

Super Smelly Socks II

Chapter I

One warm, summer day, when the sun was about to set, three young children, Joe, Sam, and Annabelle, appeared from their dilapidated home. Although their house was tilted slightly sideways, and the walls had large holes from years of constant play, the children loved every little room all the way down to the dirty, cockroach infested toilet.

Joe, the oldest, who also dabbled with inventing, led the way to the side of the house. That part of the house looked much worse, if you can believe it, than the house itself. It was overgrown with large green vegetation and hefty green bugs slithered around searching for a muddy, wet habitat to wallow in.

Joe started ordering his siblings around like a soldier in combat. His mission was to make a fort made completely of rotted wood held together with rusty nails. They had been working on this for days. Annabelle would look for any wood covered in mud and bring them to Sam. Sam would wipe off the bugs crawling in the cracks and hand it to Joe. Joe would then hammer the nails into the boards.

That all sounds completely normal to anyone reading this story, but I assure you, it wasn't. Each child had that particular job because of their individual talents. Annabelle, for instance, had special eyes that could see through anything. Her eyes did more than just see better than any other human, they could burn through a nail if she wanted. She had complete control over what her eyes could do, so there was never an accident when somebody was injured because of her special powers.

After Annabelle sliced the excess mud from the wood with her extraordinary eyes, she handed it to Sam. Sam's job, as I stated earlier, was to expel the any gooey bugs that still resided on the decomposed plank. But his means of doing so was beyond what most could understand. Sam had, what can only be explained in our terms as, magnetized fingers. His digits could suck all debris from any surface. The only problem with this power was it stuck to his fingers like cookie dough while still in the mixing bowl prior to cooking.

Finally, there was Joe. He was the oldest and had the most peculiar physical irregularity. At first glance, Joe seemed like any other eight year old boy. His hair was slightly pulled to one side and he was even a little larger than an average boy his age. But if you were to look at him up close you would notice something strange. His skin seemed to be somewhat different than an average individual. It almost seemed to be tin like. As the eye dropped slowly down his body, it was plain to see there was some kind of hardness to his skin. He used it with such regularity; It being his skin. It was a hammer. He pounded the nails into the wood with his hand like a skillful carpenter.

The children played alone because nobody on the street wanted to join them. They were the outcasts, the odd children. Other parents were afraid to allow their children to play with them. This caused the three siblings to rely on only each other for companionship.

As time passed, Joe, Sam, and Annabelle spoke to nobody except for their evil stepfather, Johnny; Johnny would holler for them to exit the residence for fresh air. When he spoke, his teeth would drip with a green liquid that could only be characterized as snotty slobber. The lack of love for his children derived from the abnormal irregularity of his step-children.

He assumed He was being punished for the children being different, even though they weren't really his.

At one time he had a woman who loved him by the name of Ashley. For several years she acted as a surrogate mother to the children, but Johnny's ill temper became too much for even her thoughtful deeds. One day, when out purchasing some milk for the children, Ashley never returned. Some say that as an act of punishment towards the cursed family, she fell into an abyss of darkness never to return to the light of day. But in actuality she couldn't handle it any longer. She drove off, and to this day nobody has dared whisper a word about her in front of Johnny in fear of the misery he will bring upon them.

Chapter II

On this cold, damp day of construction, Joe decided to dig into the ground to create more stability for the fort. He waved for Annabelle to come and use her eye powers to slice into the dark, murky grass covered mud. Annabelle, with a smile, walked over in her pretty dress untainted by the mud where she worked. Her dresses were the most beautiful pieces of clothing one could create. Johnny didn't dare buy any of these almost art-like wonderments at all. It was Annabelle who spent all of her waking moments thinking of and producing such garments.

Annabelle smiled like a princess when she glared at the line which Joe drew in the mud. An invisible beam jumped directly from her eye to the area in question, and the mud split apart like burning paper.

Just as that occurred, a loud shout came from behind a leaf that was on fire from Annabelle's fantastic powers. Sam, being the closest, fell to his knees and brushed his magical hands around the sound. It almost sounded like a voice, but everybody knows that only humans can talk. But is that actually true?

As Sam pushed all the mud away from the palm of his hand, there was only one object left. It was a strange little thing. All three of the children huddled around looking at the entity. Strangely enough, it wasn't anything they had seen in the house before. Joe, being the inquisitive fellow that he was, flicked it with his finger to see if it was alive. That seemed to startle the shell-like bug, because he said,

"Hey, watch what you're doin'. I'm not something you can just slap around you know."

This astonished, yet scared the children. Why was this animal talking to them? Better yet, where did it come from?

As the moments drifted away and the children continued staring, the creature said, "Do you guys have some metal disabilities or what?"

All three children looked at one another when Joe said, with his almost expressionless face, "No, we've just never seen anything like you before. We're sorry if we seem mean."

"Well," the snail-like being said, "I've never seen such a goofy looking bunch of kids in my life. You guys just look odd."

"That's not very nice," Sam said with his forehead scrunched.

“What is your name?” Joe jumped in right away before anything else could be said.

“My name is Erin. I live in another world where everything is much nicer, and where nobody can tell you what to do.”

“Can we go there?” Annabelle asked, “Our step-father is a mean man and he always says mean things to us.”

“I don’t know, my world is very hard to live in if you don’t understand it,” Erin said. “You can be eaten by the Super Slupers, or tormented by the bugs the size of your feet.”

“Well, anything is better than this place. We’re miserable here, what can we do to change your mind?”

“All you have to do is say the magic word.”

“How can we know what that word is?” Sam asked.

“Don’t your parents teach you weird little kids anything?”

“No, we don’t really have any parents. How about if we ask very nice, will that be enough?”

“Your ignorance is beyond me. I don’t think you are worthy of my world. BUT, if you promise that you will do anything for me when we get to my world, you can go.”

“OK, that is fine with us,” Joe said without truly understanding what that promise entailed.

“Now all three of you, close your eyes,” Erin said with a lingering voice. “Keep your mind clear so nothing can penetrate your thoughts. Think of nothing.”

All three began to feel sleepy. Even Erin’s voice was dying out when and everything was dark

Chapter III

Joe was the first one to wake up. He couldn't quite figure out where he was. It seemed like he was still dreaming. Everything looked similar to where he lived, but more colorful. The trees has enormous leaves that looked more like paint that would smear when you touched it. The grass he was lying on felt like whipped cream, but didn't smear when he rubbed it. Joe stood up and looked around completely forgetting about Erin because of the strange new world he had dropped into. He tried to touch the leaves as to see if it would smear like wet paint. As he reached up high, he only wanted to touch it with his finger thinking the large leaf would drip down and splash on his face. The leaf seemed to be moving farther away from his hand the more he stretched to tap it. He had to rise up to the tip of his toes to reach it but still the slimy looking leaf seemed to pull away, but without moving. Joe seemed confused but was determined to touch the object so he extended his body which started to shake from the strain. But it was near, only millimeters away. And just as he was just about to touch it, something tapped his foot which forced his to jolt around and hit the perpetrator like he would a spider crawling up his arm. Sam, with an angry voice, yelled, "What are you doing, I was just trying to get your attention."

"Well don't scare me like that again Sam," Joe said with an angry voice.

"Where are we?" Sam asked looking around.

"I don't know, but where did Annabelle go? She was lying right beside you just a second ago," Joe asked.

“I don’t know, she was already gone when I woke up.”

“We have to find her—who knows what sort of things are living here. She could be in danger.”

Just then Joe rushed into the jungle not really knowing if he was heading in the right direction. His curiosity for this strange new habitat was far from his thoughts for now. Sam followed closely, and after only a few yards of running he couldn’t help but notice that there was something odd about Joe. He couldn’t quite put his finger on it. His mind was quickly cut short when a scream came from a short distance away. It was Annabelle. She wanted help.

“She’s over there,” Joe said while pointing in the opposite direction they were running.

Both boys bolted towards their screaming sister until they were stopped by a large body of water. It was a gigantic hole with dark blue water. It was so clear you could see the sand and fish frolicking in unison at the bottom. There was a large waterfall coming from what seemed like heaven. It didn’t fall from any mountain like one they had seen at home, but this one fell from mid air.

“Help, I’m over here,” Annabelle hollered from the other side of the lake. She was attached to a large snail-like animal. It definitely didn’t move as slow as a snail, but more like a horse. The head even bobbed back and forth like a horse running full speed. Joe and Sam sprinted as quickly as possible but there was no way they were going to catch the fast moving creature.

Joe tried to run faster than he had ever remembered. His legs were tiring yet he wasn’t catching any ground on the snail. He knew he couldn’t give up if he ever wanted to see his sister alive again. The sound of Sam’s

footsteps were starting to fade. It was obvious Sam was tiring as well, but Joe refused to let his sister die. He didn't know where it came from, but he generated more energy from deep down and started to slowly catch up to the beast.

This energy lasted only for a few moments. Joe was becoming too tired to continue. His legs were collapsing and he soon fell to the ground. His eyes continued watching Annabelle as she looked back hoping Joe would save her as her pretty dress was flapping in the wind.

Just then, in the corner of his eye, Joe saw something. It was coming from the direction of the waterfall and picking up tremendous speed. He couldn't tell what it was but as it came closer he was almost positive that it was a baby. Yes, a bald, chubby baby with a diaper. It wasn't your typical diaper that kids wear today, it was a cloth diaper with safety pins holding it together. The only other clothing on his body were socks that drooped off the edge of his toes and flapped in the wind as he flew faster than any bird Joe had ever seen.

This flying baby whizzed past him and headed towards the snail-like animal. Joe started to hope that he would save his sister. He got up and ran to catch them. Although there were trees in the way, he noticed that the baby was fighting the creature. He couldn't really tell how they were fighting because the large tree leaves always seemed to get in the way of his sight. But as far as he could tell, the baby was using his socks to slap the monster—No, he wasn't hitting the snail with his socks, but shooting something out of his socks. There didn't seem to be anything coming out of the socks, but when he would thrust his feet in the direction of the snail, the snail looked at though it had been punched.

Joe ran to the area where the fight was taking place. The closer he got, it became clear that Annabelle was safe. Standing over her was the baby who saved her from the Super Slupper.

Chapter IV

As Sam caught up to the rest of the crew, he noticed something once again. He didn't have time to develop the thought before, but it is now clear. Their bodies were not abnormal any longer. They looked like humans—just like the kids on their street. But once again his thought process was halted by a more important issue.

“Sam, this is Super Smelly Socks,” Joe said while pointing to the oversized baby standing next to him, “and he saved Annabelle.”

“Yeah,” Annabelle chimed in, “and he beat up that mean old snail thingy. Super Smelly Socks took him down town.”

Sam couldn't stop staring at his siblings, which Joe quickly noticed, because he was an observant individual. Finally Joe just asked him,

“What are you staring at Sam?”

“Nothin’—well, actually, haven't you noticed that we look a little different?”

Just then Joe noticed. He touched his skin and it was soft like a normal kid. He was confused for an instant not knowing if he enjoyed having the same body as every other kid in his world, or if he wanted to be different.

“That happens sometimes,” Super Smelly Socks interjected. “When people from another world enter ours, their body sometimes change into another form. As far as I know, it changes back when you return to your own world.”

“What if we don’t want it to?” Annabelle asked.

“I don’t know, I don’t think you have a choice. It just happens. Just like right now. You didn’t choose for your body to change, it just did,” Super Smelly Socks stated.

“Well I like looking like this,” Annabelle stated. “I feel normal.”

For a short time nobody spoke. But Super Smelly Socks had to speak, “How did you guys get here?”

“This snail was in our world and asked us if we wanted to come here,” Joe answered while looking at the bald head of their new friend. “We don’t like our home much. We have an evil step-father and we look different from everybody else. So he brought us here.”

“That’s probably Evil Erin you saw. He’s the bad guy in this world. He likes to bring kids here to make them do his evil work, and if they refuse, he threatens to leave them here in this world. In your case, he’ll probably do the opposite. If you hate it so much at home, he’ll send you back.”

“I don’t want to do anything bad,” Annabelle exclaimed. “I don’t care what that, what’s his name, Evil Erin?”

“Yes,” Super Smelly Socks answered.

“Well, I’m not doing anything he asks,” Annabelle said.

“Me either,” Sam added.

Super Smelly Socks couldn’t figure out what to do, so he asked the three kids to follow him to his home. He would try to confide in Major Mickey Moron, his best friend, and see what guidance he had.

Chapter IV

Super Smelly Socks’ house was almost undetectable amongst the trees. It was difficult to figure where it started and the forest began. The

enormous leaves were covering every nook and cranny of the dwelling. Joe's mind flashed back to the moment when he tried to touch the leaves to see if they smeared like paint. Once his eyes were on them, it was impossible to think of anything else. Joe lifted his hand to feel the sensation of nature in another world. When he stroked the first leaf, the feeling didn't register right away. It was like making contact with a cartoon. Not like touching the television screen while a cartoon was on, but an actual cartoon. As if you were there, in the television, interacting with the cartoon itself. A smile ran across his face with amazement.

Sam stopped in at the entrance waiting for his brother. After examining Joe for a few minutes, he felt the need to ask what the problem was, but Joe finished his inspection and continued walking into the door of the house, passing by Sam as if he wasn't there.

The inside of the house was even more impressive than the outside. It seemed too large to actually be called a house—It was more of a mansion. Sam and Joe looked around taking in all the beauty. There were lights that didn't run on electricity, but candles. Not the candles that one would see in the kids world, but large candles made of rock. The light that came from those candles were much more powerful than any kind of light they had ever seen before.

The walls were made of trees, but not like logs, more like trees that were planted closely together. Hundreds of them.

As they walked farther into the house they finally came across Annabelle speaking to an extremely large creature. Every square inch of this creature was covered in green hair. Super Smelly Socks was nowhere to be found.

“There they are,” Annabelle said pointing to her brothers.

The green creature turned to expose his large face with enormous teeth that protruded out of his lips. Sam initially jumped back in fright but Joe stood his ground ready to fight if it was needed.

“Don’t be afraid guys,” Annabelle stated, “He’s a friend. We’ve been talking and he’s going to help us if that Evil Erin guys tries to hurt us.”

“Hello guys,” The green monster said towering over the brothers, “My name is Major Mickey Moron. Super Smelly Socks and I are best of friends, and he asked me to help out.”

Both Joe and Sam relaxed and extended their hands, but Major Mickey Moron looked at them confused.

“I did the same things guys,” Annabelle laughed, “He doesn’t know what that means. They don’t do that sort of thing here.”

“We do something different here in the Big Forrest,” Major Mickey Moron said, “We do this.”

Major Mickey Moron thrust his hand into the air and pointed his finger to the roof of the building. Then, he slowly lowered his arm until he ended just at the top of Annabelle’s head.

“Now you do it to me,” he said to Annabelle. Annabelle mirrored his gesticulation with a large smile poured on her face.

Chapter V

After several hours of talking to Major Mickey Moron, Joe couldn’t help but wonder where Super Smelly Socks went. But before he could think any more about it, a noise came from the entrance of the house. It was Super Smelly Socks.

It was easier to see him now that nobody was trying to kill them. It was strange how much he looked like a baby. It almost seemed impossible to think he was an adult, or at least older than Joe.

“OK guys, I found out what is going on,” Super Smelly Socks said while hovering over the ground with his socks drooping off his feet as if they were two sizes too large. “Evil Erin’s plan is to get you to commit wicked crimes against the people of the Green Forest—“

“Wait a second,” Sam said with his face scrunched with curiosity, “Major Mickey Moron said that this was the Big Forest, not the Green Forest.”

“Well, we all have different names for the forest we live in. Some of us call it one thing, while others call it something else.”

“That doesn’t make much sense,” Annabelle said.

“Here in the Big Forest most things don’t make sense to outsiders,” Super Smelly Socks answered. “It really depends on how long you’ve lived here. Major Mickey Moron has been here the longest, almost 400 years. He found me when I was a little baby on a rock just outside the door of this house, that’s why I decided to build my house here.”

“I don’t mean to be rude or anything,” Joe said, “but what about Evil Erin? What wicked crimes does he want us to commit?”

“Oh yeah,” Super Smelly Socks said. “He wants you to torment all the people of the Green Forest with your special powers.”

The siblings looked at each other with concerned looks, and after a few moments, Sam spoke,

“I think he’ll be upset when he finds out the truth. We’ve lost our powers ever since we’ve been in this world.”

Annabelle looked at though she would cry when she whispered at an almost inaudible tone,

“What happens when the Evil Erin guy finds out we don’t have our special powers any more?”

Major Mickey Moron was saddened by Annabelle’s grief, so he spoke up,

“I’ll rip Evil Erin to shreds if he harms one hair on your bodies— That’s a promise.”

Annabelle smiled because it was the first time anyone had ever had a concern for her well being in her entire life. The siblings looked at each other and realized that they didn’t want to leave. They wanted to be where people actually cared for them no matter what they looked like.

“What if we decided to stay in the forest with you guys? Is that sort of thing allowed?” Joe said looking at Super Smelly Socks.

Super Smelly Socks looked over at Major Mickey Moron and rested his chin on his hand. He thought for a few moments then spoke,

“This is highly unusual. Most kids don’t want to stay, they do everything they can to leave. I don’t think there is a precedence for such a thing.”

“We’ll be good,” Annabelle blurted out.

“Yeah, we won’t be any problem, we’ll even do chores if you want,” Added Sam.

Super Smelly Socks pondered this decision for quite a while. He couldn’t understand this thought. Why would kids from another world want to live here forever? Is their lives all that bad at home?

“Ok, why not. It’s not like there will be anyone here that will care.”

The siblings rejoiced, for there will no longer be any evil step-dads who will demean them.

While everybody was inside Super Smelly Socks' house, there was something lurking outside. Behind a strangely colored leaf, there was something just visible. It was the back of a snail-like object. It turned slowly and started to slide away while creating a strange yet terrifying laugh. He had a plan for the siblings from the other world.....