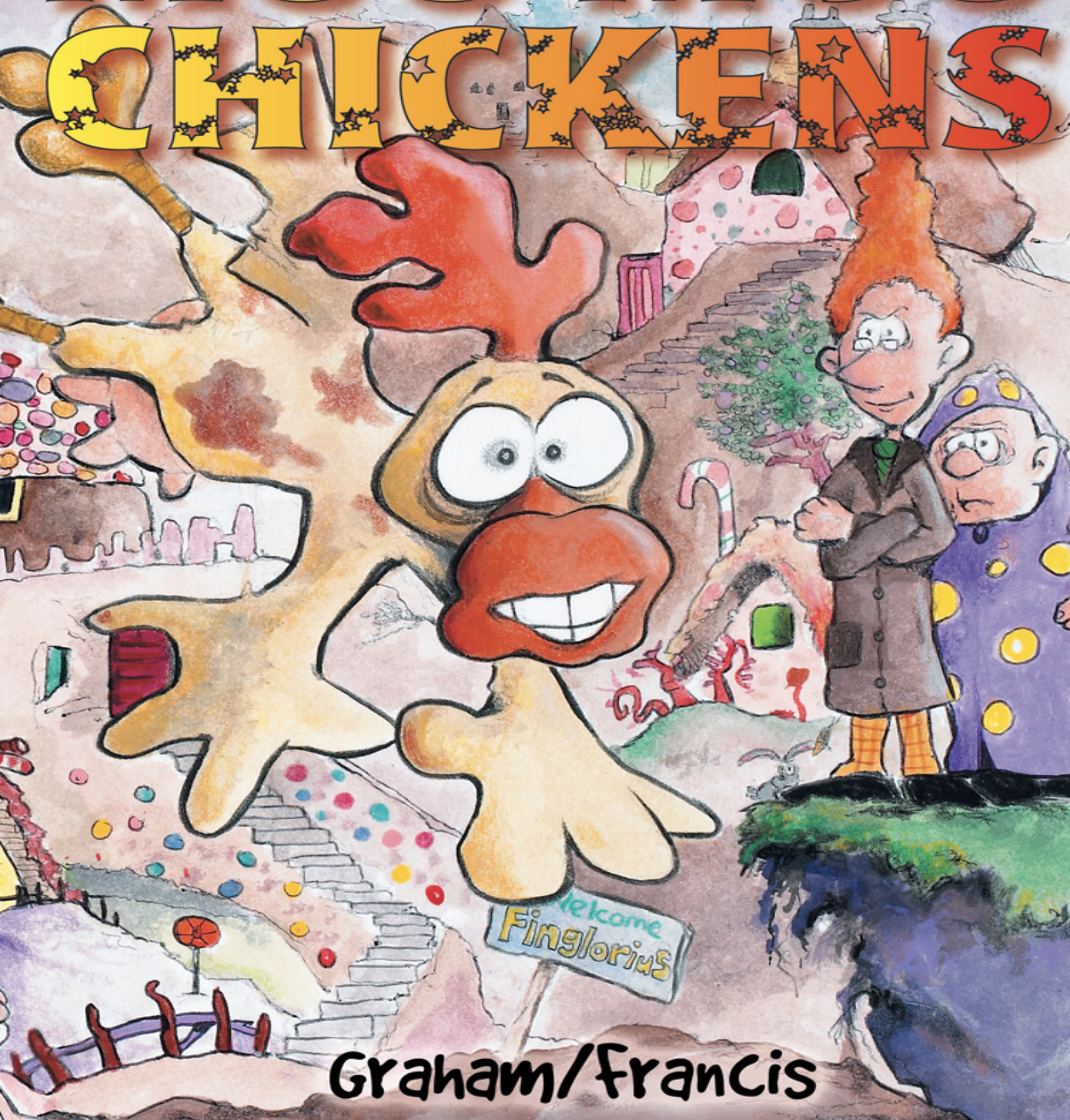
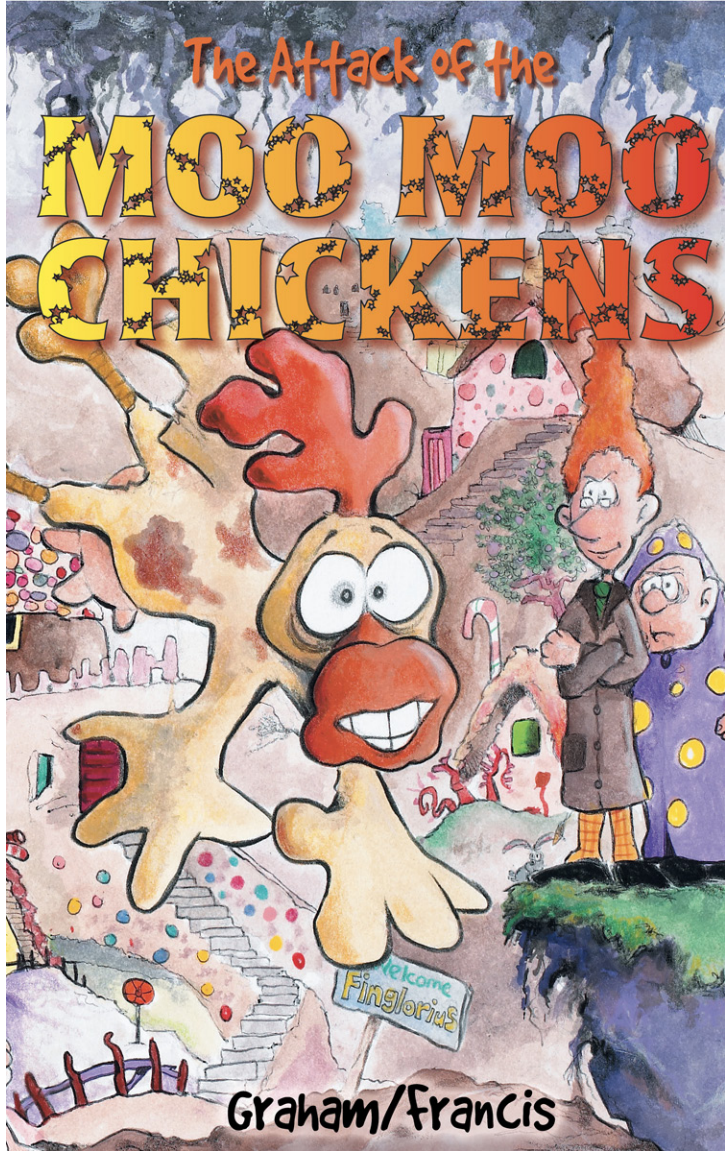


The Attack of the

MOO MOO CHICKENS



Graham/Francis



Kids 4 Kids Productions
217 Hume Road
Puslinch, ON N0B 2J0

This edition of "The Attack of the Moo Moo Chickens" was
first published in 2002. Reprinted 2011.

<http://www.kids4kids.ca>

"Changing the World One Child at a Time"

kids@kids4kids.ca

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DEDICATED To THE MEMORY of

BLAIR, ERIC, RYAN AND MATTHEW

SPECIAL THANKS To:

HEATHER GRAHAM
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CHRIS CLARENCE
CHRIS BIELBY
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ISAAC BELL
JAMES BEATTIE
PAUL DINSDALE

LUKE KNIBUTAT
JAGRAJ GILL
GRADE 6 - TAYLOR TOWN
JARED ARONOFF
ALEX JENKINS
BLAKE AND BRETT BRINKHOF
BEN AND SILVIA MCLEAN
ROSALYN TYRER
MATTHEW DOLSON
RYAN ARIMA
LEISHA SENKO
VANESSA SIDWELL
SAMANTHA KELLERMAN
ALEC ATKINSON

SPECIAL DEDICATION To:

AMANDA, ANTHONY, DOMINIC, WILL,
HALLE AND GABRIELLE

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LIFE IS GOOD AT CAMP KAHUNA

Chapter 1

The sky was painted a rich, majestic blue. The sun peeked over the emerald horizon, flirting its colors of scarlet and gold with the white cotton clouds that danced along the purple mountains of Finkle. Finkle Mountain draped its shadows over the secluded Camp Kahuna, a camp Eric and the Green Gorilla often used as a refuge from the chaotic events of the fantastical town of Finkle. The smell of the glistening pines greeted the new day which would bring new adventures and new stories to Eric and the



7

Green Gorilla who were still engulfed in the world of dreams and unimaginable adventures.

The warm golden rays of the morning sun shone down on the Green Gorilla. The birds began to come to life, singing their early morning songs. Slowly, the Green Gorilla began to wake.

“Hey Eric, are you awake? It’s a new day and we need to get ready to go back to Finkle,” said the Green Gorilla.

Breaking the silence was a strange muffled sound coming from underneath the Green Gorilla’s bottom. It kind of sounded like Eric. The Green Gorilla stood up and realized that he must have rolled over and sat on Eric, squishing him like a bug. Eric lay motionless for a moment, with his hands spread out beside him, his legs tangled around his waist and an unforgettable - “This is the worst moment of my life” expression on his accordion-like face. Eric slowly stood up, unwrinkled his body and gave the Green Gorilla the meanest look his face could possibly contort into.

“You lumbering Lima bean! You over-stuffed Sasquach!” screamed Eric. “Every time we go camping you do something to me! You’ve covered me with beans, led me through a poison ivy patch just before skinny dipping in a pond filled with leeches and almost got me killed

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getting honey from a bees' nest you said was without bees! Now you squish me like a bug! My friends will be calling me the pancake kid for the next three weeks. I look like a waffle with legs. You're driving me CRAZY!"

Eric stomped off toward his knapsack to see what he could muster up for breakfast.

"Alright, banana-breath. Here are our choices for breakfast. We have a slightly squished salmon sandwich, a tastefully tender, half-eaten Twinkie, a chunk of titillating chocolate or a bagel surprise. What's it going to be?"

"What's the bagel surprise?" asked the Green Gorilla.

"The surprise is that I'm not sure it's a bagel. I have no idea what this thing is, but it has blue hair all over it, smells like a rotten old gym sock and is quite wrinkly. It reminds me of my old Aunt Bunny," chuckled Eric.

"The Bagel Surprise sounds delicious, but do we have any bananas?" asked the Green Gorilla.

"You and your bananas. Yes, there is a pile of slightly bruised bananas over by the Oak tree. They're all yours!" Eric said.

The Green Gorilla began to eat banana after banana. There was a sky-high pile of banana peels mounting in front of where the Green Gorilla was sitting. All of a sudden, something



strange started to happen. Pre-chewed, overly chomped banana mush started oozing out of a small hole located just above the gorilla's waist, a hole where the Green Gorilla's belly button once lay. Someone had unscrewed the Green Gorilla's belly button in the middle of the night and had stolen it. The banana ooze was everywhere.



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THE MISSING BELLY BUTTON

Chapter 2

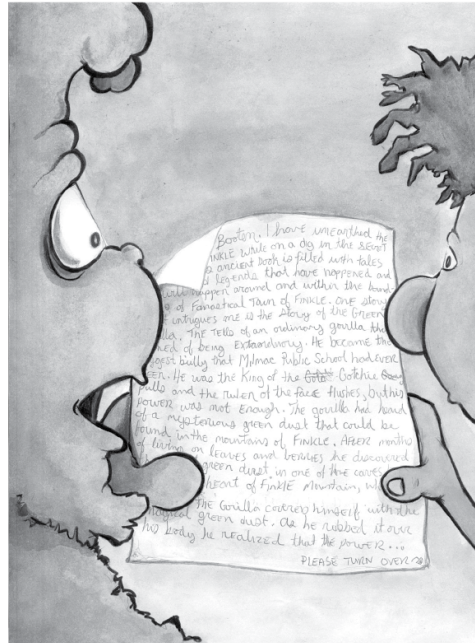
“My belly button is gone!” screamed the Green Gorilla. “Who in the world would have unscrewed my belly button and taken it? I won’t be able to drink my favorite sodas or eat my all-time favorite chocolate skyscrapers. If I do I’ll look like some sort of weird soda fountain, squeezing out a soda, chocolate-banana-skyscraper concoction. On the good side I could play tricks on all the bullies at Milmac. I could drink a gallon of soda, hold it in with my fingers and squirt it in their faces. I could call it my new fangled Squirt Alert Belly Button Soda Squirter, but alas, that sort of fun will only last a short time. I want my belly button back!”

Eric could not believe anyone in their right mind would want to steal a smelly, lint filled belly button, but I guess the key words were “right mind.” Eric looked past the Green Gorilla and noticed a long piece of brown leather hanging from a tree. Eric ran over to it, pulled out the long knife that fastened it to the tree and realized it was a note addressed to the Green Gorilla.

It read:

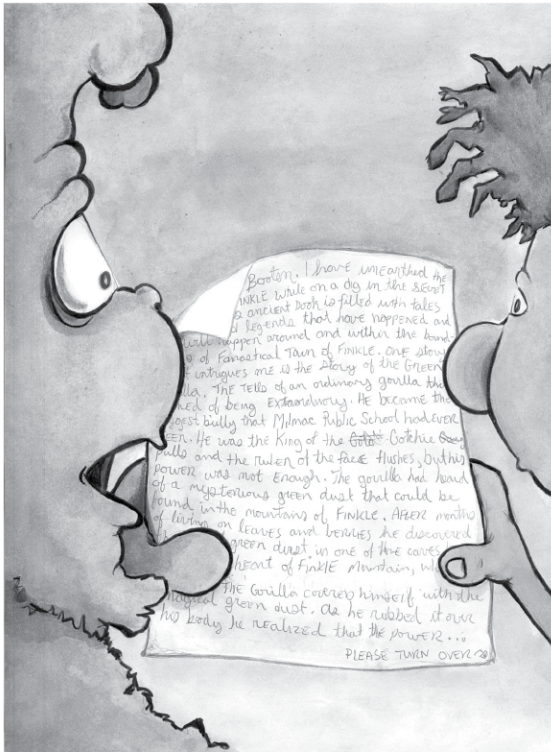
11

My Name is Billy Boofen. I have unearthed the ancient book of Finkle while on a dig in the secret caves of Fingloria. This ancient book is filled with tales of adventures and legends that have happened and will happen around and within the boundaries of the Fantastical Town of Finkle.



12

My Name is Billy Booten. I have unearthed the ancient book of Finkle while on a dig in the secret caves of Fingloria. This ancient book is filled with tales of adventures and legends that have happened and will happen around and within the boundaries of the Fantastical Town of Finkle.



The person who possesses this book will have knowledge that will strengthen their desires to do good or bad, depending on what path they have chosen for their life.

While walking back to my castle, the Castle of Ninevah, I was attacked by the Great Swamp Sorcerer. He stole the Book of Finkle, severing it into two pieces. The sorcerer used a spell on the book so that when it was joined and made whole again, it would be by the new King of Finkle. It was his intention to be that king. He intended on using the book to learn dark magic, which he could use to trick the townsfolk of Finkle into believing he should be their next ruler. He could not handle the entire book of Finkle because it was too powerful. He discarded one half of the book into the swamp. Reako Reako-Let, King of the Shadow People later discovered it. He gave it to the Gotchie Gang who was told to hide it away until it was needed. They were told that they would know the right time to take it from its hiding place.

Before the Book of Finkle was taken from me, I was able to read a story that intrigued me. It is the story of the Green Gorilla. The legend tells of an ordinary gorilla that dreamed of being extraordinary. He became the biggest

bully that Milmac Public School had ever seen. He was the King of the Gotchie pulls and the ruler of the Face Flushes, but this power was not enough. The gorilla had heard of a mysterious green dust that could be found in the mountains of Finkle. After months of living on leaves and berries he discovered the secret green dust in one of the caves located deep in the heart of Finkle Mountain, what is now referred to as Fingloria.

The gorilla covered himself with the magical green dust. As he rubbed it over his body he realized that the power that came from the magical dust was making all his evil desires and bad behaviours stronger. He realized that the green dust's power would lead to his destruction. His evil thoughts would turn to evil deeds that would eventually lead to the gorilla's downfall. The gorilla ran outside and dove into a stream, but the green dust did not wash off. It became a permanent reminder of his selfish desires. Luckily, the gorilla only rubbed a small amount of dust on his fur. It was enough though, to brand him the Green Gorilla from then on.

The Book of Finkle states that any one who possesses the belly button of the Green Gorilla will gain the evil power the Green Gorilla once sought. It also states that the Green Gorilla's

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belly button will only deliver power to the one who offers a chance of getting it back. So, here is your chance.

To find me and regain your belly button you must travel north of Nowhere and east of Someplace for two days. You will travel through the dark Forest of Enzar. Beware of the strange beasts that prey upon innocent souls who travel through the dark forest. If you survive and make it through the Forest of Enzar, you must conquer your fears by walking through the Swamps of Enzar. You will meet the Pathetic Pant People who will only allow you to cross their bridges if you answer their questions correctly. If you make it by these strange people you will come to the Castle of Ninevah. This is where we will do battle.

I may not have the Book of Finkle, but I do have your belly button.

*Sinisterly Yours,
BILLY BOOTEN*

“This is horrible,” exclaimed the Green Gorilla. “I never wanted to be reminded of the time I thought being a bully was cool. It was when I met you Eric that I realized I could use

my knowledge of bullying for good instead of evil.”

“Even though you drive me crazy, I know you have a good heart,” Eric said. “Your past is in the past. The positive changes you have made in your life and those around you are admirable. You no longer bully and you are always looking for ways to help. You have gained my respect by your actions. You have learned from your mistakes and have taught others what you have learned. You are on your way to becoming a true leader. I will help you find your belly button because you are my friend and true friends are there for each other in the good and bad times. Let’s get our gear packed away and set off to find your belly button.”

Eric and the Green Gorilla packed up their gear, took down their tent and began their walk into the dark world of Enzar.

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THE FOREST OF ENZAR

Chapter 3

The Forest of Enzar was known as a place of darkness, where your evil deeds sought you out to remind you of your weaknesses. Darkness lurked behind every tree and over every horizon. You could come face to face with the Shadow People, a group of helpful Forest Angels or be taunted by the infamous Gotchie Gang, a group of banished bullies or worst of all, do battle with the Pathetic Pant People. It wouldn't matter who you were unlucky enough to meet because any encounter might be a bad encounter.

It was said that the Pathetic Pant People were odd-looking creatures who guarded the secrets of the Forest of Enzar. They wore baggy funkadelic pants on their head and scared wanderers with their bright neon shirts and their funky, clown-like shoes. They peered out of the fly of their pants with their crooked eyes, searching for intruders who were unfortunate to find themselves lost in this lonely, cold abyss.

It was only the brave and courageous who ever returned from the Forest of Enzar. They told their tales of outwitting the Pathetic Pant People or of fighting the fire-breathing dragons or of the

trials and taunts they endured at the hands of the Great Isaac Attack. They would also tell how lucky they were to have survived.

It was extremely dark in the Forest of Enzar. Beams of light attempted to pierce the darkness, but were not able to create even a shadow of hope that Eric and the Green Gorilla would see more than a few feet in front of them. They heard many strange cries from creatures they did not recognize. They weren't sure if they were creatures looking for a quick meal or just seeking their own way out from the never ending maze of dead trees and flesh-eating thorn bushes that marked the seldom traveled path. The vines



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of the surrounding willows hung down from the forest's canopy. The vines swayed in the wind and brushed across the top of Eric and the Green Gorilla's head like bony fingers of a crazed witch. There were faces etched into the darkness that screamed out warnings of doom to those who dared to travel further into the Forest of Enzar. The forest was also filled with night creatures that only survived in such black, damp surroundings. These creatures hid behind rocks and hung between trees housed in their malnourished bodies that cried out for a good meal. They stared blankly at the two travelers as their razor sharp teeth reflected the one speck of light that managed to rip through the dark cover of the perpetual night. The Forest of Enzar was a scary place Eric and the Green Gorilla had to travel through and hopefully return from.

Eric and the Green Gorilla traveled through the Forest of Enzar for days without food or water. As tired as they were, they trekked on determined to make it to the Castle of Ninevah where the evil Billy Booten was holding the Green Gorilla's belly button captive.

It was two days into their journey when they heard a noise and saw a sight that was more frightening than seeing your ancient Aunt Ethel-Louis Pudding-Snatcher without her teeth.

First came the blood-curdling scream. Then, came a sight that would put the bravest boy into a tailspin. There were hundreds of pairs of gotchies, tightie-whities or as the people of the far lands say, underwear, hanging from the trees. They were everywhere. Big ones, tiny ones, coloured ones, stretchie ones, long ones and even slightly boxed ones. If that wasn't a sight in itself, running frantically along the path came a parade of bare-bottomed boys running from who knows what.

"Eric, I think this may be the time to RUN LIKE CRA-ZY!" screamed the Green Gorilla.

"Wait a minute," whispered Eric. "Don't you want to know what these boys are running from and why there are so many pairs of underwear hanging from the trees?"

"Yeah, sure Eric," stammered the Gorilla. "Maybe the underwear fairy decided to take on the tooth fairy and the underwear fairy's winning. Let's get out of here!"

"Wait a minute," whispered Eric. "What's that over there?"

Over in the clearing of the forest was a group of older teens sitting around a campfire. They were a strange looking bunch. There was a guy who kept trying to get people to look at his hand and if they looked they would get whomped on

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Over in the clearing of the forest was a group of older teens sitting around a campfire. They were a strange looking bunch. There was a guy who kept trying to get people to look at his hand and if they looked they would get whomped on

the shoulder. The guy with the guitar seemed to be getting the worst of it. Then, there was a boy who looked as if he had modeled his hair-do from a petrified, freaked out porcupine. Another guy looked like a throw back to the days of the bearded and long-haired people. A girl with a butterfly tattoo was screaming orders out to her sister who was playing with her tongue bolt and nose ring. It must have been the infamous Gotchie Gang that the children of Milmac Public School had talked about. The legend was that they were a group of bullies who were banished from the town of Finkle and had to live in the Forest of Enzar until they learned that hurting others with their words and actions was wrong.

Eric and the Green Gorilla didn't realize that they were being watched from above. High up in the trees sat Isaac Attack, a mischievous boy who enjoyed nothing more than chasing girls around the schoolyard with a worm on his nose and a grin on his cheeks. It was said that when Isaac Attack attended Milmac Public School, he was chasing a girl around the playground with a worm hovering over his mouth. He threatened to eat it in front of his squeamish victim. Unbeknownst to him, his friend Matthew Tear-Knee stood behind him and bumped his arm, forcing Isaac to drop the worm straight

down his throat. He swallowed hard, paused and was heard to say, "tastes like turkey." This only put the young girl into fits of hysterics. He built his reputation from that day on. He too was banished to the Forest of Enzar where he had to learn the importance of not creating chaos on the playground.

Isaac Attack was about to jump onto the head of the Green Gorilla when he spotted a young girl stumbling around a conveniently located Prickly Bush. Isaac Attack leapt from tree to tree until he was behind his unsuspecting victim. He jumped to the ground, grabbed a dew worm from under a rock, placed it across his nose and tapped the girl on the shoulder.



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“Remember me from Milmac School? I’ve never met a girl who I couldn’t fool. I am the great, Isaac Attack.”

The poor, helpless girl began running away from Isaac. He was merciless. The more she yelled and screamed the more he teased. He was enjoying himself so much that he mistakenly ran through the middle of the Gotchie Gang. The largest Gotchie Gang member, Chris Kabooby grabbed Isaac by his tightie-whities and pulled for all he was worth. Isaac slowed down immediately and was back peddling, trying to free himself from Chris Kabooby’s grip. It was no use. Isaac Attack was going down. He was experiencing the Ultimate Wedgie. Isaac was flung high into the air. As he came down from his hair-raising flight his underwear waistband got caught on the end of a branch, suspending him 20 feet above the ground. The Gotchie Gang could not stop laughing. They had never seen Isaac Attack look so helpless. After all, it did look funny seeing young Isaac hanging from a tree by his underwear waistband. Isaac hung helplessly from the branch of the Maple tree that held him. He slowly turned and from the position he hung from could see Eric and the Green Gorilla. He unhooked himself and quietly swung from tree to tree until he was directly

over his next victim. He jumped right onto the shoulders of the Green Gorilla, expecting the ride of his life.

“Yee-ha! I’m riding a green overstuffed lima bean. Giddy up Green Machine!” screamed Isaac Attack.

The Green Gorilla jumped around like a hyena with a hernia. He must have thought it was one of the dreaded Attack Squirrels on his back.

“Hey Gotchie Gang!” yelled Isaac. “You have two visitors; a Green Gorilla and a pint-sized boy.”

Eric thought about running, but was enjoying the sight of Isaac riding on the back of his green buddy.

“Hey Green Gorilla, you can stop jumping around the forest like a Banshee. I think Isaac is just having some fun with you,” giggled Eric.

Isaac jumped off the Green Gorilla and landed right beside the ruler of the Gotchie Gang, the biggest ex-bully of the bunch, Chris Kabooby. It was something in the way Chris Kabooby looked at the two that made Eric realize that the Gotchie Gang had changed their ways. They were no longer bullies, but kids who looked for ways of helping others. They wanted desperately to return to the town of Finkle, but

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knew that the only way they would see their families again was to redeem themselves. Here was their chance.

“Get over here you guys! We’re not going to hurt you. Maybe there’s a way we can help?” smiled Kabooby.

“Yeah, here, here,” piped in the other members of the Gotchie Gang.

Eric and the Green Gorilla walked slowly toward the Gotchies. As they looked around they could not believe what they saw. Etched onto the back of every tree was a different way of handling bullying. This gang of ex-bullies had written out every conceivable way to deal with a bully. They were using their experiences as bullies to help others. They wanted to prove to the townsfolk of Finkle that they had changed and were willing to eradicate bullying forever.

“Why do you travel through the Forest of Enzar? Don’t you know of its dangers? It has been said that the Pathetic Pant People are on the lookout for those who are not protected by the knowledge and wisdom of the Shadow People.” said Matthew Magnidon, the musical minstrel of the group.

“Who are the Shadow People?” asked Eric.

“They are a group of Forest Angels who teach fallen people like us that there is a better way of

achieving power, control and attention,” replied Chris.

“We were lucky to have met them when we did,” said Amanda Butterflorio. “When we were first banished to the Forest of Enzar we began bullying each other. We were so used to getting attention, power and control from calling kids names, taking their stuff and hurting them that we didn’t know how to stop, so we bullied each other. We were at the point that if our bullying didn’t stop we would have been here in Enzar forever. That’s when we met the Shadow People. They taught us that when you hurt others with words and actions you eventually reap what you sow. In other words what goes around comes



achieving power, control and attention,” replied Chris.

“We were lucky to have met them when we did,” said Amanda Butterflorio. “When we were first banished to the Forest of Enzar we began bullying each other. We were so used to getting attention, power and control from calling kids names, taking their stuff and hurting them that we didn’t know how to stop, so we bullied each other. We were at the point that if our bullying didn’t stop we would have been here in Enzar forever. That’s when we met the Shadow People. They taught us that when you hurt others with words and actions you eventually reap what you sow. In other words what goes around comes



around. We could see how we were destroying our chances of ever leaving Enzar and seeing our loved ones again, so we listened. We listened and we listened until we learned the ways of a leader. We had to practice what we learned so we wrote our bullying strategies and rules to live by on the trees that mark the path to the Bridge of Erin. Our etchings won't harm the trees. We used a special, magic dust given to us by the Shadow People. We mixed it with water, creating a paint that could be used to write messages. Our hope is that those who travel the path will learn what we learned, so they too can reach their goals and be protected from the Pathetic Pant People."

"What brings you through the Forest of Enzar?" asked Chris.

"The Green Gorilla and I were camping out at Camp Kahuna. When the Green Gorilla woke up he found that his belly button was gone. We found a note pinned to a nearby tree from a guy named Billy Booten. He had unscrewed the Green Gorilla's belly button while he was asleep. In his note he told us that he had to give us a chance to get the belly button back. It was the only way he could obtain the power that came from it. We were told that we had to make it through the Forest of Enzar, find the

Castle of Ninevah and battle Booten to get the belly button back. It will be a fight between good and evil. It seems hopeless. How can the Green Gorilla and I beat the likes of Booten?" asked Eric.

The Gotchie Gang stared at each other for a moment and turned their bewildered looking faces back to Eric and the Green Gorilla. All at once they lifted their shirts revealing that they too had their belly buttons stolen by the evil Booten. There were corks in place of where their belly buttons once were. Billy Booten was stealing the belly buttons from all of the creatures of Enzar in hope that they would give him the power that he sought. It wasn't until he found the Book of Finkle that he discovered that it was the Green Gorilla's belly button that he needed to be the most powerful bully in all of Finkle.

"What is that squealing noise?" asked Eric.

Everyone turned and looked at Chris Kabooby. For the last hour Chris had been eating hot dogs, sausages and beans. He must have eaten 20 hotdogs and a gallon of beans. His poor, helpless stomach was now reaping the rewards of Kabooby's gluttony. His stomach had expanded to the point where it could not hold back the pressure any longer.

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“He’s going to blow!” yelled Jeff Buttsobiga.

The Gotchie Gang hurled themselves in front of rocks and behind the biggest trees. The Green Gorilla picked up Eric by the back seat of his pants and launched him by the elastic waistband through the air, toward the Prickles-in-Your-Pants Bush.

B-O-O-M! There was a loud squeal, followed by a whizz-bang-and a pop! Chris Kabooby’s cork popped out and shot across the Forest of Enzar. It bounced off a few trees and knocked Chippie the Attack Squirrel right on his head. Then, came a strange silence followed by the strangest sight. Hot dog after hot dog began



shooting out of Chris Kabooby’s belly button. They were bouncing off the heads of the Gotchie Gang and tormenting the senses of Eric and the Green Gorilla. They had a pungent odor. The air stunk!

“Hey everybody! Chris has created a Weinie Whizzler!” laughed Amanda.

Chris hated being made fun of; he turned toward Amanda and thrust his sides with all his might, hurling a rather large Italian sausage toward Amanda’s head. The rest of the Gotchie Gang began rolling around the forest floor in fits of laughter. They had never seen anything funnier than Chris firing hot dogs and Italian sausages at Amanda Butterflorio.

In an instant and without warning came a loud voice from out of Eric’s knapsack.

“Who’s talking?” wondered Eric. “Maybe the Bagel Surprise has come to life?”

“Silence you fools! I have taught you that you all have the power to change and create change. Stop wasting your time with this silliness and continue to learn the ways of handling the evil ones.”

It was the King of the Shadow People, Reako Reako-let from the Shadowlands of Enzar. He was the one who taught the Gotchie Gang the importance of using their talents and strengths

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to help instead of hurt. The Gotchie Gang had been writing all of what they had learned from Reako on the trees of Enzar. By following these trees, you would learn the secrets bullies and the Pathetic Pant People would not want you to know. You would learn the secrets of Enzar.

“You must help Eric and the Green Gorilla, so they can complete their quest. They must learn the ways of the Shadow People immediately!” screamed Reako.

Reako Reako-let crawled back into Eric’s knapsack and was heard to say, “Man it smells in here. The things I do to rid the world of bullies.”



And with that statement Reako was gone.

Chris Kabooby stood up and made his way to Eric and the Green Gorilla.

“You say that it seems hopeless. If you believe in yourself and have people who believe in you, nothing is hopeless. We believe in you Eric and we will help you. You must follow the path that is marked by the Trees of Truth. Read each tree carefully as they will provide you with the knowledge that will serve you when you meet the Pathetic Pant People. You will have to answer their questions before you will be able to complete the final part of your journey. If you are permitted to pass by them you will travel along the Bridges of Erin, which will lead you to the castle you seek. If you answer incorrectly, you will be tossed into the River of Green Goo, never to be seen again.”

Isaac Attack pulled an odd looking book from under one of the old trees of Enzar. It was made from the bark of the ancient Boogabus Tree. There were many strange symbols carved into its cover, with pictures of odd looking animals. The strange beasts that decorated the book’s cover had the body of a cow and the head of a chicken. They had large, ruby colored lips, which could give a vacuum a good run for its money and udders that looked as if they were used for

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more than milk. Eric took the book from Isaac, realizing that it contained a map of the tunnels and rooms of the Castle of Ninevah. It was the Book of Finkle, but there seemed to be a portion of the book missing.

“This is one half of the Ancient Book of Finkle. The second half is said to be with the Great Swamp Sorcerer. You must get the other part of the Book of Finkle from the sorcerer, as he will do everything he can to acquire yours. This book is filled with stories of what has happened, will happen and is presently happening. It is also a book of great power that if left in the wrong hands will lead to the demise of Finkle as we know it. We need to give the book in its entirety back to the people of Finkle, so they can use the power contained in this book for good instead of evil.

The magic of the book is so powerful that although you only have half the book, it will give you courage, hope and confidence that will help you find the belly button you seek. After all, the best defense against a bully like Booten is to be strong and confident,” said Chris Kabooby.

“The Green Gorilla and I would like to thank you for your help,” said Eric. “We will take care of this half of the Book of Finkle and try our best

to get your belly buttons back. By the time we meet Billy Booten we’ll be ready.”

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MOOSALINKS, HUMPABUMPALOUS

and

PICKETY POO POO BIRDS

Chapter 4

Eric and the Green Gorilla left their newly found friends and began their journey through the darkest parts of Enzar. They saw new and very strange creatures. They saw a Moosalink, a Pickety Poo Poo bird and a Humpabumpalous. The Moosalink was a large, hairy beast that looked like a cross between Eric's first girl friend and a Horrible Haggis. In some people's opinion the Haggis was probably prettier. It was a vicious animal that could make a good meal out of the likes of Eric and the Green Gorilla. It was stomping around the swamps of Enzar looking for its evening meal. As it stomped, the Moosalink emanated a strong, potent odor, reducing its prey to a helpless pile of inactive jelly. The smell of a Moosalink is worse than the smell of a brother's old fermented, blue cheese smelling gym socks or the mystery sandwich you find in your locker at the end of the school year. Eric and the Green Gorilla ran as fast as they

could in fear that the Moosalink's smell would become a permanent reminder of their adventure in Enzar, being etched into their senses forever. They also ran because they did not want to be the Moosalink's next meal and because they were SCARED! They ran so hard and so fast that they did not see a Humpabumpalous grazing behind a large Harripoodalink tree. The Green Gorilla ran right into the beast. The Humpabumpalous, being the crabbiest animal in the forest, started to grind its hooves into the dirt. Smoke and fire were shooting through its nostrils, inferring that it was not too happy with the Green Gorilla. It butted the Green Gorilla, catapulting him 100 feet into the air. Eric came



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running around the path just as the Green Gorilla came down, squishing Eric again.

“Will you get off me you flea infested Carpet Bagger! We need to get out of here before the Humpabumpalous butts me into orbit!”

Eric and the Green Gorilla ran. Being chased by a giant Pickety Poo Poo bird helped motivate them to keep on running. The Pickety Poo Poo birds are orange and yellow in color and are rather portly. They waddle when they run and they roll when they fall, like a demented, half-crazed pumpkin with a nauseating call. They have sausage-like toes and a curled up nose with a face that’s all crooked and bent. They would love nothing better than to eat the clothes off your body, washing it down with a long-lasting Hot Toddie.

Eric and the Green Gorilla finally made it away from the strange animals of the Forest of Enzar. They walked for many days and through many nights. At the moment they thought they would never reach the Castle of Ninevah they saw the strangest sight. It was two weird looking boys standing in front of a bridge with a pair of baggy, over-sized, multi-colored pants draped over their heads. This must be one of the Bridges of Erin and they must be two of the Pathetic Pant People.

PATHETIC PANT PEOPLE

Chapter 5

“Who stands before the Bridges of Erin!” bellowed one of the Pathetic Pant People. “Do you not know the dangers that await you? Once you walk across the bridges you will enter the domain of the Dark Prince, Professor Booten. He would like nothing more than for you to be thrown into the River of Green Goo. You must turn back now!”



It was hard to take a guy with a pair of baggy pants draped over his head seriously, however by the tone of his voice it was obvious that he meant business.

“Listen,” replied Eric. “All we want is to get to the Castle of Ninevah so we can get what is rightfully ours, or should I say the Green Gorilla’s. Billy Booten has taken my friend’s belly button and we’re not leaving until we get it back!”

“The rules of Enzar state that I cannot allow you to pass unless you can answer a skill testing question.”

“What is this, a demented game of Wheel of Misfortune?” demanded the Green Gorilla.

“Don’t you realize what this is?” whispered Eric. “These are the questions the Gotchie Gang prepared us for. Don’t worry Green Gorilla. You are definitely ready for whatever question he asks. Bring it on Pathetic Poopy drawers!”

The Pathetic Pant Person cleared a rather large phlegm-ball from his throat, blew his oversized nose that hung half way down his face and adjusted his pants so that he could see the two intruders through the pant zipper.

“Here is the question you must answer to pass by me and cross the first Bridge of Erin. If you answer incorrectly you will be thrown

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“Here is the question you must answer to pass by me and cross the first Bridge of Erin. If you answer incorrectly you will be thrown

into the River of Green Goo, never to be seen again. My question is; if a bully confronts you, the bully wants you to a) do an impression of Brittany Spheres? b) dance as if your pants were on fire or c) freak out, woof your cookies, go ballistic, turn red, explode with anger, reenact your favorite karate movie or any other form of reaction. What answer do you choose?" demanded the Pathetic Pant Person.

The Green Gorilla looked like someone who forgot to take his lobotomy medication. Since it was the Green Gorilla who needed to retrieve his belly button, it had to be the Green Gorilla to answer. He stood there and scratched his head, looking to Eric for some guidance. Sweat began to soak his green, matted fur when suddenly it came to him. It was what he always wanted when he bullied Eric. The Green Gorilla enjoyed feeling in control and he loved the attention he got when he teased others. What he liked the most was to see what kind of reaction he could get.

"My answer and that would be my final answer is that a bully wants you to react and freak out," replied the Green Gorilla.

There was a long silence before the Pathetic Pant Person began his response to the Green Gorilla's answer.

"Many bullies use words to infect their victims with self-doubt, self hatred and highlight their insecurities. They want their victims to believe their words so they can maintain their feeling of superiority. In truth, bullies are more insecure with their lives than they try to make their victims believe about theirs. YOU MAY PASS! But, beware of the Pathetic Pant Sorcerer who lives within the dark regions of the swamp. His question won't be as easy to answer as mine."

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THE SWAMP SORCERER OF ENZAR

Chapter 6

Eric and the Green Gorilla had been travelling for six days and six nights. The Green Gorilla had answered every question posed to him by the Pathetic Pant People correctly. The two friends had walked across six bridges, which led them closer to the Castle of Ninevah. It was on their seventh night when they faced their greatest challenge. They had to defeat the Sorcerer of Enzar, the largest and most revolting Pathetic Pant Person that lived in the swamps. The one that guarded the last bridge that led directly to the castle gate.

As Eric and the Green Gorilla entered the swamps of Enzar, a strange silence came upon the land. The birds stopped singing and the unusual animals of Enzar stopped playing. It was as if Death itself had entered this realm and was about to do battle. A battle that would determine who would leave Enzar alive and who would not. Eric and the Green Gorilla had never been so afraid. Every part of their tired bodies were shaking.

Without warning, thrusting its grotesque form in front of them, appeared a dark figure. It was

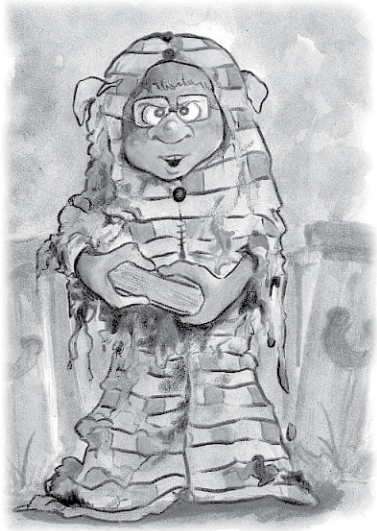
covered in green moss that hung down wet along its slimy body. Its hands were withered like the aged branches of an old willow tree. Its face was pure ugliness, covered in warts and scars, reminders of past evil deeds.

The Green Gorilla jumped into the arms of Eric. Eric did not know whether to run or hide. He stood frozen, holding onto his petrified friend. He realized that this was the final question. Both Eric and the Green Gorilla had to confront the biggest bully of the Forest of Enzar. Eric dropped the Green Gorilla to the ground



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and gave him the biggest pep talk of his life. Eric and the Green Gorilla were going to put in place everything the Gotchie Gang had taught them.

"Listen Green Gorilla. There is nothing to be afraid of. We have been rehearsing the strategies the Gotchie Gang has taught us for days. You have it in you to beat this bully at his own game. Remember, stand straight, look him in the eye, say a little, not a lot and give him his answer. I know you can do it! You just need to believe in yourself!" stammered Eric.

The Green Gorilla stood up straight and began walking straight for the Pathetic Pant Person. Eric had never seen the Gorilla look so confident and sure of himself.

"Alright, you ugly old Troll! Give me the hardest question you've got, because I'm ready!" shouted the Green Gorilla.

The Pathetic Pant Person began to glow green. It was as if he was conjuring up all his magical strength to defeat his opponent.

"You think you are a match FOR ME!" thundered the Pathetic Pant Person. "I have ruled the Swamps of Enzar for five hundred years and in that time no one has been able to pass by me. You WILL NOT be the first!"

The Pathetic Pant Person reached into his robe and pulled out a rather familiar looking

book. It was tattered and worn and looked as if it was without a front cover. He was going to use the magic found in this book to increase his evil powers. As Eric and the Green Gorilla looked at it more closely, they realized it was the other half of the Book of Finkle. Eric had an idea. He stood directly beside the Green Gorilla and looked up into the gruesome face of their challenger.

"If my friend, the Green Gorilla, answers your question correctly you must not only let us pass, but you must also give us the book you hold in your hand. If he gets the answer wrong we will be your slaves forever and give you the half of the Book of Finkle we possess. What do you say Baggy Drawers?"

The sorcerer scratched his wart-covered chin with his withered hands, remaining silent for a moment, trying to decide whether he wanted to take this challenge.

"If I possessed the entire Book of Finkle I would become the most powerful wizard in all of Enzar and surrounding areas. I could also use some help around here keeping the swamp looking horrible. Maybe you can also help me get rid of all the pesky Attack Squirrels that continue to bother me day in and day out? You have a deal."

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“Here is your question: What does the term, ‘Strength in numbers’ mean?”

There was an instant gleam in the Green Gorilla’s eyes. He cleared his throat of banana debris and began to recite the sweetest words Eric had ever heard.

“ ‘Strength in Numbers’ means that if your friends, family, classmates or peers are being bullied you don’t just stand there and watch; you do what you can to help. You can stick up for your friend and tell the bully to back off or you can seek adult help. You become part of the solution instead of being part of the problem. In return, your friends will do exactly the same for you.”

Instantly, the book of Finkle fell out of the Pathetic Pant Persons’ hand and into the hand of the Green Gorilla. Eric and his friend now had the complete book of Finkle, containing tales of adventure and magic; stories of the past, present and future.

As soon as the two parts of the Book of Finkle connected there was a large **B-O-O-M** followed by an intense green light. Eric and the Green Gorilla were blinded by the light for a few minutes, but when they opened their eyes they realized that the Pathetic Pant Person was gone and they were standing in front of the doors of the Castle of Ninevah.

THE CASTLE OF NINEVAH

Chapter 7

There they stood in front of the biggest door they had ever seen. It towered 60 feet high and 20 feet wide. It was an ancient door that sealed an evil force within its walls. Eric and the Green Gorilla stood in awe as they took in their surroundings. They were miles above the Forest of Enzar. All they could see were the many bridges they had crossed covered in an eerie mist. They had passed strange animals, creepy Pathetic Pant People and conquered their fears and together were able to reach the Castle of Ninevah.

The wind suddenly changed directions, enticing Eric's senses with a very familiar smell. It was driving his taste buds crazy. He felt like jumping, yelling and running about. The hypnotic aroma was coming from the deep chocolate brown door they were standing in front of. That was it...CHOCOLATE! The door they stood in front of was made of chocolate. Eric did not waste any time. He began kicking bits of chocolate from the door, eating every morsel. He was determined to kick a hole big enough to crawl through. By the time Eric was finished he had eaten 6 pounds of rich, creamy,

milk chocolate. His face was covered in large lumps of chocolate drippings. Eric's teeth were lined with the sugary mess and his stomach felt as if it was about to explode. If he ate one more chunk of chocolate he would soon produce a different kind of chocolate chunk. Eric felt as if he was going to puke. Eric waddled through the opening, dragging his overly concerned friend behind him.

Eric and the Green Gorilla stood in the main hallway of the castle looking for clues, which would help them find the laboratory of Professor Booten. They walked through numerous hallways, all of which led back to the main hallway. It was like a maze. Each hallway was cold and drafty, with cobblestone floors and large stone walls, all of which housed paintings of the previous castle owners. Their faces were gaunt, with eyes that seared deep into your soul, looking for secrets that they could use to terrify you into believing that you were weak and at their mercy. Eric and the Green Gorilla walked through the drafty, dimly lit hallways of the castle for hours. They kept finding themselves back in the main hall.

"Hey Eric," whispered the Green Gorilla. "Why don't we use the Book of Finkle to find our way to Booten's laboratory?"

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“Man, I can’t believe how dumb I’ve been! The Book of Finkle is filled with maps of this place.”

Eric opened the ancient book. The front of the book contained numerous maps of the Castle of Ninevah. The rest of the book had stories of the present mixed in with stories of what has happened and will happen in the town of Finkle. Eric frantically searched through the withered pages for a map of how to get to Booten’s laboratory.

“Here it is!” yelled Eric. “It says here that there is a secret door, in the main foyer, near an ugly, old painting. It leads to the laboratory.”

The Green Gorilla looked around the main foyer and noticed that there was a silver banana in the hand of one of the carved stone statues. The statue was directly in front of a picture of Booten’s ugly Aunt Furlmal Deehyde. Even a Green Gorilla knows that a banana of any sort is out of place when it’s in the hand of an inanimate statue. The Green Gorilla grabbed Eric and ran to the statue. He pulled the silver banana in a downward motion. There was a rumbling, then a loud roar. The floor beneath Eric and the Gorilla’s feet moved and disappeared, revealing a set of stairs that seemed to lead to a lower room.



“Maybe these stairs lead to the dungeon,” whimpered the Green Gorilla. “There may be one of those Pickety Poo Poo birds waiting to devour our clothes or even worse Aunt Furlmal Deehyde ready and waiting to pinch our cheeks and plant a wet, Auntie kiss on our faces. Yuck!”



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“Don’t be such a chicken,” whispered Eric. “If you want to stay here by yourself, be my guest. I’m going down.”

Eric started his descent into the basement with the Green Gorilla close behind. The air became damp and heavy with a smell that resembled rotten meat. When they got to the basement, to their surprise, they found that they were in an empty room. Eric could not believe his eyes.

“We’re never going to find the secret laboratory!” sighed Eric. “You are going to be belly buttonless the rest of your life, Green Gorilla.”

“Wait a minute Eric. All might not be lost. I have found two large red buttons. Maybe if we press them another secret door will open?”

“Or maybe a door that holds back the dreaded Pickety Poo Poo will open and we’ll be Pickety Poo Pooed to death!” resisted Eric.

“We have nothing to lose. Let’s press the buttons,” said the Green Gorilla.

The Green Gorilla walked over to the wall and pressed the top red button.

“Nothing!” said the Green Gorilla.

A little frustrated, he hit the second button as hard as a Green Gorilla could. The entire room began to spin and started to move upward. It

was some sort of spinning elevator. Eric was hanging on to the Green Gorilla for dear life.

“If this thing doesn’t stop spinning soon I think I am going to lose the Big Bertha Burrito that I had last night for dinner,” yelled Eric.

Instantly, the elevator stopped, the floor opened and catapulted the two friends into a rather peculiar room. They stood up and brushed themselves off. The room was rather dark, despite the fact that there was a small window which looked out onto the castle moat. This damp and cold room was filled with beakers of green bubbling goo that frothed, screaming as it traveled through the thin metallic tubes, which poured down the sides of the castle into the moat below. Eric and the Green Gorilla realized that they had found Billy Booten’s laboratory.

“There’s no time to be gawking around the laboratory,” whispered Eric. “Let’s get to work.”

Eric and the Green Gorilla began emptying drawer after drawer. They found many strange things. There were rat-tails, lizard lips, elephant toes and gizzard tips, smelly gunk, a flattened skunk and a Zipowalamouse’s bum. Eric and the Green Gorilla had never seen such strange things as they did that day.

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the box and discovered all of the Gotchie Gang's belly buttons. At the very bottom of the box, wrapped in an old rag was his green, lint-filled, slightly wrinkled belly button. He immediately screwed it in and began dancing around with his friend Eric. Little did they know that Billy Booten had been watching the entire search. He was waiting until the Green Gorilla found his belly button so he could initiate the battle.

ZAP! BOOM! BAM! There was an intense green flash followed by the laboratory door blowing off its hinges. There standing in the doorway was Billy Booten. He was dressed in a raggedy white lab coat that concealed his withered body. His fingers were bony with razor sharp nails. His eyes were bulging from his skull, fixating on the Green Gorilla.

"I have been waiting for this moment forever!" screamed Billy Booten. "Once I have done away with you two and have taken back your belly button I will be the most powerful bully in all of Enzar and Finkle!"

Billy Booten began to chase Eric and the Green Gorilla around the laboratory. If Billy Booten touched either Eric or the Green Gorilla he would paralyze them with his magical green dust, the same dust that the green goo is made from.

Eric and the Green Gorilla had to think quickly. They had to think of a way of stopping Booten. The Green Gorilla stopped running and stood in front of Eric. He had an idea.

"Alright, you good for nothing bully. I have had enough of you!" said the Green Gorilla.

The Green Gorilla stood straighter than he had ever stood before. He looked extremely confident. He looked Billy Booten right in the eye, stopping him in his tracks. He pulled out his secret stash of bananas that he hid in a secret compartment in his fur and began eating banana after banana. Within a few seconds the Green Gorilla devoured 25 bananas. He looked directly at Billy Booten, who looked rather dazzled.

"You're going down, old fungus face!" yelled the Gorilla.

And with that the Green Gorilla hit his sides with his arms and began firing balls of banana mush from the hole that once housed his smelly belly button. The Green Gorilla had secretly unscrewed his belly button. He was now firing atomic banana mushballs directly at the head of Billy Booten. One super sonic, slightly rotten banana mushball hit Billy right between the eyes. It was so powerful that it threw him through the room and right out the castle window. Eric and the Green Gorilla quickly ran

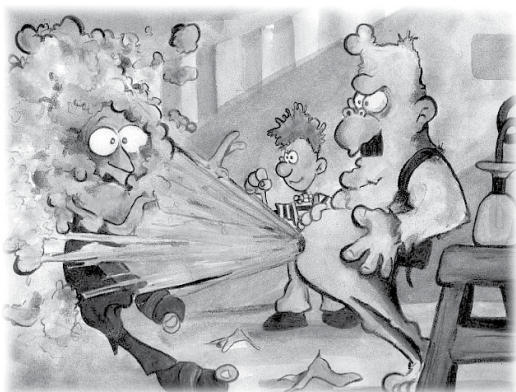
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to the window, only to see the body of Billy Booten swirling down the moat drain.

“I think the first red button I pressed starts a waste removal machine in the moat. Everything is getting sucked down the moat drain,” said the Green Gorilla.

Before Booten totally disappeared into the land of sewage, Eric and the Green Gorilla heard the Professor yell.

“You have not see the last of me! I will return and when I do, I will be even more powerful. I will turn the townsfolk of Finkle into my followers. You can’t stop me!”

And with that short vindictive message Billy Booten was gone.

Eric and the Green Gorilla gathered up the Gotchie Gang’s belly buttons, placed the Book of Finkle back in their knapsack and began their journey home. As they walked out of the castle, the Green Gorilla noticed something floating in the moat. He reached down and pulled out what looked like a costume. It resembled Billy Booten.

“Do you think someone might have conjured up this Billy Booten character? Maybe they wanted to throw us off the track of who was actually behind the stealing of your belly button,” wondered Eric.

“Who else would be evil enough to want to have such power?” chimed in the Green Gorilla
“SHLIP!”

Both Eric and the Green Gorilla realized it couldn’t be anyone other than Principal Freud Ian Shlip. He had been trying for years to convince the students of Milmac Public School that being a bully was cool. He let off the bullies when they were caught being nasty and would steal all of the good student’s chocolate bars when they were being good.

“He must be a master of disguises,” thought the Green Gorilla.

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“We have to tell the Gotchie Gang what we found out,” cried Eric.

Eric and the Green Gorilla ran down the steps of the castle, through the swamp, over the Bridges of Erin and into the Forest of Enzar to return with the news of what they had found.

REUNITED

Chapter 8

The Gotchie Gang was sitting around the campfire reciting their anti-bullying strategies and eating corndogs and mac and cheese when they heard the sound of someone running toward them in the forest. Of course they thought the worst, thinking it was maybe a ferocious corndog eating creature or a krafty Noodle-nosed Cheesenoodle. The Gotchie Gang was very protective of their food. They each climbed the nearest trees and waited. At first they saw nothing, then, out of the darkness emerged their two frantic friends.

"It's Eric and the Green Gorilla!" chanted the Gotchies in unison.

They all jumped down from their trees and greeted their friends. Eric and the Green Gorilla told the Gotchie Gang of their adventure. The Gang could barely believe their ears.

"We think that Billy Booten is none other than Principal Shlip in disguise. We have his Booten disguise here to prove it. It was floating on top of the moat after Booten got sucked down the drain. The Green Gorilla catapulted him into the River of Goo with a gigantic banana mush

ball. Before he got pulled into the drain he told us he was going to return with a vengeance. We believe him. We need to prepare for his return!" pleaded Eric.

Eric reached into his knapsack and pulled out all of the Gotchie Gang's belly buttons. In doing so, the Book of Finkle fell out.

"Is that the Book of Finkle?" asked Chris Kabooby.

"Yes it is," said the Green Gorilla. "We got the other half of the book from the swamp sorcerer. He was a gruesome looking Pant Person. He didn't think the Green Gorilla could answer his question. We told him that if the question was answered correctly, he would have to hand over the half of the Book of Finkle he possessed. The Green Gorilla answered correctly and here we stand with the most powerful book in all our kingdom."

"We now have a way to defeat Shlip!" said Chris. "We must read through the Book of Finkle so we can find out what Shlip is up to. This book will guide us to the future where we can affect the present. Together we will read stories of what was, is and is to be. With this knowledge we will learn how to defeat Shlip. We must begin now. There is no time to waste."

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The Gotchie Gang removed their corks,
inserted their lost belly buttons and with Eric
and the Green Gorilla, began to read the
Fantastical Book of Finkle.



THE BOOK OF FINKLE

To the one who possesses this ancient book of words, I beg you... read it carefully and with a pure heart, for the stories that are written on these pages are prophetic in nature. They will guide unselfish men to the inner riches that only kings and queens possess, but if used by a darkened soul, it can change the destiny of who is to reign as king: King of the Fantastical Town of Finkle.

So read on, but be careful of what you read and how you use what you learn.

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BOUGHT THE FARM

Freud Ian Shlip was the kookiest principal any kid at Milmac Public School had ever had to deal with. He had bright orange fluffy hair that looked like a cone of cotton candy gone mad, huge buggy eyes and hands that could propel a student from one grade to another



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by the seat of their pants. He dressed in drab brown suits and wore cologne that smelled as if it was sucked out of the back end of a skunk. It was stinky! Even Mrs. Finklestein, a teacher stranger than strange thought that Principal Shlip was weird and that's something. When someone as crazy as Mrs. Finklestein thinks you're weird, you must have a problem.

It all began on a seemingly normal Friday afternoon. All the kids were coming out of Milmac Public School, heading home for their usual "lay on the couch, do nothing" kind of weekend. Chico Chico-let from the land of Chico Chico was especially excited as his Uncle Hank Horcius was arriving from the land of Chico Chico that very night. Uncle Horcius was the coolest uncle any boy could have. He was the king of practical jokes and the best storyteller and an inventor of the coolest contraptions i.e. The Super Sonic Wedgie Machine; The Fluffy Inflator (you know...Fluffy the cat who became Squishy), the Manure Mangler and the Toilet Paper Mummifier.

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Chico decided to take a short cut home, through the apple orchard, which wound by the dreaded McDermott's Farm. No one really liked walking by McDermott's farm as it was supposed to be haunted.

Darkness blanketed the sky, warning Chico of the on-coming storm that was soon to be upon him. The thunder seemed to be getting louder and the flashes of lightening seemed to be getting brighter. It started to rain, with a drop here and a drop there. It didn't seem to bother Chico, but little things can sometimes turn into big events. It started to pour. Flashes of lightening were getting closer to Chico as he ran faster and faster looking for shelter. He could barely see, but managed to push open a wooden gate that lay in front of him. He felt his way up a stone path that was etched in the ground below. He finally came to a porch that provided shelter from the storm. When he finally pulled himself together he realized he was on the front porch of McDermott's Farmhouse.

Across the front yard and to the right of the barn, Chico could see a man standing in the rain talking to a man who looked as if he had a piece of paper and pen in hand. As the man reached for the pen and paper he pulled down the cloak that concealed his face. It was Principal Shlip! What was Shlip doing at McDermott's Farm and who was the man in the shadows he was talking to? Chico fell to the ground and began to crawl closer to Shlip so he



could hear what was going on. He inched closer, being careful not to be seen by Shlip and the unknown stranger. The men's voices began to get clearer. Chico realized that the man Shlip was talking to was Wiggly Wiggliebun, the town realtor. Principal Shlip was buying McDermott's farm, but why? Chico was now four inches deep in mud. There was a worm making its way toward Chico's mouth. He squeezed his lips tight, feeling the slime of the worm wiggle by his mouth. Chico's face pressed against the ground as he listened to the conversation between Wiggliebun and Shlip.

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"I have great plans for this farm", bragged Shlip. "By the time I have finished what I have

come to do, the town of Finkle will never be the same."

Shlip shook Wiggly Wigglebum's hand, grabbed the deed to the farm and trotted into the farmhouse. Chico couldn't believe his ears; Shlip had bought the farm. The question was, why did Freud Ian Shlip, principal of Milmac Public School want to buy a farm, especially, creepy old McDermott's farm?

Chico ran home in the rain as fast as his feet would take him. He was totally soaked and covered in mud from head to toe, but he didn't care. He was excited to see his Uncle Hank, and eager to tell everyone of what he had discovered.

Without hesitation and without thinking, Chico ran straight into his house, through the front door and right into Uncle Hank Horcius' newest contraption. It was the Super Sonic Wedgie-izer. It picked Chico up by the Fruit of the Looms and started bouncing him up and down as if he was a yo-yo. Chico let out the loudest and highest pitched scream he had ever conjured up. On the last super pull, Chico was rocketed through the living room, into the kitchen and face first into the dog's dinner. Chico had dog food smeared all over his face, in his ears and packed in his mouth. It was the

most disgusting taste he had the displeasure of eating. Yuck!

"Nice of you to drop in nephew", chuckled Hank. "When did you learn to fly like that?"

"You're lucky you're my coolest uncle!"

moaned Chico.

Chico dragged his sore loins onto a kitchen chair and began to wipe the smeared dog food off his face.

"You're not going to believe what I found out today. Remember Principal Shlip?" asked Chico.

"Do I, he's the meanest principal Milmac Public School has ever seen. I remember when he was yelling at me for filling his new Volkswagen Bug with hot, steamy horse manure. His breath was worse than the manure I dumped in his car. What's that fuzz head up to now?" exclaimed Hank.

"He just bought McDermott's farm and is planning to do something bad. Knowing Shlip it will be something evil and nasty. What do you think I should do?" asked Chico.

Hank stood motionless for longer than Chico had ever seen. Suddenly, a smile crept over his face. When Hank Horcius starts to smile and his eyes begin to twinkle, you know that he is up to something.

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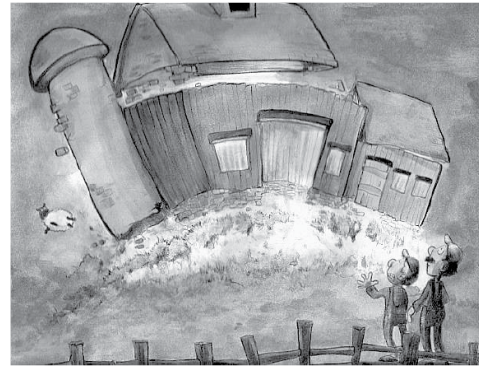
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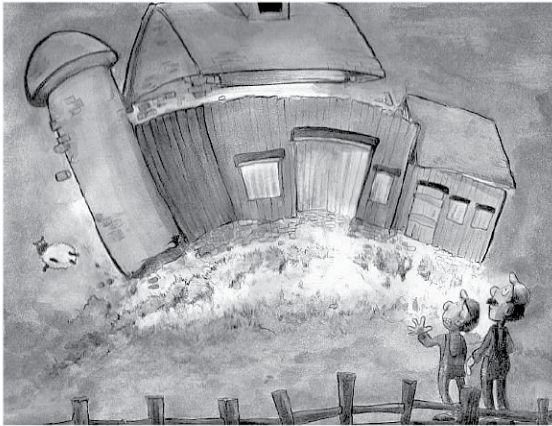
"In a few days we will make a visit to Principal Shlip!" trumpeted Uncle Hank. "It's time for Shlip to answer for all of the evil things he's said and done to the students past and present at Millmac Public School."

A few days went by after Freud Ian Shlip bought old McDermott's farm. He had painted the house and fixed the dilapidated fence that surrounded the farm, but he concentrated mainly on the barn. There was hammering and chainsaw sounds coming out of the barn every night with weird flashes of light followed by curious digging sounds. It wasn't until truckloads of oversized, extra stuffed chickens arrived, followed by gigantic moose-like cows that Chico and Uncle Hank knew that they had to make their move soon.

Uncle Hank and Chico left the house at 11:30 p.m. Chico's mom and dad were deep sleepers and his sister Chiquita wasn't old enough to care, so they weren't worried about waking anyone. They crawled out of the bedroom window and crept covertly toward the farm. It was almost midnight when they arrived at McDermott's farm. It was darker than usual and suspiciously quiet. Chico opened an old wooden gate and stepped onto a stone pathway that led to McDermott's barn. Both



Hank and Chico walked around the barn, but found nothing. All of the animals must have been in the barn. Chico stood on the shoulders of his uncle so he could look through the barn's broken window. The inside of the barn was pitch black. It was as quiet as a grave on Halloween night. There wasn't a single sound until BOOM! The entire barn exploded. It raised five feet off the ground, expelling an intense light that was almost blinding. Chico and Uncle Horcius ran into the barn expecting to see fragments of it everywhere. To their surprise the barn was intact. They also expected to see a mound of chicken and cow carcasses. To their amazement, the entire barn was empty. The



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hundreds of chickens and cows Principal Shlip had rustled into the barn were gone.

Chico and Hank rummaged through the barn for an hour, searching for some trace of Shlip, his chickens and his cows, but nothing! There wasn't any sign of them anywhere. The only thing Chico saw that he thought was strange was a fluorescent green dust that seemed to be on everything. The light was so bright that Chico turned off his flashlight. The green glow produced elongated and distorted shadows, giving Chico and Hank an eerie feeling as they walked through the old rotted rooms hidden within the barn.

"Let's get out of here!" whispered Hank. "This place is giving me the creeps. Maybe we can come back tomorrow when it's light out and look through the barn then."

"I am getting tired," yawned Chico. "I don't know what Shlip is up to, but between both of us we will figure it out."

Chico and Uncle Hank dragged their tired bodies along the worn, dirt road, feeling like soldiers coming back from a war they lost. They desperately wanted to know what evil deed Shlip was planning. Little did they know that they would soon be part of the most sinister plan ever created which, if successful, would

enable Principal Shlip and his gang of thugs to take over Milmac Public School and then the Fantastical Town of Finkle.

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UNCLE HANK'S FLUFFY INFLATOR

Chico spent the entire weekend thinking about Shlip and his wickedness. How could a person become so evil? Chico thought it was probably the same reason why bullies became bullies. A bully's evil deeds give him a false sense of power and a temporary feeling of cool. Chico knew that being cool meant being yourself and keeping your cool. His Uncle Horcius taught him that.

"Uncle Hank! Are you awake? I need you to drive me to school. I slept in again!" yelled Chico.

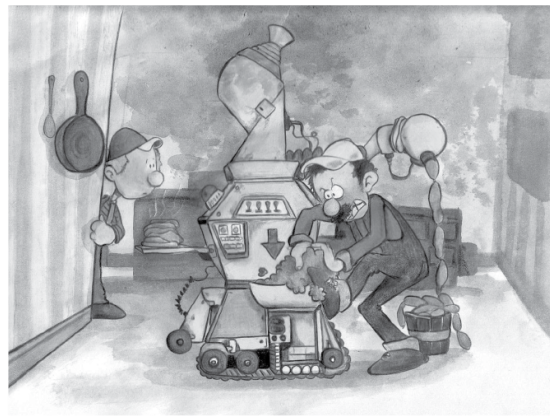
There was silence. Uncle Hank was never silent. Either he had already gone into town or he was up to something. Chico gingerly placed his bottom on the railing and began his descent down the stair banister to see what Uncle Hank was up to.

Chico peered around the corner of the kitchen to see Uncle Hank battling with a very

strange looking machine. It was the color of silver, had knobs all over it and made weird blurp... blurp sounds. Hank was stuffing a handful of what looked like mash potatoes into the top of the machine. As the mysterious substance traveled through Uncle Hank's invention it made the machine spark, wheeze and blurp. A bell suddenly sounded and "voila" breakfast was served.

"Come and get it!" chimed Hank. "The best breakfast in town."

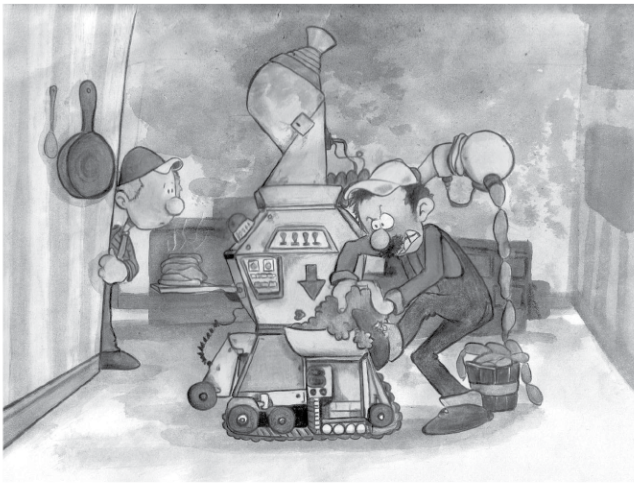
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"What are we having for breakfast Uncle Hank?" asked Chico. "It kind of looks like sausages, whole wheat pancakes and stringy bacon."

"Eat now, talk later!" replied Hank.

Chico grabbed his fork and began to devour the mound of food that was set before him. It tasted rather strange, but Chico was so hungry that he didn't seem to care.

"Alright, Uncle Hank, what was it that I just ate?" asked Chico. "It had a very peculiar smell and taste."

"I didn't want to tell you before you ate it, because you probably wouldn't have eaten it! What you ate was simulated pancakes, bacon and sausage made with my brand new manure molder. You dump manure into the machine. The machine molds it, mashes it, turns it once around, fries it, bashes it, turning it into mounds...of delicious, full of vitamin, good eats. What do you think of those road apples?" asked Hank.

"Are trying to tell me that I just ate a plate of horse poop?" exclaimed Chico.

"You betcha!" replied Uncle Hank.

Chico bolted out of his chair and blindly ran into the bathroom to wash his mouth out with soap. His sister Chiquita had just left

the bathroom. She had left all of her toys on the floor. Chico stepped on Chiquita's rubber squeaky fish and fell face first into the toilet. SPLOOSH!

Chico slowly raised his head out of the toilet. Toilet paper was draped over his head. He looked like a swamp creature from a second rate horror movie. Chiquita heard all of the commotion and ran into the bathroom to see what was going on. As soon as Chiquita saw Chico walking toward her with wet toilet paper covering his face she started running down the hall, fleeing from the unknown bathroom creature. She tripped over Fluffy, a cat who was being cat-sat for the Kafoogaloo family. She sailed three feet into the air and came straight down on Fluffy. Squish!

Uncle Horcius immediately ran upstairs only to see Chico pulling toilet paper out of his ears, nose and mouth and Chiquita staring down at a flat cat that could now be slid under the bathroom door. Hank ran back downstairs and returned with his newly revamped Fluffy Inflator. He attached the suction cup onto Fluffy's face and turned it on. Fluffy began to inflate. Within seconds Fluffy was beginning to look like his usual self. All of a sudden, the Fluffy Inflator began to wheeze and twitch. Sparks were flying

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out of both ends of the machine. Uncle Hank ran to unplug the machine, but even though he pulled the plug, the machine was not stopping. Fluffy was now the size of a basketball. His eyes were bulging out of his over-inflated head.

"Run for cover!" Hank yelled. "He's going to blow."

Fluffy was now the size of a giant beach ball. Chico grabbed him by the tail and dragged him outside. He was running up and down the street dragging Fluffy by the tail as if he was a kite.

"Look at me everybody. I've got a real live cat kite," laughed Chico



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Barf Barfoni was coming along the street and saw Chico running around with Fluffy. He quickly reached into his pocket and pulled out his famous Barf Blaster Spitball Shooter. He loaded it up with slime coated spitballs and took aim at the over-inflated Fluffy. With one shot he hit Fluffy with a power load of spitballs. The air began to leak out of Fluffy's body. He was whizzing around the streets like a deflated balloon. Fluffy whizzed straight onto the road only to be squished again by Sammy Salami's pizza delivery truck.

"Oh no, not again!" screamed Chico. "Poor Fluffy will never be more than a flat, fully deflated cat!"

Chico scraped Fluffy up off the road, ran up to his front door and slid him under the doorway.

"Fluffy, I'll puff you up later," said Chico. "Now stay out of trouble!"

Chico returned to the sidewalk to tell his friend Barf about Freud Ian Shlip's wicked plot to take over Milmac Public School and then, the town of Finkle.

"I'm telling you the truth Barf. Shlip is up to no good. My Uncle Hank and I saw Shlip's entire barn explode, but remain intact. There wasn't a single chicken or cow carcass to be seen

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anywhere. Worst of all, Shlip himself vanished into a giant ball of green dust. I also overheard Shlip talking to Wiggly Wigglebum, the town realtor. Shlip said that he had a plan that would affect Finkle forever. We have to stop him!" pleaded Chico.

"You're my best friend Chico. Ever since you helped me find the secret basement at Milmac Public School and help me look for Poopy Patinski I feel that I owe you one. What do you want me to do?" asked Barf.

"I heard that the bullies are up to something in the boys bathroom. Rumor has it that Shlip and the school bullies have formed an alliance and are working on a plan which will enable them to take over Milmac Public School and then Finkle."

"Wouldn't that be great?" whined Barf. "I would be getting Super Sonic Wedgies every day and locked in my locker by these guys. I'm with you one hundred percent."

"Here's the plan," whispered Chico. "I will ask Mrs. Finklestein if I can go to the bathroom. She won't notice how long I will be away, as she can barely remember her name. Mrs. Pierson, however, the school secretary will be timing my arrival and departure from the boy's bathroom. I need you to distract Mrs. Pierson. She can't

know that I'm even in the bathroom. Can you handle that?" asked Chico.

"No problem," said Barf. "I have the perfect plan!"

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THE PERFECT PLAN

There was something fishy going on at Milmac Public School. All of the bullies from Mrs. Finklestein's class were going to the boy's bathroom, but not returning. No one seemed to give it much thought, probably because they were hoping that they would never return. Chico Chico-let was determined to solve the mystery of the disappearing bullies and sabotage the evil plan of Principal Shlip. Chico wanted to know what the bullies were up to in the boy's bathroom.

Barf Barfoni was purposely late for school so he could put his perfect plan into action. He knew that more often than not Mrs. Pierson would be found asleep, snoring like a bear, with her head gently propped against the computer screen and a trickle of drool suspended from her wrinkled hag-like lips. Barf slithered along the school hallway on his belly right up to Mrs. Pierson's desk. She was fast asleep. She must have been chewing gum before she dozed off, as

there was a piece of Juicy Tootie gum wedged in her left nostril. Each time she breathed a small bubble could be seen coming out of the gum that was lodged in her nose. Barf had to act quickly. He brought five rolls of heavy-duty toilet paper with him. He began to roll the toilet paper around Mrs. Pierson. She was about to become the first real Mummy Milmac Public School had ever seen. By the time Barf was finished, all five rolls were wrapped tightly around Mrs. Pierson.

Mrs. Pierson was beginning to wake up. Barf had to act quickly. He dove straight toward the hallway, reached up with his long bony fingers



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and pulled down on the fire alarm. The fire bell began to TWANG! Mrs. Pierson heard the alarm and bolted up in her chair as if a bolt of lightning had zapped her.

She began running down the hall, pushing the kids out of the way yelling, "Every man, women and child for themselves. Let me out of here!" She was a selfish old woman.

As soon as the students saw Mrs. Pierson running down the hall wrapped in toilet paper they thought what any elementary student would think. M-U-M-M-Y! After all, that's what they were studying in history class. Kids were diving into lockers, flying out of windows (thank goodness they were on the first floor) and sliding down the hallways as fast as their small framed bodies could take them. Johnny Hardstick, the strongest kid in the school and biggest fan of Indiana Bones movies stood right in the middle of the hallway, facing the on-coming Mrs. Pierson. He held out his foot, catapulting Mrs. Pierson straight down the stairs, out the window and face first into the cafeteria garbage dump. She had old fish heads jammed in her nose, tuna surprise casserole stuffed down her pants and rotting egg salad sandwiches making their way from her lips to her stomach.

"I think that should take care of Mrs. Pierson for a few days," bragged Barf. "My perfect plan was better than perfect. It was super perfect!"

Barf went into Mrs. Finklestein's class, waved the forged late slip in front of her protruding nose and made his way to his seat. As he sat down, he glanced at Chico, giving him the "mission accomplished" wink and motioned to Chico to get going. It was time for Chico to make his move.

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TURBO TOILETS

Chico asked Mrs. Finklestein if he could be excused to go to the washroom.

"Mrs. Finklestein. I had a little too much Kool-Aid at recess. Do you think I could go to the bathroom? I R-E-A-L-L-Y need to go!" squeaked Chico.

Mrs. Finklestein was getting older by the second and took an unusually long time to answer Chico. She was lucky to remember who she was let alone remember to answer one of her students. The answer finally arrived.

"Chico, you are always needing to go to the bathroom. I have a good mind to make you hold it until lunch, but I couldn't bear to think of what you would look like if I did. You would be bursting at the seams, turning red in the face and crouching over in pain. Very tempting, but I think I'll have mercy on your fragile bladder this time. Be off with you then!" cackled Mrs. Finklestein.

Mrs. Finklestein was becoming a wicked old woman. Who knows what goes on in her cobweb-filled brain? Only the spiders know for sure.

Chico raced down the hall towards the boy's bathroom. He pressed his ear against the cold bathroom door, but didn't hear a thing. He slowly inched open the door, expecting to see the Milmac bullies holding up some poor kid by their underwear straps performing the Super-Sonic Wedgie. To Chico's surprise the room was empty. He slowly tip-toed into the bathroom, not realizing that Chippie the Attack Squirrel was waiting on the back of the door, ready to pounce on the next person who entered.

"Alright, you guys. I know you're in here somewhere. Bullies don't just disappear into thin air. Come out of those bathroom stalls right now!" demanded Chico.

Just as Chico got to the bathroom stall door Chippie flew off the bathroom door and attached himself onto Chico's sweater. This squirrel seemed to have incredible strength because he was able to swing Chico around the bathroom and catapult him through the bathroom stall and onto a toilet. The weirdest thing began to happen. A strap wound its way around Chico's waist, locking him in place, followed by a steering wheel column thrusting

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itself between his legs. The floor beneath Chico's feet slowly opened, revealing a long, dark chute.

Chico was swallowed by the darkness. He was going on the ride of his life. He must have been travelling at over 100 kilometres an hour, through a maze of sewage pipes that were lined with a brown sludge that oozed over every inch of the tunnels. There were traces of old lunches hanging from the decaying walls. Tattered running shoes, old school books, lost homework and discarded lunches were just a few items Chico saw as he wound through the

dark catacombs. Chico thought he even saw a few old teachers lying about in the darkness as he continued winding his way toward the underworld of Finkle.

Chico was beginning to get a handle on how to drive this contraption. He never would have thought that he would be driving a Turbo Toilet.

Chico began to descend into the core of the Underworld. There was green slime everywhere. There were long greasy strings of slime hanging from the walls with bits of old rotting meals dangling from their threaded ends. Chico ducked just in time to miss a long tentacle of slime that nearly swatted him along the side of the head. The smells that were emanating out of the long dark pipes were enough to stop you from ever looking at an egg salad sandwich again. Chico was getting to the point where he didn't think he could stand the smell of the tuna versus egg salad stench that was filling his nose when, without warning, the Turbo Toilet screeched to a halt. Chico was thrust off the toilet, landing headfirst in a bag of chicken feed. The Turbo Toilets raced off into the darkness of the underground caves. Chico picked himself up, dusted himself off, and wondered why there would be bags of chicken feed down in the underworld of Finkle.

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MOO MOO CHICKENS

Most of the children from Finkle knew of the Underworld as a place they would rather not go. There were tales of strange creatures, weird tribes of people, wizards and fire-breathing dragons. The most famous tale was that of Poopy Patinski. It was said that Poopy was learning to be a wizard and was being taught by the great Kimono dragon himself. The Kimono Dragon was once an all-powerful wizard, but was banished from the Finkle Mountains to the Underworld for using his powers to do evil. The Kimono Dragon was truly sorry for his deeds and wanted to train a new fighter of evil, so that Finkle would be once again protected from evil people like Freud Ian Shlip. The dragon chose Poopy Patinski. When Poopy was a young boy, he was dared to sleep in the basement of Milmac Public School. It was at the time the school was just being built. Poopy's real name is Peter Patinski. The bullies who dared him told Peter that they would never call him Poopy again if he

did the dare. Peter agreed to do the dare. He arrived at the deserted basement at around 11:00 p.m. By 12 o'clock midnight Poopy was gone. The Kimono dragon took him into the Underworld. Little did Poopy know that he was going to be changed into a full-fledged wizard.

That was a cool legend, but whether true or not Chico had to keep his wits about him. He was in no mood to be scared by an oversized lizard or a guy named Poopy. Chico began to walk along the torch-lit tunnels. Along the edges of the path were the remains of what looked like lost Finklites. Maybe these people were also thrust into the Underworld by a ravenous squirrel, a squirrel that obviously wore his underwear too tight. Maybe Poopy Patinski was summoning him for some heroic mission?

Chico inched his shaken body along the narrow tunnels toward an unknown fate and an unknown destination when suddenly, there was a sound.

"Cockle Doodle Moo...Cockle Doodle Moo."

At first the sound was distant, but it was gradually getting louder and closer to Chico.

"Who goes there!" demanded Chico. "Show yourself before I show you what an angry grade four student can do when he gets angry!"

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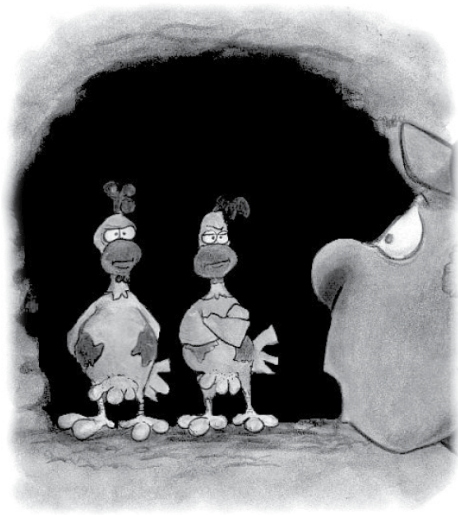
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In reality, Chico was about to pee in his pants. He had never been so scared. From within the dark shadows of the caves appeared two animals that looked like a cross between a chicken and a cow. They were covered in feathers, but had an udder hanging from their bellies. They also had huge red lips that looked like the end of a toilet plunger. They stood across the tunnel, blocking Chico from

continuing his journey. It was almost as if they were guarding the cave that was directly behind their rather large derrieres.

"These must be the creatures Freud Ian Shlip was creating in McDermott's barn," thought Chico. "He has crossed a chicken and a cow and created a Moo Moo Chicken!"

Chico had to think quickly. He needed to get by these large Moo Moo Chickens, but how?

S-Q-U-E-A-K!

Chico looked at his shoulder and saw that Chippie the Attack Squirrel had gotten his claws caught in his wool sweater and was frantically trying to free himself.

"Hello there, Mr. Squirrel, how nice of you to hang around." giggled Chico.

Chico instantly thought of a way of getting by the Moo Moo Chickens. He reached into his pocket and grabbed his extra pair of super stretchy, bone white, unscathed underwear. His mom always told him to have an extra pair of clean underwear around, just in case of an accident. This pair of underwear was about to save his life. Chico pulled Chippie off his sweater and placed him gently into the elastic waistband of the underwear. He pulled back as far as he could and with a "heave ho, let's go" shot Chippie right toward the Moo Moo

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Chickens. The Moo Moo Chickens angled their suction lips toward Chippie at the same time, sandwiching Chippie between their huge, honking lips. They were now face to face, with Chippie stuck between their lips. This mini chaotic event gave Chico enough time to slither by the slightly perturbed Moo Moo Chickens, who by the way smell very, very bad. They smelled worse than a bottle of soured milk.

Chico squeezed by the slightly dazed Moo Moo Chickens only to find himself looking at the most awesome sight he had ever seen. It looked like a village made of chocolate.



FINGLORIUS

"Wow! An entire town carved into a mountain of chocolate!" stuttered Chico. "I have never seen such incredible beauty."

He stood in awe, drooling over the thought of devouring each city block, brick by brick. His eyes bugged out, as his knees dissolved into a pool of Jell-O. Chico stared at the mountains of delicious candy covered cottages with their icing covered roofs and their jellybean walkways. It was what every kid dreamed of, an endless supply of sugar. For years, it was rumored that Principal Shlip was stealing chocolate and candy from the students and hoarding it. Who would have believed that he could have created a town made from chocolate and candy?

Chico ducked behind a huge marshmallow tree as he heard voices coming out of one of the candy-like cottages. It was Shlip and a very odd looking fellow. This imaginative looking creature had a chocolate drop for a

hat, a strand of licorice for a tie, a Graham cracker for a vest, chocolate wrapper pants and marshmallow shoes. He was good enough to eat. Chico believed this man was Lord Kogalafoogala, ruler of the Po-Po Yum Yums. The Po-Po Yum Yums were a devilish group of Imps that ruled the Underworld. There were tales told about the Po-Po Yum Yums, which were thought of as legends, but told over and over again to wide-eyed children at family gatherings. No one was sure whether or not the stories of Lord Kogalafoogala and the Po-Po Yum Yums were true, but it was fun imagining that there were little people, ruled by a flamboyant king living under the fantastical town of Finkle. It was also fun to blame the Po-Po Yum Yums when things went wrong or when you were in danger of getting in trouble for doing something nasty.

"It was one of those nasty Po-Po Yum Yums!" Uncle Horcius would yell, anytime he passed one of his nasty, after dinner, gasolicious, stink wammies.

Coming out of the same cottage, driving their Super-Charged Turbo Toilets were three familiar faces: Dirk Dooley and Billy and Brutus Rosenwiff, bullies from Milmac Public School. They were racing out of a Po-Po Yum Yum

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cottage playing a demented game of Moo Moo Chicken Hockey. They were using a slightly frazzled Moo Moo Chicken as a puck.

"Shoot it over here, Dirk!" screamed Brutus.

"Coming right to ya." replied Dirk.

With a mighty twist of the wrist, Dirk propelled the Moo Moo Chicken through the air and right into the pathetically put together



net the bullies had made with half eaten licorice laces. As soon as the Moo Moo Chicken hit the net it burst through the back of the net and raced frantically out of the cave, cackling as if its feet were on fire. Of course, Dirk, Brutus and Billy thought this was hilarious and were about to chase the Moo Moo Chicken when they heard the deafening voice of Shlip.

"Will you boys stop horsing around and get yourself over here! I want to introduce to you to the Mayor of Fingloria."

The three brutish bullies raced over and stopped in front of Shlip and his sidekick. Chico carefully maneuvered his pint-sized body closer to the crowd of evil doers to hear what they were up to.

"Boys, this is Lord Kogalafoogala. He is the ruler of Fingloria and the King of the Po-Po Yum Yums. We have come together so that we can take over the minds of the students of Milmac Public School and then, the Fantastical Town of Finkle. The Moo Moo Chickens have been injected with the magic green cave dust that I discovered, which will make them unstoppable and hence, us unstoppable. Lord Kogalafoogala has created an army of Po-Po Yum Yum Sumo Babies that will unite with the Moo Moo Chickens, making us the most powerful

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army in the entire town of Finkle. Finkle will no longer be a town where people are considerate, respectful and honest. We will infect and twist their pathetic minds with our evil, sinister dark intentions, making the town of Finkle ours to control forever.

Chico now knew what Freud Ian Shlip was trying to do. For years, the elders of Finkle had been teaching their children the importance of respect, responsibility and honesty. Ever since Shlip came to be principal of Milmac Public School he had been counteracting these teachings by rewarding bad behaviours like that of Dirk, Brutus and Billy and punishing the do-gooders. His next step was to corrupt the town of Finkle with his negative teachings. He was going to use the Sumo Babies and Moo Moo Chickens to apply force to the fragile folks of Finkle, forcing them into doing what was wrong instead of what was right. He was going to apply the ultimate pressure, "do it or reap the consequences." What could Chico do? He needed help and he needed it now.



THE MAGICAL GREEN GOO

Chico crawled through a small crevasse that barely allowed for his bony frame. He crawled through thick, brown bubbling sludge, which was actually chocolate shavings mixed with hot cocoa. He was trying to get as far away from Shlip, the bullies and Lord Kogalafogala as he could so he could warn the people of Finkle of Shlip's dastardly plan. As Chico entered the dark and drafty cave, his sense of smell alerted him that there were chocolate chip cookies baking somewhere. This was not a smell Chico expected in a cave where bats and Night Wigglers were known to inhabit. This place called Fingloria was enough to drive a kid crazy or at least give him a major sugar rush. Chico was feeling extremely hyped. His head was spinning and his feet were flying over the stones that lined the cave. As Chico moved deeper into the chocolate lined cave he noticed a noise coming from the direction he was

heading in. Chico listened and could hear the sound of a large machine clinking and clattering.

Chico stood up and to his surprise, he did not see a cookie baking machine, but something totally different. He was standing in front of the biggest machine he had ever seen. There were green globs of liquefied sugar spewing out from its numerous gleaming crystal tubes that thrust their metallic arms out from its sides.

"Maybe the green globs were icing for the cookies," thought Chico. "I think I'll have to grab a handful of that sweet mouth watering kid-candy. It looked dee-licious!"

The mechanical monster had hundreds of buttons and switches along its side, with a long, tongue-like conveyor belt emerging from its belly. Hiss...Bang...Thump...Hiss...Bang...Thump was the sound that echoed in Chico's ears from this horrid mechanical contraption.

Thousands of Po-Po Yum Yums stood along the side of the conveyor belt. They were placing squared off pieces of cloth onto the conveyor belt and smearing it with green, sticky goo. This glop was made from the magical green dust that lined the cave. This green dust was everywhere and on everything. It sparkled on the roofs of the candy-like cottages like diamonds sparkling in the pitch of night. It

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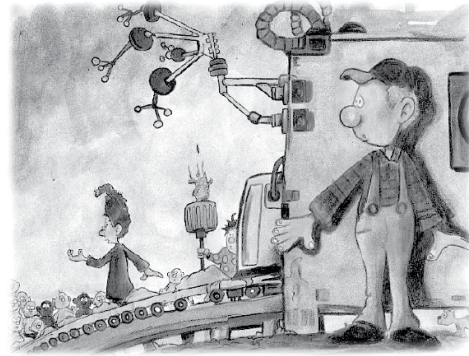
The mechanical monster had hundreds of buttons and switches along its side, with a long, tongue-like conveyor belt emerging from its belly. Hiss...Bang...Thump...Hiss...Bang... Thump was the sound that echoed in Chico's ears from this horrid mechanical contraption.

Thousands of Po-Po Yum Yums stood along the side of the conveyor belt. They were placing squared off pieces of cloth onto the conveyor belt and smearing it with green, sticky goo. This glop was made from the magical green dust that lined the cave. This green dust was everywhere and on everything. It sparkled on the roofs of the candy-like cottages like diamonds sparkling in the pitch of night. It

covered Chico as he lay motionless observing the goings on of Fingloria. At the end of the line of Po-Po Yum Yums were hundreds of mechanical Sumo Babies being powdered and diapered. As soon as the goo covered diaper wrapped around their bottoms, the Sumo Babies eyes began to glow with an eerie green hue. It was scary. Their bodies came to life and their powers increased to that of a hundred men. You could tell these Sumo Babies had incredible strength because as soon as they came to life they began lifting heavy pieces of chocolate chunks in a feeble attempt to prove to Shlip that they were strong and powerful and worthy to be his followers.

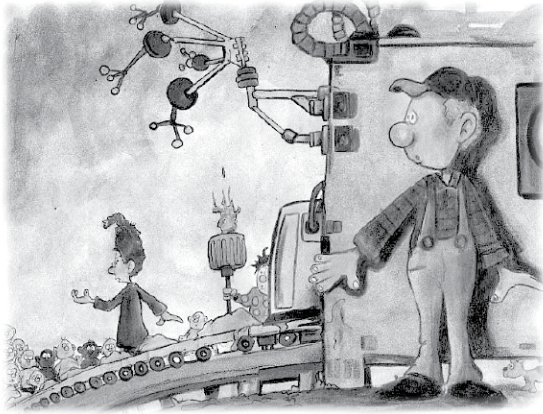
Freud Ian Shlip was using the magic of the green dust to create a green goo that could be used to increase the power and strength of what it was applied to. Shlip decided to use the Sumo Baby's diapers as a way of creating unstoppable strength. Shlip had created the Hyper Diaper.

Chico could hear Shlip and his evil comrades entering the room, so he knew he had to act quickly. He ran as fast as he could to the wall that hid the backside of the Goo Machine. He was dangerously close to the wheels of the machine. They were turning uncomfortably close



to Chico's pint-sized body. One-inch closer and Chico would be turned into a pile of green goop. Chico could see Shlip and his band of thugs standing only inches from the machine and only feet from where he was hiding. One false move, sneeze or unfortunate toot could expose Chico and prevent him from stopping Shlip's evil plan. Shlip looked straight at Chico, but fortunately did not notice Chico's frail body leaning against the threatening mechanical monster. Chico was hidden in the shadows.

"This Green Goo!" exclaimed Shlip, "When smeared on a person or animal with evil thoughts and evil intentions can make them more evil and more sinister. However, if this



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"This Green Goop!" exclaimed Shlip, "When smeared on a person or animal with evil thoughts and evil intentions can make them more evil and more sinister. However, if this

goo is smeared on someone who is good, like those nasty do-gooders of Finkle, they become even better and unstoppable. We must make sure that our army of Sumo Babies and our Moo Moo Chickens get doubly smeared, so that there is no chance a Finklite will get hold of the Green Goo. Smear everything in sight! Make more Hyper Diapers!"

Lord Kogalafoogala started yelling at the Po-Po Yum Yums in the language of Fingloria to get their chocolate bums moving. Shlip ordered the bullies to see that all the Sumo Babies had their Hyper Diapers on properly. There is nothing more embarrassing than having your Hyper Diaper on backwards.

Now was Chico's chance. He jumped onto the conveyor belt and started to run toward the arms of the machine, which were diapering the Sumo Babies with the Hyper Diapers. Before he could think his next thought, Chico was grabbed by one of the arms of the horrid machine. The metallic arm tore every piece of clothing off Chico's bony body, leaving him hanging over the green goo with nothing on except his birthday suit. He was naked as a Jay bird. It definitely was one of Chico's most embarrassing moments. All he needed now was to have someone with an "I see a photo opportunity"

to come by. Snap! His picture would be on the cover of the Finkle Times. Wouldn't that be great! NOT!

Chico thought he was a goner. He thought he was going to be dropped into the green goo, but suddenly a second metallic hand swung Chico's bottom upright and covered his rosy cheeks (not the ones on his face) with a Green Hyper Diaper. He was heading straight for the pot of bubbling green goo wearing a magical Hyper Diaper.

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THE HYPER DIAPER EXPERIENCE

As soon as the Hyper Diaper wrapped its way around Chico's bum, something magical started to happen. A feeling so strange, but so familiar began racing through Chico's body. It must have been the magic of the green dust that permeated the Hyper Diaper. Chico began tingling all over. He felt better than he had ever felt before. He felt as if he was having a sugar rush. You know the one you have after sneaking loads of your Halloween candy into your bedroom at night, pigging out as if you were never going to see candy again. Chico felt as if he had the strength of a thousand men.

Before Chico could take advantage of his newly acquired super strength he was dunked into the pot of bubbling green goo. All of the bullies, including Shlip and Lord Kogalafoogala turned and noticed Chico just as he dissolved into the magical green goo that was churning

around in the Goobanizer. The Goobanizer is the name Shlip gave his mechanical monster machine that created his magical green goo.

"That will teach Chico that he is no match for me!" laughed Shlip.

Lord Kogalafoogala and the Po-Po Yum Yums looked shocked as they watched Chico disappear into the vat of the green globular goop. For one short moment there was an eerie silence, disturbed only by the blurps and twangs of the Goobanizer. After only a few short moments, slowly emerging from the green bubbling goo came a familiar figure. He was dripping with steaming green goo and wrapped in a slightly soiled Hyper Diaper. It was Chico Chico-let! He was alive! Chico jumped onto the top of the Goobanizer machine. He looked strong and magnificent. He looked like a super hero.

"You can't stop me, you swine. With the help of this magical goo I will stop your plans of turning the townspeople of Finkle into selfish fiends like yourself. With my Hyper Diaper and this magic goo, I will stop your evil plan! This magical green concoction runs through my veins and wraps its way through my soul. I must fulfill my destiny. I must now live my life

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ridding the world of bullies like you. I am the GOOBANIZER!"

Chico jumped off the mechanical monstrosity and began running toward the bullies, Shlip and Lord Kogalafogala. They could see that they were in trouble so they began running toward the back of the cave. The bullies hopped on their Turbo Toilets and ripped out of the cave as fast as they could. Lord Kogalafogala ran into his chocolate covered cottage. Shlip stood directly under a large copper pipe that hung from the ceiling of the



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cave. He clapped his hands and was instantly sucked up into the pipe. Chico was so surprised to see Shlip get sucked up into the huge pipe that he didn't notice the Sumo Babies rallying hundreds and hundreds of Moo Moo Chickens. Before Chico knew it he was completely surrounded by hundreds of Sumo Babies and Moo Moo Chickens.

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THE ATTACK OF THE MOO MOO CHICKENS

The Sumo Babies jumped onto the backs of the Moo Moo Chickens and began riding toward Chico Chico-let. It looked like a scene from one of those old spaghetti westerns. Chico looked around and noticed that directly above him was a long piece of licorice hanging from the ceiling of the cave. It must have detached itself from one of the Po-Po Yum Yum's cottages. Seconds before the Sumo Babies and the Moo Moo Chickens were upon him he reached up and pulled himself up and over the herd of slightly stinky Sumos. They were traveling so fast they were unable to stop and crashed right into the Great Goo Creating Machine. The Moo Moo Chickens went down as the Sumo Babies went up. Many of the Sumo Babies got their bottoms stuck to the large suction lips of the Moo Moo Chickens as they came down upon their heads. It was quite a sight.

The Goobanizer Machine started to sputter and began to overheat.

"Run for cover!" yelled Chico. "The Goobanizer Machine is going to blow!"

Everyone, including Chico, began running for the back of the cave. The heat from the Goobanizer began to melt the Po-Po Yum Yum's chocolate cottages. There was a river of chocolate mixing with the green goo of the Goobanizer Machine. As the chocolate mixed with the green goo a mint-like toffee was formed stopping the Moo Moos and Po-Po Yum Yums in their tracks. They were stuck to the floor of the cave. It was kind of funny watching the big lipped Moo Moo Chickens and big-bottomed Sumo Babies struggle, trying to free themselves from their sticky situation.



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The Moo Moo Chickens started to shimmy and shake. It looked as if they were doing the Moo Moo Chicken Cha-Cha. Their new Funky Chicken dance wasn't happening because of their shimmying and shaking. It was because the entire cave was shaking back and forth. Something of tremendous size was coming up from the depths of the mountain.

From the depths of darkness came a large, dark green reptilian head piercing its way through the blackness of the cave. Following the head came an ironclad body covered with the armor of a noble warrior. The Sumo Babies began crying and screaming like a bunch of over-stuffed sissies when they saw what was now in front of them. Towering as high as the cave's ceiling was a huge Kimono dragon and on its back was a familiar cloaked figure. It was the once lost, but now magnificent Poopy Patinski.



THE RETURN OF POOPY PATINSKI

Chico could not believe his eyes. Standing on the back of the Kimono dragon was Poopy Patinski. The memories of the adventures his friend Barf and him got into to prove the existence of Poopy were rushing in and out of his thoughts. Now it made sense. Poopy Patinski had been living in the land of Fingloria among the Po-Po Yum Yums so he could learn the magic of the Kimono Dragon. The Po-Po Yum Yums must have been keeping a watchful eye on Shlip and his gang so that they could report to Poopy. Lord Kogalafogala was pretending to be on Shlip's side so he too could protect Finkle from any potential danger.

Poopy was carried into the cave on the dragon's head as if he was a king. He was dressed modestly, with a brown tattered cloak and sandals. His eyes glowed as if they were created from the brightest emeralds and

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although he rode a beast of great size and strength, he emanated a gentle and kind spirit.

The Sumo Babies and Moo Moo Chickens were starting to unstick themselves. With one fast swoop, Poopy Patinski and the Kimono Dragon flew over the Moo Moo Chickens, picking up the slightly stuck Sumo Babies by their diapers. They were definitely getting one wicked Super-Wedgie. Getting picked up by the Kimono dragon must have got the Sumos a bit excited as their diapers began to load themselves up with something rather smelly. Through the intense stink of the Sumo Baby's Hyper Diapers came a sign of a change.

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The Sumo Baby's evil thoughts and desires left them instantly. They no longer wanted to follow Shlip, but wanted to help rid the world of bullies forever. It must have been the magic of Poopy Patinski and the Kimono Dragon that was creating such change. The Sumo Babies began to tear off their fully loaded Hyper Diapers and started to drop them onto the Moo Moo Chickens. Moo Moo Chickens were running everywhere. Many of the Moo Moos that were still stuck ended up with diapered faces. It was not a pretty sight seeing a steamy, ripe diaper make direct impact with a Moo Moo Chicken's face.

The diaper-bombing raid lasted for about two minutes. By the end of the raid there was not a single unsoiled Moo Moo Chicken anywhere. The biggest Moo Moo Chicken raised a white flag (which was actually an unsoiled diaper) from under the pile of smelly diapers he was buried under. The Sumo Babies formed an alliance with the Po-Po Yum Yums and joined the fight with Chico and Poopy to rid Finkle of the evil Shlip and his gang of bullies. The Moo Moo Chickens were forced to clean up the mess that was created by the diaper raid and take self-improvement classes at the local Fingloria Public School.

The Po-Po Yum Yums, led by Lord Kogalafoogala came out of their chocolate cottages. They were so relieved that Poopy Patinski and the Kimono Dragon had come to their rescue. They weren't sure how long they were going to be able to fool Shlip into believing that they were on his side.

There was a town meeting in Fingloria that night that included Poopy Patinski, the Po-Po Yum Yums, the Sumos and of course Chico Chico-let from the land of Chico Chico. During this meeting it was decided that Poopy would stay in Fingloria to protect the Finglorians from Shlip and his band of bullies, if they decided to return. Chico was to be sent back to tell the people of Finkle of the evil plan of Shlip. They needed to know that Shlip was trying to turn the fantastical town of Finkle into a land of evil thoughts and evil deeds. There was no need for anyone else from Fingloria to go with Chico as he now possessed the magic that they all had known about for years. A magic that would protect Chico from harm and give him the knowledge and courage to deal with what he must confront alone.

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After the meeting it was decided by the townsfolk of Fingloria that Chico could no longer be thought of as the innocent boy from

Finkle, but rather a young man who was filled with the magic of the ages, present and future. That night in the town square of Fingloria, Chico was christened the Goobanizer, fighter of evil. He now had a quest: to tell the good people of Finkle that they too had the power to resist evil. It was up to Chico or should I say the Goobanizer to tell them.

Chico waved good-bye to the people of Fingloria. He had to find his way through the Dark Maze within two days or the town of Finkle would be lost to Shlip. The Dark Maze was a myriad of tunnels Shlip created to confuse intruders, preventing them from ever leaving the darkened land of Fingloria. Intruders would be forced to either join Shlip's evil forces or perish in the darkness of the maze. The Goobanizer would never join the force of evil. He believed in doing what was right and stand up for what he believed in. The Goobanizer would not be defeated.



THE DARK MAZE

The Goobanizer descended into the Great Dark Maze. This was going to be Chico's first challenge as the Goobanizer. He climbed down a rotted, wooden ladder and found himself standing in a stone chamber that had numerous tunnels leading away from it. The air was damp and thick. The walls were covered in webs from huge, hairy, florescent spiders. The most disgusting sight was the floor. It was moving. There were hundreds of Dirt Beetles crawling along the floor. Their bodies were the colour of mucus, covered in green and yellow matted hairs. It was a sight enough to make you throw up. The Goobanizer's feet made crunching sounds as he walked from tunnel to tunnel, stepping on the shelled bodies of the Dirt Beetles. There was green mucus stains all over the soles of the Goobanizer's shoes. It was gross!

It was a problem deciding on which tunnel he should take. There were hundreds of tunnels

leading off in every direction. A wrong choice could lead the Goobanizer into a room of poisonous snakes or even worse, talkative girls.

The Goobanizer felt something crawling up his pant leg. He realized the Dirt Beetles were beginning to invade his clothing.

"THERE IS A BEETLE IN MY UNDERWEAR!" screamed the Goobanizer.

Without thinking, the Goobanizer started to run. He ran down a tunnel, barely being able to see what was ahead of him. His main goal was to get the Dirt Beetle out of his tighty-whities. The Goobanizer tripped over a large boulder that was lying across his path and was catapulted down a large metal shaft. He bumped and slid down the long, dark shaft until he finally came to a stop.

"If it is possible to break your bottom, I think I have just done it!" moaned the slightly dazed Goobanizer.

He picked himself up and began to look around. He could see that there was some sort of large room ahead of him. He slowly made his way past the ancient carvings that covered the walls beside him. They looked as if they were pictures of pirates and their conquests. There was one picture that would be etched into the Goobanizer's brain forever. It was of a pirate

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named Captain Blair. His face was worn from the many years of being out at sea and his dark sullen eyes were pure insanity. These etchings were giving the Goobanizer the creeps.

He could see that the room he was destined for was filled with a great light. But what could be giving off such a great light in a maze created by Shlip? The Goobanizer walked into the cave and stood frozen for he could not believe what he had found. He was standing in the one room Shlip would never want him to find. It was the room of the Great Treasure.



THE GREAT TREASURE

The Goobanizer could hardly believe his eyes. He was in a room that was filled with bags of money, crates of gold bars and treasure chests filled with emeralds, diamonds, sapphires, rubies and pearls. In the middle of the cave stood a majestic sight. It was an authentic Spanish Galleon, a pirate ship. It was the ship that Mojo and Stanley, young boys from the town of Finkle found when they were on their swamp camping adventure. The Goobanizer had an idea. He ran toward the ship, walked up the gangplank and hauled his pint-size body up to where the pirate captain would have steered the ship. His intentions were to use his magic to sail the pirate ship through the cave, along the River of Moo and arrive at the doorstep of Milmac Public School so he could warn the students of Shlip's evil plot to take over Finkle. Just as the Goobanizer was about to take his magic dust out of his pocket he heard sounds coming from the hold of the ship. He grabbed a

pirate's sword that was lying on the ship's deck and slowly walked toward the noise.

"I don't like this one bit," shivered the Goobanizer. "Maybe it's one of those long-nosed Humpabumpalouses or a Pickety Poo Poo bird. The smell of those things is enough to make you retch!"

He drew his sword over his head, reached down and lifted up the door that concealed the mysterious noise. To the Goobanizer's surprise, it was a strange looking group of boys and girls.

"Come out of there at once!" demanded the Goobanizer. "Tell me who you are and what you are doing in the bottom compartment of this ship?"

"My name is Chris Kabooby and these are my friends. We are the Gotchie Gang. We were bullies exiled to the Forest of Enzar. We were not allowed back to the land of Finkle until we learned the ways of the Shadow People. They taught us ways of helping instead of hurting, of leading instead of bullying. We had helped two wanderers, Eric and the Green Gorilla and were prepared to return to Finkle, but were tricked by a dreaded Moo Moo Chicken. He dressed up like one of our friends, Barf Barfoni. He told us that we were needed in the Pirate Caves. We followed him into this ship, where he trapped

pirate's sword that was lying on the ship's deck and slowly walked toward the noise.

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us in the ship's hold. We didn't think we would ever get out. Thank you for saving us. If there is anything we can do, please tell us."

"I am the Goobanizer. My quest is to tell the townsfolk of Finkle about the evil plot of Shlip."

"Let us help you. We have learned of Shlip and how he was impersonating Billy Booten. He is a master of disguise. He tried to gain power by stealing the Green Gorilla's belly button, but we stopped him. We also can teach the people of Finkle how to stand up to Shlip and his motley crew. We will give them power that will last their lifetimes," said Chris Kabooby.

"I think if we work together we can accomplish great things. Chris, you are in charge of steering this ship. Get your gang positioned around the mast and have one up in the Crow's Nest as a lookout. I will use my magic to fly us out of here," said the Goobanizer.

"Ships can't fly," replied Chris.

"This one will. Get to your positions."

The Goobanizer had never used his newly acquired magical talents, but was going to give them a try. He gathered the magical green dust that he had collected in his pockets and blew it onto the ship's sails.

"Sail up and away, to the top of the cave. Through the walls we will slip, to foil the plan of the sinister Freud Ian Shlip."

The pirate ship began to rise. It thrust its ancient frame across the cave and headed straight for the cave wall.

"Hang onto your socks, we're going to break through the cave walls!" yelled Chris, who was steering the ancient vessel.

The Gotchie Gang hung on for dear life. Chris Kabooby's pants filled up with air and was acting as an extra sail.

"We're heading straight for the wall. We are all going to be splinterized!" yelled Matthew, one of the Gotchie Gang members.

The Goobanizer was praying that his magic would protect the ship from the impact of the wall. If not, there would be bits of pirate ship, Gotchie Gang and Goobanizer everywhere. The pirate ship hit the cave wall, but instead of shattering into bits and pieces it cut right through it like a hot knife through butter. The Goobanizer was now the proud owner of his very own flying pirate ship.

"Destination, Milmac Public School, Fantastic Town of Finkle," cried the Goobanizer. "It's time to stop this evil force once and for all. Together we will stop Shlip and his evil band of bullies."

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PUNCTURE MAKES PERFECT

Meanwhile, back at Milmac Public School, strange things were happening. Every class, from grades 1 to 8 had a substitute teacher. Principal Freud Ian Shlip announced that all the teachers were sent to a special conference on how to deal with do-gooders and pesky honor students. Just before the school day started Barf Barfoni, friend of Chico received a letter via Carrier Pigeon from Chico Chico-let warning him that there were strange creatures called Moo Moo Chickens preparing to invade the school. "They can disguise themselves as anyone." Chico ended his message with the words 'Puncture Makes Perfect.' Barf thought it was kind of a strange message, but no stranger than other things Chico would say and do.

Barf put the note in his back pocket. The school bell rung, signaling Barf that it was time to enter the school and go to class. As he entered his class he knew something was wrong

the moment he set his sights on his substitute teacher Ms. Cluckaluck. There was something not quite right about this teacher. She had the biggest hair bun you have ever seen. She could barely maneuver it through the classroom door. She had bright, ruby red lipstick on and an hour-glass figure. That's if we're talking twenty-four hours. She was huge. The flowered dress she wore looked as if it could double for a circus tent. There were also feathers on the floor by her desk. They looked as if they were falling from under her dress.

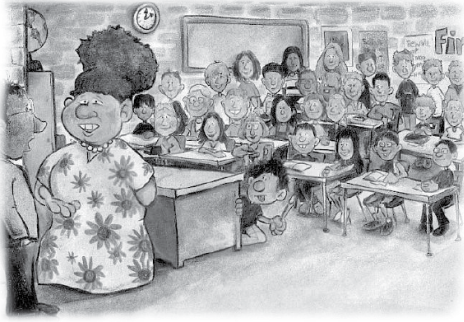
"Class!" she cackled. "Open up your books and turn to page 211. You will be finishing questions one to one hundred. No one leaves this classroom until they have finished all one hundred math questions and completes their essay on why it is better to receive than give. Now get to work!"

Barf thought it was strange that an adult would be teaching children that it was better to get than give. Everyone knew that was way off. Barf had to find out what was going on or at least have some fun. When Ms. Cluckaluck turned away from him to talk to another teacher, Mr. Featherstone, who had come to the classroom door, Barf snuck up to Ms. Cluckaluck's seat with the sharpest pencils,

the moment he set his sights on his substitute teacher Ms. Cluckaluck. There was something not quite right about this teacher. She had the biggest hair bun you have ever seen. She could barely maneuver it through the classroom door. She had bright, ruby red lipstick on and an hour-glass figure. That's if we're talking twenty-four hours. She was huge. The flowered dress she wore looked as if it could double for a circus tent. There were also feathers on the floor by her desk. They looked as if they were falling from under her dress.

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and jabbed them into a pencil box so they would be sticking straight up. When Ms. Cluckaluck sat down on those pencils she was in for a real surprise.

Ms. Cluckaluck slowly walked toward her desk, eyeing Barf with her one strange, crooked eyeball. Her bottom slowly descended onto the points of the pencils. Of course everyone in the class knew what Barf had done and was waiting with anticipation for the result. What happened next was not what everyone expected. Instead of a scream, yell, flapping of the hands or the gratuitous, "Ouch, my bottom hurts," there was a strange silence followed by a hissing sound. Everyone instantly looked at Barf as to accuse him of one of his famous Burrito

Wizz-Pops, but the sound was not coming from Barf. It was coming from the backside of Ms. Cluckaluck. Instead of deflating, Ms. Cluckaluck was getting bigger. First her hands and feet began to expand, then her body and finally her enormous head. Her hair-do definitely would not fit through the doorway now.

"She's going to pop!" yelled Barf. "Everyone, outside!"

Barf's entire class, followed by all of the students of Milmac Public School rushed outside onto the playground. Ms. Cluckaluck was starting to bulge through the school windows. All of the substitute teachers had a look of disbelief and horror on their faces. One was heard whispering, "They have discovered the way to destroy us."

At the time it did not make sense, but it was going to be clear in a matter of moments. Ms. Cluckaluck was squealing like a pig, then... B-O-O-M. She exploded and began sailing through the air, over the bewildered students of Milmac. She sailed high into the bright blue sky. When she reached an altitude of over 100 feet, she popped again.

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of feathers was the rest of Ms. Cluckaluck. Landing at the foot of Barf was the outer shell of Ms. Cluckaluck. It was nothing more than a fabricated costume.

“Of course!” yelled Barf. “Ms. Cluckaluck must have been a Moo Moo Chicken. This is what Chico must have meant in his letter when he said ‘Puncture Makes Perfect’ and that Moo Moo Chickens could impersonate anyone. If she is a Moo Moo Chicken, the rest of the substitute teachers must be too! They must be Moo Moo Chickens dressed as teachers and followers of Shlip. We must eliminate bullying forever. Let’s start de-plucking these feathered-creatures. Get your pencils and start poking.”



THE GOOBANIZER

The students of Milmac Public School began walking toward the substitute teachers with their sharpened pencils. They were about to de-feather these evil creatures. Milmac Public School was not going to be terrorized by bullying anymore.

Barf Barfoni suddenly stopped and turned toward the Finkle Mountains. He noticed a strange object flying toward the school at a very fast pace. It was getting larger as it got closer to the irate crowd of Milmac students.

"Maybe its their mother ship!" yelled one of the students.

Everyone stared into the sky in disbelief. Getting closer by the second was a flying pirate ship, carrying the once banished Gotchie Gang and the soon-to-be hero and King of Finkle, the Goobanizer. Chris Kabooby was steering the ship and the rest of the Gotchie Gang listened to the commands of the

Goobanizer, who was perched on the bow of the ship looking for a safe place to land.

"Sail her to the north side of the school," commanded the Goobanizer.

"Aye, Aye captain," responded Chris.

"Ahoy, you land-lovers of Finkle. Get out of the way. We've never landed such a beast as this!" yelled Amanda Butterflorio.

The landing wasn't exactly smooth. They took out a row of trees, a few cars, dazzled a few old ladies and decimated a telephone booth, but at least no one was injured. The frazzled crew regained their land-legs and staggered off the ship. They were now standing amongst the good folks of Finkle. The substitute teachers, or should I say the Moo Moo Chickens realized that their disguises were no longer needed. They began to shed their outer layers. Within moments stood a group of strange looking creatures. They had large red lips that looked as if they could double for a vacuum and udders that looked ridiculous hanging from their larger than large bellies. The Finklites were preparing to poke these evil creatures with their pencils. They wanted to send their feathered carcasses into orbit and rid their town of bullying once and for all. The Goobanizer stood in front of the

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Finklites, lifted his hands and motioned them to stop.

"You once knew me as Chico Chico-let from the Land of Chico Chico. In a battle with Principal Freud Ian Shlip I was dropped into a magical pot of green bubbling magical goo. Shlip wanted to destroy me, but to his surprise I was transformed into the Goobanizer, a magical fighter of evil. With my newly acquired powers I am destined to rid our world of bullies forever. I am here to tell you that your Principal Shlip is the King of all bullies. He tolerates bullying, excusing it as a part of growing up. He doesn't punish bullies, but reinforces their behaviour by not treating it as a serious occurrence. He also teaches the students of Milmac Public School to ignore bullying or walk away from it. These are band-aid solutions that seldom work. We are not going to ignore bullying anymore!"

The crowd of Finklites cheered.

"Let's start poking these good for nothing buzzards!" yelled Barf.

"If you harm the Moo Moo Chickens, you are no better than them. The best defense against a bully is knowledge, becoming assertive, mixed in with solid confidence." said the Goobanizer.

Chris Kabooby and his gang of Wedgie Warriors began to walk closer toward the

townsfolk of Finkle. Many people remembered the Gotchie Gang and were surprised at what they were about to hear.

"My name is Chris Kabooby. I am the leader of the Gotchie Gang. You may remember my colleagues and I from when we ruled the playground at this school. We were the kings and queens of the Super Wedgies. We were banished to the Forest of Enzar and were not allowed to return to Finkle until we learned the ways of the Shadow People. We were fortunate to have met Reako Reako-let who is a Shadow Person. He taught us that words can hurt and can hurt forever. They can be very destructive to a person's self-confidence. He also taught us the importance of not bullying



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others, but using our gifts to help, instead of hurt. We realized that we had to change. We worked for months learning ways of teaching others about bullying. We finally received our first opportunity to help when we met two wanderers by the name of Eric and the Green Gorilla. They were from Finkle and were on a quest to find the Green Gorilla's belly button. They came face to face with a bully named Billy Booten who was the bully they sought. Billy Booten turned out to be none other than your Principal Freud Ian Shlip. We helped them and now would like to teach you."

The townsfolk of Finkle all looked at each other. They realized that if they acted out of anger, they would be doing exactly what the Moo Moo Chickens were expecting; and that was to REACT.

"What should we do with these oversized milk dudes?" asked Barf.

"We must load them aboard the ancient wooden pirate ship and banish them to the Forest of Enzar. I will chant a magical spell and use the magical green dust that I acquired from the land of Fingloria. I will make it so the only way these Moo Moo Chickens can ever return to Finkle is if they too redeem themselves by becoming leaders instead of no good evil doers."

The Moo Moo Chickens were loaded onto the pirate ship. One by one they entered the hold of the ship. There were a few Moo Moo Chickens that decided to make a run for it, but they were instantly caught by Hank Horcius' latest invention. It was the "Bird Turder." A large hand flew out of the marvelous machine, caught the fleeing birds, spun them in the air one hundred times, bounced them on their heads and finally catapulted them into the ship's hold. After an experience like that the bird felt like a big bird turd.

After an hour of loading the frantic Moo Moo Chickens into the ship's hold, the Goobanizer was ready to place his spell on the ship. He gathered the green dust from his pocket and began to chant the ancient words he learned from the Po-Po Yum Yums. As the Goobanizer chanted his spell, something started to happen. The wind started to blow through the cracks of the ship's hold, sounding as if it was screaming to be released from its imprisoned state. The sails began to billow as if they were preparing to sail. The sky became black as coal miner's eyes. There was a strange feeling surrounding Finkle. A feeling that there was going to be a sudden change of plans.

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SHLIP'S SHIP

A dark, thick fog started to crawl along the forest's edge, first blanketing the school, then covering the bewildered townsfolk and finally the pirate ship. Something very strange was taking place. From the center of the fog came a loud bang, followed by a flash of light. There seemed to be fireworks coming from the mid-section of the ship. An eerie silence fell upon the town of Finkle, which was now totally blanketed with a thick, dense fog. The silence that stifled the town of Finkle was finally broken by the sound of a familiar voice. It was Freud Ian Shlip standing in front of the substitute teachers.

"You fools!" cackled Shlip. "You can't defeat me. I'll take the Moo Moo Chickens with me to the Finkle Mountains and return with unstoppable power. I have discovered something in the Finkle Mountains that will make me invincible. When I have mastered all of the secrets that lie within these mountains

I will return and prey upon your weaknesses. I will create an army of Moo Moo Chickens and become the most powerful bully this fantastical land has ever seen!"

"Not so fast Cactus Breath!" replied the Goobanizer. "The only place you are going is back to the Forest of Enzar with the rest of your gang."

The Goobanizer jumped high above the crowd and landed directly in front of Shlip.

"Before you go I think the good people of Finkle might want to see who you really are!"

While Shlip delivered his recitation on how he was the king of the meanies and how he was going to return and take over Finkle, the Goobanizer noticed that there was a feather sticking out of the back of Shlip's pants. He realized then that Shlip was not who he was pretending to be. With one big tug, the Goobanizer pulled the outer layer of Shlip to the ground. There, standing in front of shocked Finklites was an over-sized Moo Moo Chicken. Principal Freud Ian Shlip was the King of the Moo Moo Chickens.

Shlip did not want to be exiled to the Forest of Enzar. He vaulted over the Goobanizer's head and jumped onto the deck of the pirate ship. He

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immediately released the Moo Moo Chickens from the hold and began shouting out orders.

"We must get back to the land of Fingloria!" screamed Shlip. "There, we will learn the magic of the mountain. We will regain our hold on the townsfolk of Finkle with new bullying techniques. We must go, NOW!"

Before the Goobanizer could use his magical skills the Moo Moo Chickens began to flap their wings. The pirate ship began to rise above the town of Finkle. There was a blinding white light and in a single moment Shlip and the Moo Moo Chickens were gone.

Silence lay stagnant in the air. The people of Finkle did not know what to say or do. Chris

Kabooby marched up and stood beside the Goobanizer. He was not going to allow the fantastical townsfolk of Finkle to feel defeated.

"My good friends of Finkle," Chris began. "Do not allow Freud Ian Shlip to scare you into believing he has won for we have a greater power than he will ever have. We have each other. There is strength in numbers and if we help each other, Shlip can't touch us. The Gotchie Gang and I also have the knowledge we learned from the Great Reako Reako-let. He has given us a gift, which we would like to pass on to you. It is the gift of knowledge, which leads to confidence and eventually inner



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strength. The greatest defense against a bully is believing in yourself and believing in each other. People who have this strength are untouchable.”

From that moment on, the Gotchie Gang became integral members of the Fantastical Town of Finkle. They taught everyone how to handle bullies. Everything from not reacting, to looking the bully in the eye, to delivering a short, but strong message. They also stressed the importance of being part of the solution. This means getting involved. The townsfolk learned to help others who may also be facing bullying.

“If we help each other, in turn we help ourselves.” Chris was heard to say.

The people of Finkle were now ready to face the biggest challenge of their lives and that was the return of Freud Ian Shlip and his band of bullies.

THAT'S INCREDIBLE

Chapter 9

"But, that tale is for another day," said Chris Kabooby.

And with that statement, Chris Kabooby closed the Book of Finkle.

"It is not good for us to know everything about the future. It's time for us to deal with the here and now. Shlip is turning regular-minded people into horrible bullies like himself. We know we are part of the answer. We now must wait for the present to catch up with the future."

"How long will that take?" asked Eric.

"The problem with reading about the future is that you never know when in the future what you've read has taken place," replied Chris.

Isaac Attack swung down from the trees and started jumping around like he had ants in his pants.

"There's someone coming. There's someone coming!" yelled Isaac. "Everyone must hide!"

The Gotchie Gang hid behind the nearest trees, Eric and the Green Gorilla pretended they WERE trees and Isaac Attack just stood there looking pretty.

"Hey, everybody. It's Barf Barfoni," yelled Isaac.

"Yes, it's me, Barf. I have come to tell you that something strange is happening in the pirate cave. You are needed at once."

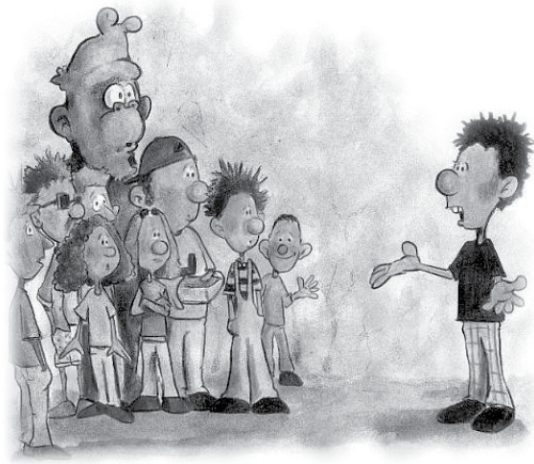
Eric, the Green Gorilla and the Gotchie Gang couldn't believe their ears. The future had met the present. What they read in the Book of Finkle was actually coming true. They listened as Barf, or should we say the Moo Moo Chicken disguised as Barf, as he delivered his message of the problems in the pirate cave. He told the Gotchie Gang that there was an evil sorcerer



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down in the caves stealing all of the pirate's treasure.

They all listened intently, knowing that they would soon be part of the greatest adventure of their lives. They were also happy that they were finally going to be able to help the people of Finkle deal with their bullying problems.

Eric and the Green Gorilla waved good-bye to the Gotchie Gang as they followed Barf into the Forest of Enzar. Eric and the Green Gorilla were not part of this adventure, but would soon be involved in an adventure of their own.

The Gotchie Gang marched silently behind Barf and as they did, looked at each other as if to say, "This was going to be a fantastical day."

**The Gotchie Gang's
bullyFreeME
STRATEGIES**



The best defense against a bully is a good reputation, self-confidence and high self-esteem.

STEP # 1 – MAKE EYE CONTACT

Just before you tell the bully how you feel about their actions you must look the bully directly in the eye. People who make eye contact when they are talking show they are confident

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and believe what they say. If you look at your shoes when talking or have not made eye contact, your message comes across as weak and ineffective.

Look the bully in the eye and keep eye contact until you have finished delivering your message.

STEP # 2 – BODY LANGUAGE

Your body can convey a strong message depending on how you stand and what you do with it. You must stand straight, with your shoulders back in order to convey a strong, believable message. If your shoulders are curled and your hands are in your pockets you may be delivering a message that empowers the bully. To understand how body language conveys information, think about how someone would know if you are angry, happy, confident or shy. How would your body look? What would your face look like? What would your hands be doing?

STEP # 3 – TELL THE BULLY HOW YOU FEEL WITH A SHORT, DIRECT MESSAGE

The biggest mistake children make when being bullied is to stand around too long and say too much. You need to deliver a quick, powerful

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STEP # 3 – TELL THE BULLY HOW YOU FEEL WITH A SHORT, DIRECT MESSAGE

The biggest mistake children make when being bullied is to stand around too long and say too much. You need to deliver a quick, powerful

message and leave. The longer you stand around the more likely a bully will get the reward they are looking for. (i.e. a reaction, a feeling of power, your attention or the attention from his peers) Use eye contact and your body language to reinforce the message you are to deliver. Keep it short and to the point. Delivering a strong message means eye contact, body language, a few words and walking away.

STEP # 4 – WALKING AWAY

There is nothing wrong with walking away as long as you have asserted yourself first. A bully may try to get you back in front of him by calling you names and trying to make it seem that you have the problem. Don't fall for the bullies' tricks. They would like nothing more for you to come back so they can have another chance to get you to react. You do not want to get sucked back into playing the bully's game.

STEP # 5 – IF THEY FOLLOW YOU?

I am sure you have heard the line – “Just walk away if someone is bothering you.” There is one problem, bullies do have legs and probably will follow you. If they do follow you remember NOT to react. Look them in the eye, use a tone of voice that commands respect and repeat steps

1 and 2. BECOME A BROKEN RECORD. Repeat your message as many times as it takes until the bully realizes that they will not get a reaction from you and you will stand up for yourself. You can say – “I guess you didn't hear me the first time. Let me repeat it for you. I do not like what you're doing and I will not waste my time sticking around listening to you. Good-bye.”

When you walk away this time walk toward a safety zone which could be: a teacher if at school or a Block Parent, family friend, crossing guard, neighbour or other helpful adult. Bullies are not usually as brave as they are pretending to be. If they think they might get in trouble they will be long gone.

You may have to repeat these steps for awhile until the bullies get the message. They will eventually get the message and when they do you can feel satisfied that you handled this negative situation in a positive way. You may have even helped someone else learn the proper way of handling a bully by your actions.

STEP # 6 – USE YOUR SENSE OF HUMOUR

If someone makes fun of you, turn it into a joke. What a bully says cannot be taken seriously if you turn it into a joke. The trick is to

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beat the bully at his own game. If you get teased because you wear glasses, have a joke or a one-liner ready which will take the punch out of the bully's attack. For example -

Bully: "Hey, four eyes !"

Person being teased: "If I have four eyes I guess that means that I can see twice as well as you can."

Bully: "Is your nose ever huge!"

Person being teased: "You should see my brother Pinocchio."

If you can laugh at yourself the bully no longer has the power.

REMEMBER that you are not teasing back, nor are you using comebacks that are tasteless, rude or putting the teaser down. You just want to deliver the message that what they are doing is not going to have any lasting effect on you. The message you are delivering is that you are confident.

STEP # 7 – IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

Unfortunately, there are kids who never seem to get the message. You need a plan for these people. **DO NOT** use this step until you have used steps 1 through 6 over and over again.

Know a couple of comeback lines so that you have a way of retaining your self esteem

and dignity and are able to remain in control. When delivering these comebacks make sure you have memorized them well. If you stumble through them they will have no positive effect. Once you have delivered these lines **WALK AWAY**. Do not give the teaser an opportunity to tease you back. Sometimes giving them a bit of their own medicine works. Remember that you are not trying to out-tease this person. The reason you would use this step is because you have already used steps 1 to 6 over and over again and you need to find a way of delivering the same message which you have already been trying to deliver. The message is that you are not interested in what the teaser is saying and you will not react; however, you will stand up for yourself.

By delivering a one-liner, you are also delivering a response that a bully is not necessarily prepared for. Catch the bully off guard. Be prepared.

SUGGESTED COMEBACK LINES

- 1) You remind me of a school holiday. No class !
(Walk Away)
- 2) You're so dumb that you probably would shake hands with a palm tree. (Walk Away)

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SUGGESTED COMEBACK LINES

- 1) You remind me of a school holiday. No class !
(Walk Away)
- 2) You're so dumb that you probably would shake hands with a palm tree. (Walk Away)

- 3) Your voice sounds like asthma set to music.
(Walk Away)
- 4) When I see two people and one of them is bored the other one is probably you. (Walk Away)

STEP # 8 – STRENGTH IN NUMBERS -USE YOUR FRIENDS AS ALLIES

A bully is less likely to bother you if you are with your friends. Make an agreement with your friends that if any one of you gets teased, you will help each other out. There is definite strength in numbers.

WHAT HAPPENS IF...

(a) YOU DON'T REACT, BUT THE TEASER'S FRIENDS DO? A bully will want to get a reaction from whom ever he can, however it is important to remain calm, look him in the eye and stand up for yourself. You must show him that you are not going stand to be verbally abused. By standing up to the bully you are showing everyone that you are confident and stand up for your rights. If they continue to harass you, you can give them the choice of either stopping or you'll seek adult intervention. They will of course call you a tattletale or some

other name of their choosing, but don't change your stance. They are choosing what you do by their behaviour. Show everyone that you will stand up for yourself. You will be respected. Self respect will be what you've gained.

(b) YOU'RE AFRAID OF BECOMING A "TATTLETALE" – Many children are afraid of seeking help because they do not want to become a tattletale. Let's clear up what a tattletale is. A tattletale is someone who runs around telling on everyone for no real reason except for the attention it gains. A tattletale is NOT someone who asserts themselves first and then seeks adult intervention. This is just another way of being assertive, standing up for one's rights and delivering the message that you refuse to be abused by anyone. Know what's right and do it.

Agreeing with the bully sometimes works at taking the power out of his punch.

Bully: "Hey, big nose!"

Person being teased: "Yeah, it is pretty big isn't it."

REMEMBER: When someone teases you, you are being set up to (1) give the teaser a reaction, (2) give the teaser's friends a reaction (3) behave in a way that will get you into trouble (4) do

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something which will make you look and feel bad.

You must remember that when you ask for adult help you are not just helping yourself, but the other children who are also being bullied. Don't fall for the "you are a tattletale" trick.

(c) YOU ASSERT YOURSELF, TELL THEM TO STOP TEASING, BUT THEY SAY, "MAKE ME." This is a form of peer pressure. They are still trying to get you to do what they set out to get you to do, "React." You do not have to make them do anything. You just need to be calm, be assertive and walk away. If they follow you repeat the message, but just remember that the bully wants to gain status by getting you to react. Do not empower the bully. Being assertive shows more courage than doing what the teaser wants you to do.

Being Cool Means Keeping Your Cool

ON THE BUS

Sit near the front of the bus or near the bus driver or teacher. A bully will most likely sit near the back of the bus so he can get away with their actions.

YOUR FRIEND IS THE BULLY

You need to define your friendships. You never need to put up with any form of bullying from anyone. Assert yourself. Tell your friend that you will not be teased or bullied and if it continues the friendship does not.

Be careful whom you choose as friends. If your friend is known as a bully, people may see you as a bully too. People may judge you by the company you keep.

OUT NUMBERED

If you are confronted by a group of bullies you need to stay calm. You are more likely to think of a solution if you are calm. Do not do or say anything to anger the bullies. Get away from them. Run if you need to.

THE PHYSICAL SIDE

If a bully starts being physical with you, stay calm. Block the punches and walk. Keep your eye on the bully and on the safety zone you are heading for.

Fighting should always be the last choice. If you fight at school you will be suspended, you may lose, build a reputation of being a bully or have to continue to fight others who may want to see how tough you are.

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***Strength Comes From Your Head
Not Your Fists***

THE HAT ROUTINE

People can tease without saying a word. I often see bullies run up to an unsuspecting person and run off with their hat. The bully is expecting that person to come running after them. They want a reaction. Instead of running after them, you need to be assertive. Look them in the eye. Talk in a commanding tone. Tell the bully that you will not chase them and that you want your hat back. He will continue to taunt you, telling you that he will lose, destroy or keep your hat. If he does, you then have the right to seek the assistance of an adult who will in turn ensure that this bully receives the consequence he deserves.

REMEMBER – Don't React!

Also, look for witnesses in case the bully denies taking your hat or loses it. This way you have other people who will back you up.

Dealing with a bully can be very difficult. Self-esteem is lowered, confidence destroyed and hope taken. You need to remember the importance of not attaching any value to the

words the bully uses against you. Practise looking people in the eye when you talk to them and standing as if you are the most confident person in the world. You have the inner power to deal with a bully. You need to develop these skills so that you not only help yourself, but others as well. You can do it.

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A BIT ABOUT THE AUTHOR

SCOTT GRAHAM



Scott Graham has been working with children for over twenty years. He seeks ways of helping children feel good about themselves. Self-confidence and good self-esteem are the foundations he builds on in children so they can lead successful lives. Scott creates opportunities, which result in positive changes in self-esteem, which in turn help children see and reach their potential. Scott's motto is: "Changing the World One Child at a Time."

Scott captivates children with his hilarious body contortions, his animated facial expressions and his gift as a storyteller through word and song. Children are glued to Scott's every word as he teaches them how to help themselves and others.

"What we do in a school year, Scott can do in an hour. He is definitely one of a kind."

Principal, St. Mary's, Ontario.

"Scott is a visionary. He has created something every child needs and he's the only one who can deliver it."

Parent of school age children

Scott Graham has been the lead singer of a prominent rock group and has produced and recorded a children's CD entitled, "Little Heroes." He is a sought after keynote speaker, speaking at national and international conferences on the topic of bullying. He is the author of "The Fantastical Town of Finkle" and the creator of the Kids 4 Kids Leadership Program. The Kids 4 Kids Leadership Program teaches children how to deal with bullying and other life challenges. It now boasts a membership of over 14 000.

Scott speaks from experience. He was bullied as a youth and understands the devastation that can occur from words aimed at the innocent. He will continue to help children help themselves. He will continue to initiate change.

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ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR



Chris Francis was born in Brisbane, Australia and came over to Canada with his family when he was almost 3 years old. After a few years of scribbling on walls and doors, Chris developed his talent at drawing and cartooning. After graduating from high school, he ventured into Classical Animation at Sheridan College in Oakville, Ontario. There he had an opportunity to work for Disney, but declined the offer in pursuit of travel and teaching. Chris continues to have a passion for drawing and painting, marketing his artwork through greeting cards, auctions, murals, websites, and illustrated children's books.

www.ticklebellie.com

FANTASTICAL REVIEWS

I hope that you will continue writing. Bookstores need more people like you. Your ideas are great and you always put wonderful jokes in your books. I love that because I can't stand serious books. Sure those books may be right for some people but I think that I would rather laugh than cry. Your books are just right for me and my classmates!

Reviewed by Leisha Senko – Age 11

My son was very impressed and excited to purchase your book... and read... so we didn't waste any time getting to the Freckled Lion. He has thoroughly enjoyed your novel and reads his favourite chapters over and over.

Lori Parker

Executive Assistant to the President

With respect to your book "The Fantastical Town of Finkle", my son Dylan loved it. During March break we took a 4 hour plane ride to get to our destination. Dylan brought your book on the plane with him. He actually had people come and ask him what he was reading because he was laughing out loud so much. I never once

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heard him say "I'm bored, are we there yet".
Could you please write a sequel, since we're
planning a family vacation that involves a long
car ride to the east coast. Thanks.

Pryde Kramarich – Parent

"The Fantastical Town of Finkel was the first
book my son read from cover to cover. He
couldn't put it down!"

Mary Ellen Aronoff – Parent

When I have a bad day or I'm angry I read
Scott's stories. They make me laugh and help me
feel good again.

Stephen Gris – age 9

Children involved with Scott are molded into the
future leaders in the community.

Priscilla de Villers – CAVEAT

"The Fantastical Town of Finkle" really is
fantastic and I'd recommend it to any parents for
their kids. I also sent the book to my nephew in
Scotland and he loved it!!!

Linda McKay – Parent

To write to Scott make sure you access his two websites:
scottgrahambooks.com
and
kids4kids.ca