

KEEPER OF THE KOFFIN SERIES

MORGUE MESSENGERS

KORPES KOMMANDER, 1

PROLOGUE

My name is Lieutenant Longfellow. I am a Marine in the United States Marines. Every time I close my eyes. I see myself in a dark room surrounded by black shadows. A wall of Men that dripped in a graphite layer of burnt fiery ash. I have no idea where I am. I know I am faced with the knowledge that I must be up against a Monster.

In my recurring dream, I see a this same wall of men in Military Uniform hidden in a cloud of exhaust smoke that moves. Numerous ghosts with round silvery eyes glow back from that visible cloud. A wall of Men in silhouette form move toward me in a blanket of ghostly ghastly faces. I do know one thing. Whoever reads this, I raised my head for a look. I could not find the words or syllables to speak. I hope by the time, I read this that I do!

I remember it started around October Fourth 1993 or early 1994, sometime. I remember I stared back into the wall. I fell into a slight trance, afterward. I remember something inside stared back with eyes that glow. I could be a jungle that I faced or stood in the middle of. I will not be sure until I step foot in it. I felt like something in the Desert watched! Now, that I think about it. I remember I heard something whisper my name? I remember I heard something ghostly say it out loud. Can it be that the dark played tricks on me? Or something that lived in the dark waited for me or my Men. A Strange Force Driven by the Heavens or Gods. Forced me and my Men into a Living Hell. In this recurring dream, I will know how it ends. One Day after I reach this Land that God, Man and Time Forgot. I Pray I have enough Men to Fight this beast. I Wake I heard it again that same night in a cool breeze. It traveled through the jungle or the Deserts. It says my name Lieutenant Longfellow. At first it appeared to be a soft whisper. It made me want to stop to listen. Maybe the Devil does know my name! I closed my eyes for a split second. I remember I needed God for Guidance. Not just for me. For my Team! Krypt Kreepers!

I remember another night that I dreamt. I was in the middle of Africa. There isn't anything here except what remained of a Team of Soldiers. A horde of meat eating carnivores. Besides an army of starved zombies that hid in the jungle.

Later on that night something whispers in the dark to me! I open my eyes, I look back. I remember I searched for a face to go with that voice. I know why I looked at it as a warning? I think it could be a monster. I believe an unexplainable, unnatural, unknown force that lived in Darkness? Maybe it could Heaven! It could be Hell? Or the Dark Beast Rules over everything Beneath The Heavens.

I stood in the middle of a village that I have never seen or visited before. Or, I would find on a Map anywhere on Earth. Now, I remember! I see a Tiny Village that I dream about when I do go to sleep. It is a different dream than a Witch Doctor Told me about! This Village is different than the one that I visited in Africa. I remember I walked into a hot desolate place. It is covered in cactus plants. With a rising sand that blinded most, including rodents that live in it. I see an army of green colored rats. That crawled up and down on every plant, rock, boulder, bush, and cactus tree. I remember I saw a mountain that sat to my left. It looked too high for me to see the top or climb without gear. What I do have is a real bad feeling? I do not really remember why we came to this Village? I do know one thing. We will not leave here, alive! I also know that we are United States Military Marines. We will take on Hell if it is required of us! Semper Fi. If it is required of a Krypt Kreeper or the entire Team! We will enter Hell to bring you back. Or any Planet to find you! Do not forget my Team's Name or Mine! I am Lieutenant Longfellow. I am a Krypt Kreeper first! Nothing will remain second other than those that fail to buy or read a copy even if it is for worthwhile and for free. Sorry there will be no substitutes? Gods of Darkness?

Chapter One Everybody

An army of Military Soldiers gather, together. They stand side by side like a wall of 6 foot Men. They pose for a picture for the Team and Family! Men in Military Uniform look like they returned from a Mission somewhere in Hell! Dressed in ripped, torn, tattered, and burnt yet recognizable in a Military Uniform. Soldiers who did not resemble the Living. Did look like Dead Soldiers from some Lost Long Forgotten War.

Our Prayers and our Tears go with the Dead. We deliver them to St Peter in Heaven through Prayers. A Saint to every Living Soldier! When we Die on a Battlefield For God and Country. We send our Prayers, Hopes, and Souls to a Soldier's Saint name St Peter. Whom we believe waits for our arrival. When we Die! If a Soldier's Heaven Exist?

He stood still he faced the Skies. He looked like he talked to Angels in Heaven. He Prayed in silence with words that were directed for the dead or Soldiers that remain behind in battle. Maybe for the Wisdom to know the difference between Heaven, Hell and those bound for a place in between?

A Soldier of a free World. A Servant to his Country! A man that slipped into a Military Uniform! Who became a soldier that joined a Team. It is the duty of a Soldier to protect his Home from Land Invaders. And every Shore that surrounded his Country!

All I ask that we have enough time to see Family, Friends and say goodbye. Semper Fi! I would like to Thank God for the time that He allowed me to spend on His Good Great Earth. I had the time of my life! I have shared many joys! I raised my head to the Heavens and Stars above. I can say I ran with the best. Before it is over he made the Sign of the Cross. I am on my way to fight a Battle on Earth. He raised his weapon like he ran forth. He turned to face his Team! Then, he started to say another serenade of words to his Team's Kreed! Bury each, and every soldier Deep in the ground? When We Die? If, you do not bury us deep. We will return through the shallow ground not just for your soul neither. Krypt Kreeper!

A Team of Soldiers in Military Uniform dance around a Campfire in a circle, humming. A tune they knew the melody too. Nor the words neither. Lieutenant Longfellow decided one day that he did like this song. He knew his Team took on Missions that no other Team would consider or dare? He repeated these same words to the same song after he took several gulps of a peach colored drink. A Village Witch Doctor claimed it carried special power from the jungle, into the real world to come. Sometimes, it brought him sight from the Future, Present and past. At least this is what he told us Soldiers Stationed in Africa Deep in Congo!

After he turned he stared into that same darkness that surrounded the Village on every side to listen to the sound of wild animals. Lions and hyenas that search for red meat! A multitude of grunts and screeches follow him like a horde of zombies with stomach pains that slowly died from a lack of food aarghh?

Soldiers continue to sing in the background shalalala live for today but don't worry bout tomorrow. Soldiers would raise their glass. Drink from a container that resembled some kind of vegetable squash. A bottle of fruit in a jug while they hummed along. They stepped 3 steps forward then three back. They're feet never left the ground like they did a moonwalk. They remain in place with their back hunched over. Motion their head toward the ground. Both arms hung down from their side to the Earth like monkeys. They stand in 1 place and dance to the same words to the same song.

Soldiers continued to sing along. He followed a Soldier's Footsteps in front of him. Then, they would stop again this time to step forward hunched over like cave men who hummed and bobbed their head. One glance to his left he sees a fire rise into the skies. Multiple flames that could touch Heaven or faded into the dark in between. Mike sipped on a light green liquid in a fruit container. It resembled a squash filled with a mind altering alcoholic drink that Africans make them self.

He did not want to listen and watch. He reached into his pocket for a video cassette. He placed a tape in a mini Video Recorder and closed it tight until it clicks. He raised it to his right eye. He aimed it at Soldiers that danced around a tall fire and acted like cavemen. Zeemba ordered him to join the others. Allow me to shoot you with your Soldiers Lieutenant. Zeemba the Village Witch Doctor Videotaped Lieutenant Longfellow.

Military Soldiers continued to dance, hum and walk like cavemen to a song that made them feel like, dancing. A song he believed brought Soldiers together through hard times! Still in the eyes of a Military Soldier. It rightfully belonged to him. Since a soldier's life is always filled with uncertainty. Whether, the outcome is his life or the lives of his Men.

Everyone yelled shalala live for today? They add another verse to the same song in hope that the alcoholic content made them smile! After awhile Zeemba stared into the dark like he looked for something to appear. A spirit, horde of zombies, black army of beasts to feast on him and his Tribe. He stared without blinking an eye like he fell into a trance. Or, until he actually believed something materialized right before his eyes. A thin black cloud of smoke with 2 eyes stare back like it watched him from the Jungle. Unaware who or what watched. Made everyone feel uncomfortable. It made Mike stare in disbelief until he imagined something crawl or run at him from the dark. It surrounded the campfire besides the Village? He visualized large beasts with numerous heads that look like lions. Or the Spirits of the Dead. Souls that would rise or fall. A horde of meat eating zombies wait to eat the living. If they walk or stray too far from the Village! Ready to tear them into pieces so they can devour the meat that clung to their bones.

Later on several Soldiers in Uniform sit down on the ground. They sit around a campfire to talk to a Witch Doctor that claimed to see the Devil. He talked about spirits that talk to him from the other side that hide in the dark. The Witch Doctor told him that it waited for Lieutenant Longfellow. An army of dead men will rise to your command. They will follow you into battle? If need be they would die under your Command Sir! You cannot see them Lieutenant! They could be here Soldier. They do exist that much I can tell you? What were you trying to say Zeemba? That you can see them in the dark? Do you see them on some lost forgotten battlefield! Do you see death in their faces. I see spirits that live in the dark! They look down on you, Lieutenant. They stand around us as we speak Michael. They wait for a man that will guide them through thick and thin. I can hear them whisper the names of every Soldier in your Team. I can hear Yours too! He raised his head as if an answer would fall from the skies or Heaven. The names of every Krypt Kreepers! A large black man with braids stared up at the dark overhead. His eyes twirl into the back of his head somewhere. He can see shadows, the size of Humans walk pass him. His eyes return to his eye sockets with the look of fear in them both. Dark disciples hide in the dark further than the human eye can see. Beasts, come to life in the middle of the night. Monsters, I come to see every time I close my eyes Lieutenant. One Day you will see. You will encounter these same black beasts. They are far worst then the mighty lion in the jungle. More ferocious than any man eater alive today. You cannot kill a beast with an ordinary gun, knife, spear or bullet. You will have to kill them, many times. You will know when they are finally dead. What kind of beast needed to die that many times Zeemba? The kind that do not remain dead in the black earth or buried in the ground? He remembered he told his Men something like that long ago. The kind that continue to rise from the dark! Or, graves that were filled with the undying undead! You will not see them until it is too late! Until, it is time to return to the ground from where they come! Until it is time for the enemy to die!

Zeemba always talked in a Heavy African Accent. Every time he would talk. He would smile at the pronunciation that he used in words that he spoke? Zeemba had several words and visions he did say. The kind he would see things that no man claimed to see or had ever seen before like a spirit that walked among the Living. It made him smile yet nobody else would find that amusing because no one else can see them. I know they do exist. I can tell you this much. You will see them in your Dreams. Sometimes, in your Nightmares. If you see them at all, Lieutenant. I know you know what I'm talking about. Someday, you will. It will be to late when you do! I hope my visions are wrong? You saw them a few seconds ago when you stared into the faces of the doomed and damned. They were standing next to you Michael. I stared into your eyes when you looked into theirs. You were looking into the eyes of the dead. The darkness in the jungle.

Several faces hid in the heads of Humans. Humans like you Soldier. Without you knowing that they we're here the entire time. They live and hide in the dark almost everywhere. Some spirits see us as their enemy. Then, they have Spirits that see us as Potential Leaders. Remember this Longfellow. A handful of people in the entire World will ever know the real power that exist? If you look into the dark, into the African Congo long enough. You will see them come to life. You will stare, in disbelief. I did Lieutenant Longfellow!

Mike climbed to his feet after Zeemba made him spill his drink. More like a homemade hooch that Villagers spilled on his Uniform. He stared into the Jungle that surrounded him to look for a monster. Something that would make him believe in creatures and massive beasts other than man eating lions that hid in the dark. It surrounded him and his Men. With the sound of screeches of hungry zombies!

When, Zeemba would stare into the Night or into the Jungle.

Villagers would watch Zeemba for one reason. They would, look into his eyes. Did he really communicate with the Devil, the dead or black demons that rise from hell. Or did he just lie to Villagers that kept him healthy with food. Or maybe lost spirits that follow the living around until they vanish from life's existence.

Zeemba stared into the fire at the flames rising. He thinks if he stared long enough that he would see these monsters or just the faces of Zeemba's Tribe that sat across from him on the other side of the flames.

Zeemba's Tribe stared back covered in red paint that looked more like it's smeared across their face like war paint. He listened to one story to many that the Witch Doctor told.

After, I drank a small container filled with funny smelling hooch one Soldier says. I think I saw the Devil too. Soldiers start to sing that same song. Start to dance to that same dance that they created. One Soldier would yell come on dance. This time Mike found a seat on the hard ground. He stared into the darkness in the Congo. There were Mountains everywhere! They were as far as he could see from shadows up high around him. The same darkness that the Witch Doctor claimed to see the Devil in, whenever he closed his eyes. Slowly, it started to fade away.

Krypts Kreepers danced in a circle. Followed, each other around like a group of limbo dancers. One behind the other danced and sang along while Mike enjoyed himself. After fun and games ended. He sat down to think it over! I'm leaving tomorrow morning! I will not be coming back this way Zeemba. I'm headed Home first thing in the Morning. I will be there in a few days. If another Mission waited for me or my Team. I will not know until I reach Base Parker. I just want to say I hope to see you again Witch Doctor. This time it will be only in my thought?

He knew a Village somewhere in the World would be safe because of a Team of Marines. I know we did our job the moment it is over. The second we freed Villagers that live in a Village under a Tyrant. Ordered by rebels or terrorists to use their home for wrong! He reached over he embraced another Soldier. A large Black Man with big white teeth. A grin that went from ear to ear. He told him, Goodbye my Friend. Until we meet again. Until next time, all I have to say. Do not let a flesh eating creature take a bite out of your booty. Good luck Witch Doctor ‘ ‘ he yelled!

Lieutenant Longfellow stared back into the African Jungles one last time! Too look for that monster that Zeemba talked so much about. Or a horde of zombies, cannibals, pack of hyenas to attack the Aircraft before it even had a chance to leave the ground. He took another long look at a massive mountain that surrounded the Village. He felt a cold chill run up the back of his spine to his Brain. The undead follow the living around without us knowing that they're dead ‘ ‘ he whispered. Or hid in the dark in a Village silently to wait for the dead to join them. Or like an army that slowly yet patiently gathered one man, soul, ghost at a time in a plight for what? Fight a War that did not exist or that his Team would live through?

Chapter Two Mission One

A few days later, he leaves Base. He reached the front door to his Home where his Wife and Son live. His Son is the first to hear a loud knock at the front door. He jumped up from the floor after he heard several hard knocks. After he remembered hearing that his Father would reach, home sometime today, smiles. He reached for the door-lock to unlock it. He unlocked it and pulled it open. All of a sudden, a bolt of lightning struck a street lamp outside their Home. A Soldier in a Military Green Uniform remained in the entrance. He held a lit lighter so he would not scare him. The Young Boy's Eyes open wide. They were as big as golf balls. He found himself staring back in disbelief or just surprised. The Soldier's Eyes were tinted in a thin layer of red light that came from both lightning and brake lights from a passing vehicle that drove by. Within a second his eyes were filled with a red blood color. A large Man almost 6 foot tall in a Military Uniform smiled back! Whispers, I'm Home, I hope I do not have to leave for some time. All of a sudden a flame from his lighter disappeared! It felt like a thrill that he waited for, lied in a touch of a lighter for a reason or the other. As if a lighter with a tiny flame that burned forever, did in his Mind. Yet in reality, it lasted only a few seconds. Then it simply vanished when he removed his thumb. He lowered his head he glanced down at his Son with a massive smile on his face. His eyes were, filled with nothing except shock. He raised his head again. He stared back like, he saw a Devil and his Father in Uniform for a split second. He realizes his eyes were no longer red nor filled with blood but natural the color they we're meant to be. His Father stood in the entrance in Uniform for a couple of seconds more. Finally, he removed a gold metal chain from the front door overhead. He swung the door open the rest of the way. He remained in the entrance. He stepped into a small hall in a blood red colored beret. The same color his eyes were before he finally opened the front door to allow him into the Home. After a minute or so he mumbled hi Dad! First, he had to confirm that the man in Uniform is his real Father! He remembered his Mom told him. He would be home early the following day. He heard voices afterward can I come in Alexander. Finally, he broke his concentration in a soft tone. It sounded more like he didn't want to scare him. His Son now 8 Years old remembered nothing except his red eyes in a door.

His Father's Hair is almost shoulder length. His chest is covered in War Medals. He wore a smile from ear to ear. He bent down he lifted him off the ground after he smiled back. He kissed him on the cheek. He placed his burgundy colored beret over his tiny head. Whispered, I miss you a whole bunch son. He placed his red beret down on top of his head. Kissed him on his cheek he whispered again. Do not forget, always on the right cheek for boys Alexander. Always, on the right cheek! It will be my way of telling you that it's me. No, matter where I am. No, matter where I go! If, you ever feel a kiss on the right cheek! It meant I am here!

Guess What, Tomorrow morning. I have a big surprise for you. We will be going to Church. I'm going to say a Prayer. I'm going to Thank God that everyone is Well and Alive. And for Soldiers still in action overseas that we had to leave behind. Do not tell me, you cannot go to Church. His Father and Son stare at each other then at his Wife Alexander's Mother. Dad always told me we we're going to Church. Last time we went. He Prayed his Prayer before he left Church. He told me that St Peter in Heaven will be there in Church. He is the Father to every American Soldier that fought in War and Battle. St Peter is the Saint. He belonged to the Military Soldier. He was there on the Day they we're Born. He will be there on the Day that they Die! He will claim their soul that Angels will take back with them to Heaven. Too fight alongside St Peter's Angels that Fight against Evil! God has an Army of Angels! He told me that so did Lucifer and the Devil. Angels in Heaven we're just like Soldiers on Earth. Everyone has a job to do both here and In Heaven. Angels in Heaven protect it from bad angels! Hell's Angels from armies of Demons. If they got to Earth before hell broke loose. They would be in trouble. Human Angels would save them from certain death! Dad never lies about The Bible or St Peter. He is up there somewhere in Heaven. He will always be up there! He will wait for Soldiers in Uniform until the day they die. Military Men often do in War! She remained in the hall she listened, watched and stared into his eyes to look for an answer.

You can remove your jacket and place your Medals away before you misplace them. I have dinner cooking on the stove in the kitchen. You have to clean up first. I think we're having Mexican food, one of your favorites. I just love Mexican food so much that I hate it. He reached down he lifted his Son off the floor with his arms. I can show you my Medals Alexander. I think you would like to see them. I would like to see them Dad. He is easily carried away into the home. To a staircase that led upstairs to the second floor where bedrooms remain. Hurry Alex, I do not want Mom to get mad before dinner, do you. No, he placed him down on the floor. He smiled at him with a red beret on his head. Follow me into the bedroom. I will show you my Medals.

He followed him inside he unbuttoned his jacket which is covered in rainwater. I want you to see my Medal of Courage. I got it saving another Soldier in the Military. Alex raised his head, he sees several War Medals with his name across the top, Longfellow. He removed his wet jacket. He hung it up on a hanger so it would properly dry and yells. I will beat you down the stairs. He stopped after he thinks that he could trip or fall " he shouted. Do not run just walk, instead! I do not want you to fall down the stairs or hurt yourself. I will walk with you down the stairs instead, Alexander. We should hurry Dad. I think Mom could get upset if dinner got cold.

Within minutes, they finish Dinner. It almost sounded like they we're in Church it is so quiet. After dinner, he climbed to his feet. He released Alexander from his seat. He allowed him to run free while he removed several dirty plates on the kitchen table. Placed them in the sink where, he decided to leave them. Afterward, he moved toward his Wife. She sat down in her seat to eat dinner. He bent down he kissed her on the neck. Her left cheek followed before he whispers that it's nice to be Home. If you need me, I will be somewhere in the house.

He left the kitchen he stepped into the living room. He found Alexander sitting on the floor. He played and talked to someone " he thought. Until, he looked around, he did not see anyone. Who from the sound of it, he had no idea. He realize he played with a mini toy soldier. He stepped into the living room, filled with pictures of Family. They're both surrounded by Family on both sides. On a wall in that same room. Finally, he realized that he's Home for now. For how long and when he had no idea. His Son sat on the floor he wore a military red beret. Its rested on the top of his head with a toy soldier clutched tight in his right hand. He decides to sit down on the floor next to him to watch him play with his toys. He stopped to hand him back his toy after taking a quick glance at. Two space aliens played with each other like they were mortal enemies, made of harden plastic? His Wife washed dishes in the kitchen the entire time he sat on a thin beige carpet in the living room while he played with plastic toys.

He continues to play with toy figures while he kept both eyes on every move that he made. He stole several glances of pictures that hung on walls. Or sat across from him on a living room mantle. His Wife washed dishes in the kitchen. He started on the table than stove. Before long they we're both sitting on a living room carpet. He continued to play with his Son Alex. A clock on a wall told him that it's almost 9 PM in the Evening.

His Son remained awake, he lied down on the floor. With his hands held on two toys like he did not want to let go or to lose them in anyway. Maybe, he is thrilled that his Father's Home. Maybe, he just liked to stay up late or a little longer than usual. Except, its bed time isn't it. He wanted to be alone with his Lonely Wife. She looked like she wanted the same thing so they had nothing but smiles for each other. She realized it's what Mike wanted. He rises from the sofa to take a better look around. He lifted his Son off the floor. He carried him to his bedroom because it's getting late. It's the same identical thing that she wanted after so long, alone! He knew the only way that would become a reality or even possible. He would have to place him in his own bed to sleep. I will be right back. She disappeared with her Son upstairs. He is led away by a gentle tug of his hand. They both move toward the staircase then up the stairs. Go to bed Alex. It's getting late and we have things to do tomorrow. I'm not tired yet Mom? After, he reached his bedroom, door. It lied to his left after he reached the stairs? I will place your favorite cartoon on to help you sleep. Then, his door to his bedroom slightly closed. I'm still not tired Mom he shouted. Then the door closed to his bedroom upstairs. She left him inside to watch Television in his room nice and quiet. She went over everything in her head for the last time. She left him in his bedroom with a remote control to his Television. It contained a power button to his choice of cartoons. She ordered him to watch Television until she came back to tuck him in, okay. He pressed an On button on the remote to the Television. He turned to face the door that led to the entrance.

He walked out he left his Bedroom behind. She heard nothing except his Television downstairs. She continued to listen for Mike's voice somewhere in the House. Alex stopped everything that he did to listen, afterward. He sat down he listened for his Mother's Voice which came from somewhere in the house. He stared at a Television screen filled with cartoons. Cartoons that he did not want to watch or really want to see at the moment. He sat down like he was not interested. He had to be too exhausted after he played with several toy figures. His Father walked through the Home like a ghost in search of a place in a graveyard that is full. Much like a world that he came from where lions made rounds and roars.

After several minutes, he slipped off his bed to the floor. He decided to change his clothes into his pajamas. His Mom disappeared downstairs to look for his Father. She believed he walked into the garage or basement to look for something that he probably left behind. She screamed his name where are you? Then, the door to the basement opened. I'm right here? I wanted to look through my things. I forgot I had some stuff put away for you. I'm going to get them for you. Then, I will join you in the bedroom. Afterward, she stepped into his arms. She stared into his eyes the entire time he smiles. He kissed her on the lips before he broke away from her grip. He forces her closer than ever. He grabbed her in a forceful manner the second time around and pressed her lips against his. Again, he kissed her again and again while they stand together. I have missed you " he whispered. He bent down he lifted her off the ground from behind both legs. He carried her 15 feet toward a staircase that ascent to their bedrooms. He carried her into her bedroom. He tossed her down on a queen size bed. He shoved a pillow filled with goose feathers underneath her head. He planted a kiss on her lips. Planted another on her mouth this time he took her breath away. He remembered he forgot something. So he left the bedroom door open. He climbed off the bed while his Wife remained on top. He realized he forgot to close the bedroom door so he moved toward it. He removed one piece of his clothes at a time like a male stripper strips. He closed the door he turned to face his bedroom and his Wife. Alex should be asleep he whispered. He slid one foot into the hall that connected bedrooms and waited for her to answer. I do not know so she moved both feet and her head to one side. We have plenty of time for that he whispered. He turned to face the room then his Wife. He stepped into the hall that led to the bathroom and other bedrooms. He moved toward his Son's Bedroom to check on him. He raised his right index finger. He turned to face his Wife. I will be right back. Do not say a word Dear, shh.

He stepped to his right down a hall and disappeared in the entrance. Mike moved toward his Son's Bedroom 25 to 45 feet from his. I better take a peek in on him. He remained outside his bedroom door to wait to listen to sounds that might come from inside his room. Before he reached for the doorknob. He hugged the hallway wall all the way to his bedroom door. It is followed by a thin beige colored carpet that is 3 feet wide. It ran down the same hall. It led to his Son's Bedroom. He barely touched the doorknob that looked like it would open by itself. Before he turned the knob to his right and opened it. He found him sitting on his bed where he played with toys and a soldier. He knew by the look on his face. He had to have heard the door open. His tiny head turned while he watched cartoons from his bed. He did not stare into the doorway or directly at his face. He remained sitting on his bed staring straight at a TV screen. His fingers lifted an alien toy that he played with. He slammed them together into the soldier. You're watching me he said. He peeked in through his room door. He sat down to play with his toys. He pulled the door closed. He stood outside the door to listen for a second. He pressed his back up against the wall. He felt he made it home. It is the only thing that really mattered now at the time. Another day, week, month or even year. No one knew what to expect from a Soldier's Life. He did listen for a minute before he finally walked back into the hall away from his Son's Bedroom Door. It led back to his Wife's Room. He reached his bedroom door. He climbed into bed rather slow. He has been on a greyhound bus for 24 hours straight. He is now exhausted and smelled very bad. They really were not as comfortable as they may look. He has been on bus ride for 24 hours. He is so tired of that seat that it stinks!

After sharing a fun evening her bedroom light finally went out in her room. They both lied down on a queen sized bed in the dark. They talked loud yet not too loud so they would wake Alex in the next room. He had to fall asleep while he watched cartoons. Or, he watched videos of cartoons on his bed until he passed out. He returned thinking things through on his way to his bedroom.

The Next Day in the Night. It got a lot quieter or they were both too tired to raise their voice any longer while they laughed so hard and so much. They tell a few more jokes and reach for a glass of Wine that sat on an end-table, close. Mike reached to his left. He grabbed his Wife he lied her down on the bed. After, he took a long drink of Wine from his glass. He drank from it then laughs. A Bottle of Pink Chablis Wine sat in an ice bucket that waited for them.

Her long hair dripped down on both sides of her like a giant spider. A light lit the room up from a dimmer that Mike controlled on a button on a wall. He reached into his pants pockets. He removed a picture that he found in his front pocket. Here you go. I have a photo that I took while I was having fun dancing and drinking homemade hooch in the Congo. A photo of Myself, and my Men! We faced the dark. We danced and looked like we were drunk while we stared into the camera. She looked at a darkness that surrounded the photo. After, a closer look. It looks more like an army of zombies, creatures, or beasts with eyes. She wondered who is it? He stared at that same photo at what looked like eyes that glow in the Night. Maybe, they were hyenas. He had no idea. I do know I saw something in the dark that night. I am not the only one that sees things. He turned his head he looked into his Wife's Eyes. I better, get some sleep tonight dear. I have things to do tomorrow morning. He whispered back in her direction, goodnight. He turned to face a night light near an end table so he could turn it off to sleep, click!

Early the next morning his Wife rushed into the kitchen to make breakfast while Mike slept. He remained on top of his bed. His Wife walked into the room to surprise him with a tray of food. We have pancakes, scrambled eggs, and several strips of bacon. His bed started to bounce when he opened his eyes half asleep. He found Alexander on top of his bed, jumping. His Mother stood close she held a tray of food. His Mom screamed stop jumping on the bed! She ordered him off the bed while his Dad ate breakfast.

He sat up he placed his back up against a headboard, flush with the wall behind him. Breakfast is sitting on a tray on his lap. He stared down at a hot cup of steaming coffee that slowly, rises into the nostrils. A large smile across his face from ear to ear. That he returned with a smile. He realized that she liked to play games from the moment that it started. So he continued to smile back. He raised his spoon to his mouth to eat. Scrambled eggs he uttered that it's the first time in 6 months, that I have had breakfast. We lived in a tiny Village deep in the Congo. He Fought against rebels and revolutionaries. Am I glad to be home. We have eaten monkey meat several times a week. Since, I lived in the Congo. I have not seen scrambled eggs or a chicken anywhere in the jungle. It sure is nice to be home. He shoved another spoon full of scrambled eggs into his mouth. His Wife's Facial Expression then his Son Alex says it all. What shall we do today " he said. He shoved another spoon with scrambled eggs in his mouth. This time it followed by a strip of bacon.

He shoved a few more mouthfuls of scrambled eggs into his mouth. He was ready to leave his bed, empty his tray and brush his teeth. His Wife removed the tray and kissed him on the lips then forehead. We're going out today because tomorrow we're going to a Funeral. I have to bury a close friend of mine that died in the Congo. I think you know him. He used to be a Krypt Creeper. His name is Christopher! His body should be here sometime today or tonight. They will not bury him until tomorrow after his Family is notified that he's here. Who is he " she asked. She left the room with his empty tray. You will see him tomorrow during his Funeral. I have to say goodbye to his Son from his Father. He slid off the bed. He gave Alexander a hug. It is followed by a kiss on the cheek. I need to take a shower do you need a shower Alexander. No Dad, I took a shower yesterday during the early morning. I think before you came knocking at the front door.

He marched toward the bathroom then stops. He removed most of his clothes. He walked through the house unaware that he wore nothing except a pair of white boxer underwear. He walked straight into the bathroom from the hall where his bedroom lied 15 feet away. After taking 4 more steps into the bathroom. He realized he wore nothing except a pair of white boxer underwear. He remembered Alexander watched him.

His eyes move from his underwear to his Father's Face. Okay, I'm taking a shower. He walked into the hall after he forgot something. Alexander noticed a massive tattoo in navy blue letters written across his body that immediately grabbed his attention. He sees two outstanding words which we're written across his back that read "Krypts" on top. Beneath it another word " Kreepers. What does it mean Dad? He noticed two words that we're written in English. He turned to face him. He stood in the bathroom entrance 15 feet away. It is a name of a Military Team of Marines! Both words were written in Olde English Letters in a royal dark blue color. He continued to stare for several seconds until his eyes glistened with a light shade of happiness. A serenade of cold chills spiral up his spine to his brain. It lasted only a few seconds. He felt an overwhelming sense of fear that had risen in him. That hovered over his tiny frame and sent him into a slight state of awe. It scared him away a few feet. It did not frighten him to a point where he shakes. Why, because his Father is always close.

The bathroom door closed the sound of water ran in the tub and sink. Then, he heard that humming again. Mommy, what does Krypts Kreepers mean? Two words that were written across Daddy's Back that start with a letter K. Dad told me they belong to a team of Soldiers that take Rebels. There like a baseball team with a name to a Team of men that ride, together. This is probably what it means " she said. A group of Men. Military Soldiers that hung out together like a baseball team " he thought.

He continued to shower in the bathroom. His Son dressed himself for a day out on the Town. His Mother rushed into his bedroom to help him dress. Alex found a green t-shirt with an orange pair of shorts. You can't wear that " she said " it doesn't match with anything that you're wearing. He screamed No over his choice of clothes. His Mom opened his dresser door to his clothes. She started to toss things aside to look for a different combination of colors that match together. She found a blue jean outfit that sat at the bottom of the door to her right. She withdrew a suit of clothes a pair of clean socks with the name Alexander written in red thread around the top. She did not remember the socks or who bought them. She did remember one thing that his Father sent him a gift that he opened. The socks had to be a gift that his Father sent him when he was, stationed in Africa in the Congo. She decided to slip them on so her Husband could see them for himself probably for the first time.

She continued to search through his clothes drawer where she found a wristwatch with a picture of them together that sat at the bottom. Which is when he was Home for 3 days? She remembered it after she stared down at a picture of her Husband. He carried his Son Alexander in his arms. She lifted a watch from the drawer that he carried in his right hand. IN the back of the watch it read " Krypts Kreepers " Daddy. She found an army green colored band. She looked at the dial of a figure in the center. It's a picture of a soldier that stood in the middle and stared back like he actually looked straight into her eyes. She did realize that he carried a weapon a gun of some kind. Since, she didn't know much about weapons, she gave it no more of her time! Do you want to wear this she asked or would you rather I put it back in the drawer. I don't want to wear it he answered. Place it back underneath my military uniform. She found it to amusing that she laughed after she slid it back underneath his child like military uniform. He slipped into his clean clothes that his Mother helped him with. She also tied his shoelaces. She sat down she wondered if her Son is going to grow up to be a Soldier, someday. It bothered her so much that it brought tears to her eyes.

The bathroom door opened which broke her concentration. He calls up at the second floor where are you honey? He heard voices from Alex's Bedroom just down the hall. I want to know is everybody ready to go to kiddie land. It's an amusement park. A farm just for kids. He started to scream I do, I do. He ran through his bedroom screaming. Me, I want to go. He started to run through his Home to look for his Father. He noticed his Dad wore a pair of Military Fatigues, white t-shirt and a smile. Where were we going " he asked. He grabbed his Father's Pants Leg. We're going to toy land " he said. Hurry, let Mommy get dressed so we can go together. I'm not going honey. Why don't you take Alexander to toy land by yourself. Are you sure you do not want to go. I had plans for both of us to have dinner, tonight. And, we will dear soon?

After, he waited a few minutes. He finally decided to leave for toy land. We will see you in 6 hours that should give him enough exercise for him to fall asleep on his own when we return. He moved toward the staircase which led downstairs while Alex kissed his Mother goodbye. When they reach the bottom step, Alexander ran toward the front door to a Vehicle parked outside their Home. He reached their parked SUV outside the front door. He stared into the glass at a reflection of himself. A Cherokee with gold trimming along both sides painted white waited. Like a chariot that awaited an Emperor, warrior or gladiator. Alex reached the door first. His Father stopped to laugh from a few yards away. Didn't your Mother take you anywhere when you were alone with her. I have not gone anywhere since you were here to take us anywhere he answered. Which felt like it's been a long, long, time?

They climb into their vehicle while Alex tried to buckle him into his seat but he couldn't. I will help you. Not before, he slid a key into the ignition. He reached over he buckled Alexander into his belt. He turned away from the dashboard. He sat down, he stared into his eyes. He remembered they were brown like his. He continued to stare for a second more. He shifted back into drive. He whispers for him to smile. Son, we will have some fun today. A cool breeze forced his hair to one side. A cool, cold, breeze felt like it followed them for a while!

He drove into the street from the driveway. It is not anything fancy just a basic half wood, half brick home with two floors and a one car garage. A concrete driveway that is large enough for one vehicle maybe two if they were parked one behind the another. Nothing more than two medium sized vehicles would fit at any given time. He made a left from his driveway down the street then drove toward toy land. He stared into his rear view mirror. Slowly his Home disappeared with every yard that he drove further and further away. Several windows appear then a sharp peak roof. It looked very old. He better check it out before it started to leak. He drove down another street before he realized it's a ways away. It's at least a 45 minute drive from where they live at the present moment. His Son played with his toys as usual while he drove down one street after another toward the expressway.

He sees a sign to another highway a ways up. He found a 7-11 the one place that sold ice cream or frosty. He remembered his Son Alexander loved them since the day he was born. He drove down to 7-11 for an ice cold frosty. How about you Alex would you like a frosty? He made a right hand turn into that parking lot from a main street. You know I do Dad. I like a lime fruit with sprinkles.

They pull into the lot and drive straight in through the entrance before stopping the SUV. I will beat you to the door. He unbuckled his seat belt and double checks for traffic. Finally, he brought his car to a complete stop. He did not find any traffic driving in or pulling away so he opened his car door and climbed down.

He climbed down on the sidewalk. He started to run toward two doors to a 7-11s entrance. After he reached the entrance. He pulled a handle forward that would not open. He remained in the entrance to wait for his Father to open the door since it is too heavy. Once, his Father reached the store door. He opened the front door. He allowed him to enter the convenient store from the parking lot, outside. Alex ran into the store toward a rear wall filled with machines that made frosty.

He wanted a banana frosty. New on the list but his favorite is still lemon lime. He moved toward his Son. He waited for his Father to make a banana frosty. A smile formed on his dark tanned face. His brown eyes turn to face him, he wore a smile. He made Alex a frosty first while the fast food store quickly looked like it started to pick up several customers the second that he entered. A wall of frozen ice cream in different colors grabbed his attention. After, he made both frosties. They move toward the front of the store where a register waits. He slid his hand into his front pocket. He withdrew three dollars from somewhere inside. He ordered a young girl behind the counter to keep the change that adds up to pennies. We better get going Alex. Kiddie land will not wait one more minute.

They move passed several bags of potato chips on the way to the entrance. Before he left he noticed a Hollywood Magazine that sat on a metal stand that faced the store. It had a very unusual name. It is named Spine Magazine by Maresman. It's for Movie Stars that face the most unusual if not troublesome times in their lives. This Magazine came in after the fish were done nibbling away at the nervous system. This Magazine claimed to eat you alive. Rip what remained of your flesh off your bones. It would drive you completely insane. It read at the very top that my name is Spine!

It recently just opened from what the cover claimed. He decided to buy a magazine. It is a 61 page Magazine filled with Pictures of Movie Stars, Musicians and Comics. Mike reached for that same magazine. He removed it from a steel shelf then paid for it like he did both ice creams. It cost him three dollars besides tax of course. Uncle Sam always receives his fair share of Tax from now on " he replied. He followed his Son to the front door where, he waited for his Father. His Son continued to lick his frosty with a spoon that the store offered with a 16 ounce plastic cup. He pushed the door open, allowed his Son to walk into the parking lot. Down a long concrete patio outside 7-11 doors. We better get going " he said. It will be crowded soon he added.

They move toward their vehicle parked 10 feet from 7-11 entrance. He followed him from behind in case someone drove to fast for conditions. Or moved to close to his Son or him. Finally, he reached the SUV passenger side door. He searched the area for moving cars that drove toward them. He unlocked both car doors after he pressed a button that allowed him inside the car.

He hurried by licking his frosty before it melted on him. He held his frosty only seconds before his Son climbed into the front seat to lick his lips. He handed him back his ice cream. He reached down he buckled him into his seat-belt. He shifted into gear one more time. This time he drove toward the store exit 15 yards away. He slowed down he exited to his right. It led to another expressway that headed this time straight into kiddie-land. First, he made another right hand turn down the street toward the highway.

He made a right hand turn down the street and drove toward the expressway just a few miles away. He continued to drive several more miles until the entrance came into view. She slid into another lane. He looked for an entrance that would lead to a ramp that entered the expressway. He found no entry to the highway until it read there is an entrance on Troy Avenue. He made a left at the corner, another at the following, which led into another street named Blue. He found a ramp close by. So he pulled up to a red light further down then stopped.

His Son noticed a sign that read toy land 10 miles from here. He continued to read what he could until their vehicle left a red light where, he parked to wait for it to turn green. When he left the stop light, he headed straight for the expressway that would take him to kiddies land. Son were 15 minutes away from kiddies land, finish your frosty because will be there soon. He tried to hurry, he wanted to finish his ice cream first then it falls. He ordered him to leave it on the floor before we have a car accident. He leaned back as quick as possible the entire time their car climbed the ramp that led into the expressway. First he drove passed a street light to a ramp then down the expressway into traffic. A mini mall remained on both sides which kept Alex busy looking out though his passenger side window at stores. He noticed streets fly by one after another. His Father Mike continued to pass exit after exit on the way to kiddies land.

Finally, after he drove a few more minutes. He found an exit that led into kiddies land about 125 feet away. He drove to the right one lane after another before bringing his SUV to an off ramp. His Son listened to music on the radio on low. He listened to an old favorite song of his, which went like this. We're not going to take it. No, were not going to take it, anymore. He smiled at him after taking another glance at a small boy that sat next to him on a seat.

The vehicle began to rise up a ramp to the top where several streets wait. He sees several signs most of them led to different Cities and Towns along the expressway. Shoulders filled with signs that read Missouri this way or Indianapolis that.

He reached another street, which is covered in asphalt. He sees a stop sign up ahead. He continued to drive toward that sign where he found two cars parked that waited for traffic to subside. During those several seconds that passed one vehicle disappeared from the stop sign. The second vehicle pulled forward, he took the place of the first Car. Mike drove into second place. He stopped long enough to find traffic no longer moving. He sees his chance so he shot across the street to the left lane before he moves toward kiddies land. Several signs point to the left side of the highway, he yells. We're almost there Alex " he shouted. The Vehicle continues to drive left on highway 99 toward kiddies land. He can see a Ferris wheel to his left down the street " he shouted. Look Son kiddies land. He became overjoyed with the view of a Ferris wheel that he turned round and round. He dropped his toy soldier on the floor in the process. He sat back in his seat he faced the Ferris wheel the entire time his Dad drove there. He lowered his head he faced his toy soldier that lied on the floor inside the SUV. He continues to stare until a massive Ferris wheel came closer and closer. He can see it from the corner of his eye. It is only a block away if that. Another entrance further up grabbed his attention so he made a left down a small road ahead, yells. Are you ready for a day filled with fun. He completed a turn down the road. He noticed ten Vehicles behind him, which turned left down that same road that they drove on.

Several amusement rides fill the frontage road. A row of games just like they have in carnivals followed like they were video games. Alex could not wait to jump out. He could not wait to leave his seat, besides the vehicle. He wanted so much to play with other kids that he squirmed in his seat like a snake in a cage. He wanted his Father to pull over until he sees little girls that stood outside that eyed both him and the games.

Probably tried to figure out which one is best or much more exciting. He found a parking spot. He pulled into a slender area just big enough for his vehicle to fit. He removed a handful of car keys. Turn to face Alex in his seat with both eyes, shining. Are you ready Son? His dark brown eyes almost black turn to face him, widened yet gleamed. Yeah he answered we better go Dad before the other kids steal our rides. He laughed afterward he opened his car door. He stepped into kiddies land parking lot. He ran around to his Son's Door to unlock the lock then his seat belt. He walked around to the passenger side door. Several Cars pull up inside behind. They look for a place to park. He withdrew his Son from a seat belt while vehicles continue to pull into an almost empty parking lot with empty spots almost, everywhere. We better hurry before the other kids steal every good ride left. His eyes widened, his Father grabbed him by his hand and pulled him forward. We better get going " he said. His Father pulled him gentle like into the entrance about 40 feet away. He smiled from ear to ear. He screamed were finally here! He searched the floor for his toy soldier that might have slid underneath his seat and hesitates awhile.

Finally, before he reached the entrance doorway. He slid his hand deep into his front pocket to look for money. He found a wad in his left pocket, which lied deep in his green fatigues. He removed 20 dollars from his army pants pocket. He slid the rest back into his other pockets. Finally, they reach the entrance a Tall Male Security Guard that stood near a gate ordered them toward a specified window. He noticed five windows just feet from one gate where they we're ordered to enter in through. They move toward window number three the one that a Security Guard sent him too. He slid him a \$20 dollar bill beneath a plate glass window. Two tickets! A Male that sat behind a plate glass window pressed a button that forced two tickets up from a metal strip in the counter. He removed two tickets from the counter. He realized they had to be ripped in half, first. He ripped them apart gentle like before he turned to search for Alex's Whereabouts. Within seconds, he found him sitting on a 6-foot wooden bench right where he kept his eyes on about ten kids that rode on rides.

After, he removed both tickets from the counter. They move toward another gate that led into a massive playground for kids. Now don't forget, I do not want you to run off where you're not supposed too. He grabbed his hand one more time. He walked him behind another gate. Handed a Male both tickets. He easily passed him on the way in through both iron gates that led into kiddies land. Well let's go Alex. Let's go have some fun before it's all gone. How could it be gone? He raised his head he looked at his Father, smiling. He realized his Father made fun of him the entire time he walked into kiddies land 25 feet from a serenade of rides.

They find games on both sides of the entrance besides what look like a private road that led into the amusement park. One turn from both heads. They find basketballs, softballs several guns, rifles and a yellow duck that quacked when it got hit by a wooden cork.

He tried to run toward a rifle game that he finally discovered after he seen a weapon that slid into the open from one of the games. He tried to run except his Father told him you would have to wait. After he realized his Son could not wait. He followed him to a game just a few yards away.

They find a male sitting on a stool that appeared to be drunk or drinking some form of alcohol. He wanted to take him to Authorities yet decided there is still enough time to do that. How much for the game "Mike asked. He started to dig into his front pocket for some money. He found a tall skinny man, walk away. He realized he was deaf a sign on his chest says so. He tried to wave both hands in the air. That male looked like he was deaf. Finally, he turned around. He raised three fingers into the air. He shouted "out loud three dollars. He gave him a five dollar bill, instead. He waited for a male name Dick to give him a rifle so he could shoot at yellow ducks.

He moved toward the last seat to his right. He faced a serenade of ducks that sailed through a windmill from a slow current. Come on Alexander just move with him. Toward a male who loaded weapons with BBS. His Son tried to hurry. He tries to get his attention with hand movements.

He turned around, he handed him a rifle filled with BBS. First, to Mike then his Son followed. He lowered it so his Son. So he could aim at yellow ducks that sail by. He sat him down on a metal stool in front of a mini Ferris wheel with several ducks that floated and rolled quickly. He continued to aim straight at a mini Ferris wheel like contraption the entire time whispering. Shoot! Shoot! He hit several yellow ducks in the process. One by one, they flip upside down in a small pool of water. He continued to shoot several more until both hands started to feel a bit too tired from the pressure of the rifle. Instead, they leave the game behind. He started to enjoy kiddies' rides for kids.

After a few hours, they stop for hot dogs, ball of cotton candy, and a snow cone with cherry flavored syrup. They sit near the Ferris wheel to watch several restaurants, hot dog stands and soda fountains do business. He sat underneath to finish their snow cone before they prepare for a serenade of mechanical rides, afterward. They try a few more after that which carried them into the late afternoon. Then, they ride the Ferris wheel one more time. Mike slid a camera out to take pictures. He waited until he reached the very top.

He waited until they were at the very top before he pressed a button on the camera. He could see several kiddie rides beneath him. Right underneath his seat, he watches. He snapped twelve pictures, altogether. He realizes there is no more film in that camera left. Because, the button is not moving any longer. Dad, I think the camera broke. It isn't taking any more photos or pictures. He checked out the camera he realized it isn't offering anymore than twelve pictures so it's over. After we get down we will buy another camera, okay? He stared down at the rest of the Amusement Park from the top. A blinding white light came to life. It made his eyes squint? He tries to look he can't see anything except a bright white light beneath him! He looks down from the top. He sees a black cloud of dust force its way into the amusement park. It looked like a horde of zombies that kicked a world of dust. Or rushed into the Amusement Park for an all you can eat buffet. Then, it moved toward the Ferris wheel not far from them. It made him think that an army moved toward him. A charcoal sand colored smoke followed. Then the Ferris wheel started to move slowly toward the bottom. Lieutenant Longfellow closed his eyes. A loud screech like a cannibal or zombie woke him. He knew it circled three more times. He removed a camera from his Son's Hand. He placed it in a side pocket. The Ferris wheel reached the bottom. He held on dearly to both his Son and metal bar just in case. He slipped beneath that iron bar that protected him.

Once the Ferris wheel stopped? He removed that same metal bar that wrapped around his shoulders. Two iron bars were released from a switch at the bottom of the Ferris wheel. Immediately, he grabbed his Son in a split second to carry him off the ride still clutched tight in his arms. They leave the steel platform at the bottom of the Ferris wheel only after it stopped. He carried his Son to safety before he placed him back on the ground so he could walk by himself.

Alex, we should get home. Your Mom has to be wondering where in the hell we are about now. He started to fall asleep the second that he sat down in his seat. After he buckled him back into his seatbelt. He slipped a key into the ignition. He turned it to the right. It started the vehicle almost immediately before he even shifted into reverse?

He drove into the parking lot. He Drove as slow as possible in case there were any Children hiding behind cars in the lot. So, he shifted into drive afterward. He stepped down on the pedal. He drove toward the entrance while he stared down at his Son. He fell fast asleep but locked tight in his seat belt. He continued to smile for just a few more seconds. When he reached an exit that led them away from kiddie-land toward Home he entered. He rested his right hand on his Son's Left Leg to reassure him that everything will be alright. He continued to drive away. He realized he left kiddie-land behind in his rear view mirror. When he reached a busy intersection not far away that he used to drive there in the first place he stops. He made a right hand turn and drove back toward the expressway. First, he took multiple glances at his Son, which sat in the passenger side seat probably dreaming of kiddie-land

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