

**WE USED
TO LIVE
HERE**

A Novel

MARCUS KLIEWER

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**WE USED
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MARCUS KLIEWER

EMILY BESTLER BOOKS

ATRIA

New York London Toronto Sydney New Delhi

To the readers from the days of No Sleep

OUTSIDERS

They'd rung the doorbell unannounced on a chilly Friday night.

The strangers on Eve Palmer's doorstep seemed harmless enough. Yet Eve, ever cautious, peered through the blinds and debated whether to open the door. It was a family of five, middle-class, wrapped in sturdy winter jackets. The parents were in their early forties, Eve guessed. A tall father with broad shoulders and a square jaw. A petite blond mother with cold blue eyes and a silver cross necklace. Between them, three kids lined up by height—one girl, two boys. All in all, they seemed the kind of brood that would cap a Sunday-morning sermon with brunch at Applebee's. Eve was more than a little familiar with this crowd.

Concluding they were no serious threat, she opened the door.

"Hello miss." The father smiled. "Sorry to bother you so late. I just— I grew up in this house..."

"Oh, uh, wow," said Eve.

"We were passing through, wanted to stop by."

Was he expecting her to invite them inside? That was just about the last thing Eve wanted to do. Her girlfriend, Charlie, would be home any minute now—they had a whole evening planned: eating leftover chicken and playing drunken Scrabble. A family of strangers wandering around didn't exactly fit that agenda—

"My dad grew *up* here," the daughter declared with pride. She was clearly the youngest—no more than seven years old. Clutching a bright green pen and a *Blue's Clues* notebook.

"He just told her that," one of the preteen brothers snorted. This one was tall for his age, with cold blue eyes and platinum-blond hair just like his mother.

The father ignored the chatter and continued. “I know this is completely out of the blue—but I was hoping to give the kids a quick tour? Show them where their dad grew up.”

Eve hesitated. “Inside the house?”

“Just a quick look around,” the father said. “Only if it’s not a problem. We’d need maybe ten, fifteen minutes. Tops.”

Eve stared past him, considering the request.

The surrounding forest echoed with creaks and groans as a slow mountain breeze swept across the yard and brushed over her face. It was a cold night—the type of chill that sunk into your skin, lay dormant for a while, then started scraping against your bones like chalkboard fingernails. Winter was out there, lurking around in the shadows, but the first snow had yet to fall.

It was then that something, or rather the lack of something, caught Eve’s attention. There was no vehicle. Nothing by the old crooked shed at the edge of the woods. Nothing by the alcove where the frosted lawn met the gravel. She looked down the long winding driveway. Nothing. This was more than a little strange, especially considering the cold and the fact that they were in the middle of nowhere. A bizarre image flashed through her mind: the family, hand in hand, wandering out of the darkening trees.

“Where’s your car?” Eve asked.

“Hm?”

“Your car?” she repeated. “I don’t see it.”

“Oh,” the father said, “down on the road.”

Eve blinked at him, unsure.

“We tried pulling up,” he explained. “Too steep, too much ice. So we walked instead.”

“Ah, that’s quite the trek.”

Almost five minutes on foot.

As the father responded, something else caught Eve’s eye: a smudge of dirt on his plaid coat. Her focus, especially in moments of stress, was often distracted by irrelevant details. She called it her “broken spidey-sense.” A random speck halfway across a room would suddenly draw her attention. A *drip-drip-dripping* faucet would turn louder than somebody speaking right next to her. It was hard for Eve to fully explain. The closest she

could get was, “Imagine if several times a day, all at once, every single thing around you became impossible to ignore.” Needless to say, she wasn’t good at parties.

“Is, that okay?” The father’s voice drifted into her thoughts.

She tilted her head. He’d asked a question she hadn’t heard.

“It’s perfectly understandable,” he clarified, “if you’d prefer we not look around. There’s no pressure...”

Eve let out a strained, one-syllable laugh. “Ah, sorry, I, I’m not sure,” she stammered. “My partner and I, we’re still in the middle of moving in, and—I just need to call and check?”

“Not a problem,” he said.

Of course, a well-adjusted individual would’ve simply told him no. But self-destructive people-pleasing was another of Eve’s plentiful idiosyncrasies. She had a crippling fear of disappointing anyone, even complete strangers—even people she disliked. Over the years she’d found a cheap trick to get around this. Internally called the “Let Me Check with Charlie” card. It had become something of a conflict-avoidant mantra. Eve would never have to say no to anyone if her girlfriend did it for her. At first, Charlie had had no problem shutting people down—in fact, she rather quite enjoyed it. Though, after a while, she started to encourage Eve to stand up for herself a little more. “Voluntary exposure is the best way to overcome fear,” Charlie often said. Eve understood this, and was trying, but...

“I— I’ll be right back.” Eve had started to push the door shut when the father said, “Sorry, but is it all right if we wait in the foyer? It’s pretty cold out here.”

Eve opened her mouth, hesitated again.

“We promise not to burn the place down,” he joked.

She tried to smile. “Y-yeah, all good.”

“Thank you, seriously. We’ll stay right by the door.” He motioned his family inside, telling the boys not to touch anything. Eve watched as, one by one, these strangers filed into her home. The distant alarm bells of her subconscious rang out. She vaguely remembered hearing stories. Stories of strangers showing up at houses, claiming they had lived there once, asking to take a quick look around. Then, when the unsuspecting victims had let down their guard: robbery, torture, murder. Though... she’d never heard of people doing this while posing as a whole family, kids and all, but—

There's a first time for everything, right?

Something lurking in the deepest, darkest chamber of her mind weighed in. An almost audible voice that had been with her even longer than the broken spidey-sense. She was so familiar with it, the voice of “whatever can go wrong, will go wrong,” that she’d even given it a face and a name: Mo. Over a decade ago, a well-meaning counselor had suggested that personifying the terrible voice would disarm it. “Make it something harmless, something familiar,” they said. So, Eve imagined her favorite but long-lost childhood toy, Mo.

Mo was a crazy-eyed monkey with cymbals. Not the one most would think of, not the iconic “Jolly Chimp.” No, Mo was a cheap imitation of that classic toy. His fur was off-white, not dark brown. And instead of the familiar yellow vest and red-striped pants, Mo wore tacky blue felt overalls and a frayed straw hat peppered with holes. The “Hillbilly Chimp,” Eve’s father called him.

Where the Jolly Chimp’s cymbals were brass metal, Mo’s were a cheap and brittle plastic. They made a pathetically dull clicking sound when he was switched on. Like a broken turn signal: *tack-tack—tack-tack—tack*. And when he was bonked on the head, his mouth would open and close, open and close, revealing a set of oversized chompers and bloodred gums. Most people thought of Mo as creepy, but when Eve was a child, he was her favorite toy by far. Maybe it was because a part of her felt sorry for Mo, how everyone called him names. Regardless, childhood Eve couldn’t go to sleep without holding him.

And now, all these years later, Mo, the crazy-eyed Hillbilly Chimp, was forever the voice of her paranoia. A paranoia that grew as the family stood cramped in the foyer, huddled around the front door.

Once you let them in, Mo whispered, they’ll never leave.

“I’ll just be a second,” said Eve, ignoring Mo’s absurd comment. She slipped into the living room, pulled out her phone, and dialed Charlie’s number.

Three tones rang and then, “Hello?”

“Hey, Charlie, I—”

“Hello. You’ve reached Charlie. Leave a message, or don’t.”

A single tone beeped.

Eve huffed. It wasn’t the first time she’d fallen for that dumb trick. Charlie hadn’t changed that voicemail since high school, long before they’d met. Anyway, she was likely

still in town, picking up booze for tonight. Probably had her phone on silent. Now, Eve would have to shut this family down on her own. She should've just done that from the start. Why did she always drag things out like this? It only made everything way more awkward. Maybe she could lie to the family, tell them Charlie said no, but...

Voluntary exposure is the best way to overcome fear. Charlie's voice, a rational counterbalance to Mo's, echoed in her head. *The more you set boundaries on your own, the easier it gets.*

Charlie—or rather, Eve's projection of her—was right. With newfound determination, Eve stepped back into the foyer. But when the father looked up, hopeful, she floundered and pulled out the Charlie Card: “Hey, uh, my girlfriend says not tonight...”

To Eve's mild surprise, no one reacted to the word “girlfriend.” Not even a blink. She'd half expected the cross-necklace mother to gasp and shield her children's ears, but she didn't so much as shift her weight.

“Sorry,” Eve went on. “We just, we still have a lot to—”

“Say no more.” The father threw his hands up in a little surrender. “This was an incredibly last-minute stop.” Reaching into his coat pocket, he produced a business card. “My email's on there.” He handed it over. “If you're open to it, shoot me a message. We can arrange something in advance next time we're in town, but of course, there's no pressure.”

Eve studied the card. In a faded green font, it read, “Faust's Photolab.” Below that, a logo of a small tree, half of it covered in leaves, the other half spindly branches.

He took a step back. “We should be passing through in another year, maybe two. But again, no pressure.”

“Sorry,” said Eve. “I just, it's not really the best time. Sorry.”

The father shook his head. “No need to apologize. We're the weirdos who showed up out of nowhere.” He turned back to his family. “All right, gang, let's head out.” Pulling open the door, he motioned them onto the porch.

The mother seemed relieved. And the two boys weren't really paying much attention to begin with. But the daughter—her face was filled with growing sadness—like she'd just been rejected at the gates of Disneyland. As the rest of her family started off, she just

stood there, idling in the doorway, staring up at the old house with longing in her big green eyes—

“Jenny,” said the mother. After one last glance around, the daughter slinked away to join the rest. Eve stood at the threshold, watching as they trudged off. With every step farther, she felt a growing sense of guilt. Guilt for using the Charlie Card, guilt for dragging things out, guilt for feeling... guilty.

“Wait,” she called out, almost reflexively.

The father stopped in his tracks and looked back over his shoulder.

Eve cleared her throat. “Fifteen minutes?”

He nodded. “Tops.”

DOC_A01_PROPERTY

Description: Real estate listing for 3709 Heritage Lane—transcribed from the no longer operational www.seeking-home.net

Note: It is believed that [redacted] Bank owned the house at the time of posting.

Home is our sanctuary. Make this one yours.

A winding driveway pulls you through the peaceful woods. You're not sure what to expect, but the quiet up here is calming, the crisp mountain air healing. As you round the last bend, the house slowly comes into view and...

... finally, your search is over!

It's everything you hoped for and so much more. Situated on a private 5-acre lot, 3709 Heritage Lane is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. 4 bedrooms + 2.5 bathrooms with over 2,700 square feet of timeless Victorian architecture (not including the unfinished basement). Imagine kicking back on its beautiful wraparound porch, taking in the gorgeous mountain views. Or reclining in front of the brick fireplace, cozying up with a loved one. It's a property with the wisdom of old age and the zestful vigor to get with the ever-changing times. And the land itself?

With over 5 acres of Pacific Northwest rainforest to explore, this is mountain living at its finest. Check out the natural pond in the southwest corner, great for ice-skating in the winter, or

the waterfall at the north end. Want to go for a longer excursion? Surrounding hiking trails extend all over Kettle Creek Mountain. (With plenty of locations nearby for hunting, fishing, mountain biking and cross-country skiing, this is also a high-value investment for Airbnb hosts and house flippers.)

And rest assured, civilization is closer than you think. This is serene seclusion, without the sacrifice of connection. Only a 30-minute drive to the municipality of Yale and a scenic 1 hr 45 min* jaunt to the city proper. No longer will you have to choose between downtown fun and the serenity of nature. Retreat from the world in your own private year-round getaway, or call it your forever home!

NOTE: As is, the house is ready to be lived in**, but it's also a wonderful opportunity for creative renovation or even a complete teardown. Imagine what you could build from scratch!

*In good traffic/weather

**House inspection pending

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MEMORY LANE

Eve lingered at the base of the stairs, watching as this family shed their winter jackets. The father slid open the coat closet without looking—a motion that confirmed he'd done it many times before. It was a subtle thing, but one that put Eve a little more at ease. *At least he wasn't lying about growing up here.* The kids, one at a time, handed him their jackets.

Meanwhile, the mother waited by the entrance, eyes scanning over the dirt-stained floors, the water-damaged walls, the piles of clutter. Unimpressed. Eve held her tongue, fighting back the urge to justify the mess, to blurt out something like, “We just moved in,” or “You should've seen how bad it looked a month ago.” Both of which would have been true.

And in Eve's defense, the cheesy real estate listing had, just a tad, exaggerated the “ready to be lived in” state. On day one, the place was filled with enough old junk to make a hoarder blush. She and Charlie had cleared out most of it, but remnants still remained. And the dust. It had been caked into everything—the walls, the floor, the ceiling. When it came to maintenance, it was obvious the bank had upheld the bare minimum: just enough to keep the place standing, and even that was debatable.

Yet, like all totally not haunted houses in the middle of nowhere, it was listed at a killer deal. It needed work, but that was Eve and Charlie's thing: fix up old houses, flip them for profit. On average, a project would take three to six months, but here, with so much work, they would need at least a year—longer if they did a teardown. Under normal circumstances, they would've figured this all out before buying the place, but again, the deal had simply been too good to pass up. Besides, the land alone would be worth a lot more in a year's time.

Still, with this one, Eve had been more than a little reluctant to take the plunge. They usually did projects on the East Coast, closer to their friends, their families. But 3709

Heritage Lane was way out in the Pacific Northwest, backcountry Oregon. Sure, the scenery was nice, but the isolation, even for an introvert like Eve, was a bit much. Before they'd signed the papers, she brought up her worries with Charlie: "What if something goes wrong up there? Isn't the nearest hospital like two hours away?"

Charlie admitted to sharing similar concerns, but with the last property not doing so well, things were tight. "Not to make you panic, but, financially speaking"—Charlie paused—"we're kind of treading water."

Great. A drowning metaphor. Eve could actually picture the endless void below, the hand of financial doom rising from the bluish-black, wrapping its gnarled fingers around her ankle, dragging her into the depths below, and—

"It's Thomas, by the way." Back in the present, the father held out a hand.

"... Eve," she replied, still half-lost in rumination. They shook. He had a firm grip, not surprising.

He stepped back, motioned to his wife. "That's Paige."

Paige offered a thin smile. "Nice to meet you."

"You as well," said Eve.

He pointed to his daughter. "That's Jenny, the Inquisitor." Jenny gave a little curtsy bow that Eve couldn't help but return.

Thomas continued. "You can just call the boys Headache One and Headache Two. Or, if you really care, Newton and Kai."

Thomas gestured to the tall blond one. "Kai's the smug bastard."

Paige bristled. "Let's not use that word."

Thomas looked over his shoulder. "'Bastard'?"

Her glare could have just about cut him in half. "Uh-huh."

"What's that mean?" Jenny chimed in, *Blue's Clues* notebook at the ready. She'd already written it down in oversized letters, albeit spelled: "BASSTERD."

"Cross it out." Thomas stifled a chuckle. "That's a bad word. Cross it out."

Jenny furrowed her brow, her nose wrinkling at the same time—an expression she hadn't quite mastered yet. "Why?"

Thomas hunched forward, took the pen from her, and scribbled it out himself. "You'll understand when you're older."

Kai, hands in the pockets of a Portland Winterhawks hoodie, rolled his cold blue eyes. A look that only confirmed his father's jest. Eve couldn't shake how much this one reminded her of a pompous prince. Somehow, Kai looked smug and bored at the same time, like he'd been dragged to the class dork's birthday party. Yes, it was wrong to judge a kid by his face, but...

The other boy tapped his foot against the hardwood, a twitchy, nervous movement. With red hair, round glasses, and hazel eyes, he was, in almost every way, the opposite of his brother. Freckled, small, and fidgety, he looked stressed out well beyond his years. Neurotic. It was built into his posture, a forward slouch usually reserved for middle-aged desk jockeys. Standing next to the others, he seemed out of place, like he could've been some random kid they'd picked up on the side of the road. Still, his frazzled "everything's stressing me out" aura made him the most relatable. Go figure.

As Thomas looked around, a slow awkwardness filled the air—one of those silent nothings where no one quite knew what to say or do. It dragged on for three, four, five seconds until he cleared his throat and pointed upward. "There used to be a chandelier right there." Everyone craned their neck. The vaulted ceiling was bare, save for a single brass chain hanging from the center. "My dad installed it himself. It was made completely out of deer antlers." Thomas looked at Eve. "Was it there when you moved in?"

She shook her head, *no*. Technically, this was true. The creepy antler chandelier wasn't *there* when they moved in—it had been in the living room, buried under a pile of clutter. Charlie had sold it on Craigslist a week earlier.

Thomas studied Eve, a look that suggested he knew she was lying, but he didn't really mind. "My father killed every critter on that thing himself," he said with a sigh. "Over two dozen deer."

"Oh wow," said Eve. "Impressive."

Thomas rubbed his jaw. "That's one word for it."

Looking at him now, Eve realized he was a little older than she'd first thought. Under the brighter light, the markings of time were more visible on his face. Lines etched across his skin. Traces of gray hair speckled around his temples. But more than any physical markers, she could sense it behind his eyes. A weary burden of hidden knowledge that only came with age. The kind of eyes that had seen one too many caskets lowered into the dirt.

He started saying something to his family and looked over his shoulder. Now, Eve could see a constellation of pockmarked scars on his left cheek, reflected by the light above. Blotchy and pink. A few more on his neck. So subtle they could have been mistaken for mere blemishes. Eve wasn't an expert, but they might've been healed burns.

Despite all this, or perhaps because of it, he still could've passed for a classic Hollywood movie star. With his broad shoulders and dimpled smile, Eve could picture him playing the leading man, lighting up a cigarette for the femme fatale as she strolled into his office. Cary Grant vibes.

A high-pitched whine caught everyone's attention. It was Eve's dog, sitting at the top of the stairs, peering through the banister, wary.

Jenny pointed up. "That's a dog."

"Yes it is," said Thomas, stifling another chuckle. He turned to Eve. "What's the breed?"

Eve shrugged. "Border collie," she said, "and a bunch of other stuff."

"Great breed," Thomas said. "I had a chocolate Lab growing up."

The daughter chimed in again, almost yelling, "What's the name?"

"The dog?"

"Yup," she replied, turning the word into two syllables with a plosive "puh." She had her notebook and pen ready, like an overeager reporter, prepared to get the latest scoop.

Eve smiled at her. "Shylo."

"How's it spelled?" Again, she was almost shouting.

"Jenny," said Paige, "she's standing right there. You don't need to yell."

"How's it spelled?" she repeated, barely quieter.

"Shylo," Eve replied. "S-H-Y-L-O."

With her green pen, Jenny scribbled that down, nodding. Shylo slunk off and disappeared into the upstairs hallway. Eve said, "She's a little scared of strangers but completely harmless."

"Shylo's shy," said the daughter.

Eve nodded.

The dog, just like Eve, never trusted strangers, and for good reason. About four years prior, Eve had found her curled up behind a highway gas station, abandoned and nearly frozen to death.

A mixed-breed pup with black fur and a splash of white across her chest. Over her left eye was a white, uneven diamond shape. She'd never grown into her big pointy ears—the right one stuck straight up, and the left flopped forward at a funny angle. Her eyes were each a different color: one a pale blue, the other a dark brown. Heterochromia was the technical name for it. Charlie had the same thing. “Witch eyes,” she called them. Apparently, some parts of the church deemed mismatched eyes a curse. As Charlie once said: “Don’t understand something? Witchcraft.”

After Eve had brought the poor dog home, it took weeks to earn her trust. For a long time, Eve was the only person Shylo felt safe around. No one else, not even Charlie, could get near the dog without her shaking in fear. It was like she only had so much trust to give, and she'd given it all to Eve.

But Charlie was determined. She would place a treat on the ground, walk ten steps back, and let Shylo take it. Each time, inch by inch, she reduced the distance. It took months, but eventually Shylo could tolerate Charlie standing three feet away, two feet, one. A few more weeks and Charlie could even scratch Shylo behind the ears. Now, four years later, both Eve and Charlie were the only people in the world the dog trusted.

Thomas drifted toward the staircase. “My father put this in too,” he said, running a hand along a varnished oak banister. Jenny shadowed him, taking notes every time he spoke. It was obvious she thought the world of her father, thought he was a superhero. Eve knew the look.

Thomas studied the dust on his fingertips. “So you guys are fixing this place up?”

“Yeah, uh, that’s the plan.” She didn’t have the heart to tell him they were considering a demolition. After all, it was his childhood home. That, and it almost felt immoral to destroy something so historic—but the inspection revealed problems with the foundation, water damage in the support beams, and a litany of other ailments. Sometimes it was easier just to tear it all down, start from scratch.

Thomas said, “That’ll be quite the renovation. I might still have some of the old blueprints in storage somewhere—if you’re interested.”

“Yeah, that, that would be great.” She *was* interested, if only because the bank had lost most of the original records. Apparently, there had been a fire down at city hall decades before. Almost everything about the house, from its origin to its chain of ownership, was a mystery. “Clouded title” was the bank’s term for it.

“You’ve got my card,” he said, “Just shoot me an email whenever you want; I’ll send over the scans.”

From his back pocket, Thomas pulled out a white rectangular tin. He flicked it open with a thumb and shook it over his palm. Two, maybe three mints fell out. In one quick motion, he downed them all and slid the box back into his pocket.

Those weren’t mints. Mo, Eve’s ever-present voice of paranoia, commented. For once, the Hillbilly Chimp might have been right. Eve had only caught a glimpse, a vague impression that was already fading. But whatever Thomas had just swallowed had the pale orange hue of a pharmaceutical. She was fairly certain she even saw pill-splitting indents. Maybe some antianxiety meds. Seroquel? Either way, she wasn’t one to judge—she used to take SSRIs herself. That being said, she’d never pretended they were mints.

Jenny, peering up at her father, tugged at his shirt—three short yanks. When he looked down, she held out an open palm and fluttered her big green eyes. Thomas shook his head. “These aren’t sweet,” he said. “They’re spicy, not for kids.”

Brushing away Jenny’s gripping hand, he took a few steps forward and looked down. “Well, that’s a big change.” His gaze swept over the hardwood. “Used to be black and white tile, like a diner.” He tapped his heel. “The wood’s a lot more fitting.” Squatting down, he knocked his knuckles against the boards. “Huh. Isn’t that something,” he mused, half to himself. He motioned his family over. “Check this out.” Jenny and the red-haired boy—Newton?—were the only ones who came. Paige and Kai seemed just about ready to leave. Thomas, with two of his kids standing over his shoulder, pointed to the floor. “Right there,” he said. “Between the slats you can see the old tile underneath.”

Eve narrowed her eyes, leaned in, and, sure enough, if you looked from just the right angle, you could see a sliver of the old floor, long covered. Black and white tiles. Thomas started to get up but stopped short, his eyes landing on something else: white crown molding at the base of the wall. It was carved with intricate designs: abstract flower shapes, and horses. The floral patterns were nice enough, but the horses, when you got up close—the lines were rough, the proportions off. “My mother carved these in,” said Thomas, running his hand across. “Took her almost half a year to do the whole house.” He looked at Eve as if expecting a response.

“Wow,” said Eve, “that’s... a lot of work, it’s... really nice, though.”

Thomas breathed out of his nose, not buying the compliment. “Don’t feel bad if you tear it out.” His eyes flitted to something on the underside of the banister railing. “Oh right, I almost forgot about those...”

Eve bent down to see. An odd symbol had been carved there. A circle, divided by intersecting lines of varying lengths, all meeting in the middle. It looked cryptic, like some kind of ancient glyph.

“They’re my sister’s handiwork,” Thomas explained. “You’ll find more scattered about the place, if you haven’t already. She was always hiding little messages everywhere. Quite the imagination on that one—”

It’s the mark of a death cult, Mo, the cymbal monkey, chimed in. This family is part of a demonic death cult and they’re coming back here to finish some kind of ritual and—

Eve ignored the barrage of ridiculous paranoia.

Thomas sighed, his eyes still fixed on the symbol as he spoke to his children. “Your aunt said this one kept bad luck away. Grandpa said it looked like blasphemy.” Thomas looked down at Jenny and said, “Here.” He held out his hand. Eager, she passed him her notebook and pen. He turned to a blank page and pressed it flat against the underside of the railing. He traced the symbol. All the while, Jenny watched, wide-eyed and mesmerized. When he finished, he handed it back.

“There you go,” he said. “Good luck for seven years. That, or you’ll turn into a witch.”

“Thomas.” Paige frowned.

“Right,” he said. “Witches are bad.”

Paige shot him another disapproving look. A look that reminded Eve of the time her parents discovered she’d been playing with a Ouija board at a sleepover. Couldn’t take chances with demons.

“Anyway.” Thomas rose to standing. “Mind if we go upstairs?”

As the family wandered down the second-floor hallway, Eve tagged along. Now, she was actually a little curious to hear Thomas’s anecdotes. Shylo followed too, but at a safe distance. Stranger danger.