

# **And Fenando Makes Three Part 8 Summoning the Bogeyman**

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It was late in the afternoon when Levi returned home. Despite the insistence of the two women in Lampton Quay, he had chosen to postpone seeing a doctor regarding his sudden lapse of consciousness.

The all too familiar aroma of red wine assailed Levi's nostrils as he wandered down the hallway. He disliked the smell of alcohol, partly because of how it changed Katrina's temperament but mainly it reminded him of the stench of mentholated spirits at the dentist's waiting room. Esau had once given him a small glass of wine to taste once but he had spat the first mouthful out and refused to ever touch another drop.

Levi checked his watch and saw that he was an hour and a half ahead of schedule and quite safe from the dishpan-hands penalty. He smiled to himself and then entered the dining room, where Deezeneeze was curled up, sleeping on the middle of the table.

"Hi Deezie" he said extending his left hand to pat it.

Deezeneeze suddenly rose up on all fours and hissed at him, then without warning, it engaged its claws and lashed out viciously.

"Ow!" cried Levi, retracting his scratched hand and gripping it tightly. Tears filled his eyes. "Bad Kitty, what the hell are you playing at?!"

The cat cringed for a few moments, but once it knew that Levi was not going to strike back, it returned to its former aggressive stance and hissed again. Something was wrong; something very wrong. It had always been so gentle and affectionate towards him.

*I would leave pus well alone if I were you, advised VOR. Best let sleeping kitties lie.*

"As long as they don't lie to the Bogeyman," he added.

His mind slowly drifted back to one of the many torments he had suffered at the hands of his older sister Delilah.

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"Do you know why Mum always keeps this door locked, Leaves?" she had asked late one evening, pointing to the locked cupboard beneath the staircase.

"Cause it's full of poisons and cleaning things and stuff, Dells" Levi had replied.

"It's not just a cleaning cupboard; it's a doorway to an evil netherworld called Begoniakai."

"Oh...what's a Beggany-cry?"

"Be-go-nee-a-ky (as in sky) ...Begoniakai is where the Bogeyman lives. He spends most of the night under-beds, in wardrobes and lurking unseen in the shadows, but once the sun starts rising he retreats to Begoniakai where it is always dark and scary. Do you know what the Bogeyman dislikes more than anything?"

"No, Dells...what does he hate?"

"He hates little boys that tell lies, takes them down them to Begoniakai and locks them in his dungeon where there is no escape. Then he slowly eats them over a seven year period."

“That sounds awful.”

“Mind you, he is not interested in the ones that tell the truth,”

“I always tell the truth, Dells.”

“Okay then; I am going to ask you a question and I you’ve gotta tell the truth.”

Levi swallowed nervously. Delilah’s was an imagination forged by an abundance of horror movies and she often relished in scarring the bejesus out of him with urban legends and ghost stories, and threatening to unleash them if he ever dared to challenge her authority.

“I understand,”

“Levi, did you go into my bedroom today without my permission?” she inquired, scowling accusatively.

“No, Delilah, I would never do anything like that,”

“Are you sure you are telling the truth?”

“Positive.”

“Okay, face the closet and clap your hands twice.”

His heart beat increased as he slowly turned then clapped timidly.

“Now say the following: Bogeyman-Bogeyman of Bogoniakai, come out and get me if I’m telling a lie.”

Levi considered the chant carefully. VOP assured he was in no danger and Delilah was merely forcing him into a theoretical no win situation; a choice between being dragged to his demise by the Bogeyman or receiving a hiding for trespassing where she had expressively forbidden him access. His only remaining option outside making a run for it was to call her bluff.

“Bogeyman-Bogeyman of Bogoniakai, come out and get me if I’m telling a lie!”

Ambient noises seemed to cease while he stared nervously at the cupboard door. Delilah appeared strangely unmoved, as if expecting or even hoping that he would make the chant, but for what end he wasn’t sure. Perhaps she had somehow rigged the door to open and scare him into a last minute confession.

“The Bogeyman’s going to get you Levi,” she affirmed in an ominous tone “He’s going to drag you to down to Bogoniakai and eat you.”

“No he won’t...I never lied.”

Delilah stared at him incredulously for a few moments then ruffled his hair affectionately.

“Okay Leaves, I believe you. Look it’s getting late, time you were in bed.”

Levi remained transfixed to the cupboard door for a few more seconds. He felt suspicious about the rapid change in her demeanour. It was just not like her to accept his innocence so readily.

“See you in the morning, Delilah,” he uttered at last.

“Don’t let the bed a bugs bite, Leaves.”

Ghastly depictions of Begoniakai filled Levi’s troubled mind as he trudged up the staircase. He saw a vast empty wasteland, dark and grey and uninviting. A constant chill lingered in the putrid air and far in the distance were half a dozen volcanos around which winged wraiths circled. Somewhere in the furthest reaches of this hideous hades was the Bogeyman’s dungeon; serenaded with screams and littered with the gnawed bones of his luckless victims.

Levi stopped at the landing and could not resist taking a final look down at the cupboard below. The door was still closed, with Delilah standing next to it with her arms folded. He drew a heavy sigh, continued down the narrow passage way passed the Rumpus room and opened the door to his bedroom.

“She’s dingbats,” he grumbled, flicking on the light and closing the door behind him. “They ought to throw a net over her and take her away.”

An unnerving scratching sounded as he stripped off his tee shirt and tossed it on top of the duchess. He scanned the room and quickly ascertained the noise was coming from the clothes cupboard in the far right corner of the room.

“Deezeneeze is that you?” he asked “Did that horrid Delilah lock you in the cupboard again?”

The scratching abruptly ceased and was replaced by heavy breathing.

“Deezeneeze? Are you in there?”

Levi staggered back with fright as the cupboard door suddenly burst open and an elderly man stepped out. His face was a mass of scars and wrinkles, and eyes bulged evilly as he raised his skeletal hands and twitched his dagger like finger nails threateningly.

“I am here going to take you to Bogoniakai where I am going to eat you alive!”

“No!” cried Levi, retreating fearfully.

“I’m the Bogeyman from Begoniakai and I’m going to get you for telling a lie!”

“No, please no!”

“Here I come!”

Fear overwhelmed him. He dropped to his knees and covered his face with his trembling hands and started crying.

“Okay that’s enough, Edwin” affirmed Delilah, entering the room unannounced.

“Sure fooled him didn’t we Dells” laughed Delilah’s boyfriend Edwin, as he tore off the Freddy Kruger mask  
“Wooooooooooooooooo! Here comes the Bogeyman...ha-ha-ha..!”

Levi wiped his eyes and glared scornfully at Edwin. He then shifted his focus down to the wet patch on the front of his jeans where he’d absently peed himself, and finally over at Delilah who, like Queen Victoria, was far from amused.

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“Levi you’re home,” affirmed Katrina in a raspy tone, snapping him out of his day dream.

“Yeah,” he replied still slightly shaken from the memory.

“How was the film?”

Levi opened his mouth but he was unable to answer. After all what if the Bogeyman from Begoniakai should come out from a closet and get him, for telling a lie?

Continues

Next Part 9

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