



MR. HARRIS

A SHORT STORY BY
SÉRGIO MARTINS

CONTENTS

Prefácio.....	5
getting there	6
Jen.....	9
Mr. harris.....	11
Good News, Bad News	15
Indecisions	20
Mike.....	23
The Egg.....	25
Moving Forward?.....	27

MR. HARRIS

A short story
by
Sérgio Martins

In memory of Francisco Almeida.

“I looked at the ceiling and I wished this life was over. This unhappy life that had started out so confidently. I thought I would sleep no more that night but eventually I did. In the end, we always wear out our worries.”

In Stephen King's, Duma Key

FOREWORD

English

The events start with a premonition.

When we see the figure coming towards us, yet so far, we can't help but feel the its breath on our shoulder, violating any power or will to run. And, even in pictures, the words lead us, exhausted and still with a long way to go, to this author's nature: breaking the barriers of his own body and telling the air around us that there is more to taste than the air we all breathe.

The appearance of pain needs to be somewhat serene. Only this way can the external forces sound the alarm of our existence.

Português

Principiam-se os actos com uma premonição de fim.

Ao ver o vulto de quem se dirige a nós, ainda tão longe, não podemos deixar de sentir a respiração desse vulto ao nosso ombro, violando qualquer sensação de potência que queiramos fingir. E, mesmo nas imagens, as palavras conduzem, esgotadas e ainda com muito a percorrer, à natureza do homem que é desta autor:

quebrar a barreira do próprio corpo e dizer a quanto ar que nos rodeia que há mais a provar do que se respira.

A aparência da dor quer-se um tanto serena. Para então as forças externas soarem o alarme da nossa existência.

Sérgio M. Santos

GETTING THERE

The road was clear. No cars in front of him. No cars behind him. Above, only the full moon and star filled sky.

His mind was full of worries though. The young son he left with his mother, because his ex-wife was a bitch and wouldn't take care of him, was probably the one he was particularly upset about. But there was one that would take him a lot more effort and pain to solve: his new girlfriend had gotten into some kind of trouble. She wasn't able to explain what happened on the phone earlier... Or maybe she was but he could barely hear anything she said. It seemed as if she was talking from the bottom of an old well. Perhaps she was. All he knew was that she was with her parents and that someone was "coming for her". This was the only thing he understood during that phone call and it was more than enough for him to grab his son Bob, stick him in the car, find someone to leave him with and get on his way!

And on his way he was. He had driven to her parents' house before and driving at night was something he always enjoyed, but never in his life had he driven that fast. He wasn't aware of how fast he was going. After all he had a thousand problems and a speeding ticket wasn't one.

He was in that state you usually get into when you are driving: you have

your hands on the wheel but you never actually think about driving. That mental autopilot takes control of you (and the car) and you get to your destination without even remembering what you did along the way. How many red signs did you pass? How many drivers insulted you because you made a mistake? Even if he was aware of those facts he wouldn't care. Not that night. He had to get to her faster than that other someone she mentioned. He didn't know why, but she made him understand that he needed to be quick.

Who could it be? An ex-boyfriend? An high-school sweetheart who suddenly had an urge to remember the "good old times"? Or perhaps a crazy stalker.

That thought made him squeeze the wheel with both hands and bite his lips. He knew there had been a man who stalked her and even tried to rape her a few years back. But that guy was in prison as far as he knew. Who could it be? What was going on?

He reached for his phone on the passenger seat and dialed her number. All he got was the "no service" sign. That made him a lot more nervous.

He placed the phone back on the passenger seat and put his eyes back on the road.

Standing in the middle of the road was a man in a yellow shirt. To avoid hitting him he span the wheel to his right and bumped on a big rock, blowing up the tire and destroying the wheel. The car was immobilized upon impact and this saved him from dying smashed against the massive trees.

Mike took a minute to check if he was OK. He tried to move his toes first, then his feet and finally his legs. Everything was moving quite all right. "The guy in yellow" his brain shouted "check on that stupid bastard who was standing in the middle of the road".

He got out of the car and looked for him, but there was no one there. There

were no lights but the full moon allowed him to see around far enough to know that whoever was standing in the middle of the road was nowhere to be seen.

As he turned to check on the damage done to the car his eyes caught a yellow spot on the road. He turned his attention to it. He started to walk towards it. It was a piece of cloth, and then he began to run. It was a t-shirt!

The vision of that man standing in the middle of the road came to him again and a thought made him drop the t-shirt to the floor: "That's his shirt!". But where was him? Mike looked around once again. Nothing. He closed his eyes and tried to listen to something or someone around... But he only caught the sound of something leaking from his car. Perhaps gas or oil.

He grabbed the t-shirt again and noticed that there was blood on it. He didn't need to be a doctor to understand that whoever lost that amount of blood couldn't have gone far.

He kept the t-shirt and walked back to the car to check if it would run. He really hadn't hope it would and it didn't. And there he was: alone in the middle of the night with a bloody shirt on his hands and a girlfriend to save.

Mike checked the surroundings looking for a store or a house he could go for help. He noticed only a dim light from what looked like a farm house a few hundred meters ahead. The moonlight allowed him to see a barn just next to that house and this made him realize where he was. That was the farm of Douglas and Louise Robinson, Jen's parents. That was the place she was at when she called him before.

Mike felt very lucky for crashing there, just a few hundred meters from his destination. As he thought about this, his legs where already picking up speed towards the Robinson's' farm. At the same time his phone started to ring on the floor of his crashed car, but he was already too far and couldn't hear it. He could

see that barn getting closer and closer and in his head he could hear the sweet voice of his young lover calling for him. "I'm coming" he whispered. And his legs increased the rhythm to a level he never thought he could achieve. The energy he spent running towards that farm could have saved his life later that night.

JEN

The doctor confirmed what Jennifer suspected: she was pregnant.

There was no doubt about who the father was (at least for her), but Jen was full of doubts regarding how he would react. They had been together for 3 years now, but considering his age, Mike should be expecting not a son but a grandson.

This was why she had decided to give her parents the news first and hopefully she'd get some advice in return. After all her father was merely 10 years older than her boyfriend, he would know the best way to deal with this situation.

With that in mind she took off to her parents' house right after the ultrasound that confirmed the pregnancy.

She drove more carefully than ever before. Now that she was carrying a new life inside, she didn't want to lose it all over some traffic accident.

Being a mom was something she always wanted and the fact that the father was Mike just made it perfect. He was the one. Jen was not the type of girl who had been waiting for the ideal man all her life. No, sir! She had her share of ex-boyfriends and one night stands. Those fashion events abroad were usually pretty wild, specially in Milan, but meeting Mike changed it all. For the first time in her life she wasn't cheating on her man and he had the money to make her feel comfortable enough to refuse those well paid works abroad that usually ended up

with her passing out, having sex in bed with a stranger. Or maybe two... Sometimes men. Mostly women. More than a few times both.

All this was over by now. As much as she missed some of the flashlights and Italian men she met before, now she lived for her soon-to-be husband. Yes, husband! Because there was no way he could keep evading the marriage. The baby was her new weapon to use against him in this “war”.

The trip to the Robinson’s’ farm went really smooth. The road was practically deserted for most of the trip. It looked even worst every time she visited them.

The Robinson’s’ always lived in that farm. It belonged to Douglas’ father and when he died, Douglas moved in with his wife Louise. Two years later Jen was born and for the next 16 years that farm was all she knew. Then the fashion world sucked her from the isolation of that farm and showed her the wonders of the globe. And its vices of course.

Every since she was allowed to travel and see the world she felt sorry for her parents. They were missing so many things. So many cultures to know, so many places to see... And yet Mr. and Mrs. Robinson refused to leave their bulls and cows, even if it was for a short vacation. “Who would feed them?” asked Louise with the tender smile she always carried, “We are the only ones they trust in! They wouldn’t eat what some other stranger would throw in the feeder”.

Jen drove through the small dirt road that linked the main road to the Robinson’s’ house on the top of the hill. From there you could see the entire property and have a privileged view of the city’s skyline.

On a normal summer afternoon, Douglas and his wife would sit outside and watch the sun setting behind the big buildings, turning them into dark silhouettes in the orange tainted sky.

As soon as she parked Louise was out of the house. She always had a smile in

her face. It was almost her trademark!

She walked down the stairs to greet and hug her child.

“Oh Jenny! What a surprise!” Louise said as she closed her arms around Jen. “If I knew you were coming I would have prepared something special for dinner! Why didn’t you call?!”

MR. HARRIS

A few miles from the Robinson's farm in that hot day, there was a man walking in the middle of the road. He could walk right there in the middle of it because this particular road had been forgotten by everyone since the highway was built and the only two cars who would use that road that day would be Jen's Audi (which had already done so) and Mike's BMW later that evening. And because he knew that, Mr. Harris walked where he wanted, completely relaxed, with his hands inside the pockets of his expensive Arman black suit. On his head he wore a mob looking fedora hat, black with a white band around it.

Harris had traveled the world during the many, many years he lived but he never drove. He just loved to walk! It gave him a sense of freedom with no parallel. And since he was never in a hurry to get anywhere he could afford the long time it took him to get from point A to point B. And he could sing while he walked! Imagine him doing so on a two hour bus trip. People would think he was crazy or maybe even get annoyed and ask him to leave the bus. On the road, alone, under the hot sun, nobody would be annoyed by his songs.

That day Mr. Harris was into Johnny Cash. By the time he could finally see the farm in the horizon he was singing Hurt. When he saw the farm, Mr. Harris stopped and removed his hat, exposing his long white hair to the sun. "There you

are! I was getting a little anxious to see you in person for the first time!” he said. Then he took a small pair of binoculars from one of his pockets and used them. He was able to see Louise with her arms around Jen and then the two walking towards the house. “Oh Louise... Time has not been easy on you and you are not an ugly bat... But Jenny has the titties of an angel!” He said with a grin forming on his face as he placed his binoculars back on his pocket.

And on his way he was again, with a faster pace now, but still walking in the middle of that road that curled towards the Robinson’s farm.

In the farm’s house, Louise and Jen made their way to the living room where Douglas was sitting on his sofa watching the weather channel, which was pretty pointless. It was the peak of the summer and that year that wouldn’t be any surprises: blue sky and hot sun during the day, stars and the moon shining at night. But there he was. Almost sunken on his sofa, holding the remote on his hand with a strong grasp.

“Hello daddy!” Jen said.

“Jenny! What are you doing here?!” Replied Douglas as he struggled to get to his ass out of the sofa. When he finally managed to do so, he hugged his daughter firmly.

Douglas was a lot younger than he appeared to be. Although he was in his late fifties, Jen’s father had the looks of a seventy year old man. The workload had made him old and tired. Realizing that made Jen very worried. She hesitated a bit, but then she finally asked him: “Have you been working in those fields again, dad? You’ve done enough! You promised me you’d hire someone else to do the heavy duties for you!”

Feeling ashamed, the old man turned away from his daughter.

“You know your father, dear. We hired the Johnston’s boy for that, but Douglas

wouldn't let him do his job alone!" Louise said.

"Honey... I don't want to be this man." Douglas said. Then he turned to his daughter and pointed to the TV "I hate this fucking TV and I hate sitting here, day in and day out, watching Mr. Fagot there talking about the weather!"

"Sit down, dad. We need to talk about that... And a lot of other things!"

The three of them sat in front of the TV, which Douglas turned off, and started talking.

Jen sat between their parents, her mother by her left and her father by her right. Louise placed her hand on her child's naked leg. Despite being a little conservative, she loved to see Jen wearing those sexy outfits.

They talked about Douglas' health and Louise's savings. The savings were healthier than the old man... And this was ruining Jen's day. But she couldn't show it. She was there for something far more positive.

When silence finally took over the room, Jen decided to tell them the good news and maybe cheer them up a little more. With her heart overflowing with hope and love, she reached for the hands of her parents and held them.

This was when a young voice from the outside of the house called for her father. "Mr. Robinson! It's me Prichard!"

"It's the Johnston's kid!" Douglas said. He got up and yelled at Prichard

"Come in boy!"

The boy did as he was told (as always) and once inside, he respectfully saluted everyone. He was a very handsome kid with blond hair and freckles across his face. The typical farm-boy.

"Mr. Douglas, I have completed all my tasks and I'm leaving now, if you don't need me anymore."

"It's OK Prichard. Have nice day, son. Tell your father Doug said hi!" "Yes,

Mr Douglas. See you tomorrow, Mrs Robinson. Goodbye Jen.”

“Bye Prichard” Jen replied.

And then the boy left down the dirt path towards the main road. By then he could see the man wearing a suit walking towards the house. In his young and interrogative mind he asked himself who this man was. He was about to find out, as the man was now getting closer to him. They passed by one another halfway between the main road and the house. Mr Harris ignored Prichard. But Prichard had no intention to be ignored and tried to start a conversation, “Hello mister. Need any help?”.

Harris stopped and then turned around to face Prichard. He stared at him for a short time. Then he took off his sunglasses and walked towards him as he said “Oh! I sure do, don’t I? I sure do, and that’s why I’m here...” he placed his right hand on the boy’s left shoulder as he placed his sunglasses on the inside pocket of his suit. “I need help, but it won’t be Mr. Prichard The Virgin Johnston the one to help me...” he paused and smiled at the kid as his face turned pale with shock. When Harris was sure that the kid was terrified, he continued “Why don’t you go home running so you can prevent your father from beating your mother to a pulp again? You know, today was not a good day for your father at that illegal casino he goes everyday.. He lost big! And we know what happens when he loses big, don’t we? He grabs that leather belt he keeps just for this special occasions...”

Prichard heard enough! He stepped back and caught a little air and started to ask the question he would never finish to ask: “Who...?”

“Who am I? You disappoint me, Prichard. I was in your nightmare a few nights ago, don’t you remember? I warned you not to cross my path. But you had to come here today, hadn’t you? Mr Perfect Kid... I just feel bad that Mary Ann will never get to know that you love her and that you jerk off every now and then

thinking' about what you would do with her by the lake on a summer night..."

The kid was now struggling to breathe and tears were falling down his face.

"Come here!" Harris said as he reached with his right hand for Prichard's yellow t-shirt. He pulled the boy closer and placed his left hand gently on the kid's chest and carved his fingers deep on it. His yellow t-shirt was now tainted red and Prichard would never get to hold Mary Ann by that lake on a summer night.

Mr. Harris left the boy there and continued on his way towards the house singing "Ain't no grave that can hold my body down..." (another one by Johnny Cash).

He had a family meeting to attend.

GOOD NEWS, BAD NEWS

“Prichard is growing up to be an handsome boy” Jen said. “I haven’t seen him for a long time.”

“He’s a good kid too. He’s been helping me and your father a lot with this farm.” Louise was very found of the young Prichard. She thought of him as son and she always treated him as one. “And yet, your father can’t stay away from those fields and get some rest!”

Douglas closed his eyes and shook his head. “Louise, we’ve talked about this. Let’s not ruin your daughter’s visit with meaningless arguments..”

“Yes!” Jen interrupted him fearing that this subject may start a fight. “Watching the two of you fighting was not the reason I came here.”

Silence took charge of the room once again. Jen looked at both of her parent’s faces and she could feel the anxiety emanating from them. They were waiting for her to continue.

But she didn’t. She hadn’t thought about the way she would start the speech. She was terrified. Terrified for no reason, actually.

A knock on the door killed her thoughts.

“This place is looking like downtown in rush hour!” Douglas stated. “Go check out who the hell it is, Louise!”

Louise did so with pleasure.

When she opened the door she saw a very well dressed man. All in black. He looked a little older than her.

“Good evening ma’am, is this the Robinson’s residence?” He sounded very polite and this made Louise smile.

“Oh yes it is. How can I help you?”

“So you must be Louise Robinson.” He offered her his hand for a shake, and she shook it. “My name is Harris. I have something I would like to discuss with you and your husband.”

“Of course. He’s in the living room with our daughter. Please come in, Mr. Harris.”

She walked towards the living room and he followed her. When they got there Louise announced the newcomer.

“Douglas, this is Mr. Harris. He says he wants to talk to us about something important!” She turned to Harris and told him to have a sit.

“I am sorry to visit you without any notice, but the matters that bring me here are urgent.” Harris said this as he sat in a chair placed in the opposite side of the room. “You must be Jennifer...”

Jen felt cold and very uneasy by the fact that this man she had never seen before knew who she was. “I’m sorry sir, but do we know each other?”

Harris smiled, showing her his immaculate white teeth, and said “No. At least you don’t know me... I’m sorry if I’m sounding weird, but in my line of business we know everyone, yet nobody knows who I am. My name is Harris and I am so pleased to finally meet you in person. All of you. Together. At the same place and at the same time.”

“What is your business here?” Douglas asked, “You see Mr. Harris, men in

suits never bring me good news. Furthermore, my daughter is here today and I am hoping to make the most out of this visit. So if you don't mind getting down to business right away, me and my family would be very grateful."

While Douglas was talking, Harris kept his eyes on a Jen. She felt his eyes penetrating hers and she almost felt raped... She wanted to look away from him, but she couldn't.

"Mr Harris, do you hear me?" Douglas asked.

"Oh yes! I hear you very well. Suits sure look intimidating, don't they? I hate them as much as you do." This made Douglas smile a little but not because he was feeling better. It was a nervous smile.

Harris leaned forward and placed his elbows on his knees. He put his hands together and close to his chin and, for the first time since he arrived there, his smile faded before he started to talk.

"I'll be short and sweet. The business that brings me here is of your biggest interest. I have a proposal for you."

"What kind of proposal?" Louise asked, secretly hoping he was talking about buying the farm.

"Oh I am afraid it's not the kind of deal you may be expecting Mrs. Robinson... As matter of fact, this proposal considers you only indirectly, folks... The proposal I have is for your sweet daughter Jenny." With this, Harris surprised them all. Except for Jen. She was not feeling very surprised... She was getting scared. Very scared.

Even though she was terrified, she faked a smile and asked him "What can I possibly have to discuss with you on business level?"

"Excuse me Jen... I feel I was not clear with what I said before: I have a proposal for you... But it's nothing business related... Because when you are

discussing business with someone, you can always say refuse what they propose you.” He moved a little more further on his chair. “This proposal... Well you have no option but to accept it.”

Jaws were dropping all over the room.

“What?...” Jen couldn’t say a word. Her brain was too busy trying to decode the message this old man had just issued.

“Sir, would you make your point, please?” Douglas shouted.

“Your son, Jennifer. I want your son.” Harris said. Whatever trace of niceness that he had on his face before was now gone. And it was not coming back anytime soon.

Jen’s parents looked at her with shock all over their faces. Jen was pale and frozen.

“Oh! Did I arrive too soon?” Harris said as he got up. “Haven’t you told your old parents yet?” He said with a sadistic smile on his face. Then he turned to the old folks and with his smile turning into a grin he said “Your little Jen is carrying a precious life inside of her! The seed from the millionaire fertilized her. It’s a shame that you’ll never get to see that seed turn into a blooming flower.”

The old Robinsons were stunned. Not by the news but by the way it was delivered! Who was this man?

“Jenny... When did you...” Louise start before being interrupted by the messenger.

“Ah! Worry not old bat! She just knew this morning! It’s not like she’s been keeping a secret from you for ages!”

“This is Bullshit!” Douglas shouted as he stood up and walked towards Harris “You are crazy! Get out of my house, now!” he said, pointing towards the door.

“SIT DOWN!” Harris yelled at him and with this Douglas was sent flying

through the air into the sofa he was sitting before. Douglas' face was the true face of terror. The women in the room were too shocked to react to any of this. They were almost numb. Seeing it but not believing but knowing that this was no dream from which they could wake up at anytime. No alarm clock was going to save them from Harris.

Looking extremely calm and catching his breath slowly after that scream that sent Douglas flying, Harris started speaking again.

“As I said before, my name is Harris. I am not from around here nor am I from any place that you have heard about before. I was old when you were young and I'll be around for a while longer than you will. People like me control the faith of this world and our children inherit our mission whether they want it or not. And this is what brings me here. I have no children, so I have to get one. And because I am now too old to get children of my own I will have to get it from someone else... You, Jen!”

Jennifer started to cry. Her mother had been crying since she saw her husband flying into the sofa.

“You're not taking my child...” Jen whispered. “It's mine! You won't take it!” She screamed.

“Oh no, Sweet tits... You've got it wrong. I never said I was taking it, because I am not allowed to take it... You have a choice.”

Jen looked at him and hope made her eyes shine a little. But they wouldn't be shining for long.

“You can give me your child now, and you all go on with your life and you can go on to have as many kids as you want with your millionaire boyfriend...” Harris continued, “ Or you can refuse me. And if you do, like I said I can not take your child, but I can punish you all in ways that you can never imagine.”

They believed him. They didn't see what Harris did to the young kid at the dirt road before, but deep down in their hearts they knew he was not playing. "I need a decision right now. If you give him to me, know that he will live long and learn much. If you refuse it... Well, long story made short: you'll die.

All of you."

INDECISIONS

“I understand that this is a hard decision to make. However it’s one you will have to make now.” Harris said this almost sounding a kind and understanding man.

Jen was crying abundantly. Through the tears she was able to mutter a few words, “ You won’t take my child.”

“You are damn right he won’t”, Douglas said in a low voice. Then he got up again and faced the visitor. “You’ll get out of here right now! It’s a trick! You want money, don’t you? It’s that what you want, old man? Well, you ain’t taking shit from us!”

Harris stood up and walked slowly up to Douglas.

“Don’t you learn, Doug? Haven’t you seen enough of what I am able to do?”

Douglas took a swing at Harris but the visitor garbed his fist. He looked at the women still sitting on the couch and said “I’m taking your child, Jen. Let me show you what happens if you deny me.”, then he twisted Douglas’ hand and ripped it off of his arm. Blood spurted from his arm and onto Harris’ coat.

Douglas screamed in horror and garbed his harm with his remaining hand.

“You’re ruining my outfit, old fool!” Harris said, and punched Douglas in the face, making him hit the floor really hard.

Meanwhile, Louise had fainted and Jen was standing with her mouth open due to a scream that she wanted to produce but never managed to... Her brain was telling her to run, but her legs were too cold to move! On her face she had small spots of her father's blood.

Harris walked again towards Douglas and stood over his body. The old man on the floor was struggling to keep conscient, but he looked at his aggressor and was able to put together a few words: "You're the Devil...", he muttered.

"Poor old fool." Harris said as he leaned closer to Douglas' face, and then he continued "The Devil doesn't exist Douglas. The Devil is something that humans invented to cover up for the evil shit they do." He placed his hand on the old man's face and squeezed it. Darkness was the last thing Douglas' knew as his soul left his body.

"Now it's just you and me, Jenny."

But Jenny wasn't there anymore. She took off!

Harry looked around and cursed her for fleeing the scene. What would he expect? Harris more than anyone knew the horrors he was able to inflict to people and he had just produced one of his greatest masterpieces. He looked at his piece of art and smiled as he remembered the moment he took the man's hand right out of his arm.

"Oh Jenny.. Where is my son, Jenny?!" He said loudly as he walked out of the living room. "Come on Jen, think about it! You can't give birth to my son If you're dead! I had to be stupid to kill you... Let's talk about this sweetie!"

Jen could hear him. She was crying under the stairs of her parents' basement, terrorized and lost. She did the only thing she remembered: she called Mike.

As soon as Mike answered the call, Jen remembered that she was on the basement and he probably wouldn't be able to hear a word of what she was about

to say. But she said them anyway. In fact she didn't say them she shouted them.

"I'm at my parents'! Come fast Mikey... He's coming to get me... Quick Mike..." and then the call went down.

"You realize that if I want to take this door down I can do it with very little effort, don't you?" Harris said as he picked up one of the chairs from the kitchen. He placed it in front of the basement door, less than a two meters away, and sat down on it.

On the other side of the door, Jen kept crying. She knew there was only one way out. She also knew Mike was coming to her but there was not much he could do. She was frightened by the thought the he might be coming to his death.

What that man had done to her poor father...

"You are a monster!" she shouted.

"Well your father called me the devil. You call me a monster. And I assure you I am neither one nor the other." Harris said, sounding as calm as the summer breeze that was blowing outside. "I am but an old man trying to build a legacy."

"You killed my father and now you want to take my baby." she said.

"Yes, and I've killed the kid that works for your parents during the summers, I'll kill your mother, your boyfriend, your dog and even your goldfish if you keep denying me my baby!"

"He's not your baby!" Jen shouted.

This made Harris fall into a deep silence. The man leaned his head forward and seconds later, he raised it again and said "You're right on that one, sugar tits. But regardless of what you say or do, he will be mine by the end of this day."

Now it was Jen's turn to dive into silence. Tears kept scrolling down her face and her head was aching. She was giving up on any hope of getting out of this alive. Jen was not willing to give her child away and Harris would surely kill her

if that was the case.

“Why me? Why my baby?”

“Why not Jen? I am saving this child.” Harris tried to sound as if he was making her a favor by taking this baby away from her. He was very good at pretending to be something he wasn't. “Listen to this: he will have a father about thirty years older than his mother. A father who is not ready to accept him. He'll grow up to know that her mother did more than just modeling in Europe. That she was also a coke sniffer who couldn't count the number of men she fucked with! And more important of all, he will live this very uninteresting and futile way of life that all you humans have...”

Jen failed to find inner strength to to reply. She was still crying but her eyes would soon run out of tears.

“Listen Jen, I'm gonna break in and I am gonna do what needs to be done. You don't have to die today.” the man said.

Harris stood up and pushed the chair back with his back heel. He unbuttoned his suit and waved his hands fiercely towards the door, making it open and hit the wall behind it with a loud bang. He walked slowly into the darkness.

MIKE

After what seemed to him like five hours (but really was no more than 10 minutes), Mike finally made it across the crops and got to the road that lead to the Robinson's house. The overweighted man was struggling for air and was forced to stop. Sweat was puring down his cheeks and his feet were burning. Old Mikey was never the sporty kind of man and his free time hobbies included Scotch. Lot's of Scotch.

As he was promising himself to change that, a scream came from the house. It was a girl! His girl!

"Better start running, fat ass! You should be ashamed of yourself!" he thought. And he was ashamed in fact... But that didn't help him to run any faster.

Mike made it up the hill and found the front door open. He got in and walked straight to the living room, where he found a macabre scenario: Douglas was lying face down on the floor and his hand was a few meters away from him; Louise was sitting on the floor with her back against the wall as if she was trying to stay away from his dead husband. Her eyes however couldn't run from it. They were fixed on the dead man.

Mike ran to the old woman and grabbed her shoulders, trying to shaker her back from wherever she was. He failed. He noticed that her face was as pale as

death. The death she was seeing in front of her.

“Leave me alone!” another scream came with the same voice. It was Jen. Now Mike had no doubt and this lack of doubt made him stand up and look towards the voice. He felt really scared for the first time in his life.

“I’ll be back for you old girl.” he told Louise, thinking that she couldn’t hear him.

In just seconds Mike created a scene in his head: his girl was in the hands of someone or something. Whatever it was it killed Douglas and Mike knew that he was no hero... But he had to do something!

“He isn’t human. He can’t be.” Louise said unexpectedly making Mike look back at her. “I mean, he looks like a man, talks and moves like one. But he is not from this World...” Her lips were moving but her eyes were still stuck on her dead husband.

Being courageous has nothing to do with not being afraid. It’s about being afraid and still doing what needs to be done. This was exactly how he felt. He was terrified. He didn’t want to end up just like Douglas! But he had to try to save his girl... So he took a deep breath and stormed through the kitchen and into the basement, as the feeling of “fuck this shit” took over the feeling of “I’ve a bad feeling about this shit”.

THE EGG

When Mike got to the basement, there was a man standing over his girlfriend and the darkness that otherwise filled the room had been replaced by a yellow glow produced by something that this man was had in his hand. It was an oval shaped object looking like an over sized egg with a light so strong and beautiful that Mike had no memory of ever being so mesmerized with something in his life.

“Hello Mike” the man said.

“Hello” he replied, barely moving his lips at all and never taking his eyes from the egg. He felt numb. Hypnotized.

“You finally got here! My name his Harris and I’m having a bad time convincing sugar tits, here... How about a little help?”

There was no answer as Mike didn’t even heard the question. He fell to his knees, still looking at the egg. He felt as if that egg was sucking the life out of him. And it was!

Harris saw this over his shoulder and grinned.

“What a lame excuse for a man... Is this really the best you can get? Surely some of those guys you fucked had to be better than this old fart!”

“Stop...” Jen moaned.

“No!” Harris roared, “You stop! This egg is where I’ll take your child. I will

also take as much energy from the father as possible. That will make your son, the one you'll never get to see, very strong." both looked at Mike. Jen was afraid but Harris was smiling. "Don't worry. Mike will survive and you'll be able to have other kids... If he's able to perform, that is!" he laughed. To him this all situation was funny. He felt great for making them feel powerless.

"Now all I need is for you to touch the egg and give me the child. My child."

Jen stood up. Her hands were closed into fists and her eyes were red. Her face showed pure anger.

"Kill me!" she said with a low voice, "I'll never give my son to you!"

"I'm getting really tired of your shit, Jen!" Harris replied and started to move towards her. He held her by the chin with his left hand and said "Look into my eyes!"

Jen couldn't resist it. She tried but something made her look. What she saw made her scream and fight to get away, but Harris wouldn't let go of her. In his eyes Jen saw all of her childhood nightmares. She saw how Prichard died and she felt his pain. Harris made her feel what Douglas felt when his hand was ripped from his arm. And right before she passed out, Harris made her see how she would die.

When she recovered her senses, she was still in the basement. She couldn't tell how long it had been, but Harris was also still there with the glowing egg on his right hand. With his left hand, Harris held Mike by the neck. Not by the collar of his shirt, but by the neck itself! Squeezing it. Mike was unconscious. Perhaps Harris had also made him see the things she saw. She would never know the answer for that.

"Touch it Jen. Make this stop." He said, putting a bit of mercy in his voice. But Jen knew it was fake. She knew he was merciless.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she reached forward to touch the egg.

She did it because she couldn't take it anymore and because the fear fooled her into believing that touching the egg would make all the bad things go away. But it was just the beginning.

She touched it. It felt like warm glass. But she felt nothing more than this, because she fainted again.

MOVING FORWARD?

When Jen woke up the morning had come and Harris was gone. Mike was still unconscious lying by her side, just like Harris left him, and Louise was still staring at her dead husband.

Douglas had a proper funeral a few days latter. Officially he was killed by a group of violent criminals during a robbery gone wrong. Of course the police never arrested anyone...

Mike got into a coma but never recovered. He died later that year and his organs were donated. Jen heard rumors that all the receivers ended up dead sooner or later too. However she was never able to confirm those stories.

Louise never spoke again and 3 months later she shot herself in the head, right in the middle of her living room.

Jen had an ultrasound to check on her pregnancy. Her doctor was surprised to find that the baby was gone. "It's gone." he said. "I can't explain it. It's as if the baby was never there in the first place." It didn't surprise her.

Mike had a will written in which he left Jen a small fortune. She used the money to travel around the World hoping to find Harris.

Jen also had a sketch artist draw Harris' face based on the description she gave. Later she printed it with the question "Have you seen this man?" under

the drawing. She posted his face in every major city she visited. There were no answers, of course.

Harris had many faces. Harris had many names. He could and he would not be found. However he was a man who kept his word. And like he told Jen, his apprentice lived long and saw much. He achieved great things. But he was taught by Harris so he grew up to be like him. And just like him the boy still lives his life today traveling the World to inflict pain in others.

Thank you for taking the time to read my story.

If you enjoyed it, make sure to drop by my website, like me on Facebook and/or follow me on twitter!

You can also send me an email with your thoughts. Feedback is highly appreciated.

facebook: www.facebook.com/sdamartins

twitter: [xgaizkax](https://twitter.com/xgaizkax)

website: www.sergiomartins.pt

email: correio@sergiomartins.pt



Mr. Harris by Sérgio Martins is licensed under a Creative Commons Atribuição-NãoComercial-SemDerivações 4.0 Internacional License.

