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Killer Boots

 Rachel had blonde hair and was as attractive as a flower in bloom. She had multiple personalities. She stood at five feet four inches tall. She was slightly muscular and had a slender build. She lived in a small apartment in New York City. On a bitter January night, the moon was burning its midnight oil. She used to have insomnia that drove her to madness every night. Rachel heard car horns tooting loudly in the distance, which resembled "Pink Elephants on Parade.” Rachel remembered a package she had forgotten on her doorstep. She had big plans for the contents of this package.

 Rachel flung open the door, and, with the force of a striking python, she sprung upon the unsuspecting victim. She raced back inside to dissect her prey. Rachel screamed like a toddler with a shiny new toy. She held the shiny metallic boots by the firelight to see their beauty in all their glory.

'Once again, the city will soon be safe from mayhem. When I’m done with my special fashionista superhero suit, Old Money Bags won’t have a leg to stand on. His time running the city's people into the ground will come to an unsavory end. I’d like to see him begging on all fours,’ said Rachel.

Rachel threw her head back and laughed like a hyena on steroids. She heard her five-year-old calling out to her.

“Mommy? Where are you? I had the dream again,” said Veronica. Veronica had long, black hair and brown eyes. She was as cute as a button.

“I’m here, baby girl. Should I tell you a story? Would that make you feel better?” said Rachel.

“Yes, Mommy, I’d love that,” said Veronica.

“OK, I'll tell you about the female superhero who wanted to protect her city from a powerful man. Now, she stepped up when no one could defend the city’s people.”

Rachel told her daughter her brilliant plans to defend the city disguised as a clever story. She described how the hero won in the end and defeated the madman. Crowds gathered, and everyone cheered. She didn’t tell her how she longed to have the money for herself. She was neglected as a child and suffered from insecurities.

“Mommy, is this a true story?” Veronica asked.

“Maybe one day it will be,” her mother said.

 Veronica yawned, and soon, her head bobbed to one side. Rachel silently slipped out of the room. The hours slipped away as snow fell off their roof into the night, silent and stealthy for Rachel. Rachel decided she must make Money Bags pay before he implemented the new tax the next day. Many people would lose their homes if it were enforced. Rachel could see New York City becoming decimated into another Great Depression. The man was out of his mind. She was the Robin Hood who needed to save her people.

 Morning arose with the hustle and bustle of the city in Rachel’s ears. She worked with due diligence on her costume until around five p.m. She made it have flaming sleeves and laser goggles. The suit would give her superhuman strength. The final touches were on her prized possessions, her killer boots. She added knives that eject from the toes of the boots. Next, she took out and made the boot's heels with a retractable knife. She planned on hurling the metallic, sexy silver boots into her victim and having them drip with the crimson-gushing blood of her prey. Rachel didn’t come to play games today. Her suit was fashionable. It was a black leather suit with a red cape. Rachel was also a technological whiz kid, packing some state-of-the-art gadgets. She was tracking Money Bags where his no-good butt stood. Tomorrow, he would pay the piper.

 ‘Money Bags, I’m going to ruffle your feathers. You’re going to give back everything you owe to these people, or else it’s curtains,’ said Rachel.

 Money Bags always had his ear to the ground. He was a balding, middle-aged man. Today, he was wearing his power suit as per usual. He had been working for over a month to create a suit that would destroy Rachel. He heard through the scuttle what Rachel was up to. He knew she was following him and had set a trap for her. He reclined in his office while eyeballing his Kraken suit of death in the corner.

Rachel was about to burst into his office when boom! She flew backward through the wall of the building, and her head hit the icy pavement of the street. She tried to raise her head and felt the deep gash on her neck. Deep-colored amber blood seeped into the pavement. She never thought it would be her blood. A beast slithered out on all eight tentacles.

“I’ve been ready for you a long time, Rachel, and so has she,” said Money Bags.

“Mommy, help me, please! I’m scared, Mommy,” cried Veronica.

“Let go of my baby, you sicko,” screamed Rachel.

 Rachel almost passed out. She lay on the pavement as she pondered their fates. Her eyes closed and opened. She was slipping into a coma. She had to fight with everything she could to save her daughter and the town. Rachel clung to her insanity as she pried herself from the freezing cold pavement. Money bags dangled Veronica high above death’s reach.

 “Let her go; you're dead where you stand, Money Bags. They’ll be writing your obituary tomorrow,” screamed Rachel.

 “Let’s test that theory,” said Money Bags.

 He shook poor Veronica from one of his highest dangling tentacles.

 Rachel used the speed adjuster on her suit and dove just in time to catch Veronica. She then used her laser vision to light Money Bag’s suit aflame. He jumped out of it as fast as he could. He fell onto the pavement and was a feeble old man. Rachel walked over and dug her heel knife into his stomach. His strawberry-red blood clung to every pore of the streets. She had the cops' number on speed dial and called them to arrest Money Bags. Rachel returned the money he stole from the people. Was she now the hero or the vigilante?

Alternate Ending

 Money Bags died, and Rachel grabbed the money from the police. The money was meant for the people. She snatched Veronica and fled town. They were never heard from again. The name Killer Boots lives on in infamy, a fear to New York City's people and its finest men in blue.

References

“Pink Elephants on Parade” Jackson, W., Ferguson, N., Elliotte, J., Armstrong, S., Sharpsteen, B., Roberts, B., & Kinney, J. (1941). Dumbo.