

A REALLY BAD BOOK

(ACCORDING TO MY HUSBAND)

(Not Bad like Michael Jackson "Bad" but more like
Megamind "Bad." Although that might be the same song.)

Fudge Recipe

1 can sweetened condensed milk

1 bag chocolate chips

Heat both together in pan until
chocolate melts. Pour into
buttered pan. Eat with spoon

And share with someone you
love

By Ethyl Alkaleen

(Reluctantly ghosted by Trish Mercer)

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Although I really don't know why you'd want to.

All characters in this book are fictitious, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental and extremely unfortunate.

Contact author via website: forestededgebooks.com,
or trishmercer.com,
and she'll send you a formal apology.

Writing is hard.
This took me, like, *days* to write this.
My husband said this was A Really Bad Book.
I asked him if he was sarcastic or ironic.
He said wasn't either.
Go look them up in a word book.

Irregardless, I dedicate this to him.
I suffered greatly for my art.
Now I hope you will too.

Chapter one—the coming darkness of dark

*Oh awake my soul to singing
Oh search my soul for my love
Oh find my soul my long lost half
And let my soul find rest*

Le Admiral Von Sawrong des Raisinettes was mad.

He was kind of a scary looking man, with beady black eyes, not totally black because like no one has totally black eyes, but they were beady, like really big beads you'd use on a fancy dress from the 1970s, but in black.

His nose was sort of regular, with two nostrils, and some hairs hanging out, because guys that age always have hairs hanging out.

His ears were floppy and on the side of his head.

His mouth was covered by hair because he had a moustache that he twisted with that waxy stuff sometimes barons used, even though he was an admiral.

His skin was pinkish, which sounds odd because only girls should be pinkish, but he was pinkish anyway.

He had teeth, kind of dirty, and his hair was brown.

He walked with his legs and wore a uniform of the Galactic Conquerers from the Left Quadrant of the Right Universe.

He was mad.

He was looking for someone that made him mad, and he'd been looking for a long time. So long that battles had been fought, but he missed them because he was looking for that guy. Made him mad.

So that's why he was walking down the street in Des Moines, Iowa.

He didn't find that guy.

CHAPTER TWO—AND THUS, WHAT LUNACY

The wizard was in the tower because that's where wizards always work.

There was a big black cauldron and he was chanting over it.

"Hum dum three pence luvvy hum dum darigold pudding hum," he said.

This went for a quite a while.

He was making a spell.

Chapter Three---Some thoughts on gravity

*Let long the baskets of love be contained
Let long the heartstrings of love be twanged
Let long the winsome fellow swoon
Let long the sweetest maiden croon*

She saw him across the crowded room and new instantly that he was the one for her. But to just run up to him and say so would be kind of awkward, so instead she thought about what to say.

He was staring at her too, and maybe it was because of her ruby rose red cherry lips, or her blue diamond eyes that shone like crystals when the light hits them, or the little pug-dog nose, or her ears that were pretty even, or her hair that was golden like a perfect dye job makes hair golden, not brassy or too white so everyone knows that's not really your real hair dye, but almost natural and not the weird natural of Barbie hair, but actually natural hair.

Her bod was pretty good, too. She looked good in that dress.

She liked the way his eyes kind of did that smolder thing, like that one prince in that animated movie.

His eyes were also brown like fudge and probably just as delicious.

His nose looked like he'd had some zits on it when he was younger, and a few still stayed but might fade away by the time he's 30.

His skin was ok, but he was a guy, so that's kind of normal, and she thought he was kind of cute.

He also looked rich.

Someone said earlier his last name was Luker. "His name is Luker," said the person.

She remembered that often is the same name for money.

His first name was Sky. That would have been better if his eyes were the same blue as hers, but they were brown. So maybe his name should have been something like "Dirt."

Dirt Luker. That was better.

Maybe she could get him to change it. Fudge Luker just sounded dumb.

Suddenly, there he was in front of her. He held a mug of punch in his hands. The red kind, that tastes kind of like old pineapple, and no one really likes to drink it, but you walk around with it to be nice.

But she held a water bottle, and took a sip from her bottle.

"Hi," he said.

"I'm delighted to meet thee," she said.

"What's your name," he said.

"Hermee," she said. "Hermee Ownee."

"That rhymes," he said.

“And dost thou find that amusing, sir?” she said. She sipped her water bottle.

“I guess so,” he said.

“Why art thou here?” she said.

“Cuz I was told to come here,” he said. “Why are you here?” he said.

“It ‘tis the grandest place to be,” she said.

“Forsooth.” She sipped her water bottle.

“Ok,” he said.

Then he said, “Wanna get something to eat?”

“Why thank you, dear gracious man,” she said.

She sipped her water bottle.

They went to get something to eat at that place down the road.

Chapter Four—Songs of Love

*And thus the wheels of time go on
And thus the songs of time drone on
And here comes the darkness of wrath
And here comes the clothing of gath*

His name was the Concludinator. He came from some distant place that really wasn't a distant place but more like a distant time and reality, but really from there.

No one liked him, because he made dead people.

First they were alive. He didn't do that part. He just made them dead. And no one was sure why, but it was some vengeful thing and he'd show up and say things in a creepy voice.

"You vill die today," he said.

And then the person would just die. Sometimes with lots of blood and stuff. Sometimes they'd just fall down scared to death because this creepy man with lights for eyes and a big body that was weirdly shaped told them, "You vill die today," he said.

Can't really fight that.

He was at the party, too, where Hermee Ownee and Sky Luker found each other.

But they'd gone to eat, so they didn't hear him tell the fat lady that "You will die today," he said.

And she did, because she choked on some cr me de la tart thing that stuck in her throat.

And then the guy walked out of there and no one saw where he went, but he did say something like, "I will be back," so everyone ran away.

Except for Hermee and Sky, because they were already eating somewhere.

Hermee took a sip of her water bottle.

Chapter Five—Hang low and sweetness above

*And so wandering, we search
And searching, we wander
And wandering we hope
And hoping, we wander*

Le Admiral Von Sowrong des Rastafarian was still mad, and not finding that one guy.

He walked in a way that was like he was marching really hard and made the people look at him. But he just made a frowny face and kept marching and totally got in the way of the parade.

Some people lost grip of the big balloons they were holding because it was one of those kinds of parades, and Le Admiral Von Sowrong des RamadaInn could have shot it down with his ray gun, but he didn't, because he was kind of a jerk who didn't care about helping people in parades that just lost their giant balloons.

But if he'd been a smarter jerk, he would have realized that shooting down the balloon would've made the little kids cry even more, the ones that were sad to see the big inflatable monkey flying away.

So he should have shot it down because that would have made him feel better for a while, but he didn't because he was looking for that guy that made him mad.

He didn't find him, so he was even madder.

Chapter Six—The Mists of Avonlea

*The motions of things continue
Like the things that go without stopping
That sit upon the desk at even'tide
And sway and sway without stopping*

Up at the tower the wizard was still chanting. His name was Alfred in the Gray Cloak from the Land of Zineskibeelongafoam, and he was hoping to someday become a red wizard cause they have better cloaks.

“Hum hum hum hum hum de dum dum dum dum de beedle deedle deedle,” he said.

He said stuff like that for a long, long time to the kettle cauldron thing that was big and black.

Chapter Seven—And Such is the Gift?

*Love cannot know what is to come
Love can only hope for joys a ton
The wind will blow the hopes away
And bring new hopes along the way*

“That food was simply delectable,” Hermee said to Sky.

“Yes. It was good food,” said Sky to Hermee.

“Shall we take a promenade through the park?” said Hermee.

“Yes. We can take a promenade,” said Sky.

She took a sip from her water bottle.

They went walking. Which is a lot like promenading.

“Wherefore art thou come to this place?” said Hermee.

“Looking for work,” said Sky.

“And what kind of work dost thou do?” said Hermee.

“I fix shoes,” said Sky.

“That’s interesting,” said Hermee.

From her water bottle, she took another sip.

“It actually is,” said Sky.

They walked some more. Sky picked up a flower. He gave it to Hermee.

That was their first date.

Later they went to eat again, because they walked for like a long time.

Chapter Eight—Hey ho, Nonny Breezes

*But darkness comes into the world
And makes all love and nature swirled
And stomps it foot upon the ground
Wherein all joy is buried and not found*

The Concludinator went to the promenade place too, but didn't see Sky and Hermee. No one was even sure if that's who he was looking for, but he was still scary in a menacing and frightening sort of way.

So he said, "Hasta la vista, baby," and killed someone, but no one knew why.

Then he was gone.

Chapter Nine—Hearts A-stilled

*For hie and hee, the nectar's gone
For low and lee, the summer's calm
For long and high, the grapes do shrivel
For here cometh the sorrows and drivell*

It was true love. The kind of love that makes your chest squidgy and you think of fluffy stuff in pink colors and you just know in your heart it's like really true love.

Hermee wanted to tell that to Sky. But then the scary man walked past them.

"And who art thou," said Hermee.

"Vhy do you vant to know," said the big man with lights for eyes.

"Because you made me drop my ice-cream, thou mean man, thou," said Hermee.

Her water bottle allowed her to sip from it.

Sky said, "Be careful Hermee. He's big. I can buy more ice-cream."

"You can't, because you're only a poor shoe fixer," she said.

The man looked at them and walked away.

Sky sighed.

"Wast thou afraid of him," said Hermee.

"No," said Sky.

"Wast thou jealous of him," said Hermee.

"No," said Sky.

"Thou shouldest be," said Hermee.

"Why," said Sky.

"Because thou knowest I be-est a princess,"
said Hermee.

"I didn't know that," said Sky.

"Yes. I be-est the sole heir to the kingdom of Malordaptability, in the Republic of Lickthestein. My father, he that is the king, art suffering muchly from a cold. He hath sent me here in search of a prince to bring back to become king, therefore I must find a suitable suitor wherefore my kingdom canst continue to be ruled by a great and lustrous leader in behest of my father's demising wherein that may happen forsooth later than sooner."

"What about your mom," said Sky.

"Wherefore she hast sent me also in search of that one young soul who can unite our kingdom with those who seek to oppress us in the darkness of the Republic, and against the two witches that stand under our nation, in De Visible, with livers and just threats for all, lest I return back to herald a new and bright dawning day for my country Malordererly, and restore harmony and peace to an everlasting glow of sunset upon the moors."

"Oh," said Sky. "I fix shoes."

"Oh," said Hermee. "Lest I nearly forgettest that."

The water bottle dropped precious water into her mouth.

"Has to be a prince, huh," said Sky.

"Forsooth," said Hermee.

"Why can't you just be the queen when your dad demises," said Sky.

Hermee didn't know how to answer that.

"Because that's not how it's done," said Hermee.

"Oh," said Sky.

"Will you be jealous of a man who shalt unite and save my kingdom from the witches and bring peace to our fair villages and save my dearest father from his doom," she said.

"I thought he had a cold," he said.

"He doth. Tis a doom," she said.

"I guess I could be jealous," he said.

"You should be," she said.

"I'll try to be," he said.

"You must be," she said.

"I said I'll try," he said.

"Forsooth you must, for me to be a true princess," she said.

"Ok," he said.

"I dost love thee," she said.

This was the next day, and they had been walking around the stores.

"I like you too," he said. He sounded surprised. He was buying fudge.

She liked fudge.

They sat down on a bench to eat the fudge.

"Hast thou more for me than merely claiming thy like for me," she said.

"But you're a princess and can only be with a prince," he said.

She took a sip from her water bottle, and it made a slurping sound, like it was almost empty, but not quite.

“But believest thou not that true love can overcome all,” she said.

“I don’t know. Does it,” he said.

“In troth, so doth everything sayeth so,” she said.

“Then I guess so,” he said.

“I believest, so I shall proclaim my love for thee, and thou shalt come back with me to Maladapability and shall reign for me and my father, who doth dwindle in phlegm.”

She kissed him. Her ruby red cherry crimson lips pressed against his pale pink floppy lips.

He kissed her too. His pink floppy lips pressed against her red ruby crimson cherry lips.

His kisses were hungry.

As hungry as a bear coming out of hibernation is hungry.

As hungry as a bee looking for that honey stuff in a flower, kind of like an orchid flower, but one of those kinds that bigger and looks like a smorgasbord of honey stuff would be in them, so the bee is really anxious to get to that flower, but not like one of those big ugly flowers that blooms only every few years and smells like dead bodies, because those don’t attract bees, only weird Midwesterners around Iowa who think those flowers are cool in a stinky sort of way. Pretty, nice smelling flowers. That bees like. That kind of bee looking for honey stuff hunger.

As hungry as the slatterbarg, who lives on the planet Kryptonday, and goes into brumation for like a really long time, and wakes up really hungry. Not the regular brumation, but that really long one that happens every 8 or 9 years or so. Not the every 3 years one, although that one is really long, but the other one that every 8 or 9 years is like the really, really longest one, so when the slatterbarg awakes and comes out of its cave-like cocoon thingy, it's really, really hungry.

That kind of hunger.

The kind of hunger that wakes you up in the middle of the night, and if you woke up because you had to go to the bathroom, you really couldn't ignore that because then you might have an accident like you did when you were 6 at that slumber party, and that's embarrassing.

But it's the kind of hunger that feels like weevils are chewing on the outside of your stomach to get in, and you really want something to eat but you don't want to get out of bed because that's dumb. I mean, why wreck the nice warmth going on in your bed just to get what, a piece of bread or something? The kind of hunger that makes you wish you had a robot, or some telekinetic powers, that lets you summon food to your bed, like a piece of pie or something, even if you don't have pie. The pie would come from your neighbors. Maybe even cake. From anywhere. Right to your bed, cause you're hungry. That kind of hunger.

Cake kisses.

That's what she was calling them, because even though his kisses didn't taste like cake, cause really a guy's lips taste like lips, maybe with some Dr. Pepper on there a little bit, but if you think too much how the kisses taste, you'd gag because kissing, when you think about it, is really quite gross, so you don't think about the kisses and how they taste.

So anyways, she called them cake kisses because she was thinking about cake when he kissed her and thought about chocolate frosting, not the super sugary kind, but that fudgy layer kind that's really good in small amounts.

Fudge, like the brown in his eyes and the fudge in his mouth he tried to swallow down real quick when they kissed.

She didn't know why she thought of cake, but it made kissing him nicer.

The date lasted a long time. Then she took a sip of water from her water bottle.

Then they went out to eat cause they were hungry. After all the kissing.

Chapter 10—Whence goeth thou, Winslow?

*For thus, the end of love
For thus, the lost and lonely glove
For thus, it weeps for its match
For thus, it cannot make thatch*

Le Admiral Von Sowright des Renaissancian appeared suddenly in the room, his ray gun out and ready.

No one else was expecting him, so a few of them screamed.

“Where is he,” Le Admiral Von Snowwhite des Remarkablian said, kind of loudly.

No one knew, so they yelled and ran.

That was a bad time for Hermee and Sky to leave the deli. Because just right then, right in front of them, really suddenly, so quick that no one really saw what happened but BAM—there he was, there stood the Concludinator.

“I said I would be back,” he said.

Le Admiral Von Swieback des Renaultauto whipped out his ray gun and fired.

The windows were shattered as the ray gun had missed its target and the ray had embedded itself in Sky, who had fallen over backward dead.

Hermee took a sip of her water bottle.

“Hey,” she screamed.

She went down on her knees next to Sky and was sad.

The Concludinator laughed. Well, actually not a laugh because he was more like a machine thing, so however a machine would laugh, that was the noise that came out of his mouth.

Not so much a mouth either, because he was a machine-man, but the opening where his mouth normally would be. The sound came out of that. Erch, erch, erch.

“Vhat vas zat,” he said to the Admiral.

The Admiral shouted. “No,” he said.

Up in the tower far away, the wizard worked harder and harder, because he was making a spell to help the Admiral who was actually his nephew on his sister’s side, the one sister that was sort of a witch but not fully because she didn’t finish her training, because she fell in love with a pointed eared man from a place called Volcun, and they married and had this son who rose in the ranks pretty good until he got really mad at the Concludinator and spent many years chasing him across time and space and continuum, until he found him here, and the wizard was trying to help him be a better shot with his potion, but the wizard was out of paprika.

So the spell didn’t work.

Le Admiral Von Sarrong des Remodeling
threw down his ray gun and shouted. "No," he
said.

The Concludinator vanished.

Le Admiral ran off.

Hermee took a sip of her water bottle and
cried. The bottle was empty.

Like her heart.

Except it still had blood in it, unlike her love's.

Chapter 11—Epilogy

Look, my love

The red tree grows and weeps for loss

The birds sing, without knowing why

Tis the spring, and autumn calls with fear

But that's really not the end, because Sky's not really dead, he's just faking it because he knew the Concludinator from another realm and time, because Sky's not from this place because he was really a spy looking for the Concludinator, and the Admiral didn't like him much either because it was a race to see who could get the Concludinator first, but Sky the Spy got all caught up in falling in love with Hermee Ownee, and really wanted to marry her and everything, despite their divergent backgrounds and everything, so he faked his death because he had a shield on that kept ray guns from hurting him.

So he got up later and kissed Hermee and they went back to Maladroiteroni where her dad got better from his cold, but couldn't be king anymore because their country was swallowed up by a large one.

So their town of Putin-on-the-Ritz became part of Megladonnaland, which wasn't so bad because everyone got five weeks of summer vacation and a pony.

But then one day, Sky wanted to be a spy again.

But that's a story for another day . . .

(Feel free to take notes here for your book club.)



Ethyl Alkaleen signed up for NaNoWriMo, intending to write her first mixed-genre novel. But Christmas requests for her herbed yak butter overwhelmed her, and instead of having 30 days in November to draft her novel, she had only 3.

But, since it takes only about 3 days to read a book, surely it would take only that long to write one.

You be the judge.

Ethyl is the uncontrollable alter ego of Trish Mercer, who every once in a while insists on spewing forth, in hopes of becoming a best-selling author.

Perhaps next year, Ethyl. Perhaps next year.

Le Admiral Von Sawrong des Raisinettes
was mad. In a mad pursuit of the
Concludinator, he's encountered many
problems, and he may solve them, as long
as the mad wizard plays his part.
But no one's counting on the star-crossed
lovers, Hermee Ownee and Sky Luker,
who just may fudge everything up.
Can they find mad love in a mad world
gone madder by villains?
And will they discover the secrets no one
knows about in time?
And who is the double agent spy that twists
everything in the end?

"There's purple prose, then there's prose that bruises and
leaves internal hemorrhaging. This is that book."
~Stephen King (*the other one*)

"Never before have I encountered such a blend of space pirates
and love story. And I hope to never again."
~(former dog walker for) George Lucas

"Speechless."
~That really famous reviewing
guy.

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