

# THE CRONE

— Book One —



J. M. Smith

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Book One

JM Smith



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# CHAPTER 1

## The Big Move

Huddled under the king-sized bed in the master bedroom, Bradlee, an eight-pound blonde Morkie, and his sidekick, a four-pound toy Yorkie, hid nestled together like two peas in a pod, curiously watching the hustle and bustle of shuffling feet, as each piece of furniture was carried away, leaving empty spaces all around them in every room.

Both dogs watched sadly on, as if their world were being swept away. In the family room was sea of packed boxes, ready to be taken out and loaded onto the moving trucks. Amongst the boxes a man's voice calls out "Denie! Denie! I know you can hear me!"

"I'm in my bedroom, Uncle Devon."

"Have you seen the boys?"

"Yes, they are both under the bed in your bedroom."

"Great! Can you keep an eye on them for me, please? And thank you."

"Okay."

Outside, in all the chaos of boxes and furniture that lay in the pathway of the house, a tall man, wearing a brown suit and tie, tries to maneuver his way into the house. Once inside, he immediately ducks, trying so hard to go unseen. His mad dash to the hallway comes to an abrupt halt by Devon, who blocks his getaway.

"Rylan, where have you been? You were supposed to be home hours ago."

"I am so sorry. I got caught up in a meeting over the photos I took for *Slide Magazine*. When I realized how late it was, I did step out and try to call you, but your phone kept rolling over to voicemail."

With a look of immediate panic, Devon says, "My phone! Oh, my god! Where's my phone?"

Placing his arm around Devon and turning him around, Rylan says, "Babe, calm down, we will find your phone."

Rylan walks Devon down the hallway and into the master bedroom. Once inside Rylan guides Devon to the edge of the bed and makes him sit down.

"Sit here for moment and gather yourself together; just breathe."

Just as Devon sits down on the bed, Bradlee and Markie dart out from under his feet and hop onto the bed, both jumping onto Devon's lap. He quickly embraces both dogs with a big hug.

“There you go. Hold the babies.” Both men glance at each other and chuckle.

“Where’s Mom, Devon?”

“She’s in the kitchen, packing. She said she wanted to do it all herself because the movers might break something.!” Both men laugh.

“Where’s Denie?”

“In her room, packing. I hope.”

Taking a deep breath, Devon says, “I have to get back to work.”

Rylan darts into the walk-in closet to change into moving clothes. While walking out of the bedroom, Devon shouts, “Hurry! You have ten minutes, and then I am coming back for you.”

Surveying the packed boxes that line along the wall of the small hallway, Devon notices the door to Denie’s room was cracked open, so he decides to check in on her packing progress. He softly knocks on the door

“Who is it?”

“Uncle Devon. May I come in?”

“Yes, you may.”

Entering the room, Devon notices all the empty boxes. Looking around he sees his seventeen-year-old niece seated on the floor at the foot of her bed, surrounded by all her dolls. Looking back at him sat a raven-haired beauty with big, blue eyes, fair skin, and a big, welcoming smile. Devon, returning the smile, knowingly, is very patient with Denie because she is a special needs child, so he approaches her with a gentle manner.

“May I have seat next you, your highness? I came to see how the royal packing was coming along.”

Devon and Denie always played fantasy. This made for a close bond between the two. Doing this Devon could always get Denie to start talking when she had problems.

“Uncle Devon, I don’t want to leave.”

“And why not, sweetheart?”

Denie leans over and places her head on Devon’s shoulder. “I love my house.”

Placing his arm around Denie, Devon says, “Well, I think you and all your friends are just going to love the new house. You can have a room next to Nana, and we can decorate it any way you want. Think of it as a new adventure.”

“No, still not leaving,” Denie sighed.

“Oh, but wait! We can plant your own magical garden in the back yard. Think of all the wonderful tea parties you can have in your very own garden. I think your royal subjects will love it, as well.”

“A real, magical garden?” Denie asks.

“Yes! And if we are real lucky, maybe a couple of fairies will move in.”

“Okay! Uncle Devon, I better get packing.”

With a sigh of relief and feeling of frustrations from trying to keep everyone on schedule,

Devon heads for the door, and before leaving her room, he blurts out, “I will be back in a bit, your highness, to check on your packing progress.”

Entering the kitchen, Devon was pleased to see vacant counter tops and empty cupboards. Taking a sigh of relief while looking around, he mumbles to himself, "Everything but the kitchen sink." Turning to walk out of the kitchen, he catches a box moving by itself. Slowly walking toward the moving boxes, he says, "Hello, is someone there?" Turning the corner at that very moment, he confronts another body coming around the same direction. Both let out a loud scream and step back, clutching their chest. As they catch a glimpse of one another, fright turns to laughter. "Ma, you scared me!"

"Oh, Dey, you scared me!" Slapping her son on the arm, Maggie Paretti was Devon's mother, a five-foot Italian woman, and at seventy years, was a spitfire of a lady. Her graying hair was combed back nicely into a bun, and her personality was as big as her smile that lit up any room she was in. Still laughing, Maggie says, "I was labeling all the boxes and didn't hear you! "Don't do that again! You're gonna kill me."

Maggie continues, "Dey, are you sure everything is gonna fit in the new kitchen?"

"Yes! In fact, I measured it myself, Ma, and you will be happy to know a couple of days ago, I had both storage units emptied and all your furniture sent to the new house."

"You are such a good son, Dey!" Maggie says, pinching Devon's cheek.

"Thanks, Ma. I better go check on the movers."

Turning to exit the kitchen, he was interrupted by a rushing Rylan, bursting through the kitchen door.

"Oops! I thought you were outside."

Ducking his way past Devon, he says, "Hi, Ma" and kisses Maggie on the cheek.

"Hi, Rylie, are you hungry?"

"Of course!" answers Rylan, who never turned down Maggie's cooking.

"Good. Sit down, and I will serve you."

Shaking his head in disbelief, Devon heads to exit the kitchen.

"Dey! You come and eat!" Maggie shouts.

"No, Ma, I'm not hungry. Besides, I don't have time."

Back in Denie's room, she is steadily packing and has already filled most of her empty boxes. Saving her dolls for last, she carefully lays one on top of the next till the box was full. The last doll to be packed was very special to her. The doll's name was Patrina; it was a newborn doll that was a gift for her second birthday from her birth mother. Reaching across the bed to pick up Patrina, the doll moved from her reach. Denie quickly pulls back and says, "Patrina, be a good girl."

Reaching again slowly, Patrina rolled away from Denie's reach, tumbling to the floor on the other side of the bed. Rushing quickly to where Patrina lay on the floor and picking up the doll, Denie says, "Patrina, are you okay? Did you hurt yourself?"

As Denie examines her doll, the room is filled with a strong wind that rushes

over her, filling the room with a strong scent of roses. Looking around the room and noticing that the window was closed, Denie giggles and says, “Patrina, you silly girl.”

By 11:00am, the final box and last piece of furniture had been loaded on to the moving trucks. Devon moved frantically from room to empty room, making sure not a thing was missed or left behind. All the family members followed him in suit. The family gathers at the foyer of the house, as each one took their time to look around and say good-bye to their empty home.

Devon steps in front of the family to face them, and says solemnly, “Well, gang! It’s time to go! Mom, can you take Denie and the boys to the car, please? I would like a moment with Rylan.”

“Of course; come on, kids, let’s go get situated in the car.”

Now alone the two men walk around the empty front room. Breaking the silence, Devon says, “It seems like yesterday when we bought this house.”

“Yeah, it does. We were both so young, with our whole lives in front of us.”

“Devon, I am really going to miss this place.”

“Me, too; this house holds a lot of fond memories. Remember, Ry, when we first brought

Denie home?”

“Yeah, I do.”

Looking at Rylan, Devon says, “Are you ready to go start the next chapter in our lives?”

Both men grab each other’s hands and walk out the front, closing the door behind them.



# About the Author

JM SMITH is an American born Author who specializes in the Paranormal Genre.

Born and raised in Southern California he now resides happily in Las Vegas Nevada with his Husband of 14 years and their two small dogs. He is also the proud father of two adult children and one granddaughter who all reside back home in Southern California.

At a very young age JM was terrorized by unseen and unknown entities. He would be awakened in the middle of the night by phantom foot steps walking the hallway to his room. As he grew older JM would experience his bed shaking violently. He was also pinched, pushed, and touched by what he could explain as cold clawed hands. As a teenager he experienced doors opening and closing by when no one else was around, dishes being thrown from a dish rack and appliances turning off and on by themselves.

At the age of eighteen after Graduating high school he moved away from his childhood home that terrorized him for most of his life. He thought he would be leaving that all behind but that was not the case. As an adult JM has built his own self defense against these occurrences and is still in a constant battle between good and evil.

JM Smith has turned the tables sort of speaks and uses his experiences in his writings. Although he is still extremely frightened of the unknown he faces each episode headstrong with a vengeance and challenges as to who? What? And why? These episodes occur.

The Crone Book Series written one four Books. Is his first release. The storyline is rich with paranormal scare on every page. The Crone series offers a new face to the Paranormal Genre. The evil Crone was actually a real person JM knew as a child. How she is described in the book is how she really looked and was also well over 110 in age. She was a Nieghbor of his grandparents. JM used his four year old perception of her for the book series.