



The Deadly Decision  
of Blooka-Blooka  
Book 1 of the Blooka-Blooka Trilogy

By Peter and John Cassetta

# Chapter 1

## Introduction to Blooka-Blooka

There was once a man named Blooka-Blooka. Blooka-Blooka watched a video about all the awesome things that robbers do. It was so cool that he resolved in his mind to become a robber. He only had one problem: He didn't know where to start! He figured that he might as well check the library for a book on how to become a robber. He strolled into the library, straight up to the front desk and asked, "Would you happen to have a book on how to become an evil robber?"

The librarian was shocked. He never imagined that anyone would *want* to become an evil robber. He hesitated, then decided to shoot the potential robber.

Pulling his pistol out, he took aim and fired at Blooka-Blooka. The poor fellow screamed in pain as the bullet slammed into his arm.

Knowing the librarian would shoot him again if he stayed around, Blooka-Blooka ran off into a corner of the library and plopped down on a chair against a wall. Or so he thought. It turned out that there was no chair. There was not even a floor. Blooka-Blooka suddenly realized that, in reality, a holographic chair rested on a holographic floor. Having no ability to defy gravity, he subsequently fell and landed in a pit.

## Chapter 2

### Blooka-Blooka's Brother

By now, Blooka-Blooka's brother had entered the library, carrying - ice cream. He was not pleased with Blooka-Blooka because they were planning to get ice cream - TOGETHER. Blooka-Blooka never showed, so he bought ice cream, with the intention of splatting it in Blooka-Blooka's face. He could not find Blooka-Blooka, however, and inquired of his whereabouts at the front desk.

"Have you seen my brother?" he asked.

"Who do you mean? What does he look like?" the librarian replied. When Blooka-Blooka's features were described, the librarian said dismissively,

"Oh, that rude fellow? He asked for a book on how to become an evil robber, so I shot him."

"You did what?"

"I shot him. There is an excess of robbers in the world today, and I for one will not just stand by and let that number grow. Shooting potential robbers is the only civilized thing-"

"Now, ain't that a sorry excuse for shooting a person!"

Blooka-Blooka's brother interrupted. Without another word, he splatted his ice cream onto a nearby library book and stormed out of the library. The quarrel began...

# Chapter 3

## The Chamber

Blooka-Blooka sat in the pit, clutching his injured arm while his eyes adjusted to the dim light. When he could see his surroundings, he noticed three things: #1 he was in a pit, #2 there was a bone protruding from the side of the pit, and #3 he might be able to climb onto the bone and escape from the pit.

He jumped and grabbed the bone. The bone...made a click and moved downwards?

A side of the pit moved outwards and slid open. Blooka-Blooka stepped out of the - pit? he wasn't sure what to call it anymore - and into a large underground chamber.

Looking around, Blooka-Blooka wondered if all libraries had fake chairs that conceal pits leading to chambers. One niche of the chamber contained test tubes, experiments, and plenty of other scientific tools and samples that Blooka-Blooka couldn't care less for; in another, a vast collection of books, upon which Blooka-Blooka cast a similar contempt; another corner contained a kitchenette - at least that wasn't completely useless, Blooka-Blooka thought. There was a door, upon which hung a sign that said "bathroom", and lastly, a corner of the room that contained anything and everything that Blooka-Blooka would need to get his arm healed.

Well, thought Blooka-Blooka, maybe the collection of books would be useful after all; mainly because he had no clue on how to fix up his

arm.

Blooka-Blooka staggered over to the books, hoping to find one on healing a bullet wound.

# Chapter 4

## Adding Dictators

The librarian rose from his computer. His conference call would begin shortly, but he had enough time to get a glass of water. He grabbed a glass and filled it with water, planning how he would get revenge on that person had splatted ice cream on the library book. As he drank the water, he remembered the horrible **SPLAT** of the ice cream on the book. He finished the water and set the glass in his kitchen sink. He sat back at his computer, preparing for a call with the world's most tyrannical and powerful dictators, better known to him as – his computer played a ringing sound – snapping him back to the present. He answered the call:

"Hello, cousins," They greeted him appropriately and he continued.

"I apologize for interrupting your various duties and obligations, but I have a problem which I cannot solve on my own.

"There is a man who deliberately splatted ice cream on one of my library books, ruining it. His reason: I shot a potential thief, who just so happened to be his brother. I want to make him pay, but I'd prefer that before he is terminated, he will regret ever splatting that ice cream.

"My cousins, I have a plan. I only ask for your help in executing it..."

# Chapter 5

## Midnight Morse Code

The brother of Blooka-Blooka awoke in the night to the sound of his telephone ringing. Yawning, he picked up the phone.

"Hello?" In reply, he heard only beeps – wait, no it was Morse code! He grabbed a pen and paper and quickly wrote down what he heard. When the line went dead, he got to work on translating what he had written down. He finished translating and read it.

*-ating ice cream will be your demise.*

"Oh really...two can play at that game," he thought for a moment, then continued.

"When that librarian wakes up, he'll find more than an empty threat, in fact, I can guarantee he'll find an unpleasant surprise..." Blooka-Blooka's brother laughed evilly at the notion as he prepared his all-purpose sabotage kit.

# Chapter 6

## The "Unpleasant Surprise"

The librarian awoke to the sound of his alarm clock beeping angrily at him. He slapped the snooze button, and the sound became twice as loud as it had been.

After slapping the snooze button a half a dozen more times, he realized there was something wrong with his clock. He unplugged his clock. It continued to beep. He grabbed the clock and smashed it on the ground, then looked at it and groaned. That had cost him a hundred dollars.

The librarian got out of bed and put his slippers on. There was glue in them. He quickly attempted to remove his feet, but to no avail: The glue was dry. The instant he had stepped into the glue, it began to dry rapidly.

Fuming, the librarian left his bedroom and stomped off towards his kitchen, wondering why his pet cat was not yet up. He grabbed his favorite mug and some coffee mix, then put the mix in his coffee machine, placed his mug below the spout, and pressed a button on the machine.

Satisfied that his coffee would soon be ready, he walked over to his cereal stash. He opened the cabinet and a spring-loaded boxing glove shot out. It hit him right in the middle of his face. **CRUNCH!** His nose!

The librarian screamed in pain, even as he realized who was responsible for all this.



# Chapter 7

## Repairing An Arm

"...Eight stitches...nine stitches...ten stitches!" Blooka-Blooka had just put the final stitch in his arm.

The surgery had been difficult, firstly, because Blooka-Blooka had to read the steps out of a book full of all kinds of medical jargon – which he would then have to look up the meaning of in the dictionary, secondly, because he was both the surgeon *and* the person on whom the surgery was being performed, and thirdly, because the "dumb numbing stuff", as he called it, wore off during the third stitch.

"Now *that* was most painful – most painful indeed." He picked up the bullet which he had removed and studied it.

"I don't know much about bullets, but you," here he made a face at the bullet, "are a nuisance if I ever saw one."

When Blooka-Blooka was finished insulting the bullet, he walked over to the laboratory. Picking up a chunk of fungus, he declared, "You are one smelly mold!" Walking around and looking at the test tubes occasionally stopping to pick up some sample or another, Blooka-Blooka managed to gradually pass the time.

# Chapter 8

## Chaos In the Librarian's Home

The librarian reached to his freezer for an ice pack. He pulled open the door and what he saw made him even more angry. To his dismay, everything in the freezer was room temperature! He checked quickly, only to confirm his suspicions: the refrigerator was unplugged.

He then heard his coffee machine beep, indicating that his coffee was done. He stumbled towards the coffee machine. He stared in horror of what he saw. There was a hole in his coffee mug which he had not noticed before. Now, most of his coffee was on the ground and counter. He moaned loudly and dropped his ruined mug in the trash. He heard a loud meow and glanced inside the trash can to see his cat lying in the bottom, bound with cords and buried under garbage.

Furious, he grabbed a detonator. It was supposed to be reserved for Phase 19 of the plan, and even though Phase 2 had yet to begin, he could not contain his rage.

He cackled evilly, then pressed the button.

**BOOM!** The librarian's ears were assaulted by the sound of two explosions, both within his house. The first had come from the trash can, which probably meant the cat was dead. The librarian didn't mind that overly much – he took no special pleasure in cleaning the cat's litter box. The second explosion came from his office. He ran over to the office and saw his computer's burned remains. How would he call his cousins now?

# Chapter 9

## The Froggy Attack

Blooka-Blooka's brother sat at his computer, watching the librarian fall into every trap that had been set. Surveillance just made this sabotage that much more fun. Blooka-Blooka's brother doubled over in laughter as the librarian unwittingly destroyed his own computer and blew up his cat.

After watching the librarian for a few more minutes, he heard a frog croak. He turned his swivel chair to face the intruder. The frog opened its mouth. **CLICK!** The frog snapped a photo of him.

"What the—"

"Uploading file," the obviously robot frog interrupted as a small satellite came out of its head. "Upload complete," the frog announced. It hopped onto his lap and self-destructed, setting his clothing on fire. He jumped up quickly and his mind raced.

"Drop, stop and throw!" Blooka-Blooka's brother incorrectly recited. He dropped the objects in his hands, then stopped breathing, and lastly, he grabbed his shirt and threw it across the room. There was a small problem, however. He was still wearing the shirt! He landed with a thud as he realized his clothes were no longer burning. He stood up. That librarian was going to get it now.

# Chapter 10

## The Computer Store

"Cash or credit?" the cashier at the computer store asked.

"Cash," the librarian replied, pulling out his wallet. He opened it and reached in for the balance required. Seconds later, he was shocked to see that his money had been replaced with toy money! He looked for his credit card. It had been switched as well. Embarrassed, he said to the cashier,

"I'm afraid I will not be purchasing anything today."

He left the checkout line, heading towards the store's exit, then was interrupted by a small boy.

"Looky here, I's mashin' potatoes."

"Um, I think those are gourds—" he started to say but he was then interrupted by the kid again:

"Want some?" Without waiting for an answer, he stuffed a spoonful of mashed gourds into the librarian's mouth, not taking the spoon out until he heard him swallow. It was among the most disgusting things that the librarian had ever eaten. The kid ran off, and the librarian saw these words on the back of his shirt: A faithful minion of Plooka-Plooka. His cell phone buzzed notifying him that he had a text message. He read it:

Cousin Altrin,  
we have identified your enemy, the ice-cream-splattng maniac.  
His face returned a match with this name: Plooka-Plooka.  
Your cousin,  
Hytraapon III

The Beginning...