

-Chapter One-

A New Home

Having just escaped the four corners of his orphanage room, Lular finally moved into the townhouse reserved for him by his parents, in the outskirts of town. The kitchen, one and a half-bath, and three bedrooms made it a reasonable place to live, considering the fact that his brother, Loco, would be moving in the following month. The time Lular had given himself, before the arrival of his desperately waiting brother, had been given as a means to secure a future for the both of them, until Loco would be able to support a future of his own. This was their plan, and this plan was what Lular was going to abide by, no matter how much his younger brother disliked it.

Just like any other teen sprouting out of dependence, Lular had no clue where to begin. He took the first few days to familiarize himself with the community around him, and all neighbors—aside from one busy woman, mother of triplets—had welcomed him into Medialuna Lane, the street, on which his new home currently resided. Mrs. Dyer, the seventy-three year old widow, living across from Lular, welcomed him with her delicious traditional casserole. The Humperdinck's welcoming consisted of three rather large containers of chocolate hearts, handmade by their daughter and Mrs. Humperdinck, themselves. The two Peverett Brothers welcomed him with a rather odd statue of a gnome-like creature tipping its red hat gently toward whomever it had been greeting. Lular gladly welcomed all his guests into his fully furnished home, in return for the kind acts that they had done for him. After all, these were people he'd most likely be living alongside for the rest of his life.

Lular often watched from his front porch as the people passing by continued to go about their own busy mornings, and their own engaging afternoons. Occasionally Mrs. Dyer would wave at him, in which case he would politely wave back and engage in a short conversation about how their day had been.

Lular's reply always comprised of, "Nothing much," or, "just the same as the last." But this day's conversation was one he found rather interesting, for it helped him learn a little more about the history that became a part of Medialuna Lane.

It was Lular's third day watching from the veranda, and the Humperdinck's daughter had been playing in the streets with a remote-control car when the Peverett brothers turned the corner in their Ford Explorer at an accelerating speed. Lular quickly hopped off his garden chair as the driver haphazardly pressed the brake pedal and the young ten-year old ran out of the way into Lular's protective arms. The car skidded into Lular's front lawn shattering the girl's toy to pieces.

'Hey!' Paul Peverett called, stepping out from the driver's seat. 'Where was your head at, girl?' She wept in return.

'It wasn't her fault,' Lular attempted, defending the crying girl who had her arms wrapped around his long legs. 'It's *you* that question should be directed towards!'

Peter—Paul's brother—scoffed, watching the scene from behind the Ford's front windshield.

'This wouldn't have happened had she not been dallyin' in the street, day and night!' Paul spat at the both of them. Lular furrowed his eyebrows and Paul added, 'She never learns, that little twit.'

'How can you say that,' Lular began as Paul returned to his car, 'to the face of a girl as young as she is?' Paul hopped into his car, pulled out of what had been Lular's small field of perfectly cultivated and mowed grass, and sped off to their own home, further down the street. He caught a glimpse of Mrs. Dyer watching from behind her window in the house opposite his, and then slowly shifted focus to the shivering girl below him.

'Are you alright?' he asked her, and she let go of his legs to wipe her own tears. He fell to the ground and waited for the blood to circulate through his numbed legs. The Humperdinck's daughter sniffed, and then slowly nodded. He looked down at his perfectly destroyed garden and sighed. From a distance, Mrs. Dyers had started to hurry across the street over to them.

‘Are you two alright?’ she asked concerned, and they nodded simultaneously. ‘You’d best come over for a cup of tea, until your parents return from work, Lissy. Run along, now, I’ll catch up with you later.’ And Lissy, the Humperdinck daughter, crossed the street and disappeared behind Mrs. Dyer’s round front door. ‘What happened, there, Lular?’ Mrs. Dyer asked with a hint of fear behind her eyes. Lular shook his head in return.

‘I haven’t any idea,’ he replied, running his palms over the grooves in his lawn, made by the Peverett Brother’s front tires.

‘It’s best to stay away from them Peverett Brothers, Lular; especially you, considering their history. Bad occurrences tend to follow those boys.’

‘What? Why?’ Lular asked, confused.

‘It is a well-known fact that the Peverett family have resided on Medialuna Lane ever since it had first been created.’ Lular listened intently to what the woman was telling him. ‘I, personally, believe they take the street to be their own. Of course, everyone else will tell you differently. Take your parents, for example. They—’

‘You—’ Lular interrupted. ‘You knew my parents?’

‘Of course, child,’ Mrs. Dyer answered, shocked at the question he had shot at her. ‘Realmeante and Obviamente Melenudo! Such wonderful neighbors.’ Lular’s mouth curved into an automatic smile. ‘They lived in the very same house; you currently reside in, my dear. Oh, they were so, very, happy the day you were born, Lular, and then your brother, two years later.’

‘But them Peverett Brothers—no, they didn’t agree with your parents at all, and the night your parents died...’ she shook her head, and gently reached out to hold Lular’s hands, but the words she said afterwards drained in the distance as Lular’s pupils blurred and fell into what seemed to be a rather concise dream.

He looked to his left, and then to his right. In front of him—just as she had been moments ago—stood Mrs. Dyer gently shaking her messy blonde head. Lular watched her, and understood immediately that she had told him of his parents' death. He desperately wanted to hear, to know, to understand what happened. He wanted her to tell him what had happened the night his parents died. How had it happened? Why did it happen?

'I'd better get back to Lissy,' she said. 'She'll be waiting for that cup of warm tea I had promised her. We'll talk again, later.' Lular nodded, even though "later" wasn't what he had wanted to hear. He was confused. He was tired. He was stressed.

'Later,' he nodded, and Mrs. Dyer started across to her own home. From a distance he watched as the Peverett Brothers sped back up the street in their Ford Explorer, and he jumped up to stop what he feared would happen from happening. But it happened just the same.

He opened his eyes.

Mrs. Dyer gently took her hands off his, and smiled. Lular looked to his left, and then to his right. What he had seen had been so vivid. It had felt so real. Mrs. Dyer gently shook her head, and slowly whispered, 'I'd better get back to Lissy.' Lular heard a car start further up the street. 'She'll be waiting for that cup of warm tea I had promised her.' Lular looked to his right, and caught a glimpse of two headlights quickly drawing nearer. 'We'll talk again later.'

Lular nodded, 'Later,' not paying full attention, as he watched the Peverett's Ford Explorer accelerate down the street, and hit Mrs. Dyer at an alarming speed. Lular jumped back and fell into his shrubs, shocked at what he had just witnessed, as old Mrs. Dyer flew back into the air and fell face first into the hard gravel beneath her. And the Peverett Brothers sped off, leaving Medialuna Lane forever.