

The Chronicles of Wire Willy: Chapter 1 Billy gets a friend.

Billy hated the dark but he hated being lonesome even more. He understood that stealing cookies was wrong. The smell of them freshly baked, hidden away was more temptation than a five year old member of the kindergarten could handle. It was not that he had not been stealthy enough, it was a matter of simple logistics. Ferreting out the location was easy for Billy, there were only so many places mommy could hide that many cookies. When he saw them hidden in mommy's third dresser drawer under her pants, he knew that he better take as many as he could because he was certain he would be caught. She did not need to see him take the cookies, no, for she counted them. Any deficit would be punished. Simple and effective. Billy had scooped up about a dozen of the still warm delights and scurried off to relocate them in various places for later. He had barely gotten them all hidden before the crime was discovered and retribution was mete out

Being alone in the closet was not so bad. No light coming in from under the door meant that the sun had gone down long ago. No supper tonight, but that did not matter, he had a few of the cookies hidden away in the closet. This made him snicker. That cow was good at catching him once in awhile, but rarely ever figured things out. His worry was the bathroom. The closet door was locked and the bedroom door outside was closed too. Even so, Billy played games. He played them in his head. One of his favorites was "cat". He would pretend that he was a cat because cats always got fed, could go outside. They could climb trees, run and play. People liked cats. Billy wanted to be liked, but it seemed no one did.

Billy wondered when the door would be unlocked, he could not hear any noises in

the house. Standing up and pushing the hanging clothes back out of the way, Billy uncovered the gallon glass jar in the corner. It had been stashed behind a pile of old clothes. He had put it there just for times like these. He tried to relax as the urine flowed into the jar. He could feel the warmth through the glass with his hands. Carefully, he put the lid on the jar and put it back in the corner in the dark. Returning to the sitting place, he bumped into the clothes on the rod and a wire hanger fell to the floor. Sitting once again, he reached out until he found the errant coat hanger and picked it up and held it in his hands. Tears began to run down his face.

Out of the dark a voice came, slow, deep and rhythmic almost hissing as it dragged out the syllables, "Hi Billy-eee".

"Who are you?", Billy spoke to the darkness, suspicious of this voice he did not know.

"Well, Billy-eee, I am Wire Willy, your friend."

"Uh, Wire Willy, how do I know you are my friend?", the tears stopping.

"Because, Billy-eee, I can help you. Would you like me to help you, Billy-eee?"

Billy stopped and began to think about this. His other friends never tried to help him. They would just run away, or go home, then never come back. At school they would call him names and not play with him anymore. Billy did not understand this. And now Wire Willy was wanting to be his friend and help him. Billy decided that it did not matter much one way or the other.

"Ok, Wire Willy, what should I do?"

"Good, Billy-eee. I can be your friend and I can help you get out of this closet,

would you like that, Billy-eee?"

"Gee Wire Willy, you can do that? Really really do that?"

"Yessss, Billy-eee, I can. Are you ready?"

Nodding in the dark, Billy signified to his new found friend that he was indeed ready to attempt the escape.

Wire Willy told Billy how to put the hook of the wire coat hanger in the crack of the closet door so it could be untwisted. Once untwisted, Wire Willy explained to Billy that the wire coat could be made into a key to unlock that old granny lock on the door. Billy tried and tried to get it right. It seemed he would never get it, then Wire Willy gave him a new suggestion.

"Billy-eee, you are doing good, it is not easy, but you can do this. Fold the wire over and stick it in the keyhole, then turn it."

Billy tried, but the lock would not unlock all the way.

"Hmmm, Billy-eee, I see. Try again and this time push the door knob toward the hinges on the door. I think, that will work, Bill-eee"

"Uh, ok Wire Willy" Billy replied exhaustedly. Cranking as hard as his childish hands could on the wire key, Billy pushed hard on the door and it burst open and slammed into the wall.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you Wire Willy, you really are my friend! Do you want a cookie, Wire Willy?"

"No Billy-eee, those cookies are for you. Put that coat hanger away and try to be quiet so they don't catch you, ok?"

"Yes Wire Willy. Thank you for being my friend."

Billy stashed the mangled coat hanger under his mattress, then went and pulled out the bottom drawer of his chest of drawers and sat it on the floor. Reaching in the small cavity, he retrieved six cookies then thought for a moment and put two back. He better save them, never know when you are going to need them. Putting the drawer back in, he stood and stashed the cookies under his pillow for when he got into bed. Undressing, he remembered one more thing to do before getting into bed. Taking the gallon jar out of its hiding place, he spilled the contents out of his bedroom window. Once more placing the lid on and making extra sure it was on tight, he put it back in the closet and slipped into bed and waited. He knew that he had to wait because sometimes they would wait for him to think he was safe then catch him. Reaching under the pillow, he retrieved a cookie and began to eat it. Billy was happy, he had gotten a new friend.