It was the Summer That everything changed
Your quick guide to Highland Park New Jersey.

1) Highland Park has its own rip in the time space continuum. If you need clarification as to what that means, please re-read “A Wrinkle in Time.” Or any of the other historical novels related to this anomaly. These types of places inevitably end up being called “Gates of Hell.” Usually because the local water companies take advantage of the fact that what gets dumped in ends up somewhere else (unfortunately, this is the case with humans as well.) Highland Parks own Gate to Hell is actually a rather disappointed instantaneous transfer location to the outskirts of Mannheim Luxembourg. There has actually been a non-disclosure agreement between Mannheim and Highland Park for over 200 years. Technically, you can neither destroy a gateway, cover it up with cement nor change its destination. Going through more than once is also asking for trouble, due to the heavy incidence of miscorrelation (i.e. you are not temporally recreated the right way when you reach the other side.) If you are brave/stupid or accident prone enough to wander through, and you live to see the other side without having your ears where your butt should be. You should consider yourself quite lucky indeed. Now for all of you thrill seekers the location of this particular portal is at the end of Cleveland Ave. Down a flight of stairs that were built by the local Lenape who used to throw their old, sick and annoying members through the gateway.

2) Highland Park boasts the following statistics: It is home to 2 Olympic Athletes, 178 working Mental Healthcare Professionals, 5 Nobel Laureates, 1 Pinhead, 12 Shi-Tzu’s, 54 Vampires, 24 Werewolves, 15 published novelists, 2 Hardcore Punk Bands. One of the former members of the Strawberry Alarm Clock and has about 5 active Coven’s (including one of the first Vegetarian Group in America).

3) Highland Park is a Nuclear Free Zone. This is really ironic since part of the Uranium used in Fat boy (the atomic bomb dropped on Nagasaki) was distilled at a secret laboratory on Cleveland Ave. While the site is a current brown field. Honeywell has claimed to clean up the contamination.

4) Highland Park currently houses one of Rutgers 12 Secret Monkey Laboratories; this one is funded by McDonnell/ Douglas and several famous alumni from Mason Gross School of the Arts (Any more information regarding this issue requires a 5A Military Security clearance so is therefore restricted information to most casual readers of this book.) All that is known is that this too is located on Cleveland Ave in a rather ordinary looking office building across from the town’s local chocolate factory (which is actually a slave labor camp for captured dwarves from Luxembourg, but this is another story in itself.)

5) There are 3 Pet Cemeteries in Highland Park. Each year there are at least 57 cases of people burying their loved ones and having them come back, not quite the same. There are two specially trained police officers who are dispatched to deal with this when it becomes an issue (which is not always the case, one can sometimes see a decomposing dog being taken for a walk or a couple, walking hand in hand with the innards trailing behind.) Highland Park after all is a very liberal and accepting community. It is referred to as the Berkeley of Central New Jersey. Except of course by people who have actually been to Berkeley, they refer to it as a poor man’s Tacoma.

6) The Local Sanitarium where they housed the criminally insane is currently being renovated and is frequently visited by the lead singer of Maroon 5. This is located on Cleveland Ave and Harrison Ave.

7) UMDNJ dumps their hard-core cases on Raritan Ave after their Medicaid runs out.

8) The Current Site of the Former Charlie Brown’s is the former site of a Raritan Lenape restaurant that was closed down by the tribal food inspectors.

9) Every Public School in Highland Park was once the site of a Public Hospice for people suffering from Leprosy.

10) Highland park boasts over 34 Nail Salon, making it the number one destination amongst off world beings with Nails.
it was the preface
Before I even begin. As a public service to the Reluctant Readers whom this book is squarely aimed at (that’s you BOYS) I would recommend that you skip the following preface entirely. I will also recommend that you skip the following sections and chapters.

Skip “a young persons guide to Highland Park New Jersey.”

Skip the Character Guide

Skip Chapters 3-9

Skip Chapters 11-19

Follow these instructions and you will get as much information and probably enjoyment as anyone who has read every word on every page.

As for the rest you including in no particular order: Girls, People who are compelled to read every word in a book. Bald Men (and Women) friends, enemies and family members of the authors. The bucket list book will begin now.

Very few books require a tutorial. Unfortunately, this is one. For if you are to get the most enjoyment out of this piece of writing brilliance you got to get schooled in some basics my brothers and sisters. Due to the specific nature of this book, its is first off quite relevant to point out whom the target audience for this book is.

I have written this book primarily for this year (2012-2013) 5th Grade Students. They are being forced for the last time in their lives to take a library class (particularly a class being held in an un-named upper elementary school at a secret location in Somerset county.) A school I might add, whose new addition was built with the removal of headstones, yet the bodies… well you know the rest of that one.

This book has also been cleverly designed to appeal to 3rd year college students who have taken their first “Into to existentialism” course and have and have read Simon du Beauvoir in French.

The subtle nuances of Du Beauvoir, I have found are lost in even the best of English translations. Therefore in order to truly enjoy this book you must be fluent in French (sorry)

I would like to point out that if I have to explain to one more adult who Albert Camus is I am going postal. If you are over the age of 20 and have no idea who Camus is, please return this book to wherever you got it (if its Barnes and Noble, tear off the cover first- don’t ask)

This book is also suitable for the following adults:

The Underemployed

Anybody who once supervised other adults as their vocation, but has subsequently been fired in a rather humiliating fashion.

Independent bookstore employees in charge of YA purchases.

Women of any shape and size.

Men without mustaches: If you have a mustache, even if you are still in the fifth grade, I insist that this book is not for you, and I will not allow you to read it.

Anyway, to really enjoy and understand this book you must know that structurally, the author (Salvatore Minella) has bent the time space continuum regarding narrative structure.

Different people narrate different chapters in their own imaginary voice, which come to think about it makes now a good time to point out that this is Fiction (that means that this book is entirely FAKE except of course the people, places and events that I Didn’t change to protect the innocent.)
Therefore if some people seem real, like you know them, or they act or have the same names and mannerisms of someone you know. I would just like to point out that this is all made up. Its coincidental, the fact that there is a character named Thomas Meal who is my narrative stand in for every (fill in bad words here) that you will ever know, is just plain coincidental.

If there was a real person with this name who is a poo head, well, sometimes art and reality collide (and when that happens…man does it get weird.)

So in closing, for those mature enough to be familiar with the Post Modern Narrative structuring of novels that was so popular I went through the English Department at Rutgers. Well, this is one of those types of books, only it’s for kids.

Imagine if you took Milan Kundera, Andrei Tarkovsky, Stanislav Lem, David Mitchell and chopped them up and mixed in some Roald Dahl, J.K. Rowling, Ransom Riggs and a million other people whom I love reading. Well that’s what I was shooting for.

Highbrow reading for people with barely any brows.

This book is the Unbearable Lightness of Being for folks who still get excited by stupid stuff like Lego, New Songs, Faster Computers, and Daydreaming, wasting time and using lots of bad potty words.

Understand this, and this book will make sense. Ignore at your peril. I will include a character list and pseudonym reminder every few chapters for those too lazy to keep track of all this stuff.

Appendix of Name Checked bands which no non-fictional 10 to 24 year old kid would have any knowledge of or anything to do with: It takes a 46 year old man-child, who refuses to let go of that time period and all that wonderful (at least to him) music that saved him. I was released and born again because of you wonderful folks and your beautiful art. I can only repay you by my silly (often misguided) attempts at paying it forward.

Gordon Ogilvey

Stiff Little Fingers
Nikki Sudden
Johnny Thunders
The Ramones
The Who
Quadrophenia
The Replacements
Butthole Surfers
U.K. Punk 1977 (you know who you are, you Clash, Wire, Gen X, Stranglers, Buzzcocks.)
The Smiths
The Misfits
N.Y. and N.J. H/C.
Buy our Records
Jersey Beat
Weird N.J.
D.C. H.C (Ian and Dischord)
Dedications.

Amy is my long suffering best friend (and wife) Who has worked tirelessly to not only put up with me, but to try to remind me to be a better person than I ever thought I was capable of being.

She is the best person I know, and without those among us like her, who remind us of our interconnectness and that common decency is an ideal that we should all rise up to, our world would be even more messed up than the one in this book.

To live by the very simple life example of the Golden Rule (treat people like you want to be treated.) Well if we could all do this more perhaps than there is more hope for us than I thought. What can I say? She makes my glass half full and always tells me when I am an ASS. That my friend is what true love is. However, I acknowledge that I am a constant disappoint to her. Perhaps, that too is what true love is.

Thank You AMY!

Of course it is also dedicated with all my heart to my own flesh and blood children Max, Milo and Theo. Thank you for being extraordinary despite my obvious shortcomings. Go forth and do great things.

This book is also dedicated to my 2012-2013 5th grade students whom I am currently teaching, May you learn that Music and Words have the power to overcome almost every obstacle.

While I have threatened to write a book for many years, the threat has finally been manifested.

All parts isolated, revealed and destroyed, I would particularly like to thank the following people: Michelle Reasso, Librarian Extraordinaire. All of my friends 99% whom are currently estranged from me.

Super Special Dedication.

A bon mot to the villains of my life, and I think legally I can’t really mention them(since they are still alive) Although I do mention one (Thomas Meal) I dedicate this book to anybody who has ever been told that “You better pay attention, because I am only going to show you this once.)

How do so many rotten people end up in positions of power, over so many of us? But that is a literary question with no answer.

One really must be an expert at Meta-Physics to make ANY SENCE OF. Why so many people who teach gym class for 2 years end up as vice principals.

My father kept telling me to get my Principal certification so I could be the one making the poo roll down the hill. I just don’t have it in me though.

I am happiest at the bottom, like the rest of you slowly shoveling myself out.

Further dedications.
To women who break our hearts, to people whose hearts we in turn have crushed (either on purpose or in advent), In the end my goal for all of this remains steadfast.

I can’t hope to stand on the shoulders of greatness, but I offer out my own hand as a thank you to all those Artists, Musicians, Teachers, Friends, family members, pets, cartoonists, librarians, random strangers just throwing you a smile on a sunny day. It is these folks that make life worth living. To have your heart broken as many times as most of us do, and to keep coming back for more, well that my friends is what I guess its all about.

In the end, this goes to those nameless guitar slingers and yodelers who made me realize that I am not the only one. Johnny, Joey, Dee-Dee, and Mark. Pete Shelly. Motown. Punk and Soul music, Stephen King Novels. Eight Mile road. Scary grandmothers and pet cemeteries. Pete Townsend for Quadrophenia. The Misfits for Walk Amongst us. The Jam.

And most of all Stiff Little Fingers and their Former Manager Gordon Ogilvie.

All you really do need is three chords and a dream.

This is for you all, all those I forgot, all whom have forgotten me.

I am scared of everything, everyone, but for some reason all the Weirdness of Highland Park Doesn’t bother me, which is why I am proud to call it home.

Cheers.
Characters

A reference guide to the people, places and monsters you will meet in the this book.
Character Reference Guide for all the people who live in the magical world that is “It was the summer that everything changed.”

The main characters are of course The Theivakumaran Family and the Borough of Highland Park New Jersey.

**Mother:** Ethyl Burns Theivakumaran. Brilliant. Not only in the Kitchen, but was a Rhodes Scholar and a Betty Crocker Bake-off finalist. She was forced to resign from her position in Academia under mysterious circumstances involving a sleep deprivation study combined with a sensory deprivation tank and orangutans. Grew up in a Trailer Home in Michigan. Is currently devoting her life to the establishment of the Gypsy Music Hall of Fame in Framingham Massachusetts.

**Father:** Forhan Theivakumaran. Born in Sri Lanka. Grew up in Bombay. Schooled in misery with a B.A. from Middlesex County College a Masters Degree from Raritan Valley Community College and a Computer Certification in MCES from the Harvard Summer Institute. Works at Rutgers in the Basement of the School of Social Work, which is where he met his future wife Ethyl. He resents everyone for being more successful, having more opportunities and he is particularly resentful about the lack of a window in his office.

**The Sons:**

**Shankdeep (aka Fingers Ogilvy) Theivakumaran.** A lazy 16 year old who resents his father, his brother, his sister, his friends and everyone in the world. Particularly resents his brother Nikhil. Favorite music is whatever everyone else likes. Hates his name. Wants a girlfriend. Friends call him Shaun, some call him Shaun the sheep.

**Nikhil (aka Nikki Sudden) Theivakumaran.** President of the F.V.K. (Fearless Vampire Killers) First Year student at Rutgers.

**Daughters:**

(Add Picture Here when available)

**Priya** (has given herself the Americanized nickname: **AMY**)

Not much is known about the other two daughters, not even their names so they are only mentioned as a matter of public record (even though no public record of their existence exists.)

**The Next-Door Neighbors.**

Amy’s Little Sister Amy.

Fingers Soon to be Dead Girl friend Amy

**Shankdeep’s (aka Fingers Ogilvey) Friends**

Noah

Nino

Jacob

Maxwell Burnside the Third.

**Nikhil’s (aka Nikki Sudden) Friends**

(Add Picture Here when available)
THE FVK: Fearless Vampire Killers. The organization established during high school by Nikki Sudden to impress a girl (Amy) whom Nick was sweet on. Goal: Expose coven of Vampires secretly operating out of the non-fiction section of the Highland Park Public Library. Alert the public to local child eating coven of witches, and unlicensed werewolf pack. Devoted to solving mysteries albeit sans Groovy Van, Beatnik Comic Foil and Dog who sounds like he’s talking and walks on two legs.

The people in the book whom you are not supposed to like:

Thomas Meal. Instructor of Metaphysics 101 and expository writing 1,2 and 3 Rutgers University. Web 2.0-business consultant. Bald.


Crazy Demon and her hound of hell that are constantly running around town looking for little boys to eat.

The midgets (technically dwarves of Midget-Ville Mannheim Luxembourg.) A huge moneymaking tourist attraction for the city of Mannheim. They look adorable in Lederhosen.

The Country of Luxembourg.

The employees of the American Embassy of Luxembourg (who in no way represent the very helpful American embassy employees of other small western European countries.

The Norwegian Hacker Organization MWPBNH, creators of the multi player game Gongora. (Prime Directive: Exterminate the whole human race: And turn them into Monkeys.)

The people in the book who you can like if you want (although this is not a necessity)

Eric, the sexy vampire with the sleepy eyes and gently tousled hair

Eric2, the sexy werewolf with the eight-pack abs who sports a military haircut and wears clothing that looks like it was spray-painted on.

The members of Highland Park’s most famous hardcore punk band Rock Hudson and his male “friends” (aka John, Paul, Joe, Dee, Mark and Harpo)

Milo the Shi-Tzu. Knows all, says nothing.

The members of Team X of the Center for Disease Control Atlanta, tirelessly working to find the anecdote to the Norwegian Monkey Transformation virus known as NEXT.

That Fat kid, who is your best friend, and only goal in life seems to be to politely listen to all your problems, offer comedic relief to dispel the mounting tension at just the right moments. He lives for you. When you are not around, he hides in his closet.

Amy

The Smith Family. The Theivakumaran ‘s new next door neighbors.

Yeah, I will add pictures of everyone, when I am able to get legal clearance.
You know kids, parents really don’t understand.

beneficium accipere libertatem est

summer changes all
It was the summer that everything Changed.

A book by Mr. Shiffman (although he is using his punk rock pseudonym Salvatore Minella)

----------------------------Begin Book Now!----------------------------

Before I even begin to list all the different things that changed I want to include a quick note to the members of the Newberry awards committee, all the sensitive girly-girl readers and what adults like to refer to as “Reluctant Readers” or as they are more commonly called boys.

In this story someone very close the main character of the story (or as readers like to call them The Main Protagonist” will die before the book ends.

Now that we got that out of the way, you might as well just print the first 1,000,000 copies of this book with a big Shiny Newberry Medal pre-attached.

I would also like to point out that the back of this book will include not only a brief synopsis (a brief summary of the plot of a novel, motion picture or play), but quotes from some of the worlds most well known YA authors as well as an endorsement from the A.L.A. and every other organization devoted to putting endorsements on children’s books.

With a little luck this book will be published by Scholastic, (hello big card board cut outs at the Scholastic Book fair!) This should also help me nab not only an endorsement by J.K. but perhaps her agent will take me on as a client.

Anyway now back to the book.

It was the summer that everything changed!

For those too lazy to actually read a whole book no matter how well written, funny or how many cool pictures are included: Here is a quick breakdown for your book reports.

---------------Begin Cliff Note Version Now!---------------

1) Someone whom he became very close to during the summer (hint- its a new really cute girl neighbor) She dies of multiple bee stings while eating a poisonous mushroom.

2) He learns to travel between multiple alternate realities by a secret organization with the weird acronym (BNWP.)

3) The World is saved. However, everyone gets turned into a monkey.

4) He meets a really cool girl who on top of likening all the same types of stuff that boys like (video games, farting, making jokes about people’s mothers.) is also gorgeous, an excellent shot with a bow and arrow and owns a laser gun.

5) Crimes were solved.

6) The Good Guys won, bad guys died.

7) Clueless parents were never the wiser that any of this stuff was going on.

8) The main protagonist learned to make really kick butt pancakes, speak passable French and cook a chicken from scratch, meaning he could catch a live chicken, kill it, pluck it, gut it and then fry it up in a pan.

9) Reality briefly dissolved into chaos.

10) The book ends open ended with the possibility of multiple sequels.

11) Once again, everyone at the end of the book turns into a monkey.

You know kids, parents really don’t understand.
bonitas non est pessimis esse meliorem
Chapter 2

It was the summer that everything changed.

If I am going to be completely truthful, I would have to say that everything really started to change in April which as we all know is technically not summer (perhaps it is in Australia, it this is where you are reading this, but here in good old New Jersey its just barely spring.

This part of the story (there really boring part where nothing blows up,) takes place before we meet any of the girls or the loss of my first girlfriend and the all those blond ponytail Norwegian Running hadn’t started running around in those black vans blowing stuff up.

Even though I’m now way too old to really go on PLAY DATES, it’s the only word which I feel can add up quickly describe going some other kids house just to hang out.

Come to think of it, maybe I should just say, “it I went over to someone I knows house to hang.  It has more of a Gangsta type thing going on anyway.

Chapter reboot  Narrated by Fingers .

I went over to Noah’s house to hang.  We were supposed to be working on our book project we had to write a book report for English class.  Our Teacher Mrs. Grindywald, whom we referred to as “The evil midget.”  Had made us read Bridge to Terabithia.  I knew I was in trouble when they handed out a book with one of those Silver medals pre-printed on the cover.  Those are the books that your parents buy for you at Barnes and Nobel as your educational holiday or birthday present.  I had a whole collection of them (unread) stashed (thrown) under my bed.

(Hey….? Parents…. Graphic Novels have words too! Buying your kid a book doesn’t mean you have to buy them a sucky one!)

A bridge over the river Teibithia.

Neither Noah, nor I actually bothered to read the book.  Hello Wikipedia.

Here is the uncredited Wikipedia description of the book:

**Bridge to Terabithia** is a work of children's literature about two lonely children who create a magical forest kingdom. It was written by Katherine Paterson and was published in 1977 by HarperCollins. In 1978, it won the Newbery Medal. Paterson drew inspiration for the novel from a real event that occurred in August 1974 when a friend of her son was struck by lightning and killed.

Arghggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.  How do you stretch out a whole book about something so stupid?  Oh right.  It won a Newberry.

Well it was not like either of us was going to reading the book in the next 8 hours before the report was due, but we tried.

I can’t seem to get going or make any decision whatsoever about what this book is about.  Any time we start to think about our bad ideas around one of us goes off on some weird kind of tangent and we don’t get anything done and ultimately we just end up gravitating towards the computer.  We decided to try to find some kid in India to write the report for $5.  I believe this called hiring a Ghost Writer.

By the way the book you’re reading now is actually written by a ghost, not all of it, but definitely Chapter 3, 12 and 15.  The rest of the book was written by a human of some sort (probably.)

Anyway, the book publishing business is almost as killer as the Music Business.  Noah and I got burned on Royalties for our You Tube video of us wrapping some star wars quotes over a beat by 50Cent.  We got a bunch of scary letter from lawyers and everything.  So I really didn’t want to go through that again.

Well this is getting boring for me, so lets start a new Chapter.
summer 3

fata venit

si post
gloria non
proprio
It was the summer that everything changed. Chapter 3

Fingers is my nickname.

Okay, no one really uses that nickname even now. I'm using since I'm writing this book. I would appreciate it if from now on; you just refer to me as Fingers. O.K.

Anyway, in Chapter 2 Noah and I had waddled off to their families iMac to try to find some way to write a book report about a book we had no intention of reading.

Once we realized how worthless the Wikipedia entry was, we decided to go raid the refrigerator. Noah’s mom is one of the few Moms' in town who is not a crazy health food nut. She is also very susceptible to whining. So one of the kids always makes sure to go with her to Shop and Stop and make sure she loads up on all the crappy food our own parents won’t allow in the house. Their Pantry is like walking into a Krauzers. It is a joy, a wonder, and always leaves to some type of delayed stomach-ache.

When we got back to the computer we noticed that Noah (who doesn’t have a cool nickname and probably never will!) His brother Ben was wrapped around their mom’s new iMac with an extreme expression of intensity. This is notable, since the only thing that seems to arouse that kids intensity is when a new Lego Star Wars figure comes out.

When Ben saw us coming he gave us a dirty look, and then decided the best way to get out of being totally kicked out of the computer was to try and engage us.

"Yo, you guys got to check this out this MAD -new game called Don Gore Off."

Did I mention everyone in HP NJ tries to talk like they are a Gangsta. Then again I am sure if you somewhere weird like Spain or New Amsterdam, all the kids there probably try to talk the talk too. The is what my father calls the homogenization of world culture and the ultimate success of American Imperialism (I can’t really comment on that one, because truthfully, those are really big words and I never really bothered to look up any of them, although I think homogenization is when they take the germs out of milk.)

"This game is the bomb, it is so mother linking cool?"

The following is Ben’s explanation of the game DON GORE OFF, which as it turns out is not really the name of the game. The company that makes it is called GONGORA! The actual name of the game is Mind Daft

“You make your own worlds, and when you're making your own worlds you're actually portrayed on the screen as a screen as a Goat. Then the bad guys who are monkeys attack you and try to whack you over the head with a bunch of bananas. Your job is to make sure the monkeys don't take over. You do this with a bunch of pickaxes.

What you do is you grab pickax and you have to hit as many monkeys over the head with the pickax as you can.

Sometimes the monkeys go all crazy and start shooting with Banana AK47's!

Look, that's me I am gonna go hit that girl monkey over the head with the pickax.

Once they are out of the way, it's safe. You get to make a new world. You have to figure out how make stuff like major power plants, and then figure out where to get your food. Build grocery stores. All that stuff

If you are successful you will have created your own self-sufficient world and then everyone turns into a monkey."

But I said I thought the point was that you're hitting all the monkeys over the head with a shovel yeah that's one of the points but once again your world built everyone turns no monkey but really cool monkey one with a British accent and the cool thing is before you finish it to build all kinds of neat things like a pool with hot tub and then some angry monkeys will show up with some sheetrock and try and mess you up and even shoot you."

“That” I said, is the stupidest game I have ever heard.

“I want a turn NOW!”
parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus

summer 4
Our last name is Theivakumaran. My Name is NIKHIL. I am the leader of the FVK (Highland Park NJ Chapter.) Which means I can use any Font I want!

What this means to you is that I am hijacking this book from my idiot brother. You’re probably wondering, “Just how the Blank can you hijack a book?” I mean already, it seems like there are two narrators. That Johnny Fingers Kid (whom I guess is really named Shankadeep Theivakumaran.) And it sounds like some ADULT (a Mr. Shiffman –the author who whoever the heck he really) is also adding some type of strange narrative element to this whole mess.

Talk about confusing.

“Yeah.” It’s confusing. Deal with it, or go read some other book. Great Art requires the reader/listener/looker etc. To do a little work. So it is I. Nikhil Theivakumaran, the head of the Highland Park New Jersey Chapter of the FVK (fearless vampire killers). Who is now taking over this book. Most of my brother’s good ideas are taken/stolen from me anyway, so you probably deserve to have at least a portion of this book with a coherent narrative.

Anyway, Just so you don’t go away thinking that JOHNNY (or as I call Him SHANKSIN-DEEPSh@T) is any kind of genius I am going to explain a few things so you can truly understand what is really going on.

I am a first year student at Rutgers. I go for free. My dad is NOT a professor there, so don’t get any ideas that we come from some type of intellectual family. He works in the basement of some building doing something with Computers. All I know is that there is No secret Monkey lab or Vampire lair near his office, which means I have no reason to ever go visit him, not that I would anyway. He would just YELL. He is a Yeller. No one in our family goes anywhere near him, unless they somehow feel they haven’t been yelled at enough.

The fact that I am in college is important. I am not some runty little kid just starting High School whose ratings are so filled with spelling mistakes that they make special Ed teachers cry.

Speaking of making teachers cry. I just have to mention one of my instructors (to call him a professor, would be to confer some type of unearned status on this moron.)

His name is Thomas Meal. He was my first instructor at Rutgers, he taught intro to something or other.

Right when he started getting going into some type of wordy explanation on why Semiotics is important to living a fulfilled life, he turns around to me (I am heavy into a chat with my pal Nino) and tells me “You better listen, because I am only going to say this once.”

So I get up in front of the whole class (all 800) and start screaming at the top of my lungs: “YOU’RE NOT MY FATHER!” then I slump in my seat and pretend to sob.

That story ended badly for one of us (and I can assure you it wasn’t me.)

My only other dealings with an Instructor at Rutgers were dude named John who taught Expository Writing 1A. He announced to the whole class that he was “Very Conservative,” I yelled back from the auditorium, you look so young to be such a ___________. The crowd roared. I am having a blast at school. Too bad it took five years of community college to get here.

anyway I am offering myself in service to this story, which really deserves not only a guide who is a little more grounded in reality, but one who can add his encyclopedic musical and horror knowledge as a public service to the readers, so they know WTF is going on.

Yeah. That’s just the kind of guy who I am.
Now I just want to stop this book in order to say one thing.

First off, I am retaking control of this book for the time being from my brother.

Secondly, this is going to be a much longer chapter than the previous four, so you short attention types (much like myself) may just want to skip over to the much shorter chapter 6 or even chapter 9 where I sum up everything that is going on.

Thirdly, when life throws you lemons. DUCK!

I understand that every kid in the world probably thinks that the town they live in is a complete sh#t-hole and boring, and stupid and sucks and they can't wait to leave.

But my town in particular is really annoying that because I live in what they call a walking town.

That means every time you ask your parents for a ride somewhere, they say “WE LIVE IN A WALKING TOWN, GO WALK.”

Yes, the entire Borough of Highland Park is well below the physical parameters of a square mile. However, when you factor in Backpack, computers, hills, dogs, demons and a million other things parents never seem to factor in. Well, most trips are definitely drive worthy.

My parents don't like Mind-Draft, they don't like any computer games, or anything they refer to as screen time.

Come to think of it, I don't think they don't like anything, I am not sure they like each other much (they never seem to be in the same room together, and when they are a pained look seems to enter into my father's normally frozen face.)

They don't even seem like kids much (they are always yelling at us, and whenever one of our friends shows up, they pretty much throw them out after about 20 minutes.) But they really don't like computer games.

The fact that my father has our entire house filled with computers is kind of weird because he won't let us use them for games, and they pretty much just sit their unused filled with weird programs like Microsoft office and Mathamatica.

My mom on the other hand, once wants us to learn to type so the computers are loaded with all kinds of weird typing programs like Mavis Beacon teaches Utah labor basketball typing for kids who don't want to learn how to type.

Fortunately my brother has all kinds of other weird games that he secretly loaded. He changes the icons and hides them in subfolders on top of subfolders. As long as my parents are not sneaking around the screen it's usually pretty easy to sneak in a game or two.

My current favorite game (this is before my mind-draft addiction) was frogs versus vampires.

I know what your thinking, it doesn't seem like much of a fair fight, frogs are so small and how on earth can they win over the vampires?

Well the frogs can jump on top of each other swarm in and just attack the vampires who get really annoyed and end up by turning into bats and flying away to California which takes them about three hours and then while your waiting for them to come back, you can fight some werewolves, aliens, pigs, sheep and even a bunch of 6th graders. Jolly good fun says I. (I have been told I have the worst fake british accent ever, but still, its better than our pirate one argggggghhhhh.)

Like I said before if you got really careful when you're playing games in my house my father does go through and check to make sure that there's nothing funky about our computers.

Fortunately, My older brother Nikki (not his real name- although he seems to have a new nick name every week. ) This week its Nikki Sudden, last week it was Nickki Sixx. I just called him Nickki Suxx.

_________Chapter Reboot---------Random thoughts take over.

I also like to take a moment and point out that one of my life's greatest regrets is that I am not living a Roald Dahl type of childhood. For example, it would be much easier
if I could say to you my parents were killed by escaped rhinos and I aim now force to live with an evil aunt and uncle.

They make me live underneath the cupboard and they only feed me gruel (whatever that is?)

In reality, I’m not only well fed, but I well taken care of and well loved. This does not make for a very exciting story.

I have my own room, it’s filled with my own stuff. I have lots of good friends, I do pretty good at school so all in all I have really not much to complain about.

You know what that in itself is probably make the story so you interesting.

What you have here is a main protagonist, who is well loved and taken care of quite well. I believe, this is what Mrs. Grindywald (my vile English Teacher-learned that word from “A series of unfortunate events.” would call a break with the literary traditions of children’s literature. See you evil Midget I do listen (sometime!)

My one major annoyance is my name. My father keeps telling me that if it was 20 years ago I would be teased incessantly. But now, due to the current trend of naming your children with weird sounding names that even though they’re spelled one-way sound different, makes my name uncommonly common, in fact he says my name is probably shockingly boring to most Highland Parkers.

While this may be true, due to the bad influence of an older brother who is now a college I have discovered the joys of having a really cool and obnoxious nickname.

From what I had been led to understand a nickname was something that is bestowed upon you by your friends, enemies teachers or whatever. You can’t just give yourself your own made up one. But Nikhil, since he is now a Rutgers Student, is the oracle of the family. He knows, all and most specifically tells us all (whether we want to hear it or not!)

Sincel have not been lucky enough to have had a nickname bestowed upon me-nor have I been given any opportunity to either earn or just have one thrust upon me, I am here forth christening myself.

This is when I announced to Nikhil that I a now to be called Johnny. I had just seen a movie where the really cool kid had the the name Johnny.

When I announced this to Nikhil (sorry Nikki Sixx) he ran back into his room and grabbed a record by a bunch of bands I’ve never heard of.

One band was called Stiff Little fingers like okay I get it (at least I think I do, it has something to do with with something we learned about in health class.)

He told me I should think about going with the nickname Fingers Ogilvy. I get the Fingers, but the Ogilvy part is a bit lost on me,

Nikhil then tried to explain to me that there some type of juvenile link with the nickname Johnny. He said in all the really great punk rock records there was always a member named Johnny rotten Johnny fingers Johnny this, Johnny the face Johnny this Johnny that Johnny gotten his gun or if you watch those old juvenile delinquent type movies they are always screaming “No Johnny No! Don’t drag race Donavon, you’ll DIE!”

I guess I have always secretly kind of envisioned myself a juvenile delinquent even though the only remotely delinquent thing I do is a not bring back my library books on time. Still, I wanted a nickname, so I chose FINGERS.

I figure as long as I’m turning myself into juvenile delinquent, I am going to ben one of those juvenile delinquents that has sticky fingers as they say.

You know the type, they can look fabulously cool than basically lift anything off of anybody before anyone is the wiser.

So as God is my witness, my one goal is to achieve the objectives of doing undetected petty larceny.

While I so still have a lot more goals like learning to juggle what and perhaps learning to play guitar better than that uppity Janelle Stiglitz. particularly since I think it would be really cool just go sit down and start banging out some juvenile delinquent
music, maybe even sit down at the Piano and start playing boogie woogie with my feet.

When I told my brother (who was home visiting from college—which if you ask me is like an every day occurrence) that my new nickname is either Johnny or Fingers, he ran into his room and came out with a record from some band called The Boomtown rats. He then pointed out that they had a keyboard player named Johnny fingers who co-wrote most of their songs. My first thought was nobody knows who the Boomtown rats are and secondly Johnny fingers is a cool nick name so I am going to keep it. He then suggested perhaps I should differentiate myself by shortening it to Fingers.

We should really get back to the story, otherwise this book is going to go on forever, this chapter is already too long, and I wouldn't have even bothered reading this far into it.

Now as far as the summer that everything changed part goes. By this point you're probably wondering do I just have a really good imagination and am I making everything up is this really happening in Highland Park?

I mean if you think about it, most kids really don't care about their name much, and very few would put so much thought into giving themselves a new nickname. But I swear on my mother's grave even though she's probably about 50 years off from dying that everything I'm about to tell you is true.

As I said before I have no knowledge of most current bands and all of these stupid punk rock bands which are already 40 years old are still really popular with freaks like my older brother. I had no idea he lifted my new nickname from one of his stupid bands STIFF LITTLE FINGERS.

If you are an over achieving type like myself, its really easy to find out any type of information using google and wikipedia. Here is some of the things I leaned.

Stiff Little fingers of band from Ireland I think they broke up in late 1979. My brother played me some of their music it's okay but it's just ice cream and and they do a lot of complaining about the things being closed on Sundays and how nobody will play them on the radio and then they play really slow reggae and it's really boring.

The other band he was babbling about, The Boomtown rats were an unknown punk band from Ireland (again Ireland, what is wrong with that city?)

The interesting part turns out that the guy who sang for the band pulled all these famous band together and fed the entire world rice for like a year. Since he was a regular bloke like me, I'm not quite sure how we pulled this off.

I mean, nobody knows who the heck Boomtown rats are so what's he do call up The Rolling Sones and say: “Hi, my name is Bob and I'm in a band Boomtown rats we want to play this huge concert will give all the money to poor people.”

Well, somehow or other people bought into his idea and he has been knighted so I guess that shows sometimes even the “Bobs” of the world can do amazing things.

However, I'm not quite sure what happened to Johnny fingers the the keyboard player but maybe he got a knighthood too. Maybe he's dead, so stealing his nickname isn't so bad.

Did I mention yet, that my stupid brother and his friends have some type of secret club they call the FVK or fearless vampire killers

My brother who also a victim of an overly active imagination which is probably not a bad thing seems to se evil manifesting itself around every corner of Highland Park.

Maybe he'll write a book himself although I'm not sure what the rules are for having more than one famous author in a family are.

He started some special crime solving unit with his buddies called the FVK: fearless vampire killers.

The name (according to Google) is from some weird movie that no one has ever seen. Nikhil says he he got it from one of those weird bands that he likes.

There is (according to my research) a band from Washington DC they were called the bad brains they were a bunch of black guys which come to think of it is not very common thing (to have a bunch of black guys in a punk rock band.) I listened to
some of their music on pandora, its really fast punk rock but one of their first song was FVK (Fearless Vampire Killers.) to me it just sounds like a bunch of screaming I guess you have to be in college to understand the appeal.
summer 6

ars est celare artem
I AM NIKKI SUDDEN. BROTHER OF SHAUN THE SHEEP (or SHAUN OF THE DEAD.) Do not try to adjust your dial, I have retaken control of this book.

I guess the story really starts way back when I was Shanks (I mean Fingers) age. I noticed that a lot of my neighbors were either Vampires, looked like vampires or were some type of devil worshiping type. I also noticed that at the end of our block was a cleverly concealed tunnel to The Gates of Hell.

That is when I put together my Monster Fighting Team: The FVK.

Now here is where my genius memory and added Appendix really comes in handy.

FVK. Stands for Fearless Vampire Killers.

There is a movie called Fearless Vampire Killers (or take your teeth out of my kneck, you'll leave a mark.) Its by some short Yugoslavian dude who had skip the country cause he was dating high school chicks because he was so distraught that Charles Manson killed his wife and baby. FVK (fearless vampire Killers) is a song by the Washington D.C. by way or New York City Black Rastafarian Hardcore Band THE BAD BRAINS (who named their band after a song by the New York Punk Band The Ramones.)

With a pedigree like that, I had my organization all named long before I put it together.

_________________________Stop___________________

Nice try NIKHIL. This is my book.

Fingers has taken control of the story again. Try changing your password to something a bit harder than FVK! Nikhil you twit.

Now want to say one thing while I have now regained control over this book.

I understand that every generation probably thinks that the town they live in is a complete Shithole, but my town in particular is really annoying that because I live in what they call a walking town.

that means every time you ask your parents for a ride somewhere they say "you can walk." “Its not that far.” I gave up even asking. For a ride anywhere. If you ask is just an excuse for them not to drive you anywhere.

My parents like Computer as much as they seem to like kids.

Not much

the fact that my father has our entire house filled with computers is kind of weird because he won't let us use them for games.

My mom on the other hand, Is obsessed that we learn to type so she began loading all kinds of weird “(what adults think are fun typing games on all the computers with all kinds of weird typing programs like Mavis Beacon teaches Utah labor basketball typing for kids who don't want to learn how to tie or all kinds of other things

Fortunately the one thing my older brother has going for him is that his obsession that our town is filled with Vampires. (Its not, there are also a fair amount of Mental Health Care Professionals and Pack of Werewolves, a few Covens a Gate to Hell (Mannheim Luxembourg) a secret Monkey lab and some more mundane stuff too.)

On the other hand, my brother has all kinds of other weird games that he secretly loaded but they change the icons and put all kinds buried uninstall folders and subfolders on top of subfolders so as long as my parents are around it's usually pretty easy to sneak in a game or two

Right now my favorite is Frogs versus vampires

It doesn't seem very much of that of a of the game if he asked me to mean the boss is so small how on

Earth of the vampires going while the frogs can come swarm in and just attack the vampires who get really annoyed and end up by turning the backs and flying away as California for about three hours and then in your move onto something else but like I said before if you got really careful when you're playing games in my house my father does go through and check and exert sure that there's nothing funky about our systems.
summer 8

7

ars

gratia

artis
I feel that I have wasted the previous six chapters of my first book, basically pulling a long grift.

We slowly met my family (although I have left out my sister Priya, she will make an appearance towards the end.) I did also leave out my mother. My dad, as you can figure out is a terror, a man to be avoided at all costs. He is like a snake, you never know when he is going to just leave you alone or strike out at you. Now my Mom.

My Mom is a saint, don’t you dare say anything about my mother or I will kill you (that’s from some old movie by the way.) Actually, I haven’t mentioned her, and probably won’t. She has some type of job she goes to. She leaves, early in the morning and shows up sometime in the evening. If you try to tell him how unreasonable Dad is being, she pretends to listen, and then goes and repeats everything you tell her verbatim (I learned that word in English class—and its some type of computer company) back to him. So as far as I am concerned living with my mother is like living with a double agent. You never know if they are working for you or against you.

--------------------Refresher facts, for those who have gotten lost in the meanderings of the last seven chapters, and a bit of a thank you for those who have managed to overcome the multiple typing mistakes, misspellings and general rantings. I have to admit the previous chapter (7) is a a particular mess. I downloaded a Text to speech program using bit torrent, and man does it S*CK. I just don’t have enough time in the day to correct all the BLANK UPS that Blanking program made. So I just left most of the messed up words. You seem kinda smart, you’ll figure out what I am trying to say.

The Facts. (again)

My name is Fingers

That is the only name I am responding to for the rest of the book.

I live in Highland Park New Jersey.

Highland Park New Jersey is filled with the following non-human creatures: Werewolves, vampires, soul killing teachers, lying adults, lying kids, kids with Lyme disease, sucker MC’s. Playa haters. Kids who have some of the worst musical taste that they might as well be from the seventh circle of hell. Vishnu, destroyer of the world. Someone who can turn into Ganesh, remove obstacles and then turn back into a fat crazy person who thinks he is mayor of the town.

Then worst’s, most evilst form of evil incarnate is that women who runs up and down my block all day long, sometimes with here dog, sometimes solo. Nikhil thinks she is the ringleader for some type of secret monster army bent on world domination. He has even followed her for days, but that had to stop once she figured out what he was up to and got a restraining order.

The second and most evil being in Highland Park is my cousins. I have about 5 who live through this small borough including Trisha, her husband Norman (he’s English so its fun to make him mad so he will scream out “Bloody this and Bloody that.”)

The other house beside us has been empty for over a year. The people who lived there were PIGS. Really. They would just slip on their human costumes , go to work and leave their garbage everywhere. I swear they left their Halloween pumpkin from two years ago rotting into the front steps.

Well some unscrupulous hippy realtor, hired some drunk contractor to clean the house enough to sell it. So in about 20 minutes we are getting new neighbors. I am not that excited.. That’s just because I am not that excited in general. If you had to suffer through Middle school, nothing would make you happy either. On top of that, its not like home is a safe refuge from the torments of the outside world.

My sister is to be avoided at all costs.

My father seems to work from home whenever he wants, and anytime I think I am getting some alone time, he seems to appear out of nowhere.
Nikki Suddenly (ha) seems to appear all the time even thought he has his own dorm room on the Livingston Campus. He tells us, he just comes home to do his laundry and grab some of Mom’s homemade Pakoras. But he spends a lot of time both in the bathroom and in the basement (digging.).

I would hang at the library, however. It’s way too loud to get anything done.

Arggggggggh..

Oh. Here comes the moving truck. That’s why I love books. You can make anything happen whenever you want to.

I guess I should have said. Here comes SATAN, he just popped out and is now chasing TY, that little blond kid down the block around trying to steal his soul.

OK. Just to make things interesting lets say both things are happening simultaneously. For suck a sucky town, highland park sure has a lot going on.

And you know what, I have done so much typing, that I am actually going to willfully give over the next chapter to NIKKI SUDDEN. I am just going to sit on the stoop and wait for my beautiful new neighbor to show up, fall in love with me etc.

Boy even when you know what's going to happen. Life can still be pretty cool.
Chapter 9

Habeo quidem morion em
Nine.

Nikhil Spills the beans.

The FVK Reforms. And vows to save Highland Park and world before the end of 2013 (when the Easter Island Calendar predicts we get bit by a huge spaceship being driven by a totally drunk alien with 3 heads and blurry vision- he left his glasses on his dresser at home.)

Jacques Derrida was a French philosopher, born in French Algeria. He developed a form of semiotic analysis known as deconstruction. His work was labeled as post-structuralism and associated with postmodern philosophy. Wikipedia

Jacques is my main homey these days. I really dig his book “The Animal That Therefore I Am” Actually, I only really like his picture (he is always smoking a pipe- and I really dig the 1960’s looking art on the book cover. I guess people like my dad thought it was really hip looking in the 60’s or whenever it was they went to college.

I think this book basically explains a lot of what is going on around me. I don’t actually read the books I get assigned. I just look up someone else’s papers, check for highlighted text, and then let loose with some else’s gleamed genius during class. Although “Professor A-Hole-MEAL!) My bald headed 24 year old instructor seems to always be one step ahead of me. I am adding him to my list of possible magical creatures to be destroyed by the FVK.

IN case you forgot, and if you are the same age as my brother SKANKADEEP. You probably have trouble remember to take exhale after you have taken your last breathe.

OK. Its like this.

My name is NIKKI SUDDEN> I the leader of the FVK. Fearless Vampire Killers. Although, truth be told, my first attempt to actually kill a vampire ended quite badly. That 500-foot restraining order stays in place for five fricking years! How can I destroy evil, if I can’t get close to it?

I downloaded the latest Weird New Jersey App (for Android!) IPhones can suck it, I am a linux , I am android, I am poor and proud.

I then cross-referenced (ok I had the APP do all the work, all the recent paranormal sightings over the last year in reference to the geographic center. Turns out HIGHLAND PAK NEW JERSEY is then the epicenter of all the latest sightings of UFO’s and there have been several articles regarding the sewer drain at the end of our block and the possibility that it may indeed be one of the true GATES OF HELL, a direct portal to>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>> actually no one is really sure where. My religion doesn’t believe in Hell. I just think it’s a cool word. I hope it leads to Midget Ville.

Anyway. Cats are disappearing. That dumb blond kid down the block is screaming all the time about demons chasing him. Every punk rock band I love is getting back together, touring and they are all FAT and really old. Evil is afoot. That is why I have sent word to all the former member of the FVK (fearless Vampire Killers.) We are going to have are first meeting this afternoon in the teen book room of the Highland Park Library.

I will let you know how that works out.

Picture used without permission from the NY Times. Suck it capitalist pigs.
chapter 10

Quidam colunt falsos idola adoro asinos
This really isn't a chapter. It's the aforementioned cheat guide for Reluctant readers. A brief guide for people writing book reports who don't actually want to read the book, and those doing the Wikipedia entry.

I just want to give the reader a brief overview of what to expect over the next 14 chapters.

-Nikhil and Shankadeep Dad is going to find the book on the computer and add his own chapter, basically telling the world that not only are his sons spoiled, lazy sons of donkeys, but are pathological liars-look that one up kids.

-Praia, the sister adds here own chapter. Its mostly about boys, and the joys having both a vampire and a werewolf fight over your love. Eventually, she settles on Aaron who is so short, he could be a midget but really isn't.

Fingers falls in love with his new neighbor. They dig up a dead body in her basement thinking it will release the ghost from its eternal torment but all it does is release a disgusting smell.

Nikhil reforms the FVK. Realizes he loves Amy. Amy realizes she really loves Eric. Eric and Amy form a band, record a song and over 30 people give it thumbs up on pitchfork.

We meet Rosemary, fingers new girlfriend. In order to prove to her younger sister that you really won't die from eating a mushroom (like in the first Babar Book.) After giving Fingers his first kiss, she grabs a mushroom from the front of her house, eats it, fall over into a beehive, gets stung 500 times and dies (or does she?)

As it turns out. Nikhil (sudden) was right. Highland does contain the Gate of Hell. It does lead to Midget Ville. However, the midgets are really a bunch of jerks. They don't give you lollypops of anything-just angst. Then your stuck in Luxemburg with no way home other than an over priced airline ticket.

It also turns out that the women Nikhil was stalking is a demon sent from hell.

The book will end with Rosemary Dead.

Highland Park on the Verge of some type of Lord of the Rings type war between the forces of good and evil.

That little blonde kid down the block is finally captured by the demon runner and eaten.

A talking Albino squirrel appears and offers the FVK help.

All this and more in the next exciting 12 chapters of THE SUMMER THAT EVERYTHING CHANGED>.
chapter 11

A planeta curreremus per simiae, sonat fun
Chapter 11. Narrated (once again) by Nikki Sudden.

Nikki Sudden makes a speech to his Dialectics of Popular culture 101 class. Scott Hall room 123. Instructor: Thomas Meal

Note (likes to be referred to as Professor Meal)

Insert speech (which is currently still being transcribed by several witnesses in attendance).

________Dual Transcript submitted by Amy Reeder and Amy Cho Rutgers Class of 2015-------------------


10:46: Professor Meal ignores Nikhil's raised hand and for the next fifteen minutes continues to ignore Nikhil's raised hand.

11:06 Nikhil Jumps up and starts yelling about how Professor Meal (whom he refers to as "THOMAS") knows nothing about Semiotics, and that Camus, Derrida, Deepak Chopra (?) and about 12 other names that he prattled off too fast for me to take down were still alive, they would all be turning over in their graves, or more likely, they are all climbing out of their well apportioned graves somewhere in the beautiful Parisian cemetaries that they are buried and are slowly crawling to New Jersey to find THOMAS and slowly choke the life out of him for making such a mockery of his work.

11:07 about 50 students start yelling "SHUT UP YOU A-BLANKity Blank fill in your own bad word) at Nikhil who then ends his rant with the statement seen bellow.

_____________________________________

All that is known is that Nikhil ends his speech with the following statement:

"When the first caveman hit a bone on a rock, his best cave buddy turned to him and said he was a talentless punk. For some reason the moniker stuck. He told his cave girl, I am so tired, so tired, just leave me alone, I am so tired, and now I am bumming because I just lost my bone.

Nikki was then seen waiting for his class of 400 Rutgers freshman to erupt in applause, but all that can be heard is the uncomfortable sound of butts re-positioning themselves in chairs.

Nikki Gets up, Yells OI and then walks out of Scott Hall. Crosses College Ave. Goes to the first Grease Truck he can find, orders a Cheese Steak, Diet Pepsi and side order of onion rings.
Caedite eos. Novit enim Dominus qui sunt eius.
Chapter 12. Narrated by Forhan Thinkamarakian.

My sons are the spawns of donkeys.

I was doing my daily network backup of our home network when I “uncovered” this drivel that Shankadeep (oh, I am sorry Fingers) is passing off as some type of “new fiction.”

Must be great to be 16 and under some weird alchemy where you think you can become a master story teller without ever having picked up any Charles Dickens, let alone Philip Roth, A.M. Holmes, Ian McEwan or even some lowbrow Richard Russo or Richard Ford. American schools really do a number on these kids sense of self.

I believe it was Bernard Malamud who said no one should write until they are at least 40. Shankadeep book (HA) is a case in point.

In case, you think I am being too hard on you, let me remind you oh son of mine what I had to endure to get you to the point where you have enough free time to not only play all these moronic games that you keep trying to put on our computers, but have enough time to WRITE A BOOK.

All of your dead relatives are rolling in their graves (and the some of the live ones too!)

Your story, is my story and my story is this:

INSERT FORHANS STORY HERE

Actually, its probably more fun if you just read Life of PI or look it up on Wikipedia and insert that. It’s actually more well written and interesting than the True story of Forhan.

The following is from Wikipedia:

*Life of Pi* is divided into three sections. In the first section, the main character, Pi, an adult, reminisces about his childhood. He was named Piscine Molitor Patel after a swimming pool in France. He changes his name to "Pi" when he begins secondary school, because he is tired of being taunted with the nickname "Pissing Patel". His father owns a zoo in Pondicherry, providing Pi with a relatively affluent lifestyle and some understanding of animal psychology. During his childhood, Pi is raised a Hindu, but as a fourteen-year-old he is introduced to Christianity and Islam, and starts to follow all three religions as he "just wants to love God." He tries to understand God through the lens of each religion and comes to recognize benefits in each one.

Eventually, his family decides to sell their animals and move to Canada due to political concerns in India. In the second part of the novel, Pi’s family embarks on a Japanese freighter to Canada carrying some of the animals from their zoo, but a few days out of port, the ship meets a storm and capsizes, resulting in his parents’ death. After the storm, Pi regains consciousness in a small lifeboat with a spotted hyena, an injured zebra, and an orangutan.

As Pi strives to survive among the animals, the hyena kills the zebra, then the orangutan, much to Pi’s distress. At this point, it is discovered that a Bengal tiger named Richard Parker had been hiding under the boat’s tarp; it kills and eats the hyena. Frightened, Pi constructs a small raft out of flotation devices, tethers it to the boat, and retreats to it. He delivers some of the fish and water he harvests to Richard Parker to keep him satisfied, conditioning Richard Parker not to threaten him by rocking the boat and causing seasickness while blowing a whistle. Eventually, Richard Parker learns to tolerate Pi’s presence and they both live in the boat.

Pi recounts various events while adrift, including discovering an island of carnivorous algae inhabited by meerkats. After 227 days, the lifeboat washes up onto the coast of Mexico and Richard Parker immediately escapes into the nearby jungle.

In the third part of the novel, two officials from the Japanese Ministry of Transport speak to Pi to ascertain why the ship sank. When they do not believe his story, he tells an alternate story of human brutality, in which Pi was adrift on a lifeboat with his mother, a sailor with a broken leg, and the ship’s cook, who killed the sailor and Pi’s mother and cut them up to use as bait and food. Parallels to Pi’s first story lead the Japanese officials to believe that the orangutan represents his mother, the zebra represents the sailor, the hyena represents the cook, and Richard Parker is Pi himself.

After giving all the relevant information, Pi asks which of the two stories they prefer. Since the officials cannot prove which story is true and neither is relevant to the reasons behind the shipwreck, they choose the story with the animals. Pi thanks them and says, “and so it goes with God”.

I could never write something so Beautiful and confusing. Its much more interesting than Forhan’s real life which you can access via the included character guide. Unfortunately, Forhan, like most of us has a life, which is easily summarized in two to three sentences.
Ethyl will then insert her brief story and explain and offer apologies for Forhan's behavior.-----------------

Once again, I am going to do a bit of a cheat using Wikipedia. I enjoyed the movie "La Vie en Rose" and am such a closet Francophile and lover of 60 French pop that I have decided to use the Wikipedia Entry for the fictional movie version of the life of Édith Piaf as a stand in for the life of Ethyl (whom has decided against apologizing for Forhan’s behavior for after all, can any of us really control another Human Beings actions.)

Once again, from that trusted source Wikipedia

The film's narrative structure is a largely non-linear series of key events from the life of Édith Piaf, many of which the audience ultimately learns are evoked as flashbacks from within Édith's own memory as she dies. Despite the fractured narrative approach, the film is anchored at the beginning by predominance of elements from her childhood, and at the end with the events prior to and surrounding her death, poignantly juxtaposed by a performance of her song, "Non, je ne regrette rien" (No, I don't regret a thing).

The film opens with Édith as a small child in 1918, crying on a stoop after being teased by other children on the streets of Paris. Her mother stands across the alley singing, "La Marseillaise" with raw emotion, mesmerizing the street crowd.

Years later, a nightclub owner named Louis Leplée (Gérard Depardieu) approaches Édith while she sings (and drinks) on the streets of Montmartre for supper money with her friend Mômone. He invites her to his club for an informal audition. Impressed, he hires her, after creating for diminutive Édith a stage surname of Piaf, a colloquialism for sparrow.

Soon, Leplée is shot dead, suspected by the police to be due to Édith's connections to the mafia through the pimp who has demanded a large portion of her street singing earnings. When Édith next attempts a show at a low grade cabaret, she is jeered and shouted off the stage by a hostile crowd, but she soon meets her next mentor—Raymond Asso, a songwriter and accompanist. He enlivens her performances by teaching her to gesture with her "great hands" while singing, and works with her on enunciation and other aspects of stage presence, including how to battle her initial fierce bouts of stage fright that almost prevent her from taking the stage for her first music hall performance.

While performing in New York City, Édith meets Marcel Cerdan (Jean-Pierre Martins), a fellow French national who is a boxer competing for the World Champion title. Though she quickly learns from him that he has a wife, who runs their pig farm while he's away, Édith tells Mômone that she is falling in love with Marcel. The affair that ensues, while supposedly secret, results in the playing of "La Vie En Rose" being played for Marcel wherever he goes. The morning after Édith has persuaded Marcel to fly to her from Paris to join her in New York, she wakes up to his kiss. She joyfully hurries to get him coffee and her gift to him of a watch, while she mocks and exasperatedly shouts at her oddly subdued entourage as they listlessly stand around her apartment. They finally break the news to her that Marcel's plane crashed. Édith hysterically searches for the ghost of Marcel that was lounging on her bed just a few moments before, crying out the name of her lost lover.

The narrative bookends these scenes from Édith's middle life with repeated vignettes of an aged-looking Édith with frizzy red hair, being nursed and tended to. She spends much of her time sitting in a chair by the lakeside, and when she stands, she has the stooped posture and slowness of a much older person. Another set of fractured memories shows Édith with short curly hair, plastered to her face like she is feverish, singing on stage and collapsing while she tries to sing, a moment when Édith realizes that her body is betraying her, when she is hosting a party at a Parisian bistro, and topples a bottle of champagne because of her developing arthritis. No one but Édith thinks that she will be ready to attempt the feat, that almost prevent her from taking the stage for her first music hall performance.

After her husband persuades her to enter rehabilitation for her addiction, she travels to California with him, Jacques Pills, and the audience sees the sober but manic-by-nature Édith being driven around in a convertible, laughing, joking, teasing her compatriots and generally being the life of the party, until she takes the wheel and promptly drives into a Joshua tree. The hilarity is uninterrupted as Édith gets out and pretends to hitchhike—the whole episode appearing to be a metaphor for her lifelong frantic efforts to be happy and distracted by entertaining others, through all manner of disasters.

Years later, Piaf, now frail and hunched, squabbles with her entourage about whether or not she will be able to perform at the Olympia. No one but Édith thinks that she will be ready to attempt the feat,
but she ultimately faces this reality herself. Then, a new songwriter and arranger shows up with a song, "Je ne regrette rien", and Édith exclaims: "You're marvelous! Exactly what I've been waiting for. It's incredible. It's me! That's my life, it's me." She announces that she will indeed perform it at the Olympia.

Memories from prior to and during her last performance, when she collapses onstage, are interwoven through the film, foreshadowing the tragic end to a stellar but prematurely ended stage life. The memories appear to almost haunt Piaf. In one series, prior to what turns out to be her last performance, Édith is finally ready to go onstage after a series of delays, when she asks for the cross necklace that she always wears. As her staff rush away to get it, she sits and, in her quiet solitude, experiences more memories of her past, and after Édith puts on the retrieved cross and shuffles out onto the stage, the film presents more flashbacks as she is singing one of her signature songs, "Je ne regrette rien."

She relives a sunny day on a beach with her knitting, when an older Édith with an obvious stoop graciously answers the simple and polite questions of an interviewer: what is her favorite color? (blue), her favorite food? (pot roast), and then more poignant questions that she also answers without hesitation, again showing the longings of her life. If you were to give advice to a woman, what would it be? "Love." To a young girl? "Love." To a child? "Love."

As though he is carrying a swaddled infant, Louis easily carries Édith, tiny and wasted away at the age of 47, into her bedroom and tucks her into bed, while the subtitle removes any illusions that this is other than the last day of her life. She is afraid. She says she cannot remember things, but has a disjointed series of memories of the kind of small moments that somehow define all our lives more than the "big moments" do—scrambled and fragmentary as a dying person might experience—her mother commenting on her "wild eyes," her father giving her a gift of a doll, and thoughts of her own dead child, Marcelle.

The film ends not with a death scene, which is implied, but with Édith performing "Non, je ne regrette rien" at the Olympia.

Yikes, who on earth wrote this description? Once again, Ethyl (wife of Forhan, Mother of Fingers and Nikki and Riya) did not want her real life examined (and that is request that all of us deserve to have honored. So she has asked me to point out that she prefers Édith Piaf’s life story to that of her own.

The Author of this book Salvatore Minella (aka Samuel Nathan Shiffman) would like to point out, that he too does not want his real life story included in anyones book. Just Google Eminem and that’s pretty close to his own story (only instead of Dr. Dre insert Eazy-E.)
Chapter 13. Bounces back to Fingers.

My sons are the spawns of donkeys?

I would like to publicly thank my father for that wonderful descriptive language to describe his offspring. I suppose being trapped on a boat for a year with Bengal Tiger (actually it was a Calico Cat and included a years supply of Kitten Chow) is enough to make anyone a bit prickly about living the life of a normal American teen (aka spoiled first worlder).

As Forhan (my dad) likes to say, Enjoy that IPOD, it was made by a kid your age chained to a bench at the Apple Foxconn factory in China. You know how much he made to assemble it? .53 cents. Don’t believe me go look up the videos on youtube.

O.K. while it is true that almost all of my favorite electronics are made by kids my age in third world countries (see the story of stuff). I have a story to finish. Perhaps in book three, my brother and his merry team of assassins and Vampire killers can steal a jet, fly to china and rescue poor Ching-Woo who made fifty-three cents to assemble my $300 iPad.

When we last left me. I was at my friend Noah’s house, being introduced to the video Game Mind Daft (FYI: by the final version of this book, the name of the software will probably have changed at least 24 times) by the Norwegian company Gongora (see chapter 2). Since, I am way too lazy to go back and re-read chapter two, here is about as much as I remember writing (I am also way too lazy to read all the stuff my stupid brother has written as well as the dude who is narrating this masterpiece—however, the comment from my father that son is a the Spawn of a donkey did catch my eye but once again, he kind of loses me when he starts using big words or making comparisons between his childhood and mine. I can appreciate the fact that he had it rough, however, to expect your children to be mini replicas of yourself or even (and Nikhil taught me this concept) adult comprehension which would allow for some type of formal understanding is way beyond the ability of a typical American Teenager. Perhaps when I am 47 I will understand, by then you will be dead and we will have squandered any opportunity for mutual understanding etc.

Oh well, in a nutshell DAD! Here is where I am at. I am a Teenager, I am starting to be interested in girls, I like computers, I like stupid video games and I like hanging out with my friends. I am sorry this computer was made by a Chinese political prisoner, if I had the power I would have him released and invite him over to Noah’s house to play Mind Craft (or daft, or C#ap or whatever we are going to call it.)

Ok, here is where we left off for real. I am at Noah’s house just having witnessed one of the coolest games I have ever seen and appearing as if out of the ether are two of my other friends Nino, Jacob and Maxwell Burnside the third. Now I am sure the doorbell rang, and noah’s mother let them in etc. But as far as I am concerned they materialized out of nowhere, laptops in hand (Nino thinks he is the shit because he has a used Alienware computer and is always rubbing in our face that he made it multiboot yaaddddda yadda.) I am pretty sure he really doesn’t know what he is doing and since he is as lazy as I am, he can never get the Linux video drivers working right. So in your face Hacky mchacky sack.

Now here is where we take a slight digression. Watching other people play video-games is about as boring as reading about other people playing video games. I believe I have already described this cool game in as much detail as I am willing to. Currently, I am already engaged in hour 2 of what is going to turn out to be a 4 hour Mind Shaft marathon. We got really lucky today, since Noah’s mom thought we were hard at work on our “Bridge to Terribithia” (Bridging the gap between stupid and boredom) would be my one sentence review. Come to think of it, wouldn’t a one sentence review be far more of a better writing exersize than these oversized book reviews. I mean there would have to be certain peramiters, like you can’t use “it was funny, good, stupid etc.” My mom once told us about a contest some magazine had where you had to write a story in one sentence. I can’t remember anything, which makes the fact that I am writing a book so hilariaous (and maddening to my father,) well this one story sentence was so good that I did remember it.

For sale, Baby Carriage, slightly used.
That was the winning entry. Everytime I think of that line, I am reminded of Roald Dahl. He had a son named Theo who died after a cab backed into his baby carriage. Maybe he wrote the winning entry. I love Roald Dahl. There is this Shi-Tzu who Jacob owns whose name is something stupid like Muffy, I call him Roald Dog. Did you know that before Theo Dahl died, Roald worked with a doctor to create a new device for lessing the pain of his sons brain. Its called the Dahl-something stint or stint. I can’t remember anything.

I am now going to turn the chapter over to my good friend Maxwell Burnside the Third. As noted in previous rambling paragraphs I am currently engadged in what will turn out to be the first of may Mind Draft marathons, Maxwell on the other hand suffers from some type of neurological disorder whereby certain pixelated screen movements (like those from fast moving games like Halo or fill in the blank) make him swallow his tongue and if he doesn’t wake up he might die. So while I am playing this very fun and Fast moving game, Maxwell Burnside the Third is going to fill you guys in on all the research he is doing on the company that makes Mind Draft, he claims he is going to update their Wikipedia entry, but he has as much follow through as Noah, Ben, Jacob and I do. NONE. We are big talkers, slow walkers, accident gawkers and you tube monetizing hawkers (in your face Dre.)

-----------------------------A brief history and historical analysis of the company Gongora by Maxwell Burnside the Third.-----------------------------

Gongora, is actually a Malaysian word which is almost impossible to translate into English but Google Translator spit out something to the effect of means: Evil Doers who want to take over the world through video games, and then turn everyone into monkeys. No really that’s what it said. I wish we had words in English which said so much yet used so little amount of words to do that. I believe that is what my English Teacher Mrs. Grindywald (the evil Midget of HPHS) would all Poetry.

Gongora: The company is located in Nijuruuuung Norway, which according to Google maps is on a small island off the peninsula of Shachtigwung in the province of Cackenwold about 70 km outside of Oslo. In case you were wondering.

The Gongora website appears to be an excersize in basic utilitarian design (I just skimmed the Steve Jobs Biography and that statement by Apple Designer Jonathon IVE really stuck out.)

(INCLUDE A LINK TO THE GONGORA WEBSITE)

There are basically three links.

Company History

Philosophy

Mind Draft Download links.

The company was founded in 2010 by a group of Norwegian Institute of Technology and Genetic Engineering students. Brought together by their shared love of computer gaming, hatred of human contact, and disappointment at the lack of affordable hair replacement alternatives. This group of 12 began meeting in the basement of the University Hill Center Basement computer lab (which coincidently is located in a completely different building from the actually Hill Center- which is now a restricted area due to some type of unknown genetic splicing accident.)

Following their graduation from the University, the group of 12 weird freaks (as their classmates called them-which coming from other students who themselves are a bit off is rather high praise.) Trademarked their new company Name Gongora, bought a slightly used industrial warehouse and set about designing their new game.

2 years later Mind Draft was released and became the world wide sensation that we all know an love.

So this is the official bio of Gongora, the company that makes Mind Draft. If there really is such a thing as web eraser, the employees of the company of Gongora must have them because it is almost impossible to find any information about them pre-gongora. The only thing that is known is that 5 of them are named Sven and the rest go by the Sacco or Vincinte (who according to Wikipedia were some type of anarchist-which according to Wikipedia means either you don’t like government or you are a fan of some type of oldies music called Hardcore Punk.)
Hi, My name is Sven, and I am one of the employees of the company Gongora. So far I have really been enjoying this book, even though we really don’t make our presence known in any meaningful way until the following chapters. I just wanted to insert myself briefly to add a few pieces of information and clear up some misconceptions about our Company.

First off, we were all quite popular students at the Norwegian Institute of Technology and Genetic Splicing. We were always doing what you Americans refer to as Jocular Pranks. The twelve of us were brought together by happenstance (we shared adjoining rooms on our dorm floor). The fact that all of us are bald on the top of our heads, and sport ponytails is just coincidence and nothing should be implied by this fact. Now if we all had handlebar moustaches, that would just be creepy. Anyway, we started a very successful cabaret series which took place every month in the basement of our dorm which featured comedians, jugglers, bands (Sigur Ros and some other well known scandinavian bands played.) Our nickname was BNWP, which was given to us by one of the guitarists of the Swedish Band The Hellacopters. It stands for: Bald Norwegians with Ponytails. In Swedish is sounds like you are saying Bandwap! It was remarked in reference to who is going to pay us to play this dive, the Bandwap over there remarked Sven the Guitarist. Our fellow students loved this so much we jovially reffered to as this Bandwap guys for the rest of our college career.

So, you can see that we were just a bunch of normal college engineering students. The fact that all of us want to live in a planet populated by mostly monkeys is secondary to our mission to bring the most kick-butt gaming experience to the people’s of the world.

Pretty cool that my Wikipedia entry got a direct response from one of the creators of Mind Draft. I think I am pretty much done with my section of the book, thanks for reading,

Yours,

Maxwell Burnside the Third.

So that’s about it for this chapter. Noah’s mom finally threw us all out. I went home and in my absence, so that a moving van had pulled up to the house next to ours. That house has been vacant for over 8 months. I am sure it had nothing to do with Brutal Murder of one of the Psychology Students who lived there, it has more to do that it was pretty much inhabited by a bunch of slobs. It brought no meaning to the
term Fixer Upper. Eventually, some type of contractor bought it. Spent a month making it look nice and then flipped it for double the price.

Now daddy-o, that is America for ya.
chapter 14

cathedr
a mea, regulae
meae
Chapter 14. Bounces to Priya (who is in the process of changing her name to AMY)

Priya here, and this is the last time you can call me that. Got it you Donkey Spawn (I was always sure we weren't really related and now dad's cyber confession confirms this.) From this day forward I am Amy, in fact I am changing my last name too. I will be Amy Lane. Normal American Teen.

It's exciting to be in American and in love.

I am in love and love, love loving it.

When we first moved to Highland Park, it became very evident to me in the student parking lot that there were a whole bunch of different groups one could align themselves with. You had the usual slack-jawed gaming bunch, the mathletes, the wolf clan (always Hot!) the cheerleaders, the undead (yet are too stupid to realize they are dead and are still attending class- As the Clash say either DIE or "quit holding out and draw another breath." Well, I gotta tell you as soon as I saw Eric's dreamy cat eyes, his white powdery pallor and his Beverly Hills 90210 hair (see some of us do know our history.) I knew I had found my soulmate.

We would give each other knowing glances during pre-calc, and every time he saw me talking to that Hot Werewolf with the eight-pack abs Eric (the Vampire) would start to turn a yellowish color and you could see the spit start glide down his fangs. His little cat eyes would do the cutest thing and narrow into slits. A couple of times he even flew up to the ceiling and got a total beat down by Mr. Knowl who accused him of cheating. Still, how can Eric not know that it my heart that beats as one with his. If Eric (the werewolf) didn't have that stupid haircut and that dumb fetal alcohol look, perhaps I could overlook his obvious stupidity, but my eric (vampire eric) is the full package. He reads Poe to me, he's got cool hair and a really old vintage leather jacket. He's always quick with the flowers and the little presents. No, that is the boy for me.

Anyway, as you probably figured out being a normal American Teenage Girl has to be one of the most exhausting jobs on the planet. Just keeping Vampire Eric interested in me by using Werewolf Eric required me to learn how to use Microsoft Project (which is good since I can now add it to my resume and college application.)

In case my father is reading this, Both Eric's have made it known that they are soooooo in love with me that they would be happy to convert to whatever religion we are.

Now if only I could figure that part out. Hindu? I don't think we are Muslim or Jewish. Who knows, all I know, is like I said before I love Eric (the Vampire) and the whole world can go piss off.

Yours,

Amy Lane.

P.S. Allegations have been made in the past that I have two sisters, while this may be true I am quite happy not discussing this at this point.

I now gleefully pass this book back to whatever Monkey wants to unload their woe onto a waiting world (Oh Fingers----That was Sarcasms by the way. Your life is of no interest to anyone else on the planet.)

Adios Amoebas.
chapter 15

condemnant quod non intellegunt
Chapter 15. Bounces to Nikki and his fight against Highland Parks Monster Squad.

Wow, I just can't shut up in class. I really hate my professor Thomas Meal, he is a bully like my dad operating under cover of the academic freedom of information act. Blah blah blah. Hey Meal, if Mikael Bakunin were still alive I am sure he'd be throwing a Molotov at your grey prius.

Anyhow, enough about that nob head. I keep having to take control of this story because my brother (fingers) has no attention, or attention to detail or a head for anything other than playing that stupid computer game and hanging out with his gang of future Technology Company C.E.O's (and I don't mean that in a nice way kid.) You have the social consciousness of slug.

Let me tell you a little bit about what I was doing when I was your age.

As anyone who has read the Young Person's guide to true history of Highland Park (readily available at the local library or through Amazon) you would know that this quit little square mile town has some of the highest ratios of Supernatural goings ons in all of Central Jersey (except for maybe Perth Amboy!) Riya (ooops, I mean AMY LANE) may not care, because she is dating one of those vegan vampires, but I tell ya it was some of the other stuff that started getting to me, which is why I put together my own crime fighting unit: The FVK (Fearless Vampire Killers).

Now evidently, Fearless Vampire Killers is some movie by a midget child molester whose wife was killed by Charles Manson. I did not know that when I christened our group. I had just been given a copy of the Bad Brains C.D. (the one that the dude whose wife was killed by Charles Manson. I did not know that when I christened our group. I had just been given a copy of the Bad Brains C.D. (the one that the dude

Below is from Wikipedia.

“Bad Brains is a hardcore punk band formed in Washington, D.C., in 1977. They are widely regarded as among the pioneers of hardcore punk, though the band's members objected to this term to describe their music. They are also an adept reggae band, while later recordings featured elements of other genres like funk, hip-hop and soul. Bad Brains are followers of the Rastafari movement. Originally formed as a jazz fusion ensemble under the name Mind Power, Bad Brains developed a very fast and intense punk rock sound which came to be labeled "hardcore", and was often played faster and more emphatically than the music of many of their peers. The unique factor of the band's music was the fact that they played more complex rhythms than that of other hardcore punk bands, also adapting non-punk style guitar riffs and solos into their songs.

Bad Brains have released nine studio albums (one of which is entirely composed of instrumental versions of their past material). The band broke up and reformed several times over the years, sometimes with different singers or drummers. The band's classic and current lineup is singer H.R., guitarist Dr. Know, bassist Darryl Jenifer, and drummer Earl Hudson. H.R.'s younger brother.”

And not Roman Polanski (again here is yet another Wiki explanation)

Roman Polanski (born Rajmund Roman Thierry Polański, 18 August 1933) is a Polish-French film director, producer, writer and actor. Having made films in Poland, Britain, France and the USA, he is considered one of the few "truly international filmmakers." Polanski’s films have inspired diverse directors, including the Coen brothers, Atom Egoyan, Darren Aronofsky, Park Chan-wook, Abel Ferrara, and Wes Craven.

Born in Paris to Polish parents, he moved with his family back to Poland in 1937, shortly before the outbreak of World War II. He served in the Holocaust and was educated in Poland and became a director of both art house and commercial films. Polanski’s first feature-length film, Knife in the Water (1962), made in Poland, was nominated for a United States Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film but was beaten by Federico Fellini’s 8½. He has since received five more Oscar nominations, along with two Baftas, four Césars, a Golden Globe Award and the Palme d’Or of the Cannes Film Festival in France. In the United Kingdom he directed three films, beginning with Repulsion (1965). In 1968 he moved to the United States, and cemented his status by directing the horror film Rosemary's Baby (1968) for which Ruth Gordon won an Academy Award as Best Supporting Actress.

In 1969, Polanski’s pregnant wife, Sharon Tate, was murdered by members of the Manson Family while staying at Polanski’s Benedict Canyon home above Los Angeles. Following Tate’s death, Polanski returned to Europe and spent much of his time in Paris and Gstaad, but did not direct another film until Macbeth (1971) in England. The following year he went to Italy to make What? (1973) and subsequently spent the next five years living near Rome. However, he traveled to Hollywood to direct Chinatown (1974). The film was nominated for eleven Academy Awards, and was a critical and box-office success. Polanski’s next film, The Tenant (1976), was shot in France, and completed the "Apartment Trilogy", following Repulsion and Rosemary’s Baby.

In 1977, after a photo shoot in Los Angeles, Polanski was arrested for the statutory rape of a 13-year-old girl and pleaded guilty to the charge of unlawful sex with a minor. To avoid sentencing, Polanski fled to his home in London, eventually settling in France. In September 2009, he was arrested by...
Swiss police at the request of U.S. authorities, which also asked for his extradition. The Swiss rejected that request, and instead released him from custody, declaring him a "free man." During an interview for a later film documentary, he offered his apology to the woman, and in a separate interview with Swiss TV he said that he has regretted that episode for the last 33 years.

Polanski continued to make films such as The Pianist (2002), a World War II true story drama about a Jewish-Polish musician. The film won three Academy Awards including Best Director, along with numerous international awards. He also directed other films, including Oliver Twist (2005), a story which parallels his own life as a "young boy attempting to triumph over adversity." His most recent films are The Ghost Writer (2010), a thriller focusing on a ghostwriter working with a former British Prime Minister, and Carnage (2011), a comedy-drama starring Jodie Foster and Kate Winslet.

I saw a couple of these films, they are O.K. but man this midget certainly gets fawned over while my Home Boys The Bad Brains get reduced to working reggae nights at the Tallahassee Sheraton. Life just isn't fair.

So anyway, I put some flyers up in school asking if anyone wanted to start an “Existentialist” club knowing full well that supernatural creatures fear Existentialism as much as rat fears a sinking ship.

I actually got a pretty good turn out, a lot of Metal Heads, Some Goths a few Dub-Steppers and some just normal looking kids.

My homeroom teacher Mrs. Grindywald agreed to be our club advisor, since she sticks around for awhile after school every day doing god knows what.

Now for the first time in my life I did something smart. I had everyone in the room (about 60 of us) go outside and had someone from the school paper take our picture. That year we won some type of award for having the biggest school club and I got a $5 gift certificate to the dollar store. Now the reason this was smart because after we took the picture and went back to the classroom and I explained that the real reason for the club was investigating the supernatural more than two thirds of the at-
tendees filed out. Turns out someone are either dating a Werewolf, is friends with one or His best bud is a Vampire. Quite a few people also exclaimed that they would rather not draw any more attention to the disappearances which happen so frequently (and few even remarked, that I better not stick my snoopy nose into any of THEIR Business) So fortunately I did take down some names so theer are a number of mysteries that will have to remain unsolved until those involved graduate from Highland park High School.

The remain Five of us Eric, Amy, Eric, Amy and Myself took a blood oath their and then that come hell or high water, we would stick by each other and have each oth- ers backs.

“Well guys” I got our first assignment. There is crazy women who runs up and down my block eight hours a day, everyday with here big black dog. Whenever she gets close to the Brisling-Champlain house (one of those My two mom families) She slows down and licks her lips. I have seen her trying to engage Boaz Brisling-Champlain in conversation (I swear I heard her say this: “Want some candy little boy,”) But Little Boaz seems to scurry away at the right moments.

“Very interesting replied Eric, Amy, Eric and Amy. Nikki, why don’t you take first watch tonight, follow her movements, and lets see a report in about 3 days.

Meeting adjourned.
Chapter 16
Chapter 16. Bounces Shankadeep.

Yeah, I am back.

Anyway, like I said before there was a moving van unloading into the house next door. I felt like a little kid, peeking through the curtains trying to see if there was anyone my age moving in. It was kind of exciting, particularly after a day of playing Mind Draft (and boy does my mind hurt)

The curious thing was that as Noah’s mom was ushering us out of her house, Maxwell Burnside the Third was babbling at us something about the Mayan Calendar and Gongora is Thai for We hate you and are taking over the world and turning you all into Monkeys ha ha ha. It did sound interesting, and I made a mental note to look all this up on Wikipedia, hey is that a quarter.

Long chapter.

If my sister Amy can find love at first sight with that Eric the Vampire dude, I have to say that I too can call it when I see it.

In this chapter I find my first true love my next door neighbor AMY.

The other amazing things will also happen when I get around to transcribing them from my weary and heartbroken monkey brain.

I kiss amy.

Amy and I Dig up a body in her basement hoping that this will release it from its eternal torment, all it does is release lots of bad smells and makes us both throw up.

Amy Reads the first Babar book to her little sister Aimee, who gets really freaked out at the section where the old king eats a poison mushroom and dies. In fact she won’t stop crying, because she is afraid she might accidentally eat a poison mushroom and die.

Amy takes her little sister Aimee out to the front of their house, picks up the first mushroom she can find, eats Mushroom, falls into my arms and dies.
chapter 17

16 crescit cum commercio civitas
Chapter 17. Introducing, the Norwegians

Long chapter.

The creators of the game Gongora have nefarious plans for the future of the planet.

The chapter ends with The FVK starting to suspect that something is not quite right.

You know. Its not like we have been keeping our plans a secret or anything. I once had a friend named paul who spray painted “What we do is Secret!” on the side of his car, it’s a song by this Punk Band the Germs.) Now were we doing that? No.

Again from Wikipedia.

The Germs are an American punk rock band from Los Angeles, California, originally active from 1977 to 1980. The band's early lineup consisted of singer Darby Crash, guitarist Pat Smear, bassist Lorna Doom, and their most consistent drummer Don Bolles. They released only one album, 1979's (GI) (produced by Joan Jett) and were featured the following year in Penelope Spheeris' documentary film The Decline of Western Civilization, which chronicled the Los Angeles punk movement.

The Germs disbanded following Crash's suicide on December 7, 1980. Their music was influential to many later punk rock acts. Pat Smear went on to greater notoriety performing with Nirvana and the Foo Fighters.

In 2005 actor Shane West was cast to play Crash in the Germs biographical film What We Do Is Secret named after a song by the Germs. He performed with Pat Smear, Doom, and Bolles at a production party for the film, after which the Germs re-formed with West as singer. The new lineup of the band has performed a number of tours in the United States, including performances on the 2006 and 2008 Warped Tours.

Our company manifest states very clearly, that we hate humans and want to turn everyone into our Monkey slaves.

The Department of Taxation issued us a business license and everything. We are totally on the up and up so you can sod off.

I guess this something is not quite right stuff, might hold some water if what were doing was indeed secret, however, Mr Nikki Sudden of the FVK you should go back to hunting Demon Hounds or yelling at your Professors because we have a license to ill and by all the laws of nature, genetics and the power invested us by the Norwegian Government and our team of Lawyers we are in our rights and you just better stay out of our way (and tell that little Shi-Tzu to keep his mouth shut too.)
cuiusvis hominis est errare, nullius nisi insipientis in errore perseverare.
Chapter 18 The FVK swings into action.

While I would like to say that I have made it my mission to stop those Norwegians from their plans, they weren’t kidding about the lawyers I had a huge stack of legal documents overnighted to me from Norway and boy was my dad Angry.

This chapter will focus on the The Norwegians. How they make their way to Highland Park. Purchase a bunch of Black Vans, with Black Windows and start their preparations for world domination by turning all humans into monkeys.

I have a feeling Highland Park’s Vampire, Werewolf, Witch and Same Sex couple communities might have a problem with this plan and I predict some sort of showdown and lots of explosions including the destruction of 3 Nail Salons, one kosher Chinese restaurant and a used car lot.

Once again. I will write this all down when that big fat check from Scholastic clears, I mean when I get over my heartbreak over losing my true love. Perhaps Nikki could take a turn if he isn’t dead or in Luxembourg (he is by the way.)
cuncti adsint meritaeque expectent praemia palmae
Chapter 19

The really weird everything is starting to go crazy.

The runner is revealed to be a demon.

The FVK in trying to stop Gongora, inadvertently unleash the Monkey time virus.

UFO’s land at the local Middle School. They Take an Assistant Principal and Gym Teachers Hostage.

Fingers, changes name to Fingers Ogilvy and vows to bring back Amy from the Dead.

Amy’s little sister Aimee takes to bed in a fit of melancholia.
chapter 19 the end.
Chapter 20

The Monkey time virus mutates, and spreads thought the world. Everyone turns into a monkey.

Gongora captures the FVK. They are forced into the Gates of Hell. End up in Mannheim, Luxembourg. Are captured by angry midgets. They finally end up at the American Embassy in Luxembourg where the response from the assistant director of temporal appearances was basically, “what do you want me to do? Buy you a first class plane ticket back to New Jersey?”

Fingers Does successfully bring Amy back from the Dead. However, she doesn’t look, smell or act the same. All the neighbors start asking him to bring back their dead pets.

The old man at the barber shop spills the beans about the origins of not only Highland Park (its built on top of an Indian Burial Ground and a Nuclear Waste Dump) But all of the local schools were once sanitariums, one of leprosy, insanity, gout and living dead people- which has been a long term problem for everyone.

Book ends with everyone left in a lurch or some type of clifhanger.