



A Noble Cause

An Honorable Man Will Uphold a Noble Cause

NORMA JEAN LUTZ

A Noble Cause

*An Honorable Man
Will Uphold a Noble Cause*

A Young Adult Novel

Norma Jean Lutz

A Noble Cause:

An Honorable Man Will Uphold a Noble Cause

Paperback: 978-1-947397-01-9

Digital: 978-1-947397-02-6

Copyright ©2021 by NUWSLink, Inc. and Norma Jean Lutz.

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical, or other means, now known or hereafter invented is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, NUWSLink, Inc., 8703-R North Owasso Expressway, Ste. 143, Owasso, OK 74055

All of the characters in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

Also by Norma Jean Lutz

The Tulsa Series

Tulsa Tempest

Tulsa Turning

Tulsa Trespass

Return to Tulsa

Norma Jean Lutz Classic Collection

Flower in the Hills

Tiger Beetle at Kendallwood

Rockin' Into Romance

Oklahoma Exile

Forever is Over

Lingering Dreams

Teen Adventure Novel

Brought to You By The Color Drab

Acknowledgments

It's good to have close friends who have access to the information necessary to add credibility to a novel.

Thanks to Mandy Parker who knows what a fertilizer plant looks like and how it operates. (And how it smells.)

Thanks to Louna Coleman who knows how a child might react after taking prescription meds.

Any lack of credibility is my responsibility and not due to the information related by these kind friends.



In the beginning days of the creation of *A Noble Cause*, Jaden's name was not Jaden. He became Jaden due to a fine young man by that name who happened to come into my life. Thank you Jaden Haught. And blessings to the wonderful Haught family.



...the noble make noble plans, and by noble deeds they stand.
Isaiah 32:8 NIV



Dedicated to the Hubers. My loves.

Will, Rhonda,

Elisabeth Nichole,

Matthew Alexander (Max,)

Ethan Zane



Chapter 1

Jaden stared for a moment at the black, snaky spring that held the screen door tightly shut. With great precision, he pushed the door as wide as he could and stepped out. Then he let 'er fly—satisfied with the powerful slam! Beautiful.

He was almost down the back-porch steps before he heard his mother yell, “Jaden! Don’t slam that screen door. How many times do I have to tell you? Jaden?”

Jaden smirked, gave a satisfied grunt, and kept on walking. She was right on cue. Like he was worried? What was she going to do? Ground him?

He walked across the yard which was made up of scanty patches of grass in a sea of reddish-brown dirt, to the barbed wire fence that separated their place from a vast stretch of pastureland. Careful to avoid the pointy barbs, he climbed up on the fence and rested against the splintery fence post. Shading his eyes, he stared out at all the nothingness. Never had he seen so much nothingness.

So, what would his mom ground him from since there was absolutely nothing to do here?

Oh yeah. Maybe she'd ground him from his skateboard. That had been her favorite one when they lived in Detroit. *Sorry Mom, but that little form of punishment flat out doesn't work here.* The skateboard had been shoved to the back of the closet in the tiny room that was designated as *his* bedroom.

And anyway, what would he skateboard on? The nearest asphalt was about eight miles away. And the only concrete within a wide radius of his present location was the floor of the brick well house. Whatever the heck a well house was. Jaden had no idea. He'd heard Uncle Burley Jack say something to Dad that it had to do with the water system. It looked more like an outhouse. Or at least it looked like what Jaden imagined an outhouse *might* look like. He'd never seen one or used one.

Out past the nothingness, off in the distance, wooded hills rose up out of the flat prairie. Weird. Just weird. Flat nothingness with a few clusters of trees, a pond—oh and cows, can't forget cows—and then the towering hills. Locals called them mountains, but Jaden and his family had vacationed in Colorado once. Now *those* were mountains.

The revving of Claude Lee's three-wheeler, accompanied by the barking

of his coonhound, Ragnor, snapped Jaden out of his thoughts. Of all the things he didn't need right at that

moment was his mouthy, know-it-all cousin hanging around. The dust cloud rising from the gravel road showed he was still a few minutes away.

How could he make himself scarce? Jaden glanced around. The well house? Naw. Too closed in. He'd get claustrophobic. Plus, Dad said there were wasp nests in there.

The old barn. That'd have to do. He jumped down from the fence and sprinted to where the weather-beaten structure stood, pulled open the creaking side door and stepped in.

In the week since they'd arrived at the *Shappaway Sheraton*, as Dad had dubbed this property, Jaden swore to himself that he'd never go inside the creepy place, but desperate situations called for desperate measures. The sound of the three-wheeler grew ever louder.

Beams of sunlight squeezed in through the gaping boards, throwing narrow spotlights on the dancing dust motes. Jaden shivered. It was creepy all right.

"That's not a barn," his mom had corrected them the night they arrived. "It's an old machine shed." Like it mattered. But Beverly Walsh-Cavell should know. After all, she grew up on the Walsh place—in this God-forsaken country—just down the road a few miles. The *gravel* road, that is.

Now Jaden heard the three-wheeler shut down and heard Claude Lee yelling. “Hey Aunt Beverly! You in there?”

So where else would she be, you moron? We only have one vehicle and Dad drives it to work.

Jaden stepped through the soft dirt over to where he could peer through a gap in the boards and watch the goings on. Dust tickled his nose forcing him to rub it with the palm of his hand.

He could see his mom walking down the driveway to where Claude Lee—all one-hundred-eighty pounds of him—sat astride the bright yellow three-wheeler. Of course, Claude Lee says it not a three-wheeler at all. “It’s an ATC,” he says. ATC meaning *all-terrain cycle*. Jaden became privy to that incredibly important piece of information the day after they arrived.

Whoa! Big deal. Sorry Mr. Claude Lee, that no one knows what to call your oversized, motorized tricycle! What a crime. So, have us all arrested.

And that was followed with all the accompanying mindless information from the obnoxious cousin: “Yeah, this here’s a Honda 90 K3. A ’76—this year’s model. Daddy drove me over to Fort Smith and we bought it right off the lot. Daddy’s making a lot of extra bonus money at the plant, you know.”

Sure thing cuz. Thanks for reminding me that your old man is making bonus money. Just what I wanted to know.

“Hey Aunt Beverly,” Claude Lee was saying. “Where’s Jaden? I wanna know if he wants to go riding with Luther and me.”

His mom’s voice came floating to Jaden on the still air. “Not now, Claude Lee. It’s almost suppertime. Russ will be home from work in just a little while.”

Five-year-old Ginny chose that moment to fly out the front door and run to her mama’s side. Beverly reached out and pulled her close.

“Uncle Russ’ll be a smidge late tonight, Aunt Beverly,” Claude Lee said in his always-knows-everything Okie twang. “Daddy and them’s loading a lot of barrels this evening. Uncle Russ’ll probably be pulled in to help load.”

As Claude Lee talked, Jaden could see his cousin glancing around the place as though he expected to see Jaden jump out from behind a bush. If there had been a bush, that is.

Ragnor sat on his haunches, patiently waiting with his tongue lolling out the side of his mouth. The hound sported a white body with black speckles, a black splotch on his side, a brown face and dark brown ears. Jaden couldn’t imagine there being an uglier dog anywhere. Would Ragnor come and sniff him out? It wasn’t as if he was a treed coon. Hopefully, he was safe.

His mother pulled the dish towel from off her shoulder and twisted it in her hands. “Anyway, Russ says those things are too dangerous.” She waved the towel toward Claude Lee and his beloved ATC. “He really doesn’t want Jaden riding it.”

“Aw it’s okay, Aunt Beverly. I’m a really safe driver.”

Yeah sure. Jaden had already gotten a glimpse of his cousin’s *safe* ATC driving. Scary. Very scary.

“All the same, I’d rather abide by his father’s wishes. But thanks for coming by.” His mom reached down to take Ginny’s hand and turned to go.

“You’re coming over to the house to play dominos this evening ain’t you?” Claude Lee called after her.

“Probably not,” came the answer.

“Mama’s gonna be real disappointed.”

Jaden knew that under her breath his mother was saying, *She’ll get over it.* But she turned back around and said, “Tell them thanks anyway.”

Peering between the slats of the shed, Jaden felt his head go light for a moment as he watched this surreal scene. His mind refused to accept this picture—that that was his mother, his beautiful, fun-loving, witty mother standing there in that gravel drive, in front of an old house that hadn’t been lived in for at least five years. She didn’t belong here. Little Ginny with her bouncy mop of brown curls—who still cried every night and begged to

go *home*—didn't belong here. Russell Cavell, the hero of Chrysler's Jefferson Avenue Assembly Plant didn't belong here. And more than any of the others, up-and-coming skateboard champion, Jaden Cavell, definitely did *not* belong here.

The air was again filled with the ear-splitting revving of the three-wheeler and Ragnor's barking. Jaden sank to the dirt floor and sat there, thinking he was going to be sick. He stayed still for a few minutes till the woozy sensation passed, then brushed dust off his jeans and went back in the house.

"Where were you hiding?" his mother said from the kitchen.

"I wasn't hiding," Jaden shot back. "Just wanted to look inside that old machine shed."

"Okay. Whatever you say."

Supper was smelling good. Jaden was amazed this his mother could cook almost as good in this excuse-for-a-kitchen as she had in her up-to-date, ultra-modern kitchen in their house back in Detroit.

Beverly called this one a *one-person kitchen*, so Jaden stopped at the doorway, leaning against it, not wanting to get in her way. She was probably going to be upset that she had everything almost ready and just now learned that Russ was going to be late.

“What wonderful things did you discover in the machine shed?” She turned to look at him.

He shrugged. “Lot of dirt and dust.”

“So. How long are you going to hide from your cousin?”

“So. How long are you going to duck out of playing dominos with the *family*?”

His mother turned to him and smiled, and for a split-second Jaden caught a glimpse of the mother he remembered from before. Before their lives began to crumble like a stale cookie. That fun-loving Beverly who never took any guff off of anyone. “Touché,” she said softly.

Jaden knew it was too good a moment to pass up. It might not come again for who knew how long. He took a breath. “Hey, about school,” he said, then stopped. Bad wording already. Dumb. Dumb. But he plunged on. “Only five weeks left before they’re out for the summer. There’s no sense in going for such a short time. I can make it all up next year. I’m probably ahead of everybody anyway. You know what you’ve always told me. About how backward these schools are out here in the boonies.”

“We’re enrolling you Monday. You’re going to school.”

Jaden felt his face getting hot. He so wanted to discuss this logically, but he could tell that what he wanted didn’t

matter. “I don’t want to ride that stupid bus and I don’t want to go to that hick school.”

With her back to him, his mother held a spatula up in the air wielding it like a weapon. “No discussion. The case is closed. Now go wash the machine-shed dirt off your hands and let’s eat.”

Jaden wanted to ram his fist through the wall. If it bloodied his fist it would feel so good! Instead he said, “I hate this place!” and stomped down the short hallway to the miniature bathroom.

“Yeah, well, just remember,” she called after him, “I hated it long before you came along!”

A Noble Cause



For the rest of Jaden's story—order from Amazon. [Click HERE](#)