



Red Roxy reveals wild exploits in time and space. A child, wandering a distant planet, she follows her sister, Veronika, to Earth starting a new life. Doomed to die, or sure to succeed, the cosmos confuses, offering a most remarkable remedy.

Red Roxy Rules

Dr. Alan Paris

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By Dr. Alan Paris

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Red Roxy Rules- Reviews

Enjoyed the fun read. With a phenomenal female lead character in an adventure showing independence of her gender, I also enjoyed the quality of her personal relationships.

Jill S.

Dr. Paris writes moving stories features both strong male and female leads. I found his Heroine, Roxann, exciting and relatable. I hope to read more Red Roxy adventures.

Veronika F.

I enjoyed all Dr. Paris' books. This one is best for the great female lead. Red Roxy is like a Superman character, with secret identity and keeping a normal life and love going as well. I hope she gets her own series, might even make a great movie.

Kari D.

Dr. Paris writes a moving novel. Love the protagonist and the variety of unusual plot developments. As a teacher and writer, myself, his subtleties are appreciated.

Barbara S.

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Chapter One

“I am Red Roxy. I rule where I please—to treasure Earth’s brilliant day world of cyan seas and cerulean skies revealing boundless visions of graphic splendor. At night, bright neon beams glow as cities delight with brilliant incandescence, interiors and exteriors dazzle with fluorescent displays. Wondrously spiced, luscious expressions are superbly presented to tease the palette for any delicate gourmet to certainly appreciate. The planet exhibits enduring grandeur for many, yet not all partake in such delightful abundance.”

“In all my domains, I prevail in peace, sharing my superior talents to improve conditions for all living beings. I damn disease to praise the sick and please the land to boast of its bounty. Anguished minds are now visibly clear, and those mourning miserably no longer suffer. My benevolent sovereignty resolves the incessant warring and menace for all who revere human life and Earth’s generous nature.”

“Respect my authority, for I am your immunity. My personal strength will grant amnesty of your troubles. My right arm declares prosperity, the left can feed your people. To free the light and bring crystal clarity, I capture the clouds that obscure the Sun. You will have health and happiness with newly harvested energies, to continue on and grow your families. I offer a fantastic haven on this bountiful planet Earth.”

“Or dare to cross me and dwell in a house of pain to afflict each moment of a pitiful existence. Withering in a baking sun, fields die—the children not thriving, and your health to fail, warranting a shriveled death. The entire community will be swept away in the forgotten dust of decline.”

“Choose reward or punishment; rescue or abandonment, trusted security or haunted suspicion. I can bring peace and

charity or total annihilation. I give you to the turn of your moon through all its cosmic phases to decide. If I remove that orb, your Earth will cease to exist—showing the least of my powers. Do not test me. It will be your end, not mine.”

“Cut!” The director bellows, motioning the cameras to back off. A youngish assembly of admirers and astonished gawkers are herded aside. The densely packed, jostling human wave edges in to score photo opportunities and autographs. They are signaled to the right. The supporting crew wheels the camera to the left, continuing coverage of this press previewed, publicity event. A tech checks the lighting with a nod. The director calls, “Roll camera. Pan the retail—final take, and then we wrap.”

Red Roxy’s latest fanzine and comic book adventures are hawked by vendors along with various memorabilia and glossy eight by tens. T-Shirts, costuming and masks are available for purchase. This is a good day for such scheduled activities. The fair weather holds—the crowd remains reasonably comfortable.

Most of all, the star, staged by Ms. Roxann Donnabella; her chosen legal name, shows excellent mood and form. Even her irritating manager, Sydney Slayten, smiles as sales are successfully brisk.

Attending a decorative platform to personally greet her avid fanbase, she autographs various souvenirs tossed about the signing table. Appearing in full costume, her formfitting azure-bright body suit leads up to the slanted neckline, matched by fiery red boots, mask, belt and gloves. A flaring, crimson cape billows behind as she strolls to her wardrobe trailer.

Inside, Rosa Lucia, the studio cosmetician awaits to adjust makeup and costuming for the star. Rosa is shortened for Rosalinda, but she answers to Luz. She is a petite, slightly pudgy Latina with light skin and wildly wandering, raven black hair. Born in Mexico, Luz, a highly regarded high school graduate, was

studying dermatology when she risked crossing the Rio Grande to Texas and then settled in Arizona. Easygoing, considerate and strongly determined, she works as a beautician to raise her son in America. Her education and English language skills influenced producer Slayten to sponsor a temporary work visa. For now, she and her son, Alejandro, are satisfied, moving to Arizona with hopes of eventual citizenship. Alejandro likes to be called Diego, a name he fancied from the famed Mexican actor, singer and producer, Diego Luna Alexander.

“Your hair is amazing, Miss Roxy.” Luz gushes as she brushes out the vibrant hued strands, “They show natural color, but I have never styled such beautiful, bold locks. So soft, like duck’s down, the true color is a fiery blaze. I will call it Roxy’s Red Rage, if only we might bottle it for the market.”

Ms. Donnabella responds to kindness, content and challenge. Self-assured as a dynamic force, she follows a novel exhilarating path. Roxann gingerly twirls a tress between her fingers.

“Oh my,” she imagines, “a hair product with my name. How glamorous. But I don’t share my secrets. I doubt a creative chemist could match my natural invention. I am Red Roxy—there is only one!”

This young socially bereft, alien orphan was literally lost in space and time with no direction home, holding little reason to believe in a provincial, fulfilling future. Possessing an internal free for all of unbridled bravado, she’s charged with unlimited desire for achievement and acceptance. Like her surreal cartoon persona, she longs for authenticity and recognition. Living for the moment, her true origin remains mired in a mystifying self-delusion with an incredulous, unrevealed genesis. A rhyme without scheme or meter, Red Roxy is a spark of crazed brilliance exploding upon the crowd of clueless humanity.

She often wonders, *“What if they knew of the tainted, ill-natured creature kept tightly chained within? Set free, there would be a different show on display—though none would survive to tell. I must always consider the cameras to control any reveal.”*

Roxann’s cavalier destructive visions invade her mind from time to time. She knows better than to listen to malevolent voices from her petulant past as ruinous temptation. She’s determined to change her disquieted destiny.

Tossing on an old hooded overcoat closeted in her trailer, Roxann shrouds her glamorous presence to mingle in concealment among the common people who possess no special powers except their simple human nature. They may buzz along adrift—indifferent to each other—or join in appointed tasks of allied intent. With her special talents, she senses their shared acknowledgment of personal awareness, subconsciously binding each individual in this innocuous community.

Miss Roxann Donnabella is obviously spectacular. Her serious blue-green, cyan-colored eyes deeply pierce beneath ample high-arched coppery brows offering a visage of strong subtle sensuality. High angular cheekbones warmly glow, revealing a skin-soft pink, whiter shade of pale radiance leading to perfectly symmetric full lips that complement her earnest appeal.

Roxy’s stunning youngish beauty is wildly adorned with teasing coppery-red curls, passionately forming fiery tangled tresses freely flowing about her amply athletic, firmly toned shoulders. Her cosmetic assistant, Luz, concludes that even Hollywood could not find or produce an enchantress equal to her Miss Roxy. Essentially, minimal make-up is required, except to reduce her effortless, galvanic glow. At night, she might absolutely shimmer.

Waltzing among the natives, she enjoys their cluttered chatter and often opposing thoughts, as they relish an innate talent to discuss one topic aloud and inwardly reflect upon unrelated matters. The actual substance is irrelevant—no importance is assigned. People easily switch the main discussion between mouth and brain, orally or mentally obsessed.

“How nimbly these mortals have evolved to manage such driveling conversations,” she muses as crude entertainment.

Her manager called out, “Roxy, don’t wander too far. I can’t have my beautiful star snatched by some lunatic admirer, and you’re needed nearby to pose with fans at the personal pictures desk.”

“For a moment, I believed he cared for my safety.” Roxann reviews, *“Rather it’s all about pushing the twenty-a-piece deal of the day. And to think he suggested letting these elfin children sit on my lap. I told him I’d take fifty for that. And he went for it. Damn! The man almost wept when I said it was only a joke. It’s rumored that Sydney Slayten once sold women’s bodies on the city’s street corners. I wonder if he killed them first, or perhaps they died exhausted, afterward?”*

Roxann appreciates the admiring, flattering crowds and the attending fame, but dislikes the business machinations. Money is necessary to pay the bills. But in reality, she has no use for it. *“I can take what I want,”* she thought, *“but one must play the game to collect the colored paper and jingly coins madly craved by this clan. Their culture kills for it. Even I require greater provocation for such an act.”*

At this community fun fair, she marvels at the motion of trading metal pieces and waving fancied plastic cards—the worldly way to sample their singular slice of life. No matter if many or few, these rituals persist to please any that come to play—each character appears distinct but ultimately acts in the same

performance—even though they are afforded such brief time and small space.

She imagines, *“This might be the essence of an effective Earth society. Soon they disappear only to return and repeat—like an industrious hive staying alive by continuous industry. So simple sated. I can join in their festivities—just not with regularity. There are far superior adventures for me. But some fun in the immediate is pleasant play.”*

Her thoughts wander, *“No different from the ants, the bees and the birds in the trees, on a subliminal level, everything here is connected. Even the roots of these grandly structured arboreal creations are cunningly entwined underfoot, connected in a conversation with all the natural neighboring composition. I suspect that the entire planetary complex, as one complementary unit, is aware that I, Red Roxy, stride freely unattached among them. Even the common rock and soil, while teeming with minute living organisms, seem lifeless to my contact. If I intensify my exceptional detection, I can believe minute subatomic impulses translating there as well.”*

Earth’s eccentric presentation of substance and beauty continually reminds her of the appeal it holds. She is fascinated by its apparent, unlimited complexion—constantly presenting highly active environments as persistent entertainment.

Chapter Seven

Syd calls the crew for an unscripted set-up. His lead actor addresses her peasant following—they're obliged to obey. He directs her movement through the cowering crowd as their imperial leader—head held high, scepter in hand. Her grand smile is greeted by hails of reverence and calls of adulation. Signaling for a tighter shot of an approaching mother lifting her infant for royal blessings, the mini-sequence is completed. Their crimson ruler moves on as the mobbing extras fill in behind.

The shot is called. The take is saved for review, as the director makes it a day. The troupe disburses, heading to the inevitability of their next scene, that of reality. People with families usually go home. Those with no deep ties head to an after work Happy Hour drink and maybe a snack.

One extra admits, "It beats cooking or cleaning at home. Those chores can wait. Perhaps Her Majesty will join us?" Several heads turn to smile, as Roxann rises to dislodge her uncomfortable crown.

Luz leaves to meet Alejandro. Roxann is on her own. Removing the finery of the leading lady in costume is a simpler task than its application. After a change, she emerges from her trailer an emancipated woman, free of the burdensome, elaborate trappings. Ms. Donnabella is eager to mingle in the post-production social scene. Accepted as one of their own, she is delighted to mix with the lingering crew. Someone suggests a favored tavern nearby. A simultaneous whoop signals instant agreement. Roxann steps in with this cheerful, enthusiastic fellowship.

Their mini mob moves in a jovial wave, joking and laughing as they approach their destination. A rough, splintered wooden placard dangles precariously from a worn iron appendage

indicating entrance to The Spooky Tree Café. A dusty neon fixture is barely attached. Historically appreciated, the tale is told of a ghostly, dying tree that once rooted on the spot—oddly, enlarging to an eerie, gnarled spectacle. One windy day, a spontaneous branch break badly crushed an unlucky, passing pedestrian—the spooky tree was thereafter accursed and finally removed as an evil nuisance. Adjacent to this tainted space, the venerable damaged door still stands, dented by the cracked timber, as the murderous limb followed the fatal fall. A large brass-ring pull dramatically dares the thirsty patrons to enter.

Leading inside to a brief, shabby foyer, a stapled hodgepodge of faded promotional flyers tells of featured amateur ensembles that achieved only local celebrity. The Tree, as the club is fondly acclaimed, is notorious for veiled trysts, sad stories, ear-splitting rock & roll and an occasional cool jazz combo. The last on the list presents an agreeable ambiance preferred by the more sophisticated patrons who care to venture down the long and narrow, steep stairway.

On rare occasion, a singular talent will appear to offer an eccentric presentation. Such a surprise walk-on can bomb or impress the unsuspecting assembly—exposing an esoteric reputation that a hoary hideaway like The Tree might earn by an eager, discriminating audience.

The diving stairs plunge to a subterranean sound arena—sort of half circle dingy dungeon with a makeshift portable bar. The ceiling shows rough-hewn diagonal beams. Drinks are delivered to customers seated in wicker chairs circling small round café tables or served at the counter. Spotlights flicker while a movable cantina cart delivers the overpriced booze, drinks and snacks to satisfy the spectators. The barely done, dimly lit stage—sans curtain—awaits the daring performer.

Roxann feels comfortable attending this dark dive. The Tree attracts the oddest types. It draws attention away—as Roxy's

blazing self becomes less apparent. The subsequent anonymity is most desirable. Against the back wall in the shadows, her verve for creative engagement trumps any inescapable disquietude.

A rather peculiar musician enters stage right. Appearing as a freakish, giddy goblin set loose upon the stage, he offers an enigmatic aria. Barely visible, cupped in curled fingers and pouched palms, his voiced harmonica wails with a low growl. Reaching to a high whine in a harsh vibrato, it echoes across the stark space. Almost spoken, a single noted soliloquy grows to broader chordal harmony, candidly calling this exotic guest with an earthy melody. The sullen resonance moves Roxann emotionally as she heeds the call of the mournful, moaning harp. Taken by the scoundrel's tease, she hears it, feels it and willingly yields to it. This chthonic atmosphere and these moody blues are reminiscent of her youth on Miseria. She is entranced, and for the moment, entirely entertained. Nobody present notices as much or seems to care so deeply.

She wonders, *“What odd magic escapes this eerie labial instrument—wailing to invade my mind and trembling to taunt my senses. His breath gusts swells of sympathy, while the mouth organ wails an uneasy pulsing lament. I can roam with this rhythm, my arms and legs urged to sway. A puppet to percussion—requiring no throbbing drum—my deeper voice hums as it thrums away. It is a persuasive manipulation. And I like it. Yes, I do.”*

Roxann hears music daily on Earth. Given the correct atmosphere, the right tempo and a relaxed openness, she exalts humanity's connection to such aural stimulation. Accessing the experience of patterned tonal expression, she envisions giving it a try, herself—imagining that if music is so wondrous a sensation to absorb, might those who produce it receive an even greater benefit.

A break is announced. The odd entertainer pockets his blues harp and descends towards the bar. Roxann moves in to make contact. Surprised at her willful audacity, she approaches this peculiar character offering such touching, tonal non-conformity. With no particular plan, her curiosity is uncontainable. Everyone else is headed for the exit.

Even in two-inch pumps, Ms. Donnabella is a petite package. She's bright, lively and slenderly built, a lovely vision concealing formidable powers. The slightly scaled and bedraggled, imaginative artist arches over to beg a drink of the disregarding bartender. Scorned at first, he wrestles his frayed pocket for some crumpled cash to achieve attention.

Roxann jumps into the scene, "I'll cover that. And pour one for me, too." She's committed to an introduction, "I'm Roxann Donnabella. I really like your music. Will you be performing again?"

"My expressive harmonica, oh yes, I do see my presentation as kind of a dynamic play, acting out a part with each breath. Thanks for the kind review. Call me Slide. I sort of slip into situations and perform for the moment. You caught an impromptu appearance. Nice to meet you, Roxann Donnabella. What's your thing?"

Happy to connect, but slightly unschooled in the local slang, Roxann queries, "What do you mean, thing?"

Slide smiled wide, "Where are you from, girl? And what do you do? At first glance, you appear as a harmonic convergence. The melody attracts, then it becomes you. I can see that you are special."

Roxann is amazed at first, yet awkward and then defensive. She knows better than to reveal her true origin—but is delighted that he sees her depth.

She speaks out, "I'm in graphic novels, kind of a model? You know, a comic book characterization. I play Red Roxy. Umm, she's my thing. I usually wear a bright red costume with a cape and a crown. And I have a scepter to rule."

Slide shows interest, "I bet you do. So you're an actress. Nice, are you famous?"

He asks, then states assuredly, "So we're both in showbiz. Terrific!"

Enthralled by his lofty declaration and easy acceptance, she explains her affective musical epiphany. "Yes, I have a decent following. But I certainly am effected by your display."

With an almost visceral desire for involvement, she asks curiously, "Can I make music, too?"

Now Slide is graciously spirited, "Anyone can. But there are all kinds of musicality. And it takes dedicated practice to master an instrument or sing well. What did you have in mind?"

Roxann sheepishly responds, "I don't really know."

He considers her situation and springs an idea, saying, "Let's start by explaining rhythm. Look over in the corner. Why do you see?"

Roxann throws her sharp glance to a dusty pile just past the dark corner by the bar, "I recognize the piano. Next, there's a little black stool and a pile of covered round boxes of different sizes. Also, there are various formed brass discs mounted atop metal stands, attached to some of the boxes."

The musician grabs a bar towel, pulls off the covers and dusts off the contents for exhibition, "This is called a drum set or kit. Each piece is an instrument. These are cymbals. They ring

when touched—almost like bells. There's a foot pedal for the doubled hi-hat cymbals. This large floor bass drum works off a pedal, too. Drumsticks are applied to hit the snare and tom-tom drums, and can ride the cymbals as well.

He continues, "There are often other percussive attachments to complete the set. Played together in concert, a clever drummer creates a contrived beat or pulse to merge the music produced by the other musicians. This consistent backbeat is the rhythmic pattern supporting the timing of the music. Like a well-built house, the percussion is part of the solid cement foundation. You will be our rhythm section. At first, you need to keep a steady, ready time."

"Oh," said Roxann smiling, "I know something about time, and about space and its relationship to time. Will that help me. But what does ready time mean?"

"Seriously, girl," Slide grins and supportingly states, "you are halfway there. Music is mathematically all about space, timing and intervals. When I begin, you got to be ready to keep our time, ha, ha."

He continues, "You need a musician's name. Roxann is way too smart and fancy. We need a get do-w-n name. It's your musical signature or handle. You pick it."

"I am already known as Red Roxy." She stated.

He thought and spoke, "That's cool. But just Roxy will be fine. I like it."

She threw a jest, "Just Roxy sounds weird and weak."

He reacted sternly, "No, no, no. It's only Roxy. We won't use Just, That sounds silly."

Now she laughs, giggling, “Got ya!. Then, it’ll be Only Roxy.”

Slide puts out a big grin, “Roxy, I ain’t fallin’ twice for that one.”

He points to the backless chair, “Come sit on the stool. Hold these drumsticks. And, they are not from a turkey at Thanksgiving, so don’t even go there.”

He shows her two ways to properly prepare to play—but chooses the simpler method to start—lightly, palms down, tips at forty-five degrees, arcing inward. “The end that you hold is the butt or grip. The shaft is the main section of the drumstick leading to the tapered shoulder that ends at the tip or the bead.”

Slide instructs further, “Hold them out over this drumhead’s skin. Let the right stick drop in your hand. Hear that thump and let it bounce back. Now let the left stick drop the same way. Alternate right, then left. That’s two beats. Repeat and give me four beats.... That’s called a four beat measure. Do that again..... You just played two measures. That’s one type of musical rhythm to practice on your own. But I’m gonna take you somewhere else in time and space—as you noted some familiarity.”

Slide looks toward her feet, “Place your right foot on that metal pedal under that cymbal stand. There are two smaller cymbals working together. It’s called a Hi Hat cymbal. When you press down the two discs meet and create a sound. Tap it slowly and hold—it sounds like a buzz-thud. Do it quickly and release—they pop apart and ring.”

Continuing to instruct, Slide points, “Place your left foot on the pedal attached to the largest floor drum. This bass drum presents a low boom. Some sets have two. You can freely feel around to discover the others. If a three or four piece group perform, you’ll watch how the drummer interacts to support the group of musicians or the combo.”

“For now, give me four hits to the bass drum as I count, and then continue. At your pleasure, allow your inspiration to lightly move you through our time with the left foot and the drumsticks. Strike the other two drums and the larger crash cymbal to balance and accommodate.”

Earnestly attentive, Roxann realizes there’s a new dimension opening for her. Not a power, or a demanding directive, this is a gift for her to develop within. Perhaps seeding a renaissance for Red Roxy to re-emerge. She is on the threshold to join the millions of humanity lifted up by this Earthly abstraction—the sound of music—to entertain, entice and raise the spirits. Music seems a wonderfully dynamic power available to all walks of life and even the animals and birds across all the continents of this special planet.

Chapter Twelve

Roxann appreciates her advanced telephonic tool facilitating access to the space-time continuum, and has yet to test its limits. This instrument holds her contacts and complete personal history—including who she is and her personal exploits in the past, the present and possibly presages the future. This first bit of information is puzzling. Ms. Donnabella carries a mild obsession about the facts surrounding her birth and those early years—holding so many questions. With her ability for temporal travel, she wonders of the limits to her power. Can she manipulate time—to view or alter history? Warned of such activity creating untold calamitous changes, perhaps very small alterations can post positive events. Recent scientific thought considers mankind's movements inconsequential—though no one theory is absolute. Naive to the fragility of the future, and moving unnaturally forward, might she only discover inevitability? If all actions are locked in time, then except for personal satisfaction—will her life hold any significant purpose ?

Thankfully, these profound thoughts don't often plague her. Roxann is aware that organic entities change with the duration of experience, though not through time displacement. She will not ail or age during travel. Therefore, quite possibly for Red Roxy—discovery will prove the essence of her existence.

At home one evening, a cerebral nudge enters her subconscious. She accepts this psychic impulse as an attempt to communicate—a kind of cosmic contact. Curious about the unusual touch, she adapts her neural channels to define the novel sensation.

Lying on her bed, resting on fluffy pillows, Roxann looks up to the ceiling, painted blue like her favorite sky. Appearing in a smoky view, a surreal word formation gathers, delineating a distinct design that begins to drift away.

Determined to gather its gist, the young intellect coaxes the phenomena to return. Applying her mental powers to the task, Roxann modifies a baiting challenge hopefully to elicit a response,

“A conundrum you may,

Come here to play,

Rascal to rhyme,

Move above in my time.”

.Accepting the subtle invitation, the cloudy illusion gels to define. The murky message refines, unreadable at first. Soon, the floating nimbus congeals to commit in capital letters,

“I AM ISAIA”

“OMG!” Roxann detects the wording. Rai suggested a talk with his ubiquitous friend, giving no idea of what countenance to expect. The letters stands boldly against a emerging, misty cloud. Roxann just stares, her mouth agape.

Finally, gaining her composure, she offers a reply, “I, Roxann Donnabella, am honored to meet you. I see nothing, but a few cloudy words, wafting above. Just where are you?”

“THE CELLOPHANE PRESENCE I BRING IS BARE

MY TRICK TO FOOL IS ALWAYS CLEAR”

“EVERYWHERE, I DULY DARE”

“RAI SENT LURE. TO YOUR SERVICE, I’M SURE.”

Roxann stumbles, “I...guess...you have something to tell me.”

“I CAN CONVERSE. PRODIGIOUSLY PRESCIENT TO PONDER AND POSTULATION. MAY RALLY TO RHYME AND ALLITERATION. IT IS YOUR TIME FOR EXPLICATION”

Roxann simply asks, “What can you tell me?”

“EVERYTHING. I AM WONDROUSLY PROLIFIC, PLEASE BE SPECIFIC!”

She is clueless to query a talking billowing cloud. It is so surreal. Not thinking seriously, she blurts out, “Will I find love and success?”

“YES, I MUST PROFESS. PUT ME TO A TEST. TOO EASY AND QUEASY. A BIGGER TRIGGER WILL FIGURE THE BEST”

“Am I a force for good or evil, an angel or a devil?”

“YOU ARE BOTH.THE MOST CAPABLE TO TOAST, TEMPTING TO ROAST. ROXY/ROXANN, SIGN ON, SIGN OFF. BOTH HARD AND SOFT. YOU WILL SPLIT YOUR BIT. WHEN YOU AIM TO FIT. MUST PLAY TO CHOOSE. NOT LIKELY TO LOSE.

“Am I Human, Homo Sapien? Who were my parents?”

“THERE IS TRULY NO WAY TO GUESS THE PLAY. WHAT SPARK DID SAVE IN THAT DARK CAVE. VISIBILITY POOR, NE’ER TO BE SURE. ONE HUMAN PURE. A MIXED MATE TO IMPLORE, WITH TALENTS OBSCURE, I MUST ASSURE. YOU ARE EXCEPTIONALLY MORE THAN EVER WAS BEFORE.

Roxann is stunned, yet gratified. She knows there is something special within her genetics—sensing an exceptional emanation from inside. As a child, she barely glowed in the

dark—there was never a precise explanation. Perhaps that satisfaction would never come. The concept of Discovery has always been her key. How much more to find, to attain, to learn?

One other question immediately fills her mind, “What will happen to me?”

“FANTASTIC FUTURE, UNIQUELY UNPREDICTABLE. NO LIMITS UNATTAINABLE. FULL FATE UNFORESEEABLE. ACCESS AN OPEN OPTION, FAME TO FORGE FUNCTION, PROFESS YOUR ASSUMPTION FOR OPTIMAL DEDUCTION. SUBSEQUENT SUCCESS AT ATONAL CONJUNCTION.

“THE WORLD BE WISE, DOUBLE DUTY DOES SURPRISE. BLOWING IN THE WIND, ALLOW ALL IN. THE TIME TO START, WITH HEAD AND HEART. IN CONCERT IS BEST. LOVE OFFERS THE REST.

She tingles to these suggestions. Her success is up to the sureness of her actions—although positive predictions are good to hear. Roxann decides to head to West Phoenix. Near an amusement park, she hears of a fortune teller with a real crystal ball. She laughs to herself, “It never hurts to get a second opinion.”

Entering an adjacent antique store, an old cracked sign leads to the rear and up a winding staircase to a dimmed recess. It proffers a mystic skill, “Palms to Be Read, Futures to Be Said.”

A haggard, elderly woman whispers from beyond a worn and yellowed lacy curtain, “Sit here, Missy, and show me your hands.”

Roxann obeys and turns her palms up. A bit anxious, leaning in, she is unafraid, sensing nothing to fear.

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The crone looks and grins, eyes widening, “No need, no charge. I see you’ve already learned more than enough today.”

Chapter Twenty-Three

Barely beating Slide to the stage, the maturing Ms. Donnabella searches for him—her audacious incipience anxiously awaits the loving partner. She’s hoping, as if in some fractured fairy tale, he will see through her new formidable facade and expel any foreboding his eyes belie. After all, how different in this dark surround would he perceive her. Roxy’s voice, smell, touch, and her kisses should subtly deem her true disposition. She is certain to dim the lights, and wear her signature scent. Roxann brings it all, except to carry a big sign, **“It’s Really, Really Me.”**

Down to The Tree’s cellar stage, Slide enters confidently. Wearing his worn vintage hat down low, he heads toward the piano bench to greet his gal.

“Hey Rox,” he calls out with only a mere glance, “looking large today. How’s my sweet girl?”

Carrying some bulky marketing materials, he hardly notices her alteration. After dropping off the signage, flyers and leather bag by the piano, Slide has yet to realize how apropos was his greeting. He casually moves toward the drum kit, leaning over to plant a quick smooch on her yielding lips. She rises for a full, telling embrace, but he pivots back toward the supplies gathered on the floor.

Roxann walks away from her drums, and addresses her partner, “Today, I need a big hug from you.”

Slide tosses his floppy fedora and turns his twisted anatomy, wrapping his arms about his lady to deliver a long, deep kiss. This is the love she yearns for and now, draws concern. She knows his warmth and his racing heartbeat, and feels safe again. Holding him tight, she fears the release.

“Whoa girl,” Slide jokes at her grip, “you’ve been working out. Let me breathe and we’ll do this again.”

She pulls back, “Hold on a minute, Luv, you need to see something.” Roxann can’t wait any longer, “Look at me!” she demands.

Slide retreats a step, “Okay, what? You’re always beautiful to me. Oh, you did your hair—looks great. And you got a new outfit—nice and tight. Are you going to play in that? Might it be a bit restrictive? They way you move, that dress...”

She interrupts, “Shut up, Slide, and look closer. “She pulls further away and poses near a brighter spotlight. “Now, what do you see?”

Slide grins again, “I see my wild, hot, gorgeous gal and forever partner in crime.” Again he leans comedic.

She is frustrated, “You are so dense. I can’t believe you. I’ve changed, you know.” Roxann throws her bare arms out and pumps her biceps. “Check these out.” She boldly stares, waiting for his astonished notice.

“So you have been working out.” He’s still unserious and jokes a bit, “Wow, can’t wait to get you back to my place.”

“Honey,” she restates, “take a good look. I’m an inch and a half taller and an inch wider. And I’ve got hair...”

At this point she stops short of embarrassment and realizes that it doesn’t matter to Slide. *“It’s me.”* She says to herself. *“Slide loves me. He doesn’t care about my body. Hey, I don’t care about his mangled self. Why should he love me less? He’s still wondering what I’m all up about? And it is dark in here.”*

She has a plan, “You’re right on Slide, Take me home. I’ve got a special treat for you.”

Slide is enjoying her game, “Sure, Roxy. Anything you say. But we must watch the clock. JR will be along soon to rehearse. We also have a gig here tonight”

As they work their way up the dimly lit staircase, Slide looks down, watching his feet, so as not to trip. It wouldn’t be the first time he has stumbled, and he can’t afford a broken neck compounding his already distorted display. Roxann follows behind. He still hasn’t fully viewed her. They exit into the cloudy daylight. It’s windy as well, but certainly bright enough for a taste of truth.

He backs away to readjust his stance “Whoa, Dude! Or maybe Dudette? You’re lookin’ seriously large—bigger than life.”

Her eyes still pealed to the pavement, too self-conscious to look up, “It is me, Slide. Don’t you recognize your little drummer girl?”

“Of course. Honey, I’d know you in a full blown midwestern snow-storm—even without that cheap *parfum* you got for a dollar, somewhere. What happened? You’re certainly not little. Are you all right?”

Roxann ran forward to hold him tightly again, sobbing, “We think my hormones overly matured. Will you still love me?”

She wildly stares eye to eye with his now slightly, shorter stance, and forces a smile through the tears, fearful for his next words.

Slide, smiles broadly, “Of course, Hon, you are my drummer. Where do I get a stickman as pretty as you? So you gained some weight. I’m certainly no prize to judge.”

Roxann pulls away, now grinning back at him, “It’s more than that, and you know it.”

“Well, for sure, you are different. He replies, “Tell me the story. I bet it’s a good one.”

Roxann turns away and pouts, “I can’t. Not yet, I’m not allowed—and you won’t understand.”

“Okay.” He nonchalantly says as he turns and walks past her.”

Aghast, she demands, “Really, Slide, that’s it. You can just walk away? I’m two inches taller and ten pounds heavier—and can whip your ass in a flash, if I so choose. And that’s all you’ve got to say?”

“No,” he politely addresses her, “I’m not leaving. We’re going to my place remember. Bet I can take you down, or at least best two out of three!”

She belts him in the shoulder and takes off running up the stairs, deliriously laughing, “You’ve got to catch me first.”

“Damn it girl,” he calls after her, “you know I can’t run.”

Slide finally arrives at his doorway. Using her key, Roxann is inside waiting. She’s sitting on his bed, catching deep breaths.

“Hah, hah,” she laughs, “you lose.”

He throws his hat to the floor and states, “You may be beautiful, but not so smart. I got you all hot and bothered, perched there on my bed. Looks to me that I win today. But I promise you another chance tomorrow—just so there are no hard feelings.”

She grabs at Slide's belt and throws him to the bed—jumps on top and says, "Best two out of three, isn't that your challenge? Bet I can take you."

He only snags a second to agree, "I bet you can."

They toss and roll about. The dare is forgotten. Their love is reassured and Roxann is satisfied.

She thinks, *"Mustn't doubt him again. He's the real deal. And I'm a lucky lady, for sure."*

Chapter Forty

Red Roxy pictures her injured friends, *“There’s one mean bitch out there—responsible for their near deaths. With no direct clues to the perpetrator or credible reason for the crime, I require advanced forensic assistance to determine my direction. But I will find her and return in kind.”*

This scarlet space siren determines to seek revenge. Outraged at such a heinous attack, she will not forsake her unfinished business. Red Roxy is a formidable adversary, rarely at a loss to respond. With her wiles and amazing intergalactic allies, she will track and confront the responsible assailants. In the past, her wrath readily decreed the ultimate sentence—the penalty of extermination is currently, intergalactically and inter-dimensionally prohibited. Attempting to avoid this harsh measure, she hopes to initiate a lawful, acceptable indictment. In her mind, the villains’ abhorrent action must be punished. Although, if finality is inescapable—so be it. She remains ready and willing. When Red Roxy rules, a steep price will certainly be paid.

Distant to her original desire, capture and release to the authorities is the legal preference, with adjudication left to the courts. For attempted murder, these criminals could be permanently remanded to productive work on an isolated prison planet or sentenced to a remedial restitution in an alternate dimension. Other civilizations deem harsher punishments—with brutal, hard labor, torture or death as common options. Recently, a curative, cerebral pharmacologic detoxification coupled with a charitable assignment allows the cruelest disciplines to be avoided. Roxy holds no interest in the latter.

Returning to the troubled quadrant of the initial incident, Roxann hopes to offer her ship as bait. As a cargo hauler, the original Hydroliner is refit as a research laboratory for Rai’s incessant desire to expand his scientific study. The ship can

survive submersion in liquid or heavy, colloidal media, hot or cold gaseous climates and extreme atmospheric pressures or lack of—as in the complete vacuum of space. This last condition notes the incursion into a black hole as a desirable consequence—such a risky move is a bold endeavor not yet achieved absent a reportable return. Rai dreams of the ultimate experiential possibilities within a matchless mission to this end.

When it comes to dealing with those malicious roamers plaguing the space ways of the universe, Roxann sees the Black Hole Contingency as a means to a judicial end. Like Veronika's shrewd, super pulse to eternity, Roxy seeks to banish the space raider's threats for good. They must never enter this dimension to commit crimes or influence the future. While the sisters thought to send the previous pirates off to distant oblivion, she hasn't any proof their end—and no hard evidence to identify the party responsible for her friends' traumatic injuries.

Both **ISAIA** and **Fillerup**, speculate a feminine complicity. Accessing otherworldly, evidentiary methodology, their opinions are reliably absolute. They may share their rare investigative skills when traveling through time while cloaking invisibly—however, they do not prescribe any punitive action.

Reporting to the Space Patrol assures a delayed response. Roxann is impatient. Her retribution won't wait for a slow dragged out, procedural trial. She will take on the ambushing menace as an immediate, personal matter.

Returning the *Clasé Cinco* to the dealership, Roxann swaps for a floundering, unequipped, junked ship. Now refit as an apparent Hydroliner twin with hidden offensive features, she heads to the attack setting near Saturn's rings sporting a battering reinforced shielding forged with heavy, metallic elements from Venus, the hottest planet in this system. The fake is fully armed as well.

She considers, *“All evidence relates the vicious assault to the raiders. Our savant detectives calculate no alternative aggressor. How to draw this female hooligan out into the open? Falling forward, Jr and Slide suffered attacks from behind. The sneak assault was quick, clean and direct, leaving few clues to review. I will face this marauder, deceiving from a covert position with a ghost ship as my own trick.”*

Rai explains his 4-D projecting application, “The phantom ship absorbs the energy produced through any force field it encounters. Roxy, you will lure the enemy with the damaged, wounded bird fake. When the attacker approaches, she will face off with the projected Hydroliner image. In this game of Chicken, the antagonists meet head to head—two ships programmed to collide to ultimate devastation. Only now, escape will be impossible—the fraudulent flight is programmed to repeat the seemingly suicidal scenario—each time, looping closer with greater speed. With each pass, the false image drains power to your Hydroliner twin until the enemy is immobilized. It will be coming right for her, full blast, heads up, lights on and firing away—then to dissolve, wasting the other energy source away to a true standstill.”

Roxann concurs, “I hovering nearby in the cloaked twin to receive the energy boost and entrap the drained vessel. If the drawdown fails, I must attack directly. Should the two ships cross paths, total obliteration will end it. This time, whoever she is, this inglorious hellion won’t know what hit her.”

She assumes her assault, “Holding behind the same sheltering planetoid, the decoy sits ready. It is purposefully destructive, deceptively obscured. Pulling slow thrust, the tactical ruse appears to sail into view—out beyond the outermost debris field and the rings of Saturn.”

Rai admonishes, “Play this out carefully. The ship’s computer initiates the surprise response upon incoming

provocation. The forward aggression will set the self-destructive ploy, diving directly at the enemy. You fool this villain to approach the projection first. A drained adversary will be easy to overcome. If necessary, you can bail out. If you must, use my device to escape immediately to another dimension where you'll be safe. We don't know how capable an antagonist you're facing."

"Daddy," she calms him, "I can handle this. Don't worry. If you haven't yet noticed, I'm no longer your little girl."

"I've battled in space before. Red Roxy will prevail. I have your escape gadget as well—call you after. Tell mom I'm okay. This trip is necessary for us all, and our friends throughout the galaxy."

About the Author-Red Roxy Rules

Dr. Alan Paris is a retired optometrist who has published in journals, written music, a children's story, and mature fiction. The doctor holds Bachelor of Science degrees in Chemistry and Integrated Bioscience along with his Doctorate in Optometry. With a growing reputation as an engaging story teller, Dr. Paris continues an enthralling adventure series to tease the imagination with fantastic tales of life, love and our deepest beliefs.

In "Red Roxy Rules," a spin-off character of "The Filament Trilogy" series, the powerful protagonist personalizes her battles of good versus evil. Pitting new found love against a revenging warrior, the troubled hero struggles to live the benevolent life, regardless of taunts to return to her previous ways as a menacing rogue.

Through the years of helping thousands of patients, Dr. Paris has witnessed many with conflicting personal decisions. The equally torn characters, exposed in his writings, reveal the similar struggling choices we all face in our own daily struggles.

Books By Dr. Alan Paris "The Filament Trilogy"

Filament, Accepting The Gift, presents Book I of The Filament Trilogy. In a small, quiet section of New York City, a modest doctor receives a unique package creating life changing events. Locals claim miracles; the press spreads wild rumors. Endearing characters must manage private and interpersonal conflicts concerning life, love, good and evil. The continuing resolution leads to a new reality.

Filament II, Brighten The World, the futuristic filament continues to intensify its influence internationally. Through conflict and danger, the spirits compel bold leaders across seas, forests and jungle. Deception lurks as advanced elemental and inter-dimensional energies forge an extraordinary solution. Follow virtuous forces struggling to lift civilization and save humanity.

Filament III, Amorphicity, the adventure expands internationally and inter-dimensionally. The assigned action team and family guests delight at the spectacular wedding in Africa. Cryptic confusing altercations at home demand tough personal choices. Time and space, the nature of matter and anti-matter, describe the paradigm as a Red Menace imperils the future. The heroic couple face a cosmic challenge to gamble countless lives and move a desperate world facing the ultimate finale. Success is imperative as Dr. Allen and Veronika must execute split-second timing and a forced, heartfelt separation. Love may be lost but never forsaken. Can they count on a second chance?



Red Roxy Rules

Dr. Alan Paris

Red Roxy reveals wild exploits in time and space. A child, wandering a distant planet, she follows her sister, Veronika, to Earth starting a new life. Doomed to die, or sure to succeed, the cosmos confuses, offering a most remarkable remedy.

Red Roxy Rules

By Dr. Alan Paris

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