

The lights dimmed, flickered, and went out again.

*I take what is mine.*

The nursery was so dark without the night light and the luminous dial of the clock that the dim light of a quarter moon made a bright square of the window. The hair on the back of her neck stood on end. It was so eerily dark, and the flashlight was in the kitchen. She made herself back slowly, carefully, toward the door. She mustn't trip or bump into anything. She mustn't wake Robert. She couldn't leave him here alone.

She found the doorway into the hall and stood still to listen. She heard nothing, saw nothing. Of course not.

“Jason?” she whispered.