

## Chapter Three

The Boy marveled at the array of colors that cascaded downward each time he nailed a bulb dead center. Bright swaths of orange, crimson and violet, along with bursts of indigo and evergreen exploded into the sky, giving him his own personal fireworks show on demand.

Oddly, a slight deviation to the right or left caused little more than a pop and fizzle, though clearly the glass broke as he could see the tiny holes from his pellets.

Calmly and without hurry, he strolled through the deserted beachside resort, a ghost town in the heart of winter, and systematically shot out every streetlamp, pausing only to step into the trees at the first sound of a rare vehicle straying into the neighborhood.

He smiled when he scored a direct hit, grunted when he didn't and promised himself with each miss to first pause, hold the gun steady, pull in a shallow breath, aim and squeeze the trigger gently, exactly as his father had taught him.

*"At least he's good for something,"* the Boy thought.