

A quiet retreat was all Tom Farrington wanted, but this stormy Halloween night provided more trick than treat. The dark Maine woods spawned an evil demon, a Viet Nam vet, terrorizing the people he was hired to protect.

SEBAGO RETREAT

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at  
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/2927.html?s=pdf>

# **SEBAGO RETREAT**

Copyright © 2007 T.O. McFARLAND

ISBN-13 978-1-60145-181-1

ISBN-10 1-60145-181-4

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Printed in the United States of America.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Booklocker.com, Inc.

2007

## CHAPTER 1

### 1986 - NEW BEGINNINGS

The chilly, autumn evening was a reminder of what was coming as a freshening breeze scattered leaves collected on the parking lot behind the FIMCO building. Farrington Investment Management Company was a pioneering effort established by Tom Farrington in the early sixties. It steadily grew to be the investment firm of New England and Tom had plans developing franchises throughout the states.

From his new, third story office, Tom watched the clouds turn red, and then gold as the sun retreated behind Mount Gresham. "I can't believe how short the days are getting," he uttered turning to his visitor. "Are you from around here, Roger?"

"No sir, I come from Texas. Moved here after I retired from the Corps."

Tom walked from the window and sat on the edge of his desk while reading from a folder. "It says here, you were in the Marine Corps for twenty-two years."

"Yes sir, twenty-two years."

"I'm curious Roger, why twenty-two and not twenty or twenty-five?"

"Well sir, the Corps is going soft. There aren't many like me left and to be frank sir, I had to get out."

Tom looked up from the paper. "Had to get out?"

"Yes sir. It ain't like it used to be. They were trying to get rid of me. These new officers don't know what it's like. It's discipline that gets the job done."

Farrington shifted uncomfortably then walked back toward the window. "Discipline you say, I have to admit I agree with you. With the way things are today, there's not much of that around." He closed the folder and held it by his side. "Now you

*T.O. McFARLAND*

started your security company only a couple of years ago but your credentials look good. So, I want to give you an opportunity to prove yourself. I'm having a retreat in a couple of weeks and would like to have you be our security for the weekend."

"What sort of security did you have in mind, sir?"

"We'll be at a campground in a secluded area, but I want you to secure that area and screen anyone who tries to come in. I'm expecting some of my competitors, so nothing will be taken for granted. You'll be involved with perimeter guarding, road security as well as telephone security. Do you think you could handle it?"

"I'm sure we can, sir. How big an area are we talking? It'll make a difference as to how many personnel I'll need."

Tom paced back toward his desk gazing at the ceiling. "The campground probably covers, say, five or six acres. I'll see you get a map. There are three roads leading into the place. Phone and electricity come in by the usual lines along the roadways, will that be a problem?"

"No sir, I have all the equipment. It sounds like I'll need four men plus myself. When is this retreat supposed to begin?"

Farrington flipped through his calendar. "Saturday, October 31<sup>st</sup>, and we'll be leaving the next afternoon."

"That's Halloween, sir."

"That's right, do you have a problem with that?"

"No sir."

"Good. Then I'll be in touch with you in a couple of weeks to confirm it."

"Thank you, sir."

Farrington had the strangest urge to salute him. "Thank you."

Roger turned on his heel and left the office. Farrington returned to his window to watch him leave. It didn't surprise him when Roger got into a black, four-wheel drive, jacked-up three quarter ton pick-up with three antennae on it. There was something about Roger that made him cringe. Although, he knew he would probably be the safest person on earth if he hired him.

*SEBAGO RETREAT*

It was like walking down the street with a Bengal tiger, not sure if he would protect you or eat you.

Jim Atkinson knocked on the open door as he entered the office. “Tom?”

Jim was Tom’s roommate the last two years of college. After putting in almost fifteen years with Feynman, Tom and Jim started Farrington Investment and as the company grew, so did their needs. It wasn’t long before they had a staff of twenty people and occupied the entire third floor of the Casco Bank building. After twenty-three years, they built their own office building, where they were now, on the west side of the city near the interstate.

“It doesn’t seem possible we’ve been this successful,” Jim said as he sat opposite Tom’s desk and loosened his tie.

Tom turned from the window. “We’ve worked awfully hard for this. I think a retreat is just the thing to celebrate our successful second quarter numbers and the finishing of the move. It’ll be good for the crew to take a day to visit and get to know each other better.”

“It’s a great idea. Have you talked to the security team yet?”

“I just spoke to him. You know, I’ve got an eerie feeling about that guy.”

“What do you mean?”

“He’s really disciplined, Marine Corps, but maybe just a little too intense.”

Jim sat up on the edge of his chair. “Do you trust him?”

“He’s got great credentials.”

“We’ve talked to what, four other companies? Then, let’s give him a try.” Jim got up to leave and Tom followed him and held the door. “What could go wrong out there anyway?”

“You’re right. Good night, Jim.”

“See you Monday morning.”

Tom shut the door and went back to his desk and thought. Yeah, what could go wrong out there?

Tom looked up when he heard another knock.

*T.O. McFARLAND*

“May I talk to you for a moment, Tom?”

“Sure Beth, come on in and pull up a chair. What’s on your mind?”

Beth remained standing as she spoke. “I know I’ve only been here for a short while, but I feel as though everyone is avoiding me.”

“Please Beth, sit down.” He pointed to the chair Jim left in front of his desk. “And tell me why you feel this way.”

Beth couldn’t look him in the eye and fussed with the hem of her skirt. “I know this may sound silly, but no one seems to want to talk to me or be seen with me.”

Tom smiled. “I think maybe you’re over reacting. Look, everyone here is very busy. We’re still in a state of flux with the move and we’re not settled in just yet.”

Disappointed with his answer, she got up and turned toward the door. “I guess you’re right. We’ve all been working hard with the move and we’re all at odds.”

Tom followed her to the door and put his arm around her. “We’re going to have a retreat in a couple of weeks and that will give us a chance to have some down time with each other.”

“I’m sorry I bothered you, Tom.”

“It’s no bother; that’s what I’m here for; for you and for everybody.”

“The retreat sounds nice. Where are we going?”

“There’s a campground where I used to go as a kid on Sebago Lake called Shawnee Shores. I’ve made reservations for the six of us in management.”

“That sounds like fun.”

“Fun or not, it will give us some time together, you know, rehash our goals and rekindle our relationships.”

“When is it?”

Tom laughed as he realized the others might have a problem with the date. “Halloween. We’ll be going up around noon and spend the night.”

*SEBAGO RETREAT*

Beth couldn't help but laugh with him. "You're not going to try and scare us into anything, are you?"

"No, just a fun get-together with old friends, and new ones." He opened the door.

"Is Mary going to be there?"

"Yes. I wouldn't subject you to all of us men without a body guard."

They both knew Bryce's secretary was into martial arts and all the men in the building knew it too. Beth also knew Mary and Tom dated.

Beth started down the corridor. "Thanks for listening."

"Have a great weekend and I'll see you Monday." He watched her walk to the elevator. When the elevator door opened, Bryce stepped out and headed his way.

Bryce Monroe was Senior Vice President of the company. He joined FIMCO a few years ago after leaving McGinnis & Johnson, another large investment house in Boston because he thought he was being passed over. The McGinnis's and Johnson's were filling up the executive spaces leaving him stuck in middle management. He shared the same degree as Tom and Tom liked his aggressive style. Tom hired a secretary for him appropriate for his personality, Mary.

"Tom, are you leaving?"

"No, come on in. Beth was just here."

"Yeah, I just met her on the elevator, everything all right?"

"Fine. She's just a little disappointed no one's paying any attention to her. I think all bookkeepers are paranoid about that sort of thing."

Bryce laughed and sat on the window ledge. "Did you tell her about the retreat?"

"Yeah, and I think that helped. Mary's going."

"She said she's really looking forward to it. She was brought up in a small town north of here and likes going off to the country."

*T.O. McFARLAND*

“I think Beth and she will get along just fine. But, you couldn’t find two people more different.”

“Beth is quite a bit younger than Mary and, I think, admires her.”

“She cuts quite a figure, if you know what I mean?”

“Now don’t go trying to accuse me of anything. She’s your woman. She’d probably kick my ass anyway.”

“Ha! You dream about that, don’t you? Seriously though, I just got through talking with a potential security team. They’re going to be with us at the retreat.”

“Really?”

“You know, it’s more of a test. If I like what I see, we’ll hire them to be our security here at the building.”

“What do you think about them?”

Tom turned and looked out the window. “Their credentials check out, but like I was telling Jim, I got this feeling in the back of my mind.”

“Well, you’ve talked to a bunch of ‘em and there are more if they don’t work out. Is everyone still going?”

“Yep, being on Halloween seemed to excite them. Everyone’s kids are grown, except John’s, and he probably isn’t too keen on being home on Halloween anyway. Did you want to see me about anything?”

“Not really, I was ready to leave for the weekend and just dropped by to see if you needed anything.”

“Nothing, thanks. Have a good weekend; are you planning anything special?”

“The wife wants to drive up the coast and look at leaves.”

“At least you have a wife. I’m not complaining though. There’s lots of football on this weekend and I’ll probably spend some time here finishing up with the move.”

Bryce walked to the door. “What about Mary? When are you going to ask her?”

Tom smiled. “Ask her what?”

*SEBAGO RETREAT*

“To marry you. You’re chicken, aren’t you?”

“No, the timing just hasn’t been right.”

“Right, see you Monday.”

Tom stood at the window watching the parking lot empty out. He and Mary had dated for almost a year and they always had a great time. Although he was a couple years younger, she was in terrific shape. She spent a lot of time at the gym. She was fifty-four and could easily pass for thirty-nine. It was a lot different being single and over fifty.

Tom and Lexie had split two years ago just when they were starting their new building. Too many nights alone took its toll on her. Now, he lived in Portland in a condo on the waterfront in the “old port” section. Developers had come in and transformed all the old brick buildings into condos and offices and cleaned up the docks. Portland was being revived after a long siege of bad fishing, bad management and a real estate blow out. Lexie stayed in Marblehead where her family lived. She was into charitable organizations, the local historical society and Chamber of Commerce, the type of things Tom never enjoyed.

The kids were all grown but still in school. Tom, Jr. was a senior at Boston University where he was studying accounting like his dad. He was Tom’s main concern, because after the divorce, he became a loner, visiting his dad most weekends. Keeping a B average let Tom know he still had his priorities in order though. Tom, Jr. was going to graduate next June and Tom hoped he would come to work for the company. On the other hand, Susan was the Pollyanna at Smith College studying Political Science. Tom was holding his breath about this girl. He didn’t know for sure, but easily believed his daughter could be demonstrating on any street corner on any given weekend. But, she was doing well with her grades too, which was a relief. She still had a couple more years to go.

A quiet retreat was all Tom Farrington wanted, but this stormy Halloween night provided more trick than treat. The dark Maine woods spawned an evil demon, a Viet Nam vet, terrorizing the people he was hired to protect.

SEBAGO RETREAT

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at  
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/2927.html?s=pdf>