

# ALEXUS LONGBOOTS

PROUD SUPPORTER OF THE  
CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL OF  
ORANGE COUNTY



# ALEXUS LONGBOOTS

in

## BOOGER MONSTER

(BOOK #1)

Written by

## J. NARCIUS

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This book is dedicated to ALL of the strong and resilient children fighting for their lives across the globe .....**KEEP FIGHTING!!!**  
This book is also dedicated to ALL the dreamers of the world ...**KEEPING DREAMING!!!**

.....**I BELIEVE IN YOU!!!**

## **'WHISPERS OF THE LIONESSE'**

*Deep within the concrete jungles, 'far' 'far' 'far'  
away- the mighty lioness stalks her prey, for survival is  
the only rival for her night and day;*

*May the concrete jungles coat you within their  
precious onyx and gold, live your life mighty lioness for  
the days pass swiftly by- and in time we shall grow old;*

*In time your tail will fold- in time your tale shall be  
told; of the mighty lioness who stood steadfast and bold*

*Hold strong mighty lioness for the spirits of the  
ancestors are with you and your beauty inspires the  
wind of song, for you cling to the divine strength within-  
and you are mighty and strong.*

*Mighty Lioness I feel your life force whenever the  
gentle winds whisper your comforting words,*

*“Live your life little cub, with peace, honor,  
respect and love!”*

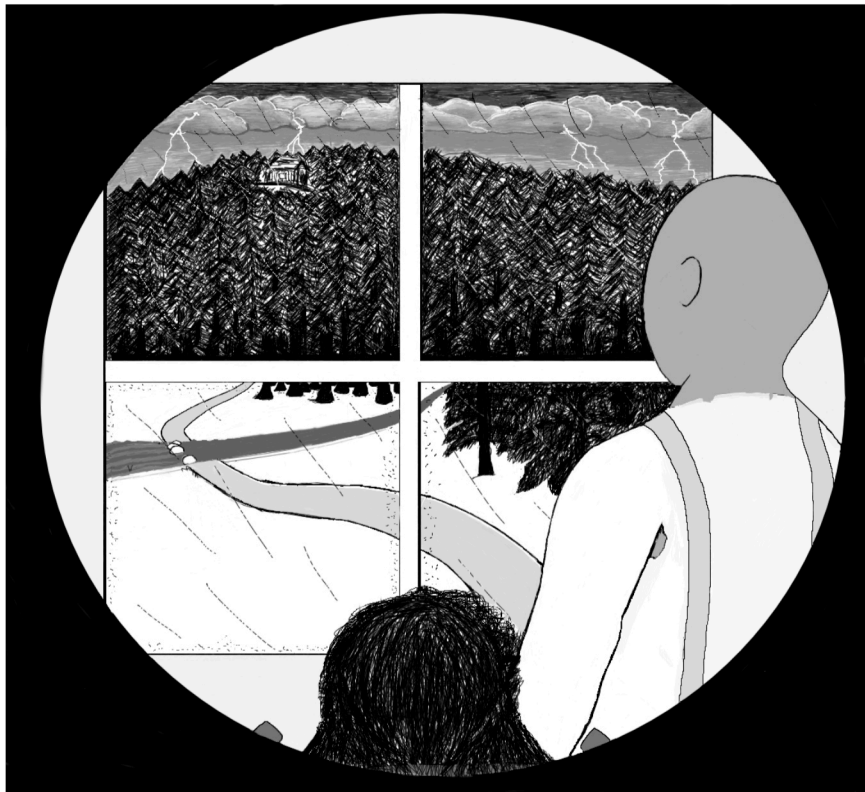
*-Love you forever Momma*

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# CHAPTER 1

## '1929'



It was the worst weather that a July had ever experienced since the beginning of time! The winds 'HOW' 'HOW' 'HOWLED' throughout the town of New Orleans like an angry child throwing one of it's worst temper tantrums! The nightly winds 'GRA' 'GRA' 'GROWLED' with a frightening fury. Bright lightning streaked across the sky like electrical whips as the pouring rain 'SA' 'SA' 'SIZZLED' and 'THA' 'THA' 'THUMPED' against the Earth.

Earl Stockwood 'SLA' 'SLA' 'SLOSHED' through a field of mud puddles following another backbreaking day of labor on the Lemont's plantation, carrying home a brown sac full of leftover table scraps for his wife and kids. The Lemont's were a family of rich French aristocrats of whom Earl had been employed by since the young age of Fifteen. Earl didn't much enjoy the daily tasks of cleaning up after a bunch of filthy animals, but without an education it was the best job that he could hope to find. The meager wages he did earn were barely enough to keep a roof above his head and enough food within the bellies of his wife and five kids, yet with the birth of his newborn daughter Alexis- things were beginning to fall apart at the very seams.

[Suddenly] A horse and carriage that carted along a wealthy southern couple 'GA' 'GA' 'GALLOPED' past, splashing Earl with a tsunami of dirty water from a large puddle within the dirt road! The water had soaked him from head to toe. He stopped upon the road with water 'DRA' 'DRA' 'DRIPPING' down his face and bald head, as the carriage continued on it's way- oblivious to his existence.

Lightning strikes! Thunder 'ROAR's!

**“Why me’eee .....Have I not suffered enough”**, wailed out Earl- as he looked up to the dark skies above.

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Following a two hour journey through back streets- roads and wetlands, Earl arrived just outside of a small wooden cabin. Dark smoke clouds continuously did **‘RA’ ‘RA’ ‘RISE’** from the cabin’s chimney, as the rain continuously streamed downward from it’s flimsy roof to the earth down below.

Earl quickly headed for the cabin door, upon which he instantly began to **‘KNA’ ‘KNA’ ‘KNOCK’**.

Lightning strikes! Thunder **‘ROAR’s!**

The cabin door pulled ajar to the face of a tall and slender teenage boy, dressed in a pair of raggedy overalls with an overly stretched less than white t-shirt beneath. **“PAPA YOUR HOME!”**, smiled the boy- as he quickly stepped aside.

**“I’m not a ghost Earl junior”**, sang out Earl- as he made haste inside.

Inside of the dark and stuffy cabin- many children laid asleep upon the floor beneath quilts and blankets. A thin woman sat within a rocking chair near to a **‘CRA’ ‘CRA’ ‘CRACKLING’** furnace- gently **‘RA’ ‘RA’ ‘ROCKING’** back and forth. Cradled within her arms was a small infant child wrapped within a blue quilt with many small white stars. She **‘HUH’ ‘HUH’ ‘HUMMED’** a low lullaby to the child which belted out several sickly **‘CA’ ‘CA’ ‘COUGHS’**.

**“Take those God awful boots off Earl”**, she spoke- without turning to face him.

**“Of course dear”**, he replied- while removing his muddy boots.

**“I’ll clean those for ya Papa”**, offered Earl junior- as he shut and secured the cabin door behind.

**“Thanks boy .....Here put these scraps away ..... Got a half slice of pumpkin pie in it for ya”**, chimed Earl- as he handed the brown sac to the boy.

**“I -LOVE- pumpkin pie!”**, exclaimed Earl junior.

**“Yes- I know!.....”**, sang out Earl- as he **‘RUH’ ‘RUH’ ‘RUBBED’** the boy’s head lovingly. Earl then proceeded to make his way through the field of resting children in his wet socks, stopping to the rear of the rocking chair where he gazed down into the face of his youngest child with grief. **“.....How she doing Cheerie?”**, he asked of her- in a low whisper.

**“I’m afraid she’s getting worse .....She can barely cry anymore .....We must get her some help soon- she won’t make it in this condition much longer”**, cried out Cheerie- as she continued to **‘RA’ ‘RA’ ‘ROCK’** the child.

**“She wouldn’t last a minute in this God awful weather .....The nearest doctor willing to help our kind is more than five miles away”** he replied.

**“We have to do something Earl! .....I won’t just sit here and watch my baby die in my arms! .....I won’t do it Earl- I won’t!”**, she protested- with tears swelling her emerald green eyes. Earl placed his cold hands upon her shoulders and drop his head in defeat.

**“Mommy- what’s wrong with Alexis?”**, questioned a snotty-nosed girl of three, as she sat up from the floor.



**“Nothing’s wrong with Alexis- Gerty Ann .....Me and Papa are just deciding on whether to give her back to the angels soon .....So you just lay back down and get some rest baby”**, replied Cheerie- as she masked her deep sorrow from the child.

**“Okay Momma .....I love you Alexis”**, sang little Gerty Ann- just before she laid back down to sleep and returned to her dream of the magical girl in the pink tutu.

**“What in the world are we gonna do Cheerie? ..... I’ve already prayed my heart out- Lord knows!”**, wailed out Earl- with a deep suffering and anguish within his voice.

[*Suddenly*] Earl felt the chair abruptly stop ‘**RA**’ ‘**RA**’ ‘**ROCKING**’ through Cheerie’s tense shoulders! He instinctively lifted his head upwards and gazed out of the window before him, into the direction of her hypnotized gaze. After a few seconds of surveying the forest outside, his peepers locked onto the vision that had enchanted her so. His eye instantly widened with hope!

Lightning strikes! Thunder ‘**ROAR**’s!

**“CABIN ON THE HILL!”**, they both sang out in unison- with their eyes glued to a small lone cabin sitting atop of a nearby hill, in the distant forest.

**“YES-YES- YES! .....That’s it- of course! ..... Why didn’t we think of this before .....The Voodoo Man! .....If anyone can help her- surely he can!”**, he chimed.

**“Maybe he’ll have some sort of magical potions or healing balms for her .....Do you really think he’ll help us .....Ever since his wife died- he never leaves**

**that place anymore!”**, questioned Cheerie.

**“He’ll help Alexis .....We’ll leave him no choice in the matter!”**, stressed Earl- with a look of unrelenting determination.

Earl and Cheerie fell silent- knowing that they would soon be forced to do the unimaginable with their very own child, yet what they prepared to do- would be done in the name of .....**LOVE!**

Lightning strikes! Thunder ‘**ROAR**’s!

**“Earl Junior .....I’m going ta need those boots”**, tooted out Earl- as he looked back toward the boy, who sat upon a wooden stool ‘**WA**’ ‘**WA**’ ‘**WIPING**’ mud from them with a soiled rag.

**“Yes Papa!”**, he replied- as he stopped wiping the boots and quickly leapt to his feet.

Cheerie rose from the rocking chair and spun around to face Earl. She ‘**STA**’ ‘**STA**’ ‘**STARED**’ into his brown eyes with a face full of determination and brick hard will, with her jaw held up high and a heart made of steel. **“I’m coming with you”**, she stressed- with the authority of a mother bear.

Earl looked into Cheerie’s glazed eyes- and sighed with defeat, knowing that any objection would be wasted energy.

Lightning strikes! Thunder ‘**ROAR**’s!