

LITTLE ANTIFREEZE

Trazz Sawyer

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TRAZZ SAWYER



Trazz, as a child while growing up with three siblings in the State of Mississippi, lived life as a modern-day child slave. Thus, he lacked the time, means, and access to books for him to read on a consistent basis. Was lucky to learn how to read, more

less write. He remembers reading not a single book by an African American author. But this did not stop stories from building within his own imagination. One thing the people of the deep south were very good at. They were awesome story tellers. Especially ghost stories. However, Trazz at a very young age believed that he could tell stories with the best of them. Sadly, as a child he was living his real life in a true nightmare. To escape the nightmare world, he was actually living in, he would imagine a world much different just to survive each day, and to survive each night. He aspired to be an author and prove to himself and to others that he could be counted amongst the best when it came to creative fictional writings, even when it came to telling true stories like his own life story. He is the author of the children book *LITTLE ANTIFREEZE*. He first co-authored the children's book *8 OUNCES OF WATER FOR 8 HOURS OF MAGIC* with Joseph Ponder and his sister Saveana Warren. New books he hopes to soon publish is his own powerful Autobiography titled *WORSE THAN A*

NOBODY, and a western novel titled BLACKIE SUN.
Trazz is also a very talented screenwriter. He sings, writes
songs and is a musician. He resides in Ithaca, New York.

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CHAPTER 1

Not all great stories begin with a “Once Upon A Time” or “It happened long ago in a faraway kingdom.” Great stories are happening right now. In and under your own house. In your own front and backyard. Even all the way out there in the neighboring fields and pastures. Look! Do you see a great story happening right now? Look closer. I think I can see one. Listen closely. I can even hear it riding on the wings of the wind.

“Wooo-weee, close. But not close enough,” Roana said, as Trum darted quickly at her, trying to catch her and hold onto her, before she could gain too much speed and distance on him. This lady was quite quick on her beautiful little wings. “Last one to our favorite leaves is a rotten egg?”

“Well, I’ll smell you later little miss pretty. I’m not letting you beat me this time,” Trum insisted. He increased his speed by angling himself just right with the slight wind current. Again, he came close to Roana. But instead of trying to dart across her path to catch her in an embrace, he sailed right past. He gave her a huge grin. “You smell like flowers when I embrace you, but I just don’t want to be a rotten egg. See you later, Alligator.”

He was almost to his huge leaf on the tall bush when he noticed colors streaking past. Quick as a flash Roana landed on her leaf just seconds before he did.

It was a bright beautiful day with the sun beaming gloriously down upon the lovely land surrounding their new home. The grass of autumn had started to turn a deep brown. Many flowers had bowed their heads and were kneeling

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towards the ground, their stern-looking arms hanging loosely at their sides. They would soon go back to the earth from which they had come, only to rise again in the spring to stand tall and proud and so-so beautiful. The trees with their changing leaves danced their attractive dance, as if to some alluring, but very secret music only they could understand and enjoy. The birds sang their tunes with merriment. Some of them basked in the slight windy breeze that filtered through and ruffled their feathers. The air smelled very sweet and refreshing.

Roana sat perched upon her large leaf observing all the beauty that surrounded her—it was simply alluring. Here, she and her extended family would winter over until late spring. Then many of them would move on to locate their next winter home. Only a short time ago she, her parents, and their entire swarm had arrived here. While coming to this place they had passed over towns, villages, homes, farmhouses, lakes, ponds, humans, and animals. But finally, they had arrived at their new home. And it was the best home she had ever had. Roana was very happy.

Roana was a very beautiful ladybug. Many believed her to be the most beautiful of all the ladybugs, of all swarms combined. She was spotted with a rainbow of colors and striped with black, white, red, silver, gold, even small specks of blue and pink. Even Roana knew she was beautiful and worked hard to keep herself clean and polished. She only wanted to be the perfect young lady. If God didn't want her to be pretty, then He wouldn't have created her to be so beautiful.

She shifted her body slightly, and the sun instantly picked up her array of colors and cast them wherever she chose. First she directed her shine at Trum, then into the opening of the cave in which her parents were at work. The cave would be her new home. Already many ladybugs were inside working hard to prepare the cave for the upcoming winter.

Even before the clean-up and preparation work had begun, to her it was the most beautiful cave she'd ever seen.

Trum, who was a male ladybug, sat on his leaf watching his best friend and the light show she displayed. Certainly no one could do it like her. She was simply incredible. For so long he had wondered why she chose to hang out with him. She actually spent more time with him than she did with her girlfriends. Her girlfriends didn't like this much at all. An ugly bore like him taking up so much time with the prettiest, most popular young lady of all. They saw the time he spent with Roana as their time being taken away from them. No, her girlfriends didn't like him much at all. Unlike Roana, he wasn't popular at all and had only one other person that he dared call a friend. His name was Phillip. Even Phillip didn't like the fact that he spent so much time with Roana. Phil always told him that the only reason she spent so much time with him was because he, by his ugliness, tremendously enhanced her own beauty. Trum was under no illusion that their relation would one day develop or evolve into anything more than friends once they were older. When she and he were together around her girlfriends they would look at her, then at him, and say "Yuck, yuck, yuck." No, he wasn't by any means a great catch to any Lady, especially to someone like Roana.

Trum saw Roana looking at him. He raised himself up slightly and fluttered his wings, giving her a wave. In turn she batted her long lashes that extended out over huge round black eyes. Yes, she was too beautiful to be hanging around with the likes of him.

Trum was smart and made very good grades in school. But he was much smaller than others of his kind. He was perfect bully bait. The spectacles he wore over his too-large eyes didn't help him at all. In fact, he wasn't very good at anything that really mattered. Schoolwork to many in his swarm just wasn't as important as other things. He was good at school and was bullied because of it. One part of his body

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was even duller than the rest because the bullies always rubbed him with rough leaves to make him look even uglier. Unlike Roana, he wasn't popular either. Nevertheless, they were friends. Though the bullies he knew were bad, he also knew that there were worse bullies in the world and was thankful he didn't have to deal with them on a daily basis.

Roana continued her colorful display into the mouth of the cave. Then her mother appeared at the opening of the cave. "Quit staring at that boy and come help me clean up some of this mess in here. Later this evening we have a very important meeting to attend."

Roana couldn't help but to wonder why she would be allowed to attend an important meeting. Though she was very pretty, she wasn't important. Plus, children were not allowed to attend important meetings. Only adults were allowed to.

"Roana, you're going to a meeting with adults. Will you tell me about it later?" Trum asked after her mother had turned and gone back inside the cave.

"I will if I can. Mom said it's important, so they might make me keep it a secret. Let me go help Mom. Maybe we can hang out later, okay?"

"Okay. See you later, Roana!"

She watched as Trum flew away. He could fly much faster than he realized when he really tried. This last time in the race, it wasn't as easy for her to beat him.

CHAPTER 2

As she had been earlier in the day, Cindy was out in the backyard swinging on her swing set. She was hoping that once again she would see the fantastic sight she had seen earlier. A huge swarm of ladybugs had passed over their farm. She could even see colors flashing as the sun reflected off of their outer shells. But what was more fantastic, even stunning, was the ladybug that had landed on the back of her hand. It was the most beautiful ladybug she'd ever seen. Ladybugs and butterflies were her two favorite insects. She did like many of the others, but those two were totally awesome to her. In fact, she wished that she were a ladybug, or a butterfly. Their lives seemed to have so much order and not always complicated like her own. The past week had especially not been pleasant.

Though they had tried hard to not let her overhear their conversations, she had heard anyway. Her parents were getting a divorce and it was her fault. As she sat in the swing with the sun beaming down upon her and the breeze brushing her hair, face, and body, she could clearly hear her parents' conversation that morning in her mind:

"I really think a divorce is the best thing for everyone. You know that when we got married, we had agreed to wait five years before we had any children, since then we would be more financially secure. But things happened so quickly within a year. I'm not blaming you, but I knew it would be a while before I was ready," her father Joseph had said.

"I'd hoped we could work through it without a divorce. But maybe you are right. I'm just worried about how the kids will take this and adjust to things. I also hope that you are

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not trying to escape your responsibility as a father. It wouldn't be right to try and hold on to you if you've fallen out of love with me. But I certainly hope you haven't fallen out of love with your children," her mother Rashida said.

"Of course, I love our children and would in no way try to escape my responsibility as a father. Each one of us could take one and share custody. Sell the house and farm, pay off the mortgage, then split the dividend equally. You take the car and I the truck. There's no need for a long drawn-out process that would make it harder on the children," Cindy's father said. She had heard all she cared to hear, even more than she desired to.

Not only were they getting a divorce, they were selling her beautiful home and land. Splitting up her and her brother. Worst of all, it was all her fault. She cost her parents too much money. They had talked about the bills. How much was being spent on her schooling. The cost of putting food in the refrigerator and cupboards. Now she wanted to eat nothing in the house ever again. She wished she didn't need clothes to wear, just like those ladybugs. She wished she could wander about and find her own food. God, how much she wished she could just fly away from everything—even her parents. Of course, she would miss her little brother and her best friend, Adam. But everyone would soon get over her. If she were no longer around, maybe then her parents wouldn't even get divorced. Those ladybugs that passed through earlier didn't know how lucky they were.

When the extremely pretty one had landed on her hand, then deliberately turned around and looked at her directly in her eyes, she would have sworn it wanted or was trying to speak to her. Thinking about the beautiful house and land she would be leaving behind when her parents separated, and the farm was sold brought tears to her eyes. Before she realized it, her mother was standing beside her.

"Cindy, dear, why are you crying?" her mother asked her.