

BARRY TROTTER
AND THE UNAUTHORIZED PARODY

ALSO BY MICHAEL GERBER

Are You There, God? It's Me, Hitler

Harriet the Guy

I Am the Sleaze

Encyclopedia Brown Gets Punched, HARD

His Damaged Credit Trilogy

The Golden Whupass • Book I

The Subtle Knish • Book II

The Amber Shotglass • Book III

BARRY TROTTER

AND THE UNAUTHORIZED PARODY



BY

MICHAEL GERBER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RODGER ROUNDY

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A MESSAGE FROM THE PUBLISHER OF THIS BOOK:

While the authentic series may or may not be Satanic, this book definitely *is*. It is poorly written, incredibly crass, and contains jokes about bodily functions that would embarrass a five year-old. It has been produced as cheaply as possible, using highly toxic ink and substandard paper. Every corner has been cut—from eliminating every 500th word, to employing copy-editors fluent only in Spanish. This book exists solely to make a quick buck.

A MESSAGE FROM SATAN:

Oh, no, you're not pinning this one on me! This book totally *sucks*.

A MESSAGE FROM THE UNIVERSAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES:

Any book so clearly loathed by Satan, the embodiment of all evil, logically must be the purest good. Otherwise, why would Satan hate it so? Therefore, I urge all right-thinking Christians—as well as people of goodwill from every other faith—to read this parody.

A MESSAGE FROM YOUR LITTLE BROTHER:

This book is weird, I don't like it. Harry doesn't smoke. Smoking is for losers.



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Barry Trotter and the Unauthorized Parody

Summary: Fans of the world's most popular children's book are unfairly cheated after mistakenly purchasing a poorly-written, obnoxious spoof. They form a vigilante group and track down the author, executing him in a particularly unpleasant way.

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[1. Rip-offs — blatant. 2. Humor — scatological. 3. Books — stupid.
4. Copyright — infringement.]

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Additional copies of this book can be ordered at www.barrytrotter.com.

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TO JON AND KATE...
AND J.K. ROWLING, WITH IMPUDENT ADMIRATION.

“Adults are just obsolete children, and to hell with them.”

—*Theodor Seuss Geisel (Dr. Seuss)*

Author's Note: Any instances of nonstandard spelling, grammar, or punctuation are hereby declared *intentional*, and should be considered jokkes.

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CHAPTER ONE
THE TROUBLE WITH MUDDLES

The Hogwash School for Wizards was the most famous school in the wizarding world, and Barry Trotter was its most famous student. His mere presence made sure that each year, twenty candidates applied for every open spot, no matter how rapacious Hogwash's tuition became. As a result, Barry and the school had come to an unspoken agreement: regardless of his grades, Barry could remain at Hogwash as long as he wished. He had just begun his eleventh year. This arrangement made studying unnecessary, and turned each evening from a time of frenzied scholarship to one of relaxed contemplation of the day's events. There was also ample time for mischief.

Sprawled sideways across an overstuffed chair in the Grittyfloor Common Room, in front of a cozy multicolored fire, Barry silently pitied the other students. And the teachers, too—anyone, in fact, who didn't have it as immaculately cushy as he did. He turned up the headphones playing his favorite band, Valid Tumor Alarm, a group so deeply hostile that any song without the word "kill" in the title was automatically classified as a ballad.

"We collect our Fear and turn it into a God," Barry read. I wonder what the hell that means? His mind began to wander, as it usually did when confronted with a difficult thought.

Putting down his copy of *Existentialism for Beginners*, he pulled his wizard pipe from his pocket. He had bought it last week in Catty Corner, the magical shopping district down in London. Barry thought it gave him an air of mystery and maturity, the only things that perpetual student status did not confer. Girls seemed to agree. (Well, Muddle ones, at least.)

Wizard pipes were leagues better than the Muddle version; they weren't addictive, nor did they lead to galloping mouth rot. They also never had to be filled. Barry clenched the little wonder between his teeth.

"*Colibri!*"

The pipe lit itself, and a skein of smoke curled upward. The bowl was made of the finest magical meerschaum, which, as advertised, began to carve itself into an exact replica of its owner. “Cool!” Barry said, taking it out for a second to look at the forming portrait. There was even a tiny pipe sticking out of the portrait’s mouth—on which, Barry supposed, an even smaller portrait was forming. . . boy, a thought like that could break your brain.

Barry coughed. He had never actually lit the pipe before, preferring to use it simply as a prop; besides playing with the smoke, he couldn’t figure out the appeal. His mouth tasted like he was chewing tree bark. The smoke *was* fun—wizard pipe smoke could be formed into any shape you wanted. Barry gave himself a sombrero, an arrow through the head, and a devil’s horns in quick succession.

As he puffed, Barry could see this book’s already slim chance at a Newlyburied medal quite literally going up in smoke. Well, he thought, if I’m screwed already, I might as well go have some fun.

“Bloody—” an ash had spilled onto his lap. He brushed frantically, but it was too late; a small hole had been burned in his father’s old Cape of Invisibility. “Damn!” Barry said. “I’d better put this buggger out before it sets me on fire.” The pipe extinguished itself and Barry slipped it into his pocket, then pitched his book into the fire. It was magical, so it screamed.



Belching up a little institutional-grade rice pudding, Barry slipped on his Cape of Invisibility and walked towards the front door of Hogwash. He was the epitome of laziness, except when it came to getting into trouble, making a little money, or both at once; he delighted in seeing just how far he could push old Bumblemore and the rest. His first few terms had been pleasant, in that ooh-look-there’s-that-famous-kid sort of way—lots of ogling and jockeying for his approval, the occasional theft of his knickers and speedy resale of same on eBuy. But then, in exchange for a few hundred pounds, some journo friend of his Muddle Aunt and Uncle wrote a couple of (mostly fictional) books about his life. Then things got interesting.

Near the front door, Almost Brainless Bill glided by, dragging his cerebellum and spinal cord behind him like a child's pull-toy. It left a trail of spectral slime. Barry took care not to bump into the spirit and arouse suspicion—although last time he did, he uttered a soft “Moo!” and ever since Bill had believed that an invisible ghost cow walked the halls of the school. “I shudder to think what heinous circumstances led to her spirit's imprisonment in these dank halls. Murder, perhaps? Or a doomed love affair?” Bill had said at dinner a few days later, while Barry pulled a stomach muscle trying not to laugh.

Outside of the school now, he moved through the muddy, smelly crowd of youngsters with a quick step. He could never get used to the rankness that assaulted him every evening. Were *everybody's* fans this gross? It was not merely an unpleasant ripeness borne of too many people living too close together with no sanitation facilities, but a pervasive, penetrating, unnerving funk that seemed to suggest a widely-held organic disorder. Tonight, the tell-tale stench of roast centaur also hung in the air. Mixed with the aftertaste of pipe tobacco, it was unspeakably horrid. He coughed, and spat to get the smell out of his mouth. The gobbet landed on a small, thin, bespectacled girl who sat crosslegged on a patch of dirt re-reading a worn copy of *Barry Trotter and the Philosopher's Scone*.¹ She felt her hair, then looked skyward. Barry laughed. If she only knew, she'd never wash her hair again!

Barry reached the Forsaken Forest. At a clearing just inside it stood

¹ This book was released as *Barry Trotter and the Magic Biscuit* in America. As readers of the first book know, the Philosopher's Scone contained the Elixir of Life, making anyone who ate it immortal. (This is not to be confused with the Elixir of Lust, which makes people immoral. Big difference.) Anyway, the Philosopher's Scone seemed like a great career opportunity to the evil Lord Valumart, who considered compound interest the only power greater than himself—gaining immortality gave the investment strategy “buy and hold” a whole new meaning. Anyway, after Barry thwarted Valumart, Bumblemore locked the pastry in his desk. He meant to throw it out, but eventually a mouse got to it and became immortal. The other mice logically proclaimed him the Messiah, and ever since, a dangerous cult had been growing inside the walls and wainscoting of Hogwash.

Hafwid, the school's giant gamekeeper, surrounded by twenty or so women of all sizes and complexions. Two centaurs, Thelonious and Bird, stood talking to Hafwid, smoking tiny cigarettes. Seldom without berets and *never* without shades, centaurs are the hipsters of the magical world.

Barry slipped off his cloak, and all the Muddle females gasped as one. He never tired of that.

"Well, well, Slim's here to get some slickum on the hangdown," Thelonious said.

"Hey T, Bird. Slip me some hoof. Who's out there on the spit?"

"That there's Diz. Never did care for him." Thelonious looked over his sunglasses at Barry. "JAME, if you ask me."

"Time for us cats to split," said Bird, and he and Thelonious adjusted their berets and cantered into the woods. In the distance, a lone bongo drum could be heard.

Barry turned to the giant gamekeeper. "Thanks, Hafwid, ol' buddy," he said, flipping a coin to the king-sized oaf, who fumbled it. "You know the drill: go hang out with your pet bogarts² for an hour or two."

Hafwid picked up the coin, and bit it. "T'anks, Barry," he said, and stumbled uncertainly into the forest, clutching a bottle wrapped in brown paper.

Another night, another gaggle of groupies. By now, it bored Barry stiff, but in some weird way, it was how he reminded himself he was a celebrity, somebody special. And (he rationalized) talk about giving back to your fans! "Okay, girls: line up for your de-lousing spell, and then we can get started," Barry said. "Did everybody remember to wash?"



The next morning at breakfast, Barry was describing his exploits in graphic detail to a group of rapt sycophants. As was customary, they were showered with well-deserved disapproval from Hogwash's female contingent. Just as a particularly indignant fifth-year named Penelope Bluggs was preparing a Itch-

² A bogart is a shape-shifter that takes on the form of your worst fear—personified as your least favorite actor.

ing Madness spell, the morning owls arrived. Everyone quickly covered their glasses and bowls from the flurry of feathers and mites and such that accompanied every delivery. Owls were a filthy way to deliver the mail.

Barry got a letter from the headmaster. He showed it to the group.

“Maybe it’s good news. Maybe old Snipe’s got cancer of the wand,” said Manuel Rodriguez, a third-year who will not reappear, but was shoehorned in so that not *everybody* in this story was white, middle-class, and British.

“Not likely—it’s a yowler.” Barry opened it. “See me immediately!” it boomed. “And bring that good-for-nothing Lon with you!” There were scattered giggles, which Barry silenced with a mean look and trademark gesture.

Lon Measly, Barry’s boon companion, was indeed good-for-nothing. Or very little, at least. He had suffered a tragic Quiddit accident during fifth year—a Basher had whiffed on a Brainer, causing it to lodge in Lon’s noggin at great speed. All attempts to remove the ball had caused it to work its way in further; it finally came out the other side, so that Lon’s head had a peephole pushed through it about the size of a one-pound coin. (When the wind hit it just right, it whistled.) Nurse Pommefritte had jerry-rigged him a new brain, using the barely-adequate faculties of a hastily-euthanized golden retriever. Lon was left with the capacities of a dim, good-natured seven year-old, and some definite canine tendencies.

“Come on,” Barry said, distracting Lon from the eternal quest to lick himself. “Fuzzface wants to see us.” Lon smelled worse than usual. “Have you been rolling in raccoon poop again?” Lon also chased cars. On the other hand, he was extremely loyal.

Penelope’s Itching Madness spell thwacked on the wall behind them as they left the room. “Pigs!” she yelled.



“Pffft.” Alpo Bumblemore shuffled the cards as he watched the Woodstock-like scene below. He picked a card. “Ace of Clubs? No. Damn.” There had been a tent city of the most unattractive sort on the lawn of Hogwash for weeks now, ever since someone had published di-

rections to the school in *The Stun*, Britain's cheesiest tabloid. "Stun-ningly insipid!" was the paper's motto, one it lived up to—or, more accurately, down to—every day. Its primary claim to fame was that all the women in its pages were computer-enhanced so as to appear naked. This did wonders for circulation, except when the Queen Mum made news.

Anyway, Hogwash's lawn had been churned to ankle-deep muck almost immediately by the masses of *Stun*-reading, Barry-loving Muddles encamped upon it. Bumblemore grimaced as someone brazenly relieved themselves in the lake. He mumbled a word, and a small lamprey-like sea monster attached itself to the offending part. "That'll teach you," Bumblemore said aloud.

Bumblemore heard a splash; Muddles had been pushing each other off Hogwash's high cliff at the rate of 5 an hour. The resident kraken was eating well. One of its tentacles held an encouraging placard saying "JUMP!" Unfortunately, this didn't thin their numbers—more fans were arriving every day.

Hippies, the headmaster thought, seeing a pair of fans making "the book with two covers" in the grass. Drug addicts. D&D players. He'd turn them all to cinders if he could, even the ones who were just bookish kids with a weakness for hero-worship and savvy merchandising. But there were a fair number of adults in the crowd, too. Perhaps fans of the books, perhaps Manson-like wolves moving among the sheep.

"Oh, well," he said. "God protects drunks, blondes and Muddles." An ace fell from Bumblemore's voluminous sleeve. "There you are, you rascal."



Is this about the girls, or selling the map, or something else bad I did, but forgot? Barry wondered as he and Lon climbed the crumbling stairs to Bumblemore's office. If it was the map, nobody could blame him; he *needed* that money. His godfather Serious Blech had sunk his entire inheritance into a harebrained scheme which failed, and Barry had long since burned through the money that J.G. Rollins gave him for telling

his life story. A whole summer in the Muddle world—in its Dimsley-encrusted armpit, no less—required many cigarettes and much lager to endure.

But Bumblemore wouldn't buy that. He'd wanted Barry to shove off last year. "Nobody ever in the history of Hogwash has been held back for five years in a row!" he had yelled. "Trotter, you're a disgrace. I know you're doing it on purpose. All this publicity has turned you into a cosmically-lazy, slightly magical slacker. Do us all a favor and switch over to the Dork side—they'll never recover!"

The musty old wizard was right, and Barry would be the first to admit it. But who could blame Barry for staying a student? He was a king here, a god. Famous, surrounded by easy marks who were all too willing to loan cars, do laundry, or any other favor for the great Barry Trotter. Life can only go downhill from here, he thought.

At least from Barry's perspective, this latest scam had worked out brilliantly. Not only had he been well paid for the map, but now he had a rag-tag, fetid mob of his fans encamped on Hogwash's front lawn. No instructor dared fail him with a 5,000-strong pro-Trotter vandal army so close at hand.

However, even he was beginning to get a little annoyed. Their constant, moronic chants of love added sonic unpleasantness to the visual element so amply supplied by their unsafe, rickety lean-tos and unimaginably tatty appearance. They were obnoxious and smelly—then they had discovered Hafwid's still, and the mass brawling had begun.

Hafwid's liquor supply was nothing any sane person would mess with; if Hafwid didn't get you, the jet-fuel like spirits would. A apologetic jeroboam of magic 900-proof brandy patched things up, between him and Barry at least—Hafwid still despised the Muddles, and they seemed to know it somehow, singling him out for torment. Hafwid's Blast-Ended Brewts sent a few intruders to the hospital, and some others went blind from drinking raw alcohol, but Barry knew he had fans to burn.

Boy, these stairs were taking a long time. "I wish this narration would

hurry up,” he said. Lon whimpered in incoherent agreement.

As they approached the door to Bumblemore’s office, they were dive-bombed by a flock of pickpocketing bats lurking in the shadows. Whatever booty these thieving marsupials got, they took back to Grittyfloor’s rival house, Silverfish, and woe betide any student that tried to get anything back. They didn’t mess with Barry, but Lon was a favorite target, since he often carried old food in his pockets. Waving their arms frantically, they ran towards Bumblemore’s door. It opened automatically.

“Trotter—”

Barry and Lon stopped, and the door swung shut. Barry panted, “Professor, I just want you to know that I was interviewing all those girls for the school newspaper.”

Bumblemore turned. He looked very fed up. “Trotter, you know very well we don’t have a school paper, and if Muddle girls have the bad judgment to let you within 50 feet of them, they deserve what they get. This is altogether more serious. Come over to the window.”

The pair looked down at the chanting, moshing mass of mud-covered Muddledom. There were thousands of them, and not a Porta-Potty in sight. The smell was almost visible, like heat coming off a road.

“Look at these muttonheads. It’s like a bloody Renaissance Faire down there,” Bumblemore grumbled. “Do you know I had to deliver a baby this morning? Very messy business, Muddle birth. They named it Barry, of course. I was so appalled I nearly threw up on it.”

Barry leaned out of the window, which galvanized the crowd. A great ragged cheer rose up. Misspelled banners unfurled. “Go away!” Barry yelled.

“He says we can stay!” said a Muddle. “Hurrah! Hurrah for Barry Trotter!”

“Idiot!” Bumblemore spat at our hero. “Now we’ll never be rid of them.” He grabbed Barry’s elbow. “Get away from that window before you do more damage.”

Quick as a flash, Bumblemore licked his thumb, raised Barry’s bangs and rubbed the scar on his forehead. The mark, in the shape of an

Interrobang,³ was the result of Barry's battle with Lord Valumart while an infant. It was also his proof of wizarding greatness, and Bumblemore was convinced it was a mistake.

"Get off!" Barry said, pushing the mothball-and-patchouli-scented magi-git away.

They turned to see Lon putting the small end of Bumblemore's telescope into his mouth. Since the accident, Lon was a great gnawer.

"Lon! *No!*"

Lon, startled, knocked over a tin of magic ants which spilled all over the floor. They began to spell out dirty words on the floor.

The aged headmaster struggled to control his temper. "Look, you two—I want you to listen, so you can get the blazes out of my office." In the corner, Bumblemore's pet phoenix Sparky, flickered as it pecked at an asbestos cuttlebone.

Bumblemore brandished a copy of *The Stun*. "Someone—I suspect the latest odious issue of the Malfeasance clan currently oozing all over Silverfish House"—Barry hoped his relief didn't show—"has given this paper the directions to Hogwash. Ergo, those pinheads down there." He threw *The Stun* in the wastepaper basket with great force. "I am getting entirely too old for this pile of fewmets."

With the threat of punishment receding, Barry's mind had wandered. His eyes played over the titles in Bumblemore's bookshelves...*She Wore a Golden Whip; Miss Harriet's Torture Closet*; and Barry's favorite, *Prisoner at a Women's College, or the Private Diary of Phineas Bantam-Pullet, Flagellant*. The first-year Barry had been shocked; eleven years later, he was just amused—Bumblemore had an odd idea of fun, but who doesn't? The slap of paper against wastebasket shook Barry from his reverie, and

³ In the Muddle world, the Interrobang is a failed piece of punctuation, half question mark, half exclamation point. As in "What the Hell was that?!" or "I just ate WHAT?!" Being both chronically confused and easily excitable, Barry's mother felt an affinity with the Interrobang. Thus, Barry was marked with one.

he heard Bumblemore say, “Our deceptive spells are useless; it takes basic intelligence to be deceived, and those knuckleheads simply ain’t got.”

“How could someone do something like that? And for what? A bit of money!” Barry snorted derisively, laying it on thick. “There’s more to life than money, I always say, don’t I, Lon?”

“Yep,” Lon sputtered, a spindle of drool sliding from his chin.

“God, what a dolt you are, Measly.” Bumblemore paused a moment, eyes closed, squeezing the bridge of his nose, then said. “Pardon me. This infernal chanting has given me a splitting headache. As bad as things are right now, they may get much, much worse—if today’s *Daily Soothsayer* is right.” He grabbed the paper off his desk and handed it to Barry.

“POOP,” spelled the ants.

“What? ‘Sex-for-Grades Scandal Rocks Academic World?’” Barry asked, reading a headline.

“No, below that,” Bumblemore said.

“New Penalties for Sodomy Called ‘Unimaginably Draconian?’”

“Let me see that!” Bumblemore exclaimed, grabbing the paper back. He scanned in vain—Barry had made that one up. “You think you’re so funny,” Bumblemore grouched. He jabbed at an article. “*That* one.”

“Brit Wiz Whiz Flick Picked to Click,” Barry read. “All of Tinseltown is buzzing about the movie, ‘Barry Trotter and the Inevitable Attempt to Cash In,’ slated for release in just one month. Fans of the children’s fantasy series are expected to mob theaters worldwide.

“Wagner Brothers is betting on the big-budget biopic, hoping that an all-out promotional and merchandising blitz will make the movie a massive international hit, even bigger than the publishing phenomenon that spawned it.”

“I don’t understand,” Barry said. “This seems like it can only help Hogwash. You know what they say, ‘No publicity is bad publicity.’”

Bumblemore smacked his forehead at Trotter’s stupidity; as he did so, a single blue moth skittered upwards from his robes. “Trotter, you are a

fool. How many kids actually read books these days? One in ten? A hundred? And yet, look outside—” as he pulled aside the curtain, a handful of something hit the window. (It wasn’t mud.)

“We want Barry!” the crowd yelled.

Bumblemore made a rude gesture to the crowd, which booed him lustily. “Do you have *any* idea how many people will show up here after the movie? Adding in overseas, home video, and DVD rentals, maybe a hundred million people will see it. That means we’ll have 500,000 people of all ages fighting, singing, bleeding and God-knows what else-ing on our lawn by Boxing Day.”

“UH-OH,” the ants spelled, until Lon, giggling, decimated the last “H” with his foot.

The enormity of it broke in Barry’s mind, and a trickle of sweat rolled down his scalp. “Why not just move Hogwash? Magically, I mean?”

“Insurance,” Bumblemore said. “Our lawyers at Warlocke and Wyvern tell me that it would break us to move. We might as well close the school altogether, and go back to correspondence courses. Anyway, since you’re the cause of all of this, I want you to fix it. Stop that movie, Barry Trotter, or Hogwash is history.”

“But if a Malfeasance was the one who—” said Barry shamelessly.

“His parents are Trustees,” Bumblemore said. “Your parents are mulch.”

“Okay, okay.” This could be my next book, Barry thought, mental cash registers ringing. I’ll call J.G., and—no. It was that kind of thinking that had gotten them into this mess. “Can Lon help? And Ermine?”

“As our only Special Ed student, I doubt very much Lon will be missed. The experience may be good for him. Miss Cringer is teaching at a remedial wizards school outside Hogsbleede; whether she can help or not is up to her.”

A knock came on the door, and Hafwid stumbled in. As usual, he was wearing a battered baseball cap advertising a brand of dragon feed. “P’rfe’s r Bumblemore, sum of thos’ Muddles done broke into my cab’n agin!

Thair pawin' through mah smalls!" Hafwid's "smalls"—British for underwear—were as big as a pup tent. "Can I kill 'um?"

"Son of a witch," Bumblemore muttered. "No, Hafwid, I'll handle it." He moved to the door, then turned back and said, in an almost fatherly way, "Barry, the school is depending on you. If you ever get into a tight spot and think you might not be able to stop the movie, I want you to remember one thing..." He put his hand on Barry's shoulder. "...if Hogwash closes, you'll have to go get a job." Then he and Hafwid left.

Lon, scooped a handful of ants into his mouth, leaving "SHI" on the carpet. "Yuck," he said, sticking out his tongue.

"My thoughts exactly," said Barry.

CHAPTER TWO THE BUTCHER OF HOGWASH

After corralling the profane ants, Barry and Lon left Bumblemore's study. They made quite sure the door was locked—the last time that Sparky got loose, most of Pufnstuff House was reduced to charred rubble. For something that was mostly moldy rock, these old castles sure could burn.

Lucky for the boys, most of the larcenous bats had fallen into a light slumber, and the few that were still awake were preoccupied with smoking cigarettes, looking tough, and trying to rob each other. Barry and Lon tiptoed past, leaving them to their fluttery squabbling.

As readers of *Barry Trotter and the Chamberpot of Secrets* already know, Bumblemore often answered Nature's call by means of an amazingly life-like porcelain reproduction of Barry's head. Bumblemore had placed it in the hall for a house-elf to empty; as if radar-guided, Lon's shin upended it, knocking it down the stairs with a splash and smash. The roused