

The Hairy Little Oogie Man

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Acknowledgements

It is with gladness in my heart that I attempt to write my first book, a story for my wonderful grandchildren, the names of which are contained within its text.

I truly hope that the children who read this story- *most especially my grandchildren*- find themselves enjoying the characters and plots that I have set into the pages of this story as much as I myself have enjoyed creating them.

Hopefully, the adults too will also find this to be a great book to sit and read to their children and grandchildren, and that it will bring us all closer together for years to come.

Have Fun

Doren L. Martin, Author

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∞ Chapter One ∞

☺ *Visiting Grandpops* ☺

“This is going to be so great!” he said aloud to himself, rubbing his palms together in anticipation as he kept pacing back and forth, going from window to window, watching for them to pull into the driveway.

Today would be the very first time that he would have all four of his grandchildren, ages ranging from six through twelve, for an entire weekend. Until now, it had always been just one or two of them at a time. His daughter- Brandy Rene and her father had agreed, in the beginning, that having all of them at once would be a handful, and that he should wait until he felt comfortable before taking on the responsibility of having them all at once.

“Well, I feel ready, willing, and able now.” he said aloud to himself.

Up until just a few days more than a year ago, he had never even met his grandchildren. There had been a huge rift- a *misunderstanding* between their mother, *his exe*, and himself, which had caused him not to have seen or even spoken to his daughter for nearly twenty years.

It made him soooo happy, when one day, Brandy Rene had gotten in touch with him and said that she would really like for the two of them to see if they could begin to try to build something between them, to try and make up for what they both had missed out on these last twenty years.

Since then, over these past few months, he’d found out that he had four fantastic, wonderful, beautiful, grandchildren. Things were going along very well between him, his daughter, and his granddaughters, and getting even better. The grandchildren really seemed to love him very much, and all of them acted as though they’d known him throughout their entire lives. For the grandfather, *grandpops to the children*, things could only get better and better from here on out. He was totally enjoying having them all in his life- and being a big part of theirs.

“Now that’s something to look forward to!” he said aloud to himself, impatiently waiting for them to arrive as he peered out the window for what must have been the hundredth time.

“They’re here!” he yelled excitedly, watching the minivan turn into his driveway. With a bounce in his step, he quickly walked to the front door, flung it open, and without pausing to close it behind him- went out to

greet them. Before he even made it outside, the kids- apparently as overexcited as he was, had already piled out of the van.

Alaysia- the eldest of the four, came running up the walk, yelling at the top of her lungs.

“Grandpops! Grandpops!” she yelled to him.

Seeing the happiness on his granddaughters face brought so much joy, so much emotion into his heart that he could barely contain himself from starting to cry.

Alaysia is a tall, almost skinny, twelve year old slip of a girl. She has the most gorgeous eyes, dimples on her cheeks, and the brightest smile. When Alaysia and her grandfather first met, her hair had been long- usually braided up. Now, he noticed, her hair had been cut short, its length now even with her jaw line. Her grandfather just could not believe how her new hairstyle made her face even more radiant, even more beautiful than before. With arms held out, he squatted down to greet her, and Alaysia ran straight into his arms- nearly bowling him over. Alaysia wrapped her arms around her grandfathers’ neck and they hugged each other tightly as if seeing each other for the first time.

“Hello there, sweetie! How’s my angel today?” asked her grandfather.

“I’m good grandpops! Guess what?” she asked him. “Mom said we get to spend the whole weekend with you, and that we don’t have to go back home until Sunday night, maybe even Monday morning. Can you believe it?”

“Yes- I know! We’re going to have a lot of fun too!” he said.

“Grandpops!” squealed Shaylah, running full speed up the walk, holding a large paper bag in one hand that had clothing spilling out and hanging from it, and a pair of shoes in the other. This one is nine years old, sharp as a tack, and just as sweet as she can be. Her dimpled face is fuller than either of her sisters are, not actually what you would describe as chubby- but with just a slightly rounder shape. She has her hair pulled back and tied in what her grandfather calls a “poofy tail” *he calls it that to playfully annoy her*. Noting how fast Shaylah was coming, he quickly let go of Alaysia, readying himself for the impact. No sooner did he do so, than Shaylah ran headlong right into his arms, causing him to grunt from the effort of trying to keep himself from being knocked over. Her grandfather, laughing and hugging her tight, told her that he’d missed her and was very glad to see her.

“Here Shaylah, honey- let me take that bag. It looks too heavy.” he said, taking the paper sack from her.

“What’s up with those bare little feet of yours girl?” he asked her.

Shaylah looked down at her bare feet, wriggled all her toes, giggling as she did so.

“I’ve got my shoes right here grandpops!” she said, hoisting up a pair of, pink, orange and yellow tennis shoes, showing them to him.

“I see you have giant toes too!” he joked, poking more fun at her.

“Nu uh! My toes are not *giant* grandpops!” she exclaimed, still wriggling all ten toes and staring down at them.

“They look more like worms, instead of toes!” he said, poking more fun. Shaylah just laughed at her grandfathers making fun of her- she was used to his antics. His granddaughters’ smile was beaming, her big, brown, intelligent eyes, slyly gleaming up at him.

“Go on into the house you two.” he said to Alaysia and Shaylah. “I’m gonna go see if maybe your mom needs some help with all your stuff that you all brought.”

Brandy Rene was just getting out of the drivers seat when her father finally made it to the van.

“Hi Brandy- How are you today, sweetheart?” he asked as she was closing the car door. “Hello dad!” Brandy said, smiling. “I’m doing good- how are you this morning?”

“I’m much better, now that you’re all here. I’ve been so overly excited about having the kids for the weekend that, for the last couple of hours, I’ve just been pacing back and forth, waiting for you to show up.”

Brandy laughed at him. “Oh dad- I’d bet, by the time this weekend is over, that you’ll be glad when I come and take them back.” she said.

“I don’t think so- doubt that could ever be!” he retorted as they gave each other a hug. “Brandy, it actually feels like I’ve been waiting for this forever, I’m really looking forward to it.”

“Well dad- the kids have been looking forward to it too, all week long. Since I made the mistake of telling them that they’d be spending the weekend with you, it’s all I’ve been hearing about. They’ve been pestering the daylights out of me, driving me nuts about it for past few days,” she said, still smiling. “Dad- are you a hundred percent positive that you’ll be able to handle all four of them by yourself?”

“Brandy, honey you bet I’m positive! You just stop worrying about that now- the kids and I are going to be just fine. I’ll keep them so busy that they’ll wear themselves out with all the things that I have planned to do this weekend.”

“Okay, I hear ya dad!” she said, not totally convinced. “I’m sure not going to try to convince you otherwise because I’m really looking forward to having some peace and quiet to myself for a change. But dad, if you do have any trouble- you know all you have to do is call me, and I’ll come get them, okay?”

“That’s not going to happen Brandy, Not going to happen!” her father said to her, shaking his head.

“Hi grandpops!, Hi grandpops!, said Izayah and Micaiah in unison as they came from around the back of the van- both kids carrying brown paper bags in their hands that looked to be spilling over with clothes and stuff.”

“Well- hello there you two, their grandfather replied.” “I’d give you both hugs, but I see you got your hands full. Do you need help, or can you manage all that stuff by yourself?”

“Nope- We got it grandpops, Izayah said, flashing that perfect set of teeth at his grandfather as he smiled up at him.”

This little man is going to grow up to be some lady-killer, Izayah’s grandfather thought proudly. What a handsome boy!

“Hey- are you guys ready to have some fun with your old grandpops for the weekend, their grandfather asked them.”

Micaiah stopped, dropped the bags onto the porch, turned right around and came running back to her grandfather with her arms open wide.

“You gave Alaysia and Shaylah a hug grandpops- I want mine too!” she said demandingly, looking so pretty with her almond shaped eyes, seeming to make her look much smarter than her seven years.

He stooped down and folded her into his arms. Micaiah, being such a skinny thing, that he could almost wrap his arms around her twice if his arms were made of rubber.

“Here now- her grandfather said, holding her arms and pushing her back- let’s have a look at how pretty you are.”

She let go of him and stood there looking up at him, shyly batting her eyelashes. She had no clue, no idea at all of how innocent and stunningly beautiful she truly was. She had her hair in cornrows, with little white pony beads braided into them. Her hair hung all the way to her shoulders.

“Micaiah, you are an absolute beauty, her grandfather told her as he smiled.” “You look like one of those beautiful Egyptian girls with your hair like that.” “Give your grandpops a kiss right here,” he said, pointing to his face. She planted a quick little kiss on his face, turned, then scampered off for the house, scooping up the bags she had left sitting on the porch.

“Do you have anything left in the van that you need taken in to the house Brandy?” her father asked.

“No- she said as she looked inside the van, I think they got all of it.” “I packed all of them three changes of clothes each, and I made them all bring their jackets with them too, in case it gets cool outside.” “So I think you’re good to go dad.”

“Okay then, he said, taking her into his arms and hugging his daughter. You know Brandy- you could stay the weekend with us too, if you’d like? I would really enjoy spending time with you too.”

“I actually thought about that last night dad, but I think I’d really like to have some time to myself. You know those kids drive me crazy having them underfoot all the time. But don’t forget- you and I still have our Wednesday dinner.”

It had been Brandy’s idea from the start that they set aside one evening a week so that they could spend time getting to know each other. They decided that they would make it *Wednesday dinners* together. For the past few months, they hadn’t missed a single dinner together. They both looked forward to it every week, and their relationship has been growing closer and closer with every minute they spend talking to each other.

“Well then, said her father as Brandy opened the van door and climbed into the seat- you drive safe and have yourself a peaceful weekend, okay sweetheart?”

“Okay dad, I will!” “Remember to call me if they get to be too much on you, alright?”

“Don’t you worry about me and the kids Brandy, everything will be just fine- you’ll see,” he said as she turned the key and started the van. “Bye now sweetheart,” he said, waving goodbye as she began slowly backing the van out of the drive.

Just as their mother was about to leave, all four of the kids came outside, each of them waving and yelling goodbye to her. As she waved back, their mother told them that they’d better mind their grandpops, and be good. Together, the kids and their grandfather all stood there and watched until the van disappeared around the corner.

“Alright you turkeys!” their grandfather shouted as he clapped his hands together to get the kids moving. “How about we go inside, get you all settled into your rooms and get all your stuff unpacked. Then we’ll talk about having some fun. What do you all say to that?” he asked.

“Yeah!” piped Izayah. “Which room do I get grandpops?” he asked. You know I ain’t sleeping with noooo girls.”

“So!” Shaylah abruptly replied. “We don’t want to be in the same room with no boooyyys either!” she exclaimed, sticking her tongue out at Izayah- causing Micaiah to follow suit. Both of them standing there looking like a couple of cheeky lizards. It made their grandfather chuckle.

“Hey you guys- Come on now. We’re not going to have none of that fighting and fussing between you,” said their grandfather. “You’re all family, and that’s not the way that you treat your family- is it now?” he asked them all.

“Sorry grandpops,” said the girls. “Me too!, Sorry grandpops!,” said Izayah.

“Now, that’s the family I’m talking about,” their grandfather said as he put his arms across Izayah and Alaysia’s’ shoulders and began walking up the drive to the house.

“All of you come on now,” their grandfather said to them. “Let’s go see what you’ve got in all those bags that you carried into grandpops house.”

After entering the house, their grandfather led them through the living room and into the hallway. He opened the door to the first bedroom to show the three girls the room that they would be sharing. Their grandfather, anticipating their coming to stay the weekend, had already bought a set of bunk beds and a futon just so they would all have their own separate beds to sleep on whenever they came to stay. Plus- he had bought all new bedding for each one; pillows, pillow cases, blankets and comforters, each with different prints; Blues, pinks, yellows, and also a purple one so that they could each pick what they wanted. He hoped that his grandchildren wouldn’t bicker and fight over which of them got what. To try to alleviate that possibility, he told Alaysia, that- since she was the oldest, she would get to have first pick of which bed and bedding that she wanted for herself.

“I get this one!” said Alaysia, pointing to the futon. She also picked the purple comforter and bedding to go with it, which is exactly what her grandfather had anticipated. Their grandfather allowed Shaylah, the next eldest of the girls, to pick next. But- as it turned out- she and Micaiah had already chosen both their beds and which bedclothes they wanted without making any fuss at all. These are great kids. he thought to himself.

“Okay then,” their grandfather said, satisfied that the girls could take it from there. “You girls get yourself settled in while I go and show Izayah his room.”

Their grandfather came out of the girl’s room and went down the hall, finding out that Izayah had already located his own room. Of course, there was absolutely no mistaking which room was meant to be his grandsons, not after Izayah’s grandfather had bought a basketball themed bed. All the bedding to go with it even had basketball players and sports oriented stuff printed all over it.

“So what do you think about your room, Izayah?” his grandfather asked as he entered the bedroom.

“Wow grandpops- This is the bomb!” Izayah excitedly exclaimed, smiling as big as you please.

“Are you sure you wouldn’t rather move down the hall into your sisters room?” his grandfather asked, chuckling and grinning, his grin somewhat resembling that of the Cheshire Cat.

“No Way! Uh uh!” said Izayah. “This is my room right here!” he said as he dove onto the mattress, rolling happily around on the bed.

“Well okay then,” his grandfather said, still grinning. “Then get all your things unpacked and put into the drawers. I’ll be in the living room watching myself a little tv while you guys are all getting settled in. When you

and your sisters are ready, come get me and we'll talk about what I have planned for us to do together for the weekend, okay?"

"Okay grandpops, we will. And- Grandpops, thanks for my room. I really like it," said Izayah, his perfect teeth smiling up at his grandfather.

"You're very welcome Izayah. I'm really glad that you like it," his grandfather said as he pulled the door closed and walked down the hall and into the living room to watch some tv.

Yes- This is going to be a really great weekend, their grandfather thought to himself as he sat back in his favorite chair and made himself comfortable, reaching for the remote and clicking on the tv.

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