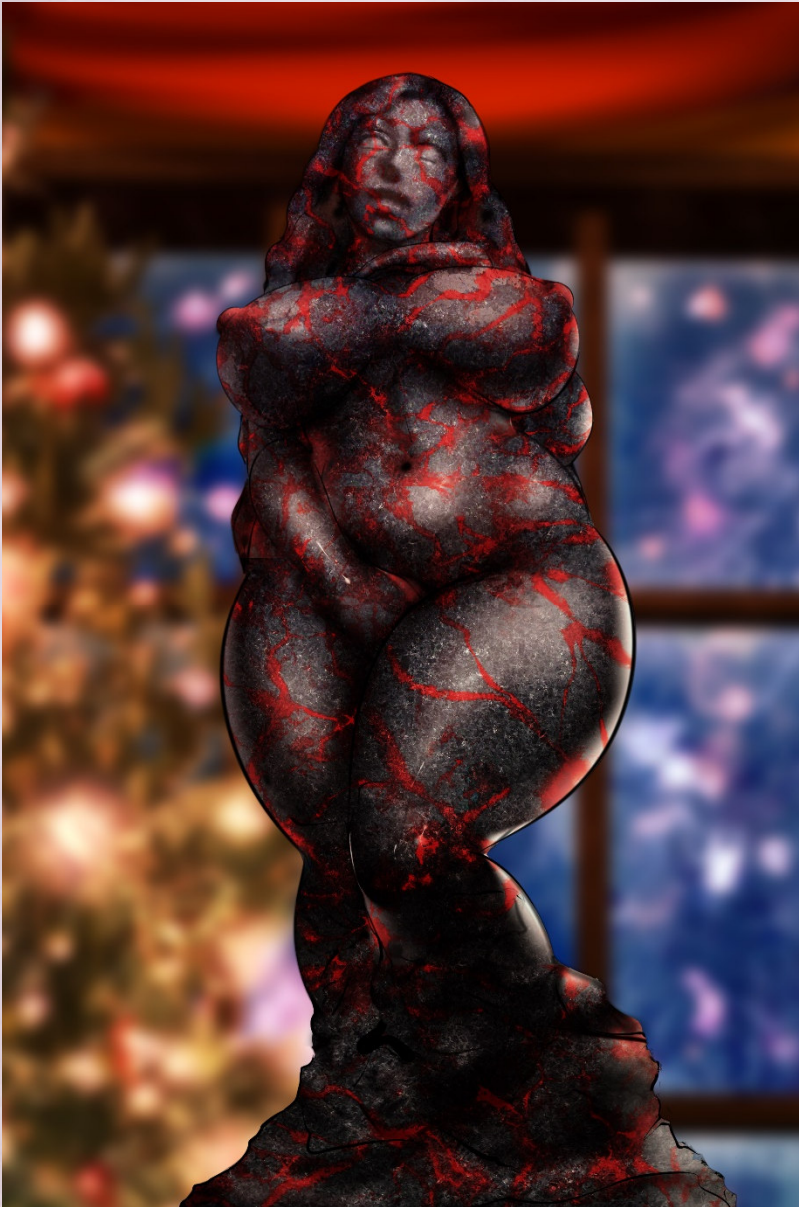
Billy spit out the nipple. “And now ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom is living life fuck to fuck.” Billy could smell his father’s cowardice. “Go make dinner ... Daddio ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom and I ... are starving.” He laughed as his father ran from the doorway.

Harold didn’t really know how to cook, but he couldn’t let Her down. He did his best in the kitchen while trying not to listen to his headboard banging against the wall, his son’s grunts, or his wife’s ecstatic wails.

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December 24, 1939: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

“Come sit by the tree, dear. The fire’s roaring.” Floyd could only see the back of his wife. She was on the other side of the living room, staring at her collection.



“She needs roots ... she needs ... she needs ...” Elizabeth whispered. She stood unsteadily, swaying back and forth as she stared at the rough-hewn statue of a goddess. The Hungarian Lady, as the Norwoods had taken to calling their newest acquisition. She had been somewhat awkwardly cut from a strange granite that had crimson veins woven throughout the crystal. The goddess had been depicted as outlandishly proportioned, with generous breasts and hips. The bottoms of her sturdy legs disappeared into her stone pedestal. Her hair was long, and she seemed completely unadorned. All of this had led experts to call her a fertility goddess. But Elizabeth knew they were wrong.

“Liz? Can you hear me?” Floyd downed the rest of his brandy and stood. “It’s Christmas Eve, darling. Come sit by the fire.” Her dress glittered as he moved across the room. Her hair was up, and she wore her best jewelry. But his wife seemed hardly into the festivities. He put his hand on her arm and quickly drew it away. His palm and fingers came away wet. She was perspiring profusely, and her skin felt like she was burning up. “Liz? Are you ill?”

Elizabeth's face snapped toward her husband. She let out a quick snarl and then laughed to cover it up. "I'm fine, darling." She smiled and giggled, her high voice tittering in the bright room. Candles were on the tree and glowing brightly in the dark windows. They all guttered, responding to some unfelt breeze, but didn't go out. She skipped to one of the armchairs and sat. "Mrs. Creech? Fetch me some sausages. I'm starving."

"We just ate supper." Floyd wiped his hand off on the trousers of his fine suit. "And you ate a schooner-full at the table."

"I'm hungry," Elizabeth growled. A dark cloud spread across her face, dampening her pretty features. It then quickly passed, and she laughed again. "There's some sort of mold on the statue. I'd like to collect it."

"Which statue?" Floyd frowned. "And we should kill the mold, not collect it."

"The Statue, Floyd. Don't be a doofus." Elizabeth shook her head like she pitied her husband. When Natalie Creech rushed in with a tray of sausages, Elizabeth clapped her hands. "You're a lifesaver, Mrs. Creech."



"Anything for you, ma'am." Natalie delivered the sausages and stepped back, watching her mistress tear into her snack like a ravenous animal. Natalie looked away, her eyes falling on the new statue across the room. The strange goddess made her feel queasy to look at, but it was better than keeping her eyes on Elizabeth.



Floyd grabbed Natalie's arm and pulled her into the kitchen. "I need you to fetch a doctor, Mrs. Creech. And I'm afraid we'll need your services throughout the night."

"But Mr. Creech will be expecting me home." Natalie frowned.

"Perhaps you should send for him, too. We'll need all hands on deck until Mrs. Norwood is feeling better. Surely, you've noticed something's amiss." Floyd peeked out into the living room, where his wife was noisily munching on her meal.

"Yes, sir. I'll stay until she's better." Mrs. Creech rushed off to send for a doctor and her husband.

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September 29, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

"Oh, hi, sweetie." Darby walked into the kitchen to find her son raiding the cabinets. "How did that job interview go?" She watched him rip open a bag of chips and shovel them into his mouth. Her lip curled, and she looked away. *Teenage boys*. It occurred to her how odd it had been that he was a model teenager all the way up until nineteen, and now, with months to go on his teenage years, she was catching him masturbating and raiding the fridge like a beast. *Why are the troubles starting now?*

"I nailed ... the interview ... Mom," Brian said with his mouth full.

"Can you stop eating for a moment and talk to me?" She really didn't want to make a disgusted face at her sweet son, but he wasn't giving her much choice. "You're behaving like a monkey."

"Sorry ... Mom ... can't stop ... too hungry ... and I'm going out ... soon." He kept shoveling chips into his mouth. Crunching sounds filled the kitchen. "Ooo ... ooo ... ooo ... aaah ... aaah ... aaah." He made monkey noises, and then looked down at the empty bag. "So hungry." He wiped crumbs off his mouth with the back of his hand and smiled at his mother. It took him a moment to realize he'd been staring at the lovely curve her boobs made under her sweater.

"You're going out?" Darby crossed her arms over her chest to block his view. He wasn't even trying to hide his ogling. More teenage boy repulsiveness. "Are you seeing a girl?" She tried not to get her hopes up.

"Yeah ... Mom." Brian went back into the cupboard and pulled out a bag of turkey jerky. He ripped it open, pulled out a piece, and gnawed on it. He watched his mom as he chewed, his eyes moving to the way her jeans hugged her hips. "But it's not like ... a date ... or anything. It's that woman I told you ... about. The one in ... 9B."



"Well, even if it's not a date, at least you're spending time with a girl." Darby shook her head. "Don't behave like this in front of her."

"Yeah ... sure, Mom." Brian glanced at his mother's face and was suddenly struck by her beauty. "Shit!" His dick sprung into a painful erection. He turned away from his mother so she wouldn't see the tent in his pants.

"Language, Brian." Darby sighed. "I swear, if you tried to pull some of the stuff you pull on me with your father, he'd kick you out of the apartment." She watched him gnaw on his jerky, facing the wall. She couldn't bear the sight anymore so without another word she left to go do some chores elsewhere in the apartment.

When his mother was gone, Brian tossed the rest of the jerky back onto the shelf and raced to his room. He needed to jerk it before seeing Rosalin. Otherwise, he suspected he'd never lose his boner.

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"I don't see anything." Rosalin studied the concrete of the laundry room wall. The room was filled with the rhythmic whirring and clanking of washing machines and dryers in use. She ran her finger over the wall where there was the impression of formwork. A quick shiver shook her whole body, and she pulled her hand back like she'd been stung. But, of course, she'd only felt the rough wall.

When she looked over at him, and they made eye contact, Brian blushed. "I told you, Rosalin, we have to turn the lights out." *I'm alone in the laundry room with a beautiful girl.* "Do you ... um ... want me to turn out the lights?" He fiddled with the headphones to his Walkman, which were currently around his neck. "If you're scared, you could hold my hand."

She would ignore that. "I heard some of the tenants talking about services at 'the chapel'. Do you know if there's a chapel in the building?" *Dave wouldn't mind that I'm here. I know he wouldn't. Brian's harmless.*

"A chapel?" Brian shook his head. "Never heard of it. But I'm new here, too. Maybe it's on the thirteenth floor?"

"Tenants aren't allowed up there, so I don't think so." She leaned her butt against the washing machine behind her. Its vibrations moved wonderfully through her body.

"Should I turn out the lights?" Brian held his hand out to her. He had never been this forward with a woman before.

Rosalin reached out her left hand and took Brian's hand. "It is a bit scary down here."

"It is." Brian noticed her glittering engagement ring. "So ... you must really like your fiancé."

Rosalin laughed. "I love him more than anything. Dave is so strong and sweet and gallant." She gave Brian an appraising look as he led her by the hand to the light switch. "You're a lot like Dave, you know."

"Thanks." Brian's cheeks turned even more crimson. He quickly switched off the lights to hide them.

"I don't see anything." Rosalin squeezed his hand tighter. She found it to be a bit clammy, but she didn't mind.

"Give your eyes a minute to adjust." Brian squeezed her hand back. It was electrifying to touch a woman. He hadn't done much of that in high school. And he didn't have many opportunities to meet women now. It felt almost like he could feel literal sparks. He breathed in and took in the scents in the darkness. He could smell



the saccharine sweetness of someone's dryer sheets, the floral touch of Rosalin's modestly applied perfume, and something else. *I can smell her. She's excited and afraid. Why can I smell that?* He blinked his eyes a few times. "There ... do you see that?" He pulled her through the darkness, holding his free hand out so he didn't bump into anything.

The machines hummed and whirred around them.

"Oh ... I see it. It's so faint." Rosalin sucked in her breath. The glow is beautiful. "What would you call it? Carmine?"

"Sure ... that's a color ... sure." Brian was suddenly having a hard time concentrating. He heard a woman's voice ... a mother's voice, but not his mother. The woman was calling to him ... offering him safety and protection.

"Hear me ... Brian Kwon ... I am Ogganse." Ogganse sang her beguiling song from the other side. "All will be right ... in my arms. You are the young stag ... you are my salvation. You will sire a goddess."

"Brian ... Brian ... are you okay?" Rosalin squeezed his hand so hard she heard a crack. He wasn't responding to her. *Now is not the time to panic.* "Say something, please."

"I feel ... very strange ... Rosalin." With strength he didn't know he had, Brian pulled her into an embrace. She was four inches taller than him, so kissing her was a bit awkward, but he lifted himself onto his toes and planted his lips on hers.



Now it's time to panic! "Mmmpppphhhhh!" The teenager's tongue was in her mouth! Rosalin pushed him away, turned, and crashed into the folding table. She fell to her knees, her eyes wide in the dark. The carmine glow seemed to be pulsing like a human heart. She had thought it beautiful a moment before, but now she found it hideous. "Help ... help!" She had brought the Bloomfield Murderer to justice, and now she was crawling through the dark trying to escape a five-foot-five, horny teenager. *Get a grip!*

"Rosalin ... oh, my God. I'm so sorry." Brian groped in the dark. "I didn't mean to ... I ..." His hand found her jean-clad ass as she crawled away, and she let out a horrible shriek. He pulled his hand back. "I'm so sorry ... we were just looking at the red glow ... and it felt right." He couldn't hear Ogganse's voice anymore. *Did I ever hear it?* "Look, you don't need to scream. I'll get the lights." He moved in the right direction, found the wall, found the switch, and turned the lights back on. When he saw the look of confusion and anger on Rosalin's face, he wished he had left them both in darkness. "I'm ... sorry."

"We just got done talking about Dave. Brian ... I'm so disappointed in you. Please, don't talk to me ... ever again." Rosalin stood up, raced to the door, opened it, and disappeared.

"Shit!" Brian felt terrible. And to make matters worse, he had another painful erection. They had been hurting so much lately. He gave her a minute to escape, and then raced back to his apartment to have a shameful jerkoff.

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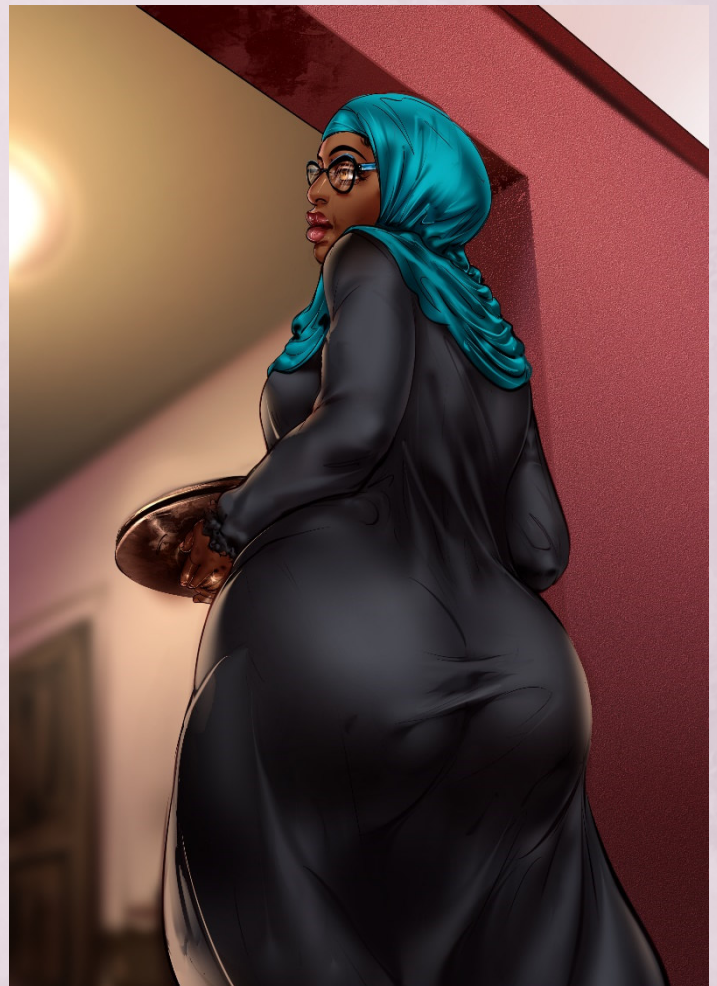
February 5, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

"You boys are eating up a storm." Uba brought another plate of hummus and pita for her son and Joe. She frowned as they tore into her latest offering, but she was happy that her twins had found a friend right down the hall. She made eye contact with her daughter, who was playing video games with the boys. Hani rolled her eyes at her mother. Uba smiled at that. Even if the boys were slovenly sometimes, she was glad her daughter wasn't left out. And glad that Hani had a sense of humor about them. Uba and Hani were both wearing long, dark dresses and their hijabs since Joe was visiting. "Anything else I can get you three?"

"No ... thanks ... Mom," Abshir said between bites.

Joe made himself put down the pita and finish chewing. It wasn't easy. He smiled at Uba. "You're the best, Mrs. Dahir. Thank you."

"You're welcome, Joey." Uba glanced at the video game they were playing. She didn't approve, but one had to pick one's battles as a mother. She turned and walked out of the room.



Joe watched his friends' mom leave the room. Her modest clothes and hijab couldn't completely hide her curves and beauty. He tried not to stare at her ass as it rolled with each step. He grimaced. Another painful boner hit him. He should have known better than to ogle that woman.

"Did you just pop a woody because of my mom?" Hani looked at their guest from her languid position on the armchair, her face full of wonder.

"Hani!" Abshir's eyes opened wide. His sister said the most tawdry things, but this was beyond even her. Despite his shock, he tore off another piece of pita and put it in his mouth.

"Shit ... I didn't mean to." Joe grabbed a throw pillow from the sofa next to him and put it on his lap.

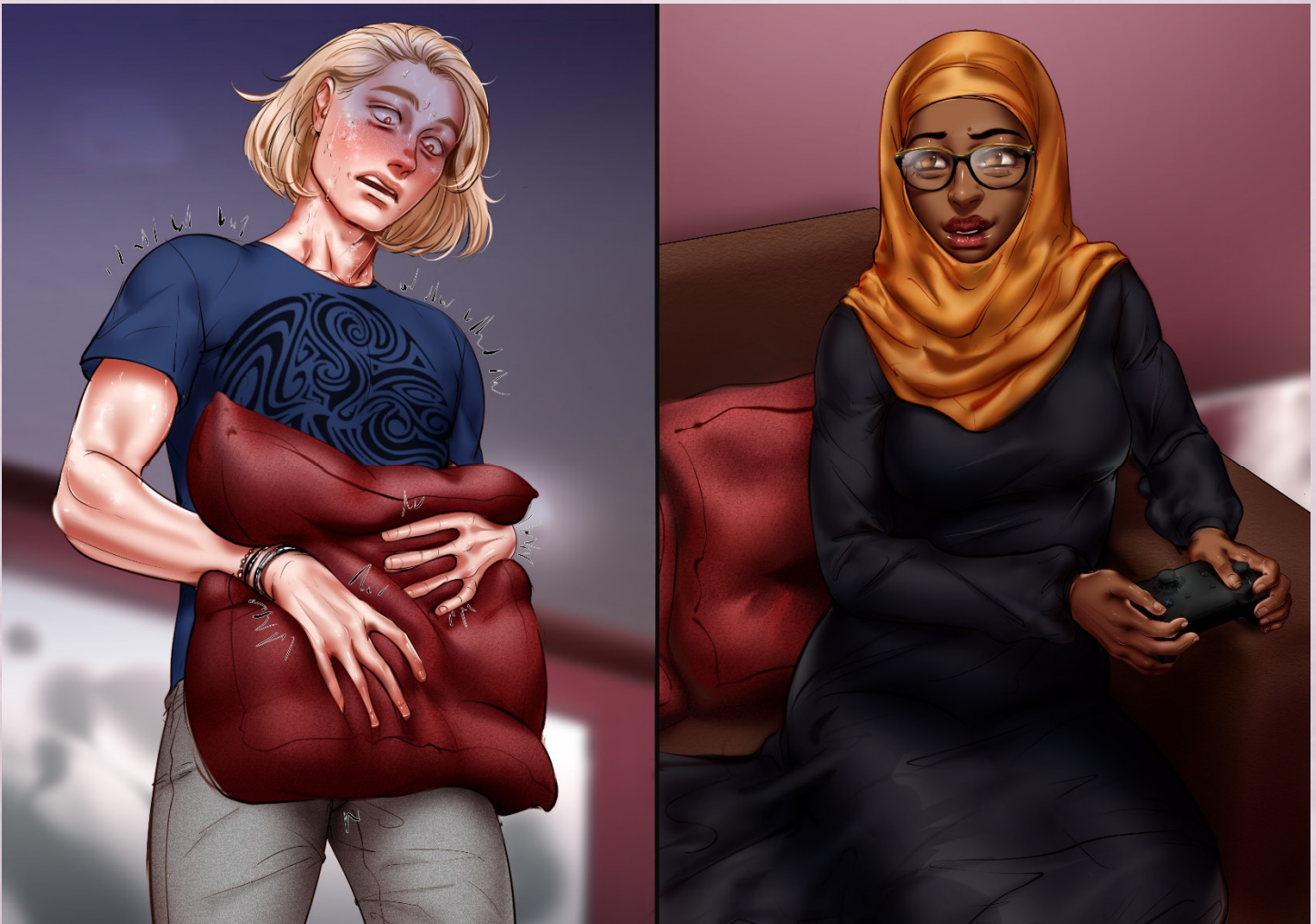
"I'm sorry, Abshir, but that's pretty crazy." Hani giggled. "Can you imagine Mom being spank bank material?" Hani looked over at her brother.

"I'm sorry." Joe wiped his forehead. He was sweating. He'd been doing that a lot lately. It's like his body thought he was running a marathon when he was sitting still.

"Seriously, Joe, don't worry about it. You're eighteen. I'm sure every woman who breathes near you makes you pop one." Hani gave him a knowing smile.

"You know what? I have to go." Joe put down the controller. "I just remembered I have ... homework." He stood awkwardly, holding the pillow in front of his junk. "Um ..."

"Damn, just take the pillow. You can give it back to us later." Hani shook her head and laughed.



"Sorry." Joe tried not to make eye contact with his friends. "Bye." He rushed out of the room and out of their apartment.

Despite the insanity, Abshir was still eating. "I can't believe you ... sometimes. What if you ... scared him away? He's my ... friend," he said. He looked down at the tray to see the food was gone.

"Boys like it when you're straight with them. And he's not just your friend. He's *our* friend." Hani watched her brother get up. "Do you have a woody, too? Holy shit."

"I'll be in my room." Abshir hurried off.

"We're only halfway through this level," Hani called after him. "You can't just leave every time you need to ..." She put down the controller. "Maybe it's better if you do leave every time you have to ... you know," she whispered.

Uba stuck her head in the doorway. "Did Joey leave?"

"Yeah, Mom. He got all flustered by how hot you are." Hani laughed.

"I wish you wouldn't say things like that." Uba frowned, pressing her dark lips together. "And your brother?"

"He's ... taking a *nap*." Hani winked.

"You are too much. We aren't supposed to think about them thinking and doing those things." Uba sighed. "You're never going to find a husband if you keep behaving like this."

"Maybe I don't want a husband." Hani arched an eyebrow.

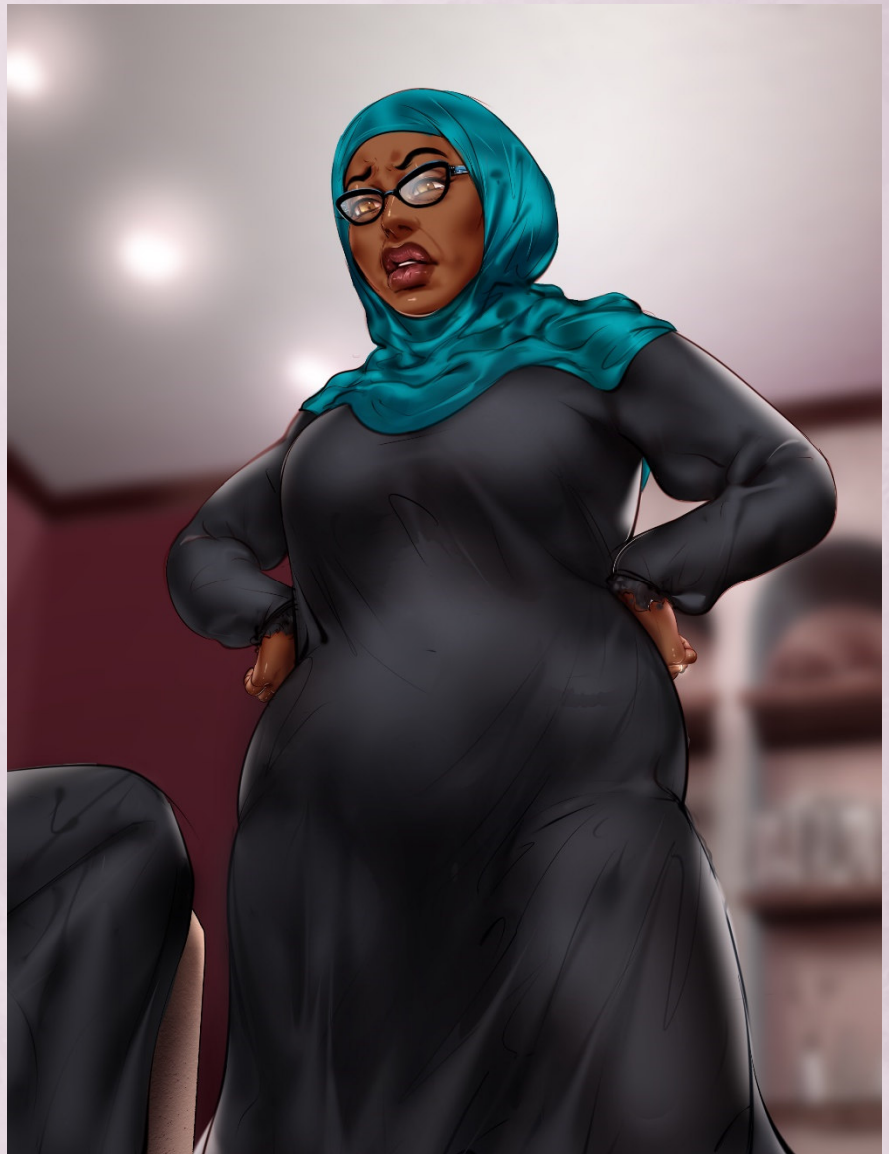
"Crazy girl." Uba walked into the room and started stacking empty dishes. "Come on, help me clean up."

"That's just what I'm talking about." Hani stood and helped her mother. "I'm not really interested in spending my life cleaning up after men."

"Then you picked the wrong planet to live on." Uba nudged her daughter's narrow hip with her wide one and smiled. "I should check with Joey's mother to make sure he got home okay."

"Mom, he lives like thirty feet down the hall." Hani walked into the kitchen.

"Still." Uba was used to suburban living. For her, old habits died hard.

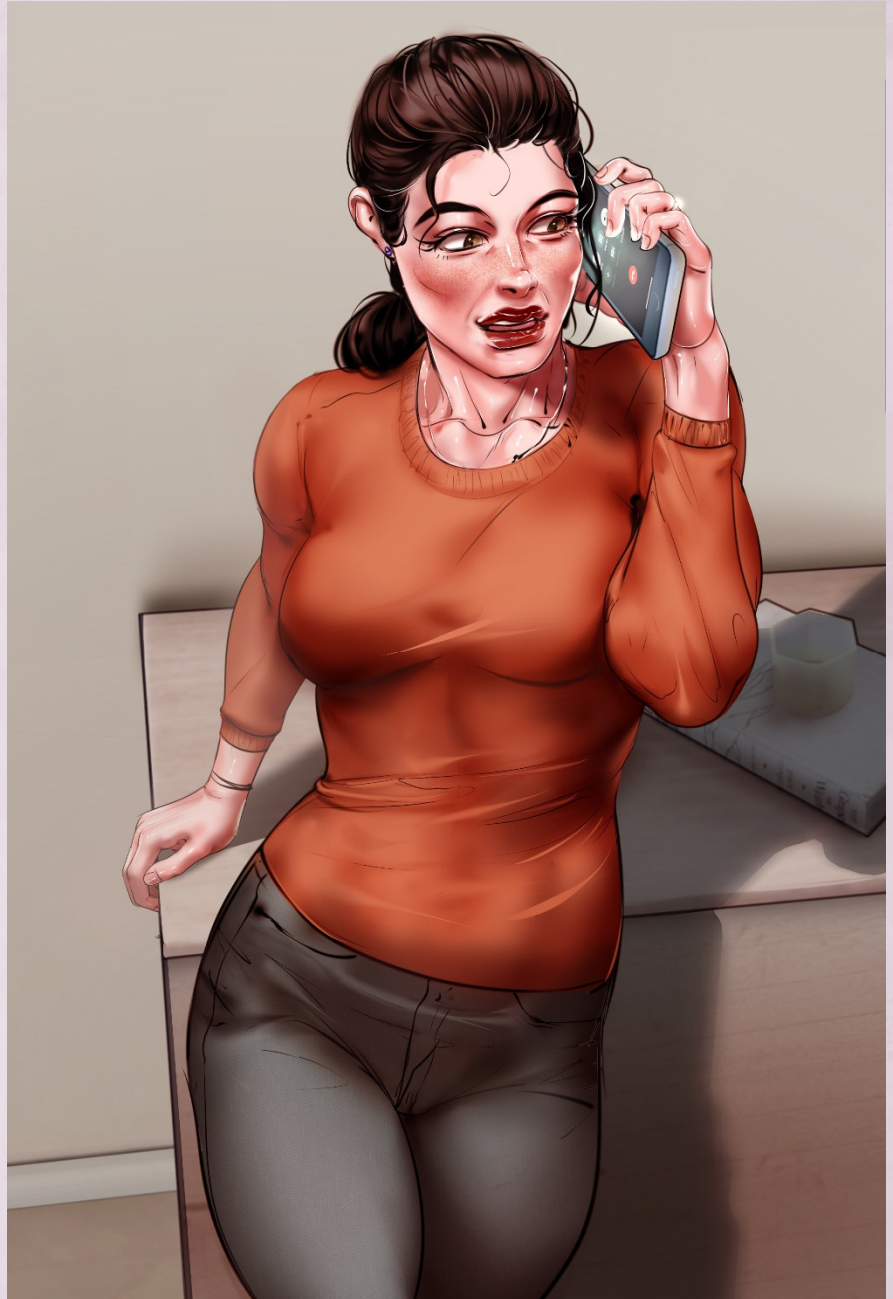


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“Yes, he walked in a few minutes ago. He’s in his room.” Carrie spoke to her neighbor on the phone. “Yes, I think he had a great time. We’ll invite your twins over here next time. Yes ... yes ... sure thing, Uba ... sounds good. Bye.” Carrie disconnected and put her phone on the counter. “Joey? Hey, Joey?” She called across the apartment. “Mrs. Dahir said you left in a hurry. Everything okay?”

There was no answer. She walked across the apartment, stopping in front of her own bedroom. The view of the park always took her breath away. She would never grow tired of living at 3838 Walnut. Carrie continued down the hall and knocked on her son’s door. “I’m coming in.” She gave him a moment and opened the door. Her son was sitting at his desk with his computer monitor off. Even so, he seemed to be studying it closely. “Joey?”

“Hey, Mom.” He tried to be nonchalant as he turned toward her. His breath caught in his throat. His mother was wearing a tight sweater that accentuated her usually unassuming boobs and hugged her trim belly. Her mom-jeans sat perfectly on her hips. “I ... um ... I ... um ...” He desperately fought the urge to pull down his pants and continue what he’d been doing before she knocked.



“Are you okay, sweetie? You have the strangest expression on your face.” Carrie walked over to him and put her hand on his forehead. “Oh, my. You’re burning up *and* sweating.” She removed her hand and wiped it on her jeans. “Let’s get you into bed.” She pulled him up onto his feet. When she did that, his pants, which were not buttoned, fell down his thighs. She looked down to see his member valiantly pushing at his boxers. “Oh ... well ... you can get yourself into bed.” She quickly turned to the door. “I can see you’re having a teenage moment.”





“Sorry, Mom.” Joe had been apologizing a lot in the past hour. “But I don’t feel sick.” He actually felt great. He could hear her heart rate thump madly as she paused in the doorway and looked back, her gaze on his underwear. He could smell fear on her. She was afraid that something was wrong with him. “I’ve never been better, Mom.”

Mother and son stood in silence for a few moments, their gazes not meeting, but instead looking where they shouldn’t look.

“Um ... I feel a bit strange myself. Maybe we’re both coming down with something.” Carrie backed out of the door. “Get in bed, and I’ll check on you in a little bit. I don’t think you’ll be going to school tomorrow.”

“Sure, Mom.” Joe nodded. When she’d left and closed the door, he sat back at his desk and turned on his monitor. His dick was immediately in his hand as he restarted the video.

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September 29, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund.

My mind is spinning. I keep thinking about Brian. I'm bewildered. My thoughts flip from Dave to Brian to Dave and so on. And then, when I close my eyes, I see the image of those two stags on the wall of the lobby. The animals have magnificent antlers and are about to charge. A herd of does watch them. The mother and wolf-headed man that appear all over the walls, appear there, too, watching the confrontation. I feel like I'm on a bad trip.

I'm not a little schoolgirl. I'm on my way to making a name for myself. I *will* find the Ostrows. Tomorrow, I'll redouble my efforts to uncover clues. In the meantime, my hands are trembling. I think I'll open a bottle of wine and try to lose myself in some television. Maybe a show with wildlife.

