

# H O M E C O M I N G

written by

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## ONE

Like most of its residents, Emma Warren had never left the shores of Bishop's Island for more than a week in all her thirty-four years. There were the occasional weekend trips to mainland and a few family vacations growing up, but for the most part, everything she wanted in life resided where she was born. Upon graduation, she bounced around the island's western region, only to put down permanent roots in Wicker Bay after eight years. She never cared for the big city life of Chapel Port, not when there was so much familiarity to the cottage village of her birth.

Still, there were things she wished she had never known in her life. More than that, there were things she wished other people didn't know about her life. Those who had taken the time to get to know her were aware how perpetually disastrous it was to refer to her as Emma. From an early age, she had answered to a smooth mispronunciation of her middle name. No one remembered who coined the moniker, but

among the islanders, Emma Nichole Warren was known simply as Nickel.

Her family and close friends reduced the name to Nic, which she was fine with. She detested the name Emma as much as the great aunt for whom she was named. Nickel only remembered meeting her great aunt twice and on both occasions she was left in tears. Her great aunt was a staunch, bitter woman who approved of few and died alone in the cold tides along Pickens Shore. Of course, it was something of a north island tradition for a person to meet their end under less than savory conditions. It was no different for her great aunt.

As she walked through an underground parking garage, Nickel shifted her thoughts onto Whaler Tuck, a small bend towards the southern cradle of the village. It was in that location where someone from her past had literally washed ashore. Every moment of her life seemed to trace back to that same person: her best friend in childhood, her first love, her first heartbreak and the source of countless questions and sleepless nights. For the first time in nearly two decades, the name of Eric Kade had been spoken with a sense of hope.

During their sophomore year of high school, Nickel and Eric went from best friends to sweethearts. For her, everything was perfect when he was around or at least as close to perfect as it gets when you're sixteen. Their romance ended abruptly on the football field of the Wicker Bay Pelicans when Nickel and Eric were attacked in the twilight of a seaside sunset. When Nickel regained consciousness, she was surrounded by teachers, classmates, her parents and the island's four constables. But after that night, Nickel never saw nor heard from Eric again.

There were a few police interviews, years of counseling sessions and for several months she spent every weekend combing the island as

part of a volunteer search effort, but it was almost as though he had been plucked clean from the island. As anyone born on Bishop's Island could attest, that was the way it was written for the family Kade. After all, he was the last survivor of a tragic bloodline. By summertime of the following year, people no longer mentioned him. Until tonight, he was presumed among the many casualties of the mysterious island filled with its dark secrets and whispered legends.

Rubbing numb fingertips across her forehead, Nickel tried to forget the pain of that night. Awash in memories, she tried to remember Eric as the high school boy she was so in love with that it made her stomach crazy. For years, she clung to the memories of her life with him so tightly they had almost become her life. She had so many hopes and dreams that were replaced with nightmares and unanswered questions since he disappeared. To describe the present situation as frantic seemed to belittle the intensity of what she felt.

At any moment she expected to be torn from her slumber by the painful realization her journey was but a dream. It all seemed dreamlike to her anyway, the late-afternoon phone call and the drive to the Spencer T. Buckley Hospital in Chapel Port. She couldn't even retrace her path or recall how she had arrived in the hospital's elevator. Was this just another of those cruel moments which existed to trick her into thinking everything would be perfect only to disappear once she accepted it?

The corridor felt as though it stretched endlessly as she walked from the reception bay towards Special Constable Lonnie Burke. How many times had she imagined the moment when Eric would return? Never in a hospital or announced on a phone call by the police as those were circumstances she didn't dwell on. It was supposed to be a surprise, like him standing at the front door or spotting her in a crowd.

Now she wondered about his condition and wished Lonnie had been more informative and less chivalrous during their conversation.

“Hey Nic,” Lonnie sighed. “Thanks for coming down.”

She attempted to maintain some sort of composure, but formalities seemed lost in the moment.

“You saw him?” Clumsily Nickel’s fingertips prodded her lips. “It’s really him?”

“I know how long you’ve waited for that phone call. I wouldn’t have put you through this if I wasn’t absolutely certain,” Lonnie assured her.

“And you found him where?”

“No, it wasn’t me. Two fishermen found him. I don’t think you know them, the Ougrym brothers? Anyway, you should know he was caught in the tide. How he kept from drowning is the source of some real puzzlement.”

“Is he, um,” she struggled to swallow. “How bad was he –?”

“He was tossed around pretty good. I’m not going to lie to you; he’s been roughed up worse than I’ve seen for a long time. If you’d like me to; that is if you don’t think you’re up to it, I can call Ava for you.”

“No,” she denounced quickly. “I’d like to see him now.”

With a polite grin Lonnie said, “He’s right down the hall.”

Her sweaty palms felt like ice as she smeared them down the legs of her worn denims and followed a half step behind the constable. A nurse smiled with mixed emotions as a second nurse ignored her altogether. She watched them both only a moment before looking at Lonnie who held open the door for her. This was the moment she had spent nearly twenty years preparing for and Nickel realized she wasn’t prepared at all. Her stomach churned and her throat cracked as the air

in her lungs struggled to flow and she stepped through the doorway to the recovery room.

Beneath fluorescent lighting and acquired injuries, the face of her high school love was completely unrecognizable. His skin was gaunt where it hadn't been cut or bruised and a thick beard hid his rounded jaw. He filled the bed, seeming to have both towering height and foreboding width even when laid up. She didn't understand the tattoos on his hands, throat and chest because he never seemed the sort when she knew him.

*Knowing* him was a concept she couldn't even cope with. She didn't know him any more than he knew her. There was no good excuse for why she stood determined in his hospital room. Maybe she felt it was her right to be the first person he saw since, as far as she knew, she was the last person he saw on the island. Perhaps she had come in search of answers or closure for the last eighteen years.

Her eyes struggled to find the face she remembered beneath the one she had been told was his. She tried to remember the mouth she kissed so many times, but felt even more confused. Lost among thick whiskers were the gentle cleft of his chin and the smoothness of his face. His nose was unmarked and dared her to reach out to touch it, but she couldn't bring herself to tempt fate. Nothing about this man seemed the same, but she believed it had to be him.

Stepping closer, she hesitated as the seal of water between her shoe and the floor tile announced her presence with a squeak. His head turned away from the overhead light and his mouth seemed to find peace for a moment before wincing in discomfort. As she stared with bated breath, his eyes opened and blue irises stared back at her. Instinctively his right hand moved closer to his body and away from her as she stood frozen beside him.

“Don’t,” he gruffly sighed, as though in a trance.

He shut his eyes and caught his breath, opening heavy eyelids once more to stare back at her. She stood quietly; still possessed by a pensive stare in those green eyes and sweeping, angular eyebrows. The tiniest pebble of a beauty mark rested in the cradle of her upper lip caught somewhere between a pleasant smile and uncertain recognition. Her creamy skin remained peppered with tiny freckles and a soft chin, which slid into a graceful neck left jagged by a thick mane of damp locks.

“Nickel?”

His voice was soft, but deeper and worn.

“Hey you,” she said gently with a smile on her face.

“Where am I?”

“You’re home, baby,” she struggled to say as emotion lodged in her throat.

“Why are you—”

He swept his arms upwards, tangled in intravenous lines, and raised a bandaged hand to cover his mouth as he coughed. The muscles along his tattooed forearm tensed as his face swelled with the force of pain.

“—Why are you here?”

“Well, once upon a time you listed my parents as your contact number in the event of an emergency. The constable identified you and called the house then my mom called me. So, here I am, and here you are. Eighteen years later.”

Eric’s voice dragged out with gravelly tone, as he replied, “About that.”

“So there is a story? I thought maybe it was customary to let a girl wonder what happened to you for nearly two decades without so much as a ‘Hey, Nic, I’m still alive.’”

“Hey, Nic, I’m still alive.”

“Your sense of humor has not improved,” she enlightened him.

“I was thinking the same thing about you.”

Coughing forcefully, Eric sat up in the hospital bed and revealed a series of bandages and more evidence of trauma. Surrounding the dressing on his chest and torso, there were yellow and gray layers of bruising and healed scars. Nickel made an effort to see each one, worried over his condition and letting it show in her face. She wanted to say so many things to him, but the frenzy of emotions scrambled every sensible thought she had. Trying not to seem startled as the door was opened unannounced; she wiped down her mouth and tightly folded her arms across her slender torso.

“Pastor Kade,” the constable announced.

“You’re a preacher?”

Eyeing Nickel’s look of utter shock, Eric smiled, “Did I not mention that?”

“Must’ve slipped your mind,” Nickel replied with disbelief.

“If you’re up to it, I need to get a statement from you,” said the constable.

Thinking about the truth of his story and all the things he never told his childhood friend; Eric eyed Nickel and still saw the wide-eyed girl who haunted his thoughts.

“Constable,” he said.

“Not Constable, Lonnie. We went to school together,” Special Constable Burke announced with a smile.

“Of course we did,” Eric said, staring through squinted eyes. “Sorry, I’m feeling a bit tossed about.”

“That’s of no surprise,” said Lonnie. “After the way the Ougrym brothers found you, I imagine you’ll feel like that for quite a while.”

“What do the Ougrym’s have to do with this?” Nickel asked in a tone that revealed her disapproval of having her questions for Eric sidelined by Lonnie’s investigation.

With a glimmer of warmth in his eyes, Eric eyed his lifelong friend and remembered well how protective of him she used to be.

Politely, Lonnie suggested, “How about I go find your doctor?”

“I would appreciate that, Lonnie,” Eric said.

As the constable nodded and smiled to Nickel, he exited in silence beneath her watchful eye. She redirected her attention to Eric as he got that look in his eyes when he was lost in thoughts too dark or complicated for him to talk about. Part of her, a big part in fact, had hoped he stopped making such faces, though it felt more real to her now seeing him this way. Those distant eyes of his seemed sharper and stormier as he stared through her brave smile and undaunted gaze.

“Why did you leave?” Nickel asked. “Where did you go? Where have you been all of this time? What happened to you?”

“It’s a long story and I can’t really tell you all of it right now. But I want you to know; I’ve seen you in my mind every day for eighteen years. That’s more than half of our lives, Nic. Everywhere I go I see you.”

“Why couldn’t you call me and tell me that?” The tears in her eyes belied her true feelings as Nickel whispered, “I thought you were dead. Why did it take you so long to find your way back home?”

The door handle clacked suddenly off the subdued green wall as Constable Burke blushed over his noisy return and stepped aside for the doctor who followed. Doctor Edward Carlton was a mainlander who moved to Bishop’s Island with his wife in order to escape the chaos and violence of big city life. Staring down his nose through crooked glasses, he offered a kind smile as he surveyed his patient.

“I must tell you, Pastor, you’re my most talked about customer yet. I’m Dr. Carlton, how are you feeling?”

“Seasick,” Eric replied.

A grin overcame the doctor’s face as Lonnie chuckled and leaned against the wall.

“You had quite a swim from the looks of things. Today is the nineteenth day. Do you remember when it was you suffered your accident?”

Wincing as the doctor shone a light directly in his right eye; Eric gasped in pain and wetted his lips.

“I got back to the island on the fourteenth. I spent the next three days in Harvest Cove.”

“Traveling alone, Father?” Lonnie questioned.

“Yes,” Eric replied. “Please, call me Eric or Pastor. Not Father.”

“I’m sorry about that,” Lonnie apologized. “I thought, well – did you come from mainland?”

“No. I’m not even sure how I ended up in the water.”

“Is it possible he’s suffered some sort of memory loss, Doc?”

“No memory loss,” Eric answered. “I remember everything except getting tossed in the ocean. I suppose I must have fallen overboard when I took the ferry down from Haven Point. That was the afternoon of the seventeenth.”

“The ferry leaves at four o’clock from Haven Point,” Lonnie explained. “The Ougrym’s found you near Whaler Tuck around eight that same night. Taking the ferry back to Chapel Port?”

“Yes,” Eric said.

“Not even a stop over in Wicker Bay?”

“Didn’t leave under the best of circumstances,” Eric reminded, looking to Nickel and her ringing phone.

“Excuse me,” she requested.

“Of course,” Eric said.

Nickel stopped and pivoted her hips, looking awkwardly at Eric in regards to his unceasing nonchalance. Her demeanor broke with the slightest of grins and she left the room, closing the door quietly behind her.

“Pastor, is there a member of the church we can call for you?”

“No thank you, Lonnie.”

“I’d like you to attempt standing, if you think you’re up to it,” Dr. Carlton requested.

“I’m up to it,” Eric said with confidence.

No sooner had Eric’s bare feet touched the cold floor than the radio buckled to Lonnie’s breast pocket squawked and whined off the walls of the room. Though he felt light-headed and nauseous Eric winced at the racket caused by Lonnie’s well-timed disruption.

“How are you feeling?”

Before Eric could answer, Lonnie’s radio squawked again and garnered the direct attention of Dr. Carlton.

“Lonnie, would you be kind enough to give us some privacy?”

“Sure, Doc, I should check in with Whip, anyway.”

As Lonnie exited, he allowed the whirring sounds of the hospital to filter into the room. Eric caught the scent of hospital food and craned his neck as his stomach roiled.

“Pastor, what has truly happened to you?”

“What do you mean?”

“The wounds you’ve suffered, the healed over scars, the multiple healed fractures; not the sort of thing our local minister has.”

“The Lord decides the trials we all face and whether we’re to face them for the one or for the many.”

“How long have you been practicing that line?” Dr. Carlton jeered.

“Quite a few years, actually,” Eric confessed with a smile. “I’d appreciate it if you not mention your findings to Nickel or Constable Burke.”

“Your privacy is my priority, second only to your well-being. I don’t wish to see anyone harmed. And let us just say that your return has been something seemingly more malicious than miraculous.”

“As the days of Earth near an end, men shall rise up and question the works of God,” Eric stated. “Malice always gets remembered more than miracles, I’m afraid.”

“There’s a young lady in the hallway who believes you to be the latter. Yet your body shows the signs of a man who is far too familiar with violence,” Dr. Carlton noted aloud, “Pastor.”

With a slender grin on his face, Eric responded, “Doctor, the sooner I’m out of here, the sooner there will be less violence on this island. Nic?”

Both men looked to the disoriented woman as she seemed badly shaken and clutched her cell phone with a sweaty palm and pale fingers. From mere steps behind her, Lonnie entered, his face flushed as he slowly eyed the doctor.

“Nickel, what’s happened?” Eric questioned.

“I think you’re in for a long night tonight, Doc,” Lonnie said indirectly. “They were having Saturday night mass at St. Luke’s when – well, the reports aren’t clear. The dispatcher says it was like the whole earth opened up and swallowed it. Rescue workers are trying to dig out the people who didn’t – who didn’t make it out.”

“My mom,” Nickel muttered, “she said there was a strong gust of wind all through town and then they heard the whole church come down.”

“Nic, is your family safe?” Eric questioned.

“Yes,” she said quietly.

Her green eyes locked tightly on Eric, whose lips ushered a silent prayer for the innocent involved in the disaster. Looking beyond Nickel’s face and to the constable, Eric spoke with a calm tone.

“Lonnie,” he said, “I wonder if you wouldn’t mind driving me to the site.”

“Um, okay,” the lawman agreed sheepishly.

“You’re still in need of rest,” Dr. Carlton protested.

“Feeling much better, Doctor. Besides, someone should be there to comfort the community.”

“You’re leaving?” Nickel asked in a distracted, sleepy voice. “But I just got you back.”

Glancing towards the men in the room, Eric knelt slowly at Nickel’s feet and looked into her eyes. So many years of sadness filled her gaze, too thick for tears to wash away. Eric shut his eyes as her hand reached out and caressed his face for what felt like the first time. Her fingertips traced the faint scars around his left eye as her expression changed to one of unfathomable despair. A gleaming tear raced down Nickel’s cheek and Eric took hold of her hand, squeezing her fingers until she looked at him.

“I used to be much better at knowing what to say to make you not worry,” he confessed. “I’m not leaving you, but I do have a calling. Will you allow me to please go see to the people who were hurt?”

“I have to know what happened to you,” she sighed with defeat. “Please. I can’t go on not knowing.”

“You really should rest another night, Pastor,” Dr. Carlton added. “Let me observe you for your own safety.”

“The people in that church are feeling abandoned by all they believed in right now. If I don’t go to them, who will prove they’re not alone? Lonnie, would it be at all possible to have someone escort Nickel home?”

“Eric, no,” she pleaded. “Don’t do this to me again.”

“I’m staying in room seven at the Haven Point Hotel in Harvest Cove. Meet me there in two hours and I promise you, I will tell you everything you want to know. Dr. Carlton,” he redirected, “I hope I washed ashore wearing clothes.”

In the non-amusing sense of the word, it was funny the way things changed through time and memory. As the cruiser pulled up two blocks from the site of the fallen church, Eric realized how gentle Wicker Bay seemed. The people stood as stones, too horrified to move from their shell-shocked stances in the streets and yards of the community. Stepping from the vehicle dressed in sea salted clothes and an overcoat; Eric listened to the buzz of conversation as Lonnie escorted him closer and closer to the fallen St. Luke’s Church.

Volunteer firefighters and emergency workers united, but even they were at a loss for what had happened. The night sky was crisp with stars and the sea calm in the horizon. To all of them, it simply didn’t make sense. Stretchers, backboards and body bags were strewn on the ground side-by-side as locals gathered to identify loved ones. In all of their eyes, beyond the tears, beyond the fear, there was the genuine understanding of evil.

The church steeple came into view amongst the crowd, stemming a measly twelve feet in the air versus the seventy-seven it once scraped. Under normal disaster circumstances there would have been rubble, debris and people covered in the ash of building and earth. Instead, the

people were mostly clean and the church simply seemed to have been erased. It wasn't the first time Eric had witnessed such an event and his eyes scoured the crowd with unforgiving urgency as though he searched for a specific face.

“Are you hurt?”

The words left his lips faster than he could even register as he knelt beside a young boy.

“No,” the child said.

“It isn't safe for you to stand so close.”

“It isn't safe anywhere no more. That's what my dad says.”

“And where is he?”

Stiffly stretching out his arm, the boy pointed to a man sitting bloodied with an equally marred woman who cried on his shoulder. Dozens of couples and even more families sat in similar conditions, sobbing for the loss of sanctuary.

“Why did God knock down our church?” The boy questioned.

“Not everything in this world,” Eric began, “is of God.”

The boy turned to stare directly into his eyes, expressionless and unafraid.

“I'm going to go sit with my dad again.”

Nodding silently, Eric watched the boy reach the safety of his parents, where he rested his head in his mother's lap as his hands wrapped around his father's arm. To see it happen, Eric felt deprived; though he was sure there were many nights when he too found comfort in the arms of his parents. Standing, he followed the crater of what was once a church basement and dodged rescuers who ran away from the church.

“It isn’t safe to stand there, sir. Move to the street,” a firefighter ordered. “If you’re hurt, move to the hillside and we’ll have someone look you over.”

“It’s okay, I wasn’t inside the church. I’m a preacher. Can you tell me where the priest is?”

“He’s in there, underneath all of this. You say you’re a preacher?”

“Yes.”

“Then say a prayer,” said the firefighter. “Half the people inside didn’t make it out.”

“What happened?”

“It had to have been structural damage, the church was as old as the island,” he told Eric. “Don’t get too close. That south wall could still go.”

Barking out orders, the firefighter rushed off and left Eric standing alone once more. Closing his eyes and controlling his breathing, a renewed calm overtook him and allowed the chill of night to tease his skin as he continued in prayer. Feeling directed as he opened his eyes, Eric spotted something. Jumping down the layers of sediment, landing hard on the ground in a crouched position, Eric wrapped his hand around that of another’s, feeling a weak grip as the person recognized human touch.

“Hold on,” Eric said. “I have someone here!”

Straining to move a boulder that had landed on a splintered tree, he heard others shouting but no one came. From the corner of his eye, he saw the firefighters rushing around and shouted out as he rolled the boulder away. Clusters of stones had to be removed cautiously before Eric unveiled a survivor, a teen with long hair and a red dress that lied nestled in a shallow ravine. Lifting her frail body in both arms, he cradled her with the compassion of a man whose life was only fulfilled

by helping others. Climbing his way out, careful not to drop her, Eric stood at the ridgeline of the crater and looked for someone who could help the girl.

“Hold on, I’m going to take you to help,” he promised.

Continuing to walk, he caught the eye of a volunteer firefighter who rushed to him with a face filled with worry.

“Is she –?”

“She’s breathing,” he confirmed.

“We have one more!” the volunteer shouted, gaining attention as the buzz of people increased.

Delicately, Eric passed the girl off to an EMT and knelt to wipe the thick, dark hair from her soft face. Taking a bottle of water from the tech’s coat pocket, Eric poured it into his hands and washed down her face, wetting her lips and around her eyes.

“Don’t be afraid,” he said to her. “You’re away from the worst of it now. It’s all over.”

As the girl coughed, the EMT listened to her breathing, calling out orders for oxygen and medical procedures that would vaguely help her given the in-field diagnosis.

“Father,” a voice called out, stunning Eric. “Father, will you pray with us?”

“Of course,” he told the young man, forgiving the misnomer. “What’s your name?”

“Terry,” he replied.

“My name is Eric. Were you inside, Terry?”

“We were seated along the eastern wall. My brother and I helped some of the congregation out. Everything happened so fast.”

“What did happen?”

“It was the wind,” he reported.

“It wasn’t the wind,” another man protested sharply. “Something evil blew through the House of God tonight.”

“You don’t know that, Mitch,” a woman stated. “Stop that kind of talk before you upset people.”

“Why do you think it was evil?” Eric questioned.

“What else would destroy a church?”

“It’s true, Father,” Terry agreed. “We had to fight to get the doors open, like something was holding them closed from the other side.”

Mitch explained, “I told my brother to find our mom and aunt while I looked for something to break out the windows. That’s the only way we got out. Others did the same thing, but it was like we only had a few seconds and we were fighting that wind just to get out of there.”

“What of the parish priest?”

“Father Andrew,” Terry answered. “No, he didn’t get out. It was the north wall that came down first. Everything that comes out of the north on this island is evil. He was a good man, Father. Will you say a prayer for him?”

“I’ll say a prayer and ask God to keep watching over all of you,” Eric said, patting the man’s shoulder. “I know it doesn’t feel like it now, but His hand is upon each of you this night.”

Shouting from behind him startled the crowd and gave Eric only enough time to spin on his heel. As predicted, the southern wall of the church collapsed. Men searching for survivors fell trapped beneath the wall and it was Eric who charged headlong towards the cloud of dust and sand. As he neared, a second blast propelled him backwards. Shielding his eyes, he saw the bodies of the firefighters floating in the heavy plume, choked by an unseen force.

From one levitated body to the next, a violent plume of debris and frigid air shot through the core and drained the lives of the rescue

workers. No sounds of pain or struggle, the torment was too sudden, too jarring. In mere seconds, less time than it took to even comprehend what was happening, an unseen force stole lives. As the last man dropped lifelessly to the ground, the plume crept towards Eric and the group, a cold wind bringing with it a sense of fear.

Seeing Mitch and Terry, Eric shouted at them to get back, bringing them to a halt as they both ducked and the plume burst. A shower of sand, salt and debris rained down on the crowd as Eric narrowly avoided being hit by a mass of stone. Crawling towards the collapsed wall, he watched in horror as the bodies and church sunk into mud and water as the Earth itself collected them. Standing on the perimeter, he felt the presence of the survivors and onlookers gathering around him.

In silence they watched the ground erase any memory of the men and the structure. Emotion filled the night air as a woman took hold of Eric's hand and closed her eyes as though he brought her nearer to God. From the other side, Terry took hold of his left hand and Eric watched as the crowd stood hand-in-hand, looking to him for wisdom and comfort. Turning his eyes towards Heaven, he asked for the proper words to say and called out to the skies.

"Lord, show mercy to us all this night, for those who have entered in to Your presence and those who must suffer. Guide us and protect us now in our time of need and watch over the souls of those called back to You."

"Amen," the woman beside him said, followed by others in the crowd.

Shaken as the people began to thank him for his mere presence, Eric attempted to see the eyes and faces of every member of the crowd.

"Eric."

The voice from behind surprised him and he turned to find Nickel standing with a lost expression on her face as she took in the disaster.

“I was driving to the hotel like you asked, but I had to see for myself. I don’t understand what happened here.”

Looking to passersby, Eric slid his hands into the pockets of his pants and stepped towards her.

“Let’s go someplace away from here.”

“Don’t the people need you?”

“The people need God,” Eric told her. “Mankind has let them down enough for one day.”

Her eyes widened at his words, though she remained quiet as she followed him away from the aftermath. Through the crowd of onlookers, a stocky man with rosy cheeks smiled to the preacher and pushed a heavy pair of glasses up his nose as he was passed by unrecognized.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the creator's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to any actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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Homecoming

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