

*A mud-ugly Mississippi Boy finds deep love and trouble, bringing vengeance on those who hurt his family.*

## **Satan Nicks**

By D. Steven Russel

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D. Steven Russell

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## *Chapter 1*

Satan Nicks was an ugly child. When his mother held him as a baby, no one ever said, "What a beautiful child." Out of kindness, they never said, "What an ugly child."

Satan was born in the sticks outside of Waveland, Mississippi. His Papa, Lucifer Nicks III decided to name him Satan just because he hated his Papa and was tired of the name Lucifer. It was also a decision made by a drunk to humiliate his wife, Adair.

Satan's first memory was that of sweet air and a moonshine still as he waddled around the ole tin shed on their 60-acre farm. He was three.

His second memory was that of sampling moonshine at the age of four. His throat burned and his eyes watered, but the rush of euphoria made him want more all of his born days. Thus began the drinking and perceiving life of Satan Nicks.

His Papa had a supped-up 47 Chevy that he used to run moonshine and outrun the cops. Sometimes Satan would ride with him and stick his head out the window to feel 130 miles per hour wind hit his face and hand. The trip always ended up in New Orleans, where Satan sat in a whore house and listened to Papa laugh and sample the load of pint jars that he had delivered. Satan didn't know what a moral dilemma was as Papa waltzed upstairs with a laughing woman and took his pleasure. Papa would give Satan a pint of shine to sip on while he sipped on a whore. Satan was seven.

By the fourth grade, Satan was such a troublemaker that he found himself constantly suspended from school—fights, cussing, throwing books at the teacher, hitting the principal.

His Papa would beat him within an inch of his life, but Satan just couldn't get his mind right. He didn't know how to read or write, so Papa finally took him out of school and put him to work on the farm. Satan was nine.

At 13, the ole man gave Satan his first whore. She showed him what to do as he shot his rocks on her dress and then got another woody immediately. At that age he lived with a constant woody. He always looked forward to New Orleans with a fervor that consumed him from that date. It was his birthday, August 20<sup>th</sup>, 1955.

Satan's main job was growing corn and harvesting it. He made crack corn for his Papa's still and, ultimately mixed and fermented it for processing. His Papa did the dangerous work of handling the firebox and distilling the shine into a thirty-gallon tank for conversion to pint jars for market. Satan snuck and helped himself to the moonshine. He was drunk most days.

When Papa got stopped by a cop on that rare occasion, he bribed his way out of arrest with a case of moonshine and a handsome wad of money. Cops—with this preferred manner of transport—got to know Lucifer and ultimately stopped chasing him, in favor of routine monthly payments. It saved Papa from high-speed chases and became a cost of doing business.

Satan always wondered—with all that money that Papa was making—why they lived in a shack with no electric and no inside toilet. Even the whore houses had these amenities. Papa said that neither Satan nor his mother needed to worry about these matters.

As Satan was walking in the woods one day, he found a large patch of fern-looking plants about eight feet tall. There had to be a couple of acres of them. When he asked his Papa

about them, the ole man scolded Satan and told him NEVER to tell anyone about these things.

Later, Papa cut these ferns and refined them by putting leaves into one-pound bags wrapped in clear plastic. They took these bags—95 of them—to the whore house with their next load of corn liquor. Satan was amazed by the wad of money that Papa got for the bags. It was far more than he got for the moonshine.

On another day, as Satan meandered through the woods, he found a man hanging on a tree. His hands were tied behind his back and his neck was stretched to about double the length of a normal neck. Satan was terrified and ran home to tell Papa.

“Papa, I found a man hanging on a tree in the middle of our property. He’s just hanging there with his hands tied behind his back, and he stinks. There are flies all over him. I’m afraid, Papa. What do we do...call the Sheriff?”

Papa looked as he looked when a batch of moonshine was ready for market. He was unusually honest.

“He’s a government man, Satan. We had to kill him or he’d have taken me and Uncle Jed to prison. We couldn’t allow that. I’ll go bury him this afternoon. You go and dig a grave to put him in, and if you EVER tell anyone about this, I’ll hang *you*. Do you understand?” Papa’s eyes burned with hellfire.

Satan nodded his head and grabbed the shovel to dig a grave. He put it on top of the hill where the dirt was not as rocky—surrounded by trees. He was old enough to understand what a government man and a grave were, and he became a man that day.

As Satan and Papa lowered the man to the ground and tossed him in the grave, Satan gagged and puked from the

sight and the smell. Papa laughed and Satan wondered who his Papa was...really. What kind of a man could do this thing and laugh about it?

A week later, the Sheriff and a couple of men who identified themselves as “Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs” showed up to inquire if Papa had seen a man named Jim Johnson. They didn’t seem to care about the moonshine still and Papa had no bags of fern harvested. They said that the man was searching the county for “marijuana” and that they weren’t accusing Papa—who most everyone regarded as a “good man”, of any wrong doing; they were just wondering if Papa and Uncle Jed had seen him.

“Jim Johnson? Why, yeah, the man came by for a drink of water, but ended up drinking a pint of shine with us. He seemed like a real nice feller. So, he was a government man, huh?”

“He was. We’re with the BNDD, and Jim was too. We normally run around in pairs, but we decided to fan out so we could cover more ground. You don’t grow any weed, do you?”

Papa smiled that phony smile that Satan had seen before, and answered, “Hell no! We’re moonshiners, plain and simple, and we have a good understanding with the Sheriff. I think that drugs are the Devil’s work and we have no use for them...right, Jed?”

Jed smiled that hillbilly smile that was his normal smile. “Hell yes. That’s right, Lucifer...the Devil’s work.”

The men looked at Satan as though he was irrelevant, but Satan turned red. This caused the men to address him.

“Is that all true, Boy?”

Satan turned from red to purple. “That’s right.”

The men studied his face and quickly concluded that he was turning red because he was such an ugly person and, thus, embarrassed when anyone looked at him. Satan saw that in their eyes.

“Well, thank y’all. Let us know if you hear anything. Jim’s obviously the victim of foul play. We’ll find out what happened eventually.”

“Would you fellers like a pint before you go?” Papa was obviously hoping that they would refuse, though only someone like Satan and Uncle Jed would notice that.

“We’ll take one for the road if that’s ok, but we need to get going.” All three men smiled.

“Three pints of the finest shine in the state of Mississippi,” Papa said, grinning. “Three for the road.”

The men shook hands with Papa and Uncle Jed and walked off holding a pint of moonshine each. They glanced at Satan, but didn’t acknowledge him in leaving. He was not that important. If they only knew what he could tell them, he wouldn’t be so irrelevant. He felt defiant, as he had in school. That was the day that he realized his contempt for anyone in authority.



## *Chapter 2*

By 15, Satan was fully grown. He was 5' 4" tall and weighed 118 pounds. When added to an elongated egg-shaped face, balding hair, and a mouth that looked toothless, he was uglier than when he was a baby. His insecurity was offset—or enhanced by—a volatile temper and a desire to fight anyone who looked at him funny. He guzzled moonshine and smoked pot to feel relief, and his Papa didn't care. It was part of being a man.

Fortunately, Satan didn't go to school, and remained illiterate. Going to school would have yielded a bumper crop of boys to fight with. Being on the farm kept him from other people, and his fights were around the whore house where Papa sold his wares. Satan was a buzz saw, which resulted in his winning every fight, no matter how mean or big his opponent was. He became renowned for this gift...or curse. It made him feel like someone who attained beauty through his fists. Each time he bloodied an opponent, his confidence grew and he felt a little more handsome. Whores seemed attracted to him, and Papa didn't complain when Satan got a freebie.

By now, Papa gave Satan \$50 a month for his work around the farm. He spent \$40 of it every month on weekly trips to the whore house, though he sometimes spent only \$20 on \$10 whores who gave him a couple of freebies per month.

Soon, Satan found himself attracted to a whore named Nancy Sue, a girl who was 16 and stood a head taller than Satan. They would talk and then fuck, lying together after sex and talking about their lives. Satan soon asked only for Nancy Sue and found himself falling in love with her—if

what he felt was love and not just animal attraction. He understood that, with her trade, she was fucking other guys, but he didn't care.

Nearly a year after Satan had turned 16, Nancy Sue wept and told him that she was pregnant. He was somewhere between devastated and excited as he pondered the news. Over Papa's protests, Satan asked Nancy Sue to marry him. She cried and protested, saying that she didn't know who the father was. Satan didn't care.

Satan was 17 when he and Nancy Sue got married under a 200-year-old live oak on Papa's farm. The wedding was attended by Papa, Satan's mother, Uncle Jed and a dozen whores. At the wedding, Nancy Sue's water broke and Mama joined two whores in delivering the baby in Satan's single-wide bed.

Despite the fact that Nancy Sue was as ugly as Satan, the baby was a little girl, as beautiful as any baby ever born in Mississippi. Satan immediately knew that the child was not his, but found himself able to feel love greater than he knew was possible. He wept as he watched the child take her first breath and he immediately kissed Nancy Sue on the forehead. Satan had a family. Satan was in love. Satan was a man.

Papa gave Satan and Nancy Sue an adjoining 60 acres for their wedding present. Satan knew at that moment that Papa was wealthy and that he had a heart of gold. Papa and Mama were excited beyond measure to have a grandchild. Papa became a grandpa. Mama became a grandma. It was the first time in Satan's life that life was beautiful and filled with joy, not starvation and brutality.

The land that Papa gave them had a cabin akin to their own, and had a windmill for water. It had no indoor toilet and an outhouse that had a crescent moon cut into each side. The

outhouse was nicer than the cabin, but Satan and Nancy Sue had ample furnishings, including the king-sized bed that Nancy Sue had used in the whore house.

Satan felt like fighting because of all the men who had lain with Nancy Sue on the bed, but just looking at Nancy Sue made him feel only love, so the anger passed without words. The whores had also given Satan and Nancy Sue a crib for baby Tee Ann, where Satan and Nancy Sue spent every spare moment watching her sleep and coo.

Satan built a still and planted some pot. Papa didn't care that Satan competed with him, because his demand had outgrown his supply. Satan, however, didn't have a passion for these things like Papa did. He soon found himself bored with stilling and growing, so sought other work.

One of Papa's (and now Satan's) best briberies was the Sheriff of their county, so when Satan asked him for a job, the Sheriff hired him. He was now an illiterate Deputy Sheriff. Nancy Sue continued to distill corn liquor and grow marijuana.

With a third-grade education, Satan could read and write enough to handle traffic tickets, simple reports, and the like. Plus, because Papa had taught him to drive, and he could fight like a cougar, he had no problem running down and subduing violators. He tended, with his temperament, to beat a few offenders more than the Sheriff liked, but "what the hell" concluded the Sheriff, they were breaking the law. Nancy continued to pay the Sheriff bribes to allow their second income. All was well.

The Sheriff, other Deputies, and townsfolk began to call Satan, Sate—Sate Nicks. He liked the pun. It gave him a freedom from the sense of evil that townsfolk and kids at school had always mocked. Now, he was just a guy with a

name, a respectable career, and a good family. He was getting mellower with the stress of being the village idiot subsiding. He even knew the word “subsiding” as he began to read and write more.

On a Saturday afternoon, during a routine traffic stop, the passenger of a car put a bullet in Sate’s chest. He was able to crawl back to his patrol car and radio for help.

The next thing Satan remembered was waking up in Baptist Hospital in New Orleans. His wife was at his side with a grim face and tears in her eyes.

“We thought we had lost you, Satan.”

“Whaa...What happened?” He couldn’t comprehend or remember the shooting.

“You were shot, Satan. Some guys—and you had written down their plate—shot you.”

“Why...Who were they?”

“Let’s just say that the NOPD and Sheriff Parker hunted them down and didn’t give them a chance of a fair trial. They were killed in a gun battle in New Orleans East.”

The pain was covered with morphine, so Sate felt good enough to leave, and rose to get his uniform. The Sheriff, who was at his side, put his hand on Sate’s chest and pressed him back into the bed.

“You’ll be here at least another week, Sate, and, besides, we’ll have to get you another uniform. Your old one has a bullet hole in it, not counting the blood.”

“Why did the guy shoot me?”

“I don’t know, but he’ll never shoot anyone else. He was tied to at least two other murders in New Orleans, and as Lieutenant Brinks said...” “Good riddance.”

“How will I pay for all of this?”

“You have Workers Comp, Sate. Workers Comp will pay for everything.”

“That’s good. That’s...good.”

“Just relax and get well, Deputy. You’re a hero.”

“A hero? I got myself shot.”

“No, you wrote down the plate and gave us a description of the assailants—including their tattoos—so you’re a damn hero. Basically, you got two murderers off the street.”

“I don’t remember any of that.”

“Well, you did it.”

When Satan returned to the office, and though there were only three other deputies, applause and shouting broke out akin to a Saints game. The Sheriff presented Sate with a new .9 mm Glock and the secretary gave him a kiss on the cheek.

“I don’t deserve any of this. I managed to get shot; that’s all.”

“We’re glad to have you back, Sate. Maybe you can run for Sheriff when I retire.”

“I’m dumb as a rock.”

“No, you’re uneducated, and your reading and writing are improving by the day. I’d rather you’d get elected than ole Willard Smart. He’s a stupid son of a bitch with a politician’s heart. People remember a hero.” Satan could see that the Sheriff was serious.

“I don’t know...what to say.”

“I have about two years left, Sate, and I’ll put all of my political weight behind you.” The other deputies didn’t look jealous; they looked excited. That surprised Sate.

“With my skills, I won’t live that long,” Satan joked.

“You’re made of gristle.”

*Satan Nicks*

“Well, off to the road,” bellowed one of the deputies. “We have moonshiners and pot growers to bust.” He winked at Satan.

“Off to bust the evil ones,” winked Sate. “Off to bust the traffic violators.”

## *Chapter 3*

Satan was 26 when he was elected County Sheriff. Out of gratitude, he and his Papa continued to pay his predecessor a monthly fee for their moonshine and pot. It only seemed fair. The DEA was held at bay, given that local law enforcement was in charge of drug running. It was good for Satan and Nancy Sue. All of the deputies also grew pot and sold it in New Orleans. Each man overlooked the other's felonies.

Satan was not a religious man, but one day a traveling preacher set up a tent outside of town and held three days of revival. Nancy Sue insisted that Satan go, so they went on Saturday night.

The preacher preached long and passionately about Christ and a loving God who forgave sins and loved their children. Satan felt a warmth flow through his body as the preacher spoke of the Holy Spirit as a comforter on earth to those who believed. After his preaching, he invited those who felt moved to accept Christ as their Lord and Savior to come to the altar as a public display of their belief. Satan came forward.

“My son, are you willing to confess with your mouth before these witnesses that you accept Christ in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost?”

“I am.”

“Then, turn towards those who sit here tonight and confess it.”

Satan felt embarrassed, but he turned to the audience and spoke his new belief.

“I feel the presence of the Holy Spirit and confess my salvation by the blood of Jesus Christ. I am saved.”

The audience cheered and clapped to see Satan do this thing, and he felt a connection with the people that he had never felt before.

When Satan returned home, he quit distilling moonshine and stopped harvesting his pot. Within a month the old Sheriff dropped by.

“Sate, you didn’t bring me any money for this month. What happened?”

“I got saved and selling moonshine and pot just doesn’t jive with my new faith in Jesus.”

“But, Sate, I need that money to survive in my retirement. What will I do?”

Satan pondered the dilemma and reached the conclusion that there was a greater good in selling shine and pot. The Sheriff had been so good to him that he could not cut off his income, so he decided to reenter the business.

“I’ll start up my still and keep selling pot so that I do not hurt you in your retirement, Sheriff. Now, though, I’ll give you 40% of the income and not just 10%. That will no doubt be pleasing to the Lord.”

“Sate, you shouldn’t...”

“It is the only way that I can justify it to the Lord.”

“Well, God bless you, Sate. You are a truly good man—though I already knew that.”

Even with 60% of the income, Satan was making a fortune. He installed an indoor toilet with a septic tank and modernized the house. Nancy Sue and little Tee Ann were elated. He had quit smoking pot, and with his new salvation, kids at school quit making fun of Tee Ann for being the daughter of “a drunk and a whore.” People in the county loved Satan and his family.



Satan and Nancy Sue began to attend small Christian fellowships in homes and he began to know and quote the Bible. These people questioned him about his pot and moonshine business, but understood his desire to take care of the ole Sheriff. They, therefore, forgave it and simply loved Satan as an honorable man. Life was perfect.

Satan had won the first election by 53%, but ran again against Willard Smart and won 93% of the vote. He was a solid member of the community, and his deputies—still growing pot and making moonshine—settled into a life of leisure and security.

The old Sheriff, who was receiving money from Satan and each of his deputies, grew wealthy and lived a life where he traveled to foreign lands via extravagant cruises from New Orleans and Florida. Satan was blessed and knew that he had made the right decision in restarting his pot and moonshine business to take care of the ole Sheriff. He could have produced only enough pot and shine to take care of the Sheriff, but he grew enough for the Sheriff and his family. Satan was becoming wealthy as well.

Then, in an affront against local government, the DEA came and busted Satan and all of his deputies. Willard Smart was behind the assault.

The feds argued that since all of the pot and moonshine was sold in New Orleans, the trials would be in Orleans Parrish. This was a brutal turn of fortune, and Satan plea-bargained for the release of his deputies and went to Angola State Penitentiary.

Willard Smart took advantage of the chaos that he had created and ran for the vacant Sheriff's position, but folks in the county had another idea.

“Nancy Sue, we want you to run for Sheriff.”

“I have no qualifications for the job.”

“You have a county full of people who love you and your husband.”

“I’ll have to discuss it with Sate.”

Nancy went to Angola and added money to Satan’s prison account, whereupon she discussed the idea of becoming Sheriff. Satan was elated.

“Honey, I think that is the Lord’s way of doing justice. I know in my heart that it is His will. Go and do it.”

“But, apart from watching you do the job, I have no skills for the position.”

“Don’t worry about it. The deputies know what to do and Jeannie, the secretary, knows how to run the thing on autopilot. All you have to do is build a budget and learn on the job. Jeannie knows how to do all of that, and she loves you. Run against that evil son of a bitch, Willard Smart, and beat the piss out of him.”

When Nancy Sue returned home, she went to the mayor of the town—her key supporter—and told him that she would run.

The campaign was brutal. Willard Smart threw mud and called Mrs. Nicks everything but a white woman. She was low key and talked about having a professional Sheriff’s department, free of politics. She could have talked about pigs wearing wristwatches and won. She won by 81% of the vote. Not the least of her supporters was those who attended church gatherings with her. They all loved her and Satan.

Nancy Sue and Jeannie became instant friends. All of the deputies already loved her. Learning the job was a walk in the park.

Because she was a tall woman, offenders respected her presence and gave her little grief. Deputies watched over her

as though they were King David's Mighty Men. She stopped growing pot and brewing moonshine, though all of the deputies remained in the business—though low key. They all picked up Satan's portion of payments to the old Sheriff out of respect for him and Satan. It was as though Satan was still the Sheriff, but commuting from Angola.

Nancy Sue went to visit Satan whenever she could. It was a long drive, but she missed him with all her heart and needed to give him updates on the Sheriff's department. She sought his counsel on items that troubled her. He, though theoretically uneducated, was a brilliant man at the law and a brilliant administrator.

Satan was in jail for a 10 to 15-year stretch, with the possibly of parole after four years. To fill the time, he read every book that he could get his hands on. Specifically, he read law books and became a jailhouse lawyer, helping many prisoners.

Because he was a lawman, the prisoners held Satan at an arms-length when he first got to jail, but revered him when they found out that he was in prison for being a pot grower. His small size and ugly countenance helped him stay out of trouble, though he kicked the shit out of far bigger men when he first got to prison. The prisoners liked the name Sate Nicks.

Satan was a redneck who didn't like blacks, and he soon joined the Aryan Brotherhood. They were glad for all of the money that Satan's wife put on his account, though Satan made plenty of money selling dope to inmates.

Then the day came when Satan had to earn his stripes.

"Sate, there's a nigger named Leroy Hicks that is cutting into our business and trying to take over the drug trade in our territory. You need to shank him."

Satan felt a tingle of fear and pre-remorse in his stomach, but agreed to do the job. He had to if he wanted to remain in the Brotherhood.

One day, as Leroy was walking to the food line, Satan stabbed a composite shank into the man's heart and walked nonchalantly away, shuffling ahead in the food line among his Aryan brothers.

The guards knew that Satan had done it, but couldn't prove anything. Besides, Leroy Hicks was a violent man who pushed dope and killed adversaries, so it was no loss to them. The matter was dropped without proper investigation as an unsolved murder.

Satan continued to file appeals for prisoners and got at least a dozen of them out of prison. He was amazed by how many innocent men were in jail. Everyone claimed to be innocent, but probably 10% of them really were innocent.

Time passed quickly and he was released from jail after four years. When his wife got him, his first stop was at a deputy's farm to drink moonshine and smoke some dope. All of the deputies met him and Nancy Sue there and had a drunken party like none that had ever happened in the county. His daughter was there and he couldn't stop holding her. She had grown into a perfect little lady during his time in prison. He was the proudest father ever.

"Daddy, why have you been in jail all of these years?"

"Daddy broke the law, Baby."

"But, how? How did you break the law?"

"Daddy was selling things to people...bad things to people."

"Why did you do that, Daddy?"

Satan was stumped that she kept pressing the issue.

"Because Daddy needed money, Tee Ann."

“Why did you need money?”

“We needed money so that we could live in our house.”

“The kids in school said that you were selling pot. What’s pot, Daddy?”

“Pot is a thing that makes people feel good.”

“If it makes people feel good, then why is it bad?”

“Because bad men don’t want people to feel good.”

“What bad men?”

“Men from the evil place. Government men.”

“Ok.”

It was obvious that Tee Ann understood the concept of “government” and that amazed him. Maybe his daughter understood many things beyond the simple.

“Where did you learn the word “Government?”

“In school.”

“How are you doing in school?”

“I’m the smartest girl in the class.”

“Your daddy was dumb as a rock.”

“You’re not now.”

“I’ve learned a lot.”

“What was it like in jail?”

“It’s not a good place to be.”

“Did they hurt you there?”

“Yes, they hurt me.”

“Did you have to fight?”

“Yes, I had to fight.”

“Did you win your fights?”

“Most of them.”

Nancy Sue walked up and interrupted their conversation.

“What are you talking about?”

Tee Ann, being the confident and aggressive one, answered.

“We’re talking about pot and why Daddy went to jail. He said that people hurt him there.”

“Why would you discuss that?” Nancy Sue looked irritated.

“Because Tee Ann asked me. She was curious.”

“Oh. Well, I really don’t want you to discuss it...least of all today. This is a party day. This is a day to welcome you home.”

“I’m sorry, Baby.”

Tee Ann, ever the kind one, jumped in.

“We were discussing it because I asked Daddy about it.”

“Well, let’s not talk about it further.”

It was obvious that words like “discuss” and “further” were normal words in Nancy Sue and Tee Ann’s conversations, and that amazed Satan.

“You know a lot of big words, Tee Ann.”

“Momma teaches me them.”

“Well, you’re obviously very smart.”

“I am. I told you that I am the smartest girl in school.”

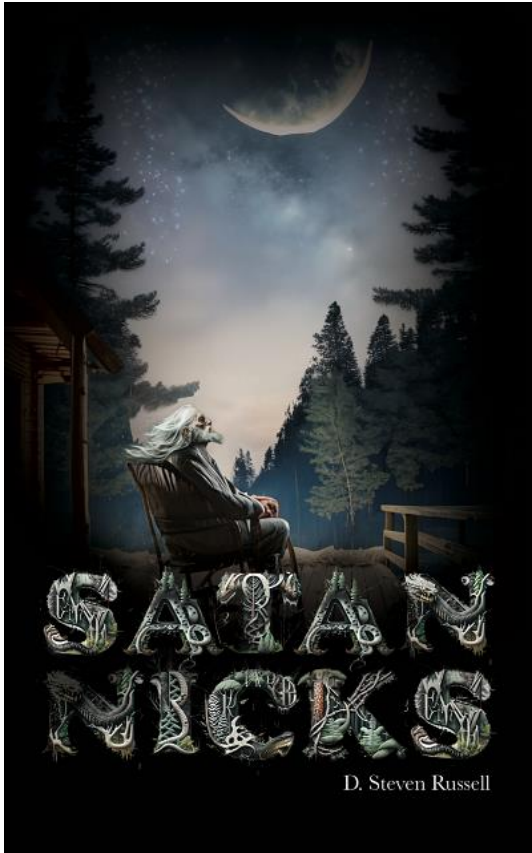
“How do they treat you in school?” Satan was worried that they treated her poorly because of his pot growing and time in prison.

“They treat me great. People love you and Momma, Daddy. They think that you and Momma are great Sheriffs.”

Tee Ann’s mind wandered.

*Daddy must wonder how I’m smart when he doesn’t think he and Momma are smart. But I am smart. I love playing on the farm. I love our little house. It’s cool. I like to look at the moonshine still, though I don’t think Daddy knows that I know what it is. I love the tall green plants that grow out by the creek and I love the creek. It’s pretty. I love school. Someday, I’ll be the Sheriff. I’m smart and the kids like me.*

*Someday I'll be Sheriff. People tell me that I'm pretty. I think I am because people tell me that I am. I can paint things. I could paint the green plants that grow along the creek...and I could paint the creek. I could paint the moonshine still. I think I'll do that. I'm pretty and smart. I'm pretty smart. That's funny. I'm pretty, and smart, and funny. All of the kids tell me that I'm funny. I think that my nose is too big. Maybe people are lying when they say that I'm pretty. Maybe I'm not pretty. There are a lot of kids in town. Some of them have to be smarter than me. Maybe I'm not smart. All of Daddy's friends are laughing. The tall deputy is funny. Maybe I'm not funny. Maybe I'm not pretty, or smart, or funny. Maybe people just say that. Maybe I'm not pretty, or smart, or funny. I would be ugly, and stupid, and boring if I'm not pretty, and smart, and funny. Maybe I'm ugly, and dumb, and boring. Maybe people are just being nice to me. I don't know. Now I feel stupid. Maybe people just say that because they don't want me to feel bad. They like my Daddy and my Momma, so maybe people just say those things to make me feel good. Maybe I'm ugly and stupid and boring.*



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