

Chapter One – Pt. 2

“BONKERS!”



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JIMIN watched his other three members walk away reluctantly, figuring this was his chance to quickly scope out the situation. Scanning the spacious living room, his attention was drawn to the three portraits above the fireplace, one each of the identical twin sisters, another . . . a young couple dressed in wedding attire, the bride white-skinned, the groom dark. Guessing they were relatives, it was difficult to ascertain if they were parents or grandparents, and the twins themselves? *Damn, just damn.*

The place reeked of roses, not to mention the dimly lit sitting area was layered with crocheted throws, over antique Victorian furniture, and plopped majestically to the left of a large easy chair, sat a sleek black, baby grand piano.

With no television or landline phones in sight, he scoped the baseboards for electrical outlets, or somewhere to plug in their cell's when service returned. Not seeing any, he brushed his hair off his face in discouragement, thinking, maybe they would all be safer in the car until they could call for help.

“There you are.”

The voice at his side only meant the few moments he had cherished to figure a way out of this creepy throwback in time, had vanished. It was the ‘Twilight Zone’, and they were guests to the party. *Holy crap!*

Sumre studied the handsome boy whose dark eyes fluttered curiously about the room. He was one of Sundae's guests. She had always thought he was special. But, for some reason Sundae was treating him pitifully, putting him aside to favor the other.

“We're waiting for you, so I can light the candles. I never get to. Sundae always insists because she did it the first time. “I ask every year. Hmmm, I don't know why she finally gave in.”

Rattling on in a low seductive voice her fingertips grazed up and down his arm, causing the hair on the back of his neck to stand on end. *This girl was so creepy!*

“Are you looking for something?” Literally dragging him off his spot by the door and into the warmth of the festive dining area she announced, “I saw you checking things out. Do you like the way we re-decorated? We've added the piano.”

Forcing him into the empty slot between Sundae and the life-sized stuffed 'Alice' perched at the head of the table she snickered, "Lucky. She always saves YOU the spot beside Alice. The others are jealous.”

Acutely aware of her sister's cozy interaction with Jimin, Sundae looked over at him staring down at the spread of food laid out across the table as he stepped up behind the wooden chair.

“You noticed the piano,” she declared amused. Then, ignoring his confused expression turned to JungKook on her other side, leaning in toward his ear cooing, “YOU can play for me later. It's time to sit. Can't you see, the food's getting cold.”

Across the table V, stood impatiently tapping his foot. Jin had been exceptionally quiet since their arrival, and frankly he was a little worried about him. Not to mention, there were still three members unaccounted for, who hopefully had made it to their original destination (a hotel on the way to Indianapolis).

But, this was a party, after all. Licking his lips at the plate of pizza in front of him, it was easy enough to disregard the large stuffed rabbit in the top hat at his left and Sumre's piercing eyes on his right.

“EVERYONE sit. Please . . .” Sundae reiterated, waiting to see if either of two guests beside her would be noble enough to assist by pulling out her chair.



JungKook squinted at her pretty face, hoping that if he continued to be the ‘good’ one, there would be a reward in the making later. It was obvious the storm wasn't about to ease up, and no matter what they thought of this unusual situation, they were stuck here, (possibly overnight).

Staring over at JungKook intently, Jin noticed the way he shifted the chair back, allowing Sundae easy access. Hating to give in, but afraid NOT to show HIS manly side, he did the same for Sumre, and the ‘Alice in Wonderland’ birthday party began.

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IN the awkward silence that followed the announcement JungKook, salivating over the meat sliders, small hot dogs, and slices of pizza, forgot his previous manners. Filling his plate to the brim, he tossed on food and goodies like M&M's, licorice sticks and a massive pile of gummy bears.

Head lowered he began stuffing his face, not paying attention to the fact that no one else was eating. One slider in, and a handful of grapes ready to follow . . . he suddenly looked up across the table at the others.

Sumre, (hands in her lap) hadn't moved a muscle, observing him cramming food in swiftly, while Jin . . . one eyebrow raised in lame curiosity reached for a slider himself. But, not before V flung one arm across Sumre, stopping Jin's hand in mid-air, mouthing, ‘Wait’.

Dropping the small burger back on the plate Jin, drew his hand back slowly, trying not to look embarrassed in front of the beautiful, smiling Sundae across from him.

Ignoring what had just taken place, Sundae cleared her throat in a random apology unrelated to V's actions.

“Ach-hem. Forgive us. What awful hostesses we are. We've forgotten the cocktails!” Then loudly above the sound of the children's singing of the Birthday Song, she barked, “SUMRE.”

Standing, the other twin pushed her chair back gently, running two long fingernails across the nape of JungKook's neck, whispering in a thick, sugary voice, “It's delicious isn't it sweetie? I ordered cook to make ALL your favorites . . .”

“SUMRE. I need you to help me. NOW!” Sundae, eyes ablaze with jealousy swung on her heel to leave but not before she made certain her overly flirtatious sister was directly behind her.

As the girl’s disappeared behind the open doorway to the kitchen, V piped up out of nowhere, “Who thinks they’re gorgeous?” raising one hand.

Reluctantly all hands went up, even as Jimin swiveled back to face the others after watching the twin’s slender backsides sway seductively away from the table. Snickering, V’s next question took them all by surprise.

“Who thinks they’re crazy?” Watching all hands shoot up yet again, he added nonchalantly, “Who the hell cares?” shrugging his shoulders and reaching for the plate of pizzas. “JungKook’s not dead yet, I think we’re safe.”

And, then . . . A mysteriously, stern “SHUSH,” drifted in from the other room, “STOP TALKING. Eat and make room for cake!”

“Shit, they heard us V. I'm blaming you if things start to go fuzzy,” Jimin hissed, grabbing a handful of candy off the plate in front of him. “Dear God, I hope this isn't poisoned.”

“What do you think they're really up to in there?” Jin whispered across to V, craning his neck to see past the slightly open doorway, “sharpening knives?”

“Oh, stop it all of you,” V scolded, biting down on the small slice of pizza, “so, they're a little off the wall. Tell me I'm not as bad. Do you think I'm crazy when I have conversations with myself?”

Resting his eyes on each member around the table he chewed lazily waiting for the answer that never came. “Yahhh, thought so. Cut ‘em some slack, ye? Maybe they've been holed up out here for months without company. Lighten up, have some fun. I'm going to.”

“Well, we don't have much choice now do we?” Jimin stated quietly. “There's no phone, no TV and nowhere to hook up to electric that I can see. If it doesn't stop snowing soon we might as well plan on spending the night.”

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SUNDAE swung around in the kitchen, her eyes blazing at a demure Sumre. “You're being such a brat today. Flirting with my man. I saw you when you brought him to the table. Now I'm going to have to take care of him. Get the pitcher and I'll get the glasses.”

“You need to stop telling me what to do. I'm the oldest.” Stomping her foot Sumre fisted both hands at her sides rebelliously.

“Holy cow. By HOW many seconds? Oh yeah, SIXTY. Get over yourself and get the damn pitcher. They're talking. You know what happened last year when they started talking. Hurry.”

Curling her lip, Sumre flung the refrigerator door open, and the house immediately went dark.

Out in the living room, the guests at the large dining table gasped, as the overhead chandelier flickered once, before going black. Now, the only visible light, cast a shadow from the rooms of the eerie Victorian dollhouse, set up on a large covered banquette behind ‘Alice’s’ foreboding, blonde head.

With panicky eyes fixated on the glow, each one noticed the doll house was inhabited by numerous male dolls. Four seated at the long party table in the dining area . . . three upstairs, (one on the bed; one at a desk; and the last one shoved naked into a tiny tub).

From the confines of the kitchen came the loud shriek of the frustrated and crestfallen sisters,

“BONKERS!”

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