



HAPPYLAND
A FAIRY TALE IN TWO PARTS



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ILLUSTRATOR: ANTHONY RESTO

*“Wouldest thou see a Truth within a Fable?”**

— John Bunyan

** Only if a fable is a fairy tale.*

PART

1

1



Time upon once, a gentlewoman is seated underneath a weeping willow tree—atop a donut pillow—in the lotus position. Her naked feet fiddle with the longish hairs of the bright grass. Her pretty, petite toes glow as they dance delicately. She lets out a poetic burp and drops her empty glass near her bronze samovar. Her dainty, lanky hands fall fast asleep in the pockets of her hellomellowyellow sundress. A sunflower tucked above her left ear bows—eavesdropping on her little thoughts. Sad is she. She is Sad.

Her bare hands barehug her face. Om, it is unbareable. She is absolutely beblubbered. O the psalms of tears dampen the palms of her hands.

Lily Marshmallow is her name and it is engraved on her nametag; a dog tag that wags like a silver tongue under the sunnysideupsunflowerysun. She was gifted the name Lily because her father cherished eating his last name with lilies and dill pickles. He is a quirky gillygaupus. Her mother is a masseuse—and Mother Goose—and a fantastic funambulist.

Lily Marshmallow lost her voice; her voicebox has not a thing to let out—apart from crying.

She makes use of Weeping Willow as one would a dear friend. Weeping Willow shrouds Lily with her long, messy avocado-colored hair. While in the lee of the poet's tree, I, too, recite poetree—crying is poetry and a weeping willow is a poem.

Lily Marshmallow is the embodiment of life, but she is lifeless. She is here and everything is over there. There, there, I daresay, there is always there.

Behold! A klutzy schoolboy saunters on the grass that is filled with bright emeralds that flicker here and there. He, the son of the sun, offers the sanguinesaffronsunflowerysun a bouquet of sonny smiles. He looks like a prophet without answers. His sky is a looking glass and he believes in the reflection he looks up to see.

Prince Gobbledygook be's his name (Be is his name), a folksy nomad—no mad, but a madcap crowned on his egghead as he swan singsongs,

'Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride, uh-huh
Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride, uh-huh

Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride
With a sword and a pistol by his side, uh-huh

.....
Go ye now and tell the story to all believers.
Go ye now, and I will be with you there!

.....
Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a way as gives us breath,
Such a truth as ends all strife,
Such a life as killeth death

.....
Thou didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown
When thou camest to earth
There is no room in my heart for thee.' *

He is dressed in his Sunday's best: a kosher porkpie hat, a polka-dotted bowtie, an imperial purple frock coat with big, golden buttons, a dress-shirt with mother-of-pearl buttons, a dirty V-neck undershirt, black-and-white striped pants tucked into his rainbow socks (which he nicknamed Iris), and Dutch Clogs.

Prince Gobbledygook drops his portmanteau luggage and is stopped by a skullful stop sign: Lily Marshmallow's head.

Lily Marshmallow is a lonely lily (a lonelily) unbeknownst to this and the otherworld—this stupefies him. Prince Gobbledygook studies her countenance—counting her sadness. He lifts his portmanteau, hotfoots it to her and executes a ballerino jump about; therefore, he lands before her feet—but not on all fours.



Prince Gobbledygook lets fly imprisoned words from his mouth,

“Begum! But why so glummedy-glum, my dearling, mine sugar plum? May I sit beside you? I reassure you: I am a gentleman and a gentle man.”

She does not reply. She does not even sigh or say hi. She looks allmoist alive as her eavesdropper drops from grace.

Prince Gobbledygook doffs his hat and holds it to his bosom. He plucks the sunflower that hath dropped from her ear and says,

“Methinks this sunflower fits and shall be placed atop my heart.” He fashions a button flower and sticks it in the lapel of his imperial purple frock coat with the big, golden buttons. Crisscrossing his feet, he tilts his upper body, hurriedly curtsies and says,

“Oh my Go’dness, you smelleth of seventh heaven and sweetmeat.” Prince Gobbledygook places his porkpie hat and portmanteau on Mother Nature’s bedspread and his buttalks (for his butt did talk, but it could not be translated for there is no one who translates farts, but compensation would be a mere farthing). He sets or sits himself down at his own behest, warbling lovely nothings,

“

Prince Gobbledygook unzips his leather portmanteau, mouthing,

“I am a portmanteau.”

Grabbing his crown, porkpie hat, and canteen, he gets back up on his feet. He *crowns* her head with his porkpie hat.

Prince Gobbledygook twirls his crown, which is not a crown, only it is mistook to be a crown—it is a tiara.

“Am I not a prince?” He poses the question with the tiara ‘round his limp wrist. The Prince Gobbledygook proceeds with the no-nonsense self-coronation—crowning his beautiful head and fulling his self with beauty. He eyeballs his unfilled canteen, rouses his head and looks at her. He says nothing bethecause he is detained by her pain.

Prince Gobbledygook captures the sad waters that burst like rain from her cloudy eyeballs, gathering a healthy fill into his canteen; he takes a drink. Her tears that wet the ground make a bouquet of tulips grow. But these tulips are like two lips; no, they are two lips. A dozen pair of lips are tall and they try to kiss the looking glass sky.

Prince Gobbledygook kisses each tu-tulip, adjusts his polka-dotted bowtie and performs to adorn a smile on that brooding face of hers. Her tears make



flowers that want to kiss the sky. Apropos the performance, he tries a joke. He knocks on her forehead and says,

“Knock, knock.” Since she doesn’t talk, he must be two persons: doorknocker, door opener.

“Who is there?”

“An absurd cow.”

“An absurd cow who?”

“Albert Camus.” He utters, moos the last syllable like a cow on Moonday. He is the only one to laugh at his own joke. She does not laugh. His comedic timing is off, since it is not Moonday and there is no moon, but an overweight sun, his sundial. Antithesis of a joke.

Her hands, Lily Marshmallow’s, cup her cupcake cheeks. Her tearcaked face attacks his good eyes with sweetan’decadent gloominess. She retreats and bows her head. He, the foot soldier, sits back down near her, making a friendship bench on the verdant *terra firma* (solid earth). Prince Gobble-dygook bows his head and stares at the Dutch Clogs on his feet.

Prince Gobbledygook wears his heart on his head and his headache is akin to a heart attack.

He says,

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He says,

“I love you...Lily Marshmallow. I respect: respect. I respect you. I respectfully love you. I do hope I am not being disrespectful. By God-ly! I was empty and you birthed wonderful love. Love is full of wonder—no wonder I am full. I love you—that that is is that that is not is not is that it it is. * Punctuation and syntaxes may go to the study room. I stay in the living room and only Love lives there. Love tastes delicious in haste.”

He tries caressing the rococo samovar. She quickly slaps his hand. He takes another knock back from the canteen that possesses her thoughtful water and says,

“Do not think and drink! You will have an overweight headache—it is like wearing the world for or on your head—an unusual Atlas. But do what you must. Must what you do? You what do must? Must is a must if you feel must is musted. Mustness is only musted by thou. Thou must? No! Must is too musty! By buggeration! I am thoroughly juiced from your sadness. By far the sweetest jar of marmalade you are. I shall be your ready-made, manmade, I think, maid.”

Prince Gobbledygook grabs a white peacock feather from his bag and tickles her feet. She shrieks and peeps his face—a rich poortrait. On the other hand, even though we haven’t mentioned the other hand, a weak smile makes it to her face.

He says,

“Surrender! Is advocating peace surrendering? Surrender to laughter, my glum chum. Don’t be a pacifist during war, warrior. Life is War and Death is Peace...of s**t.”

He tickles his nose and sneezes—or snickles. Prince Gobbledygook, pocketing the peacock’s quill, cocks his head and gawks at her stone eyes—lifeless in a pond of buttery milk.

He asks and answers,

“Would you like to court me, darling? Whereto? Happyland, of course!”

Her lips mime: happy. His lips say,

“Indubitably! Happyland. You seemed bowled over, dearling! I’m not even wearing my bowling shoes and you are not wearing a bowler hat. Lily, Happyland is a Band-Aid! Happyland is a safe heaven from the vortex of the world. Life anew without ado! Lily Marshmallow is a blessed name. Anniehow meet Annieway, I was christened a name once upon a time. Life is a fairytale; whether that tale is fair is up to the writer. But who is the writer? I am the writer—Prince Gobbledygook. I am of blueblood, but I do not have a blue beard—not even blue whiskers. I was born and I am here today and today holds eternity.

“O my gauze! The gauze that bandages my wrist! Gah! You have a scar on your wrist, too. Mine is on the right wrist. A happy accident—accidents are all happy, right? I had a rash because I did have a rash, but I acted rashly. You make me feel guilt-ridden. I thought my goose was cooked, but the oven was off.

“Are you a yogi? It takes an awful amount of restraint to sit in your position. Lotus position? What is your favorite flower? Yourself? Happyland has laughing flowers. I cannot enliven this feeling with numb and dumb words. Words are lifeless, listless, meat-and-potatoes, uninteresting, lackluster, bland, and uninspiring. Words are too flowery and come with no dowry. I am going to Happyland. Hobson’s choice? Can I call you flower?”

She turns her hand into a phone and knocks on his forehead three times.

Prince Gobbledygook continues,

“Lily Marshmallow, my cauliflower. Today I elope with hope and one can cope. Shall you court me, Lily Marshmallow? I am a sincere suitor who doesn’t wear suits—they don’t suit me. Please, I suffer much blessedness sitting under this longhaired tree. We are meditating without meditating. Life is not suffering even if it is insufferable. We must get a going while the going is not gone.”

Prince Gobbledygook gets up from his position. He wobbles a bit, due to the collywobbles. He outstretches his hands. She accepts and is helped to her feet.

Helios, the sungod, with his bright, curly golden locks glows luminously; he blows his fiery breath. Nature manufactures a custom-sized halo on Lily Marshmallow. The soft light that rests on her head mesmerizes Prince Gobbledygook; it gives her an angelic glow.

He proclaims,

“Lo and behold, your halo says hello.”

Prince Gobbledygook retrieves his satin slippers from his luggage. He gets down on one knee and deposits her porcelain feet into the satin slippers. From his pocket, he removes a wooden ring he hath whittled. It is a spontaneous, natural wedding and just like that—they are married. Lily Marshmallow, cradling the samovar, stares at the birthmark on her ring finger. She sticks her ring finger inside his nostril. Her eyes study his nose. She wants to make sure he is not just a sniffer. After the detailed nose studying, she removes said finger and accepts the humble ring. Lily Marshmallow grabs a thimble from her sundress and he inserts his thumb. Prince Gobbledygook implants his thimble-thumb in her sundressed bellybutton.



His well-groomed face stares sincerely at her sincere face. His fingers play with the contours of her sundress. Prince Gobbledygook—honeymoon eyes, honeydew mouth,

“There, there, to, to: you. I blight thee my betroth
And in sureness, I submit my kid gloves and heart.
Cleaving, believing, and interweaving into thou
Do I? I don’t do I do: I do
Whose find you, finds goodness
And when goodness goes badly, we shall surely meditate.”

The wild, wide-eyed blue sky is flecked with priestly greybearded clouds that bless their union. Holy Moses! An enchanting rainbow and the bluesy wind emphasizes their covenant.



2



Tickle me pink for I think—I knoweth that be a pig in a pink wig, topped with a *toppermost* top hat, rose-colored glasses, a cosmic latte bowtie, a pink suede blazer with a nametag that reads: Brutus Goebbels Beaujolais, a black cummerbund, and a conservative tail that is ironed every morning to ensure that it is straight and stiff. He is seated on a dirty pew on the primrose path fraught with beautiful, asordid flowers. He swooshes his glass of grapewater and imbibes the perfume, allowing it to oxygenate.

Prince Gobbledygook taps his fat shoulders. Brutus Beaujolais, slowly rubbing his pork belly, spiritedly quaffs his purple potion and places the glass on his on writing-table.

Big Wig Sophisticated Pig ascends from his pew spewing pompously,

“Behold manna—a man! What dost thou covet?”

“I covet a covetous seat, a piggy-back ride and a piggy bank.”

“I, too, am searching for a piggy-back ride. I am dandy and not swine—thanks for asking. What is your name, good sir?” Brutus Beaujolais asks.

“Prince Gobbledygook is my name and you are...welcome.”

“How privileged to be a prince without being a prince. So...you are *Prince* Gobbledygook? What is a prince?”

“I am a noble-man; therefore, I am a prince.”

“Nobility? *No longer will the fool be called noble.** Did you forget your madcap at the madhouse, Prince Idiot? You wear a tiara and that is *not* a crown, my peer.”

“Leave me be, I am what I spam. Who *be your* peers?”

“Prince Gobbledygook, you are my peer—a Homo sapien, the sapient ape.” A stream of chortles leaves his mouthpiece. He struts about with his snout

out. Brutus Beaujolais stares at the cradled samovar, pondering: “Urns are sad samovars.”

Gawking at her satin slippers, Lily Marshmallow caresses and then plucks a red rose from the garden.

A gentle wind places Brutus Goebbels Beaujolais’ pink wig out of place. Big Wig Sophisticated Pig adjusts his wig and places his top hat back atop his biggish head.

Prince Gobbledygook doffs the hat off the top of Lily Marshmallow’s head, saying,

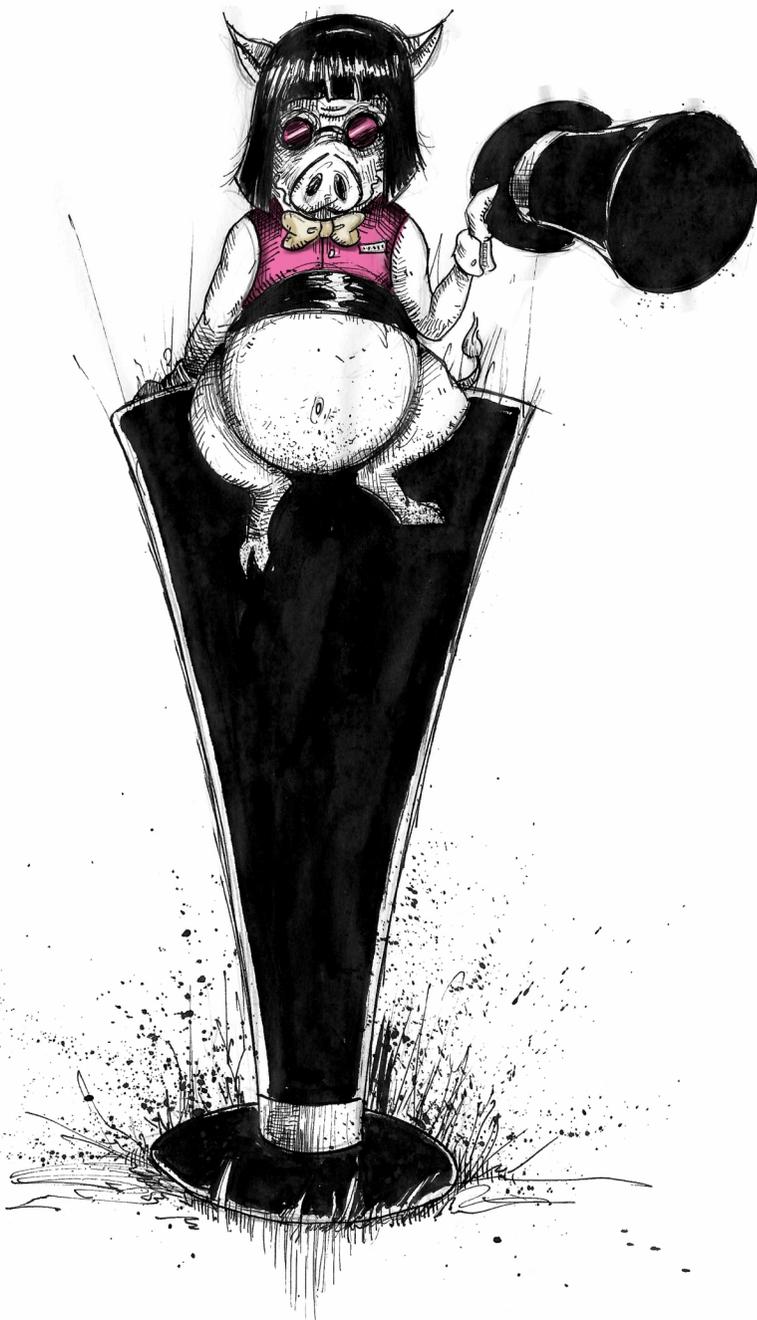
“Would you like to barter hats?”

“I will barter a martyr for a daughter solely for the nursery rhyme. By the bye the hi, what precisely are you implying?”

“Pardon, there are no implications. You are a pig and this hat suits you,” says Prince Gobbledygook whilst dangling the porky hat.

“I am terrifically zoomorphic! Nay, I am not a pig. I am only shrouded in the pig form...it is merely a formula. I don’t oink, snort, grunt, or squeal! Yesterday, I had a succulent pork burger. Nay! I am not an animal—they will kill you for swill! I am always becoming and I cannot Be.”

Prince Gobbledygook places the porkpie hat on



the head of Lily Marshmallow.

“Also my top hat gives me rank.” Brutus Beaujolais says with airs, but late.

“Do you know the path to Happyland?” Prince Gobbledygook asks.

“Nay! Aye to nay. Happyland? Does anybody know where that nowhere (or now here) place is? What is happiness?”

“I lack time,” says Prince Gobbledygook.

“I know of a clever horologist—a great watchmaker. She doesn’t make time—she owns time: *Death*. Do you have a wristwatch?”

Prince Gobbledygook watches his wrist and says,

“I have no time for wrist watching! What time is it? I must be there at-oneness. I have to court myself and Lily Marshmallow.”

“Your mellow Marshmallow is anencephalic to entertain such a hobbledehoy of a boy.” Brutus Goebbels Beaujolais says as he removes a wooden fan decorated with crazy patterns. He crazily fans himself.

Prince Gobbledygook says,

“You ain’t superior...just bethecause you got a



fan, chubbychops.”

“You yahoo—enough of your cock-a-doodle-doo-ado! How durst thou call me a chubbychops? I have only eaten one times one today—a frog bethecause he called me a mental sentimentalist. As your goombah, you little goober, it seems Lily Marsh-me-low-myself-by-association is hardly taken by you. I see she and seeshesells me melancholy.”

“She is taken by nothing. She is *sincerely* sad.” Prince Gobbledygook replies huffily.

Raising her correct arm, Lily Marshmallow wipes a tear from her porcelain face. She inclines her head, fluttering her eyelids in rapid succession; she stares off into the wild blue yonder and drops the red rose she hath plucked.

Prince Gobbledygook looks at Lily. Noticing she has cried, he pleads,

“I am so sorry, Lily Marshmallow. Pardon me, I shan’t be your talkbox, but I abhor this boar so much more than locked doors and the days of yore wars. Psst! You are a pig bethecause you are a pig—not bethecause you are a pig!”

“Pigheaded, huh? Enough of that, now this, your homeless face upsets me. Epiphany! She does care for you—by merely touching you. $1+1 =$ you two by the windowpane...staring out the window with only pain.”

“Please, no more skullduggeries. Where is Happyland? Where is Happyland?”

“What is happiness, beggar? Donate an elementary definition. I only accept donations.”

“Happiness is a place...a place....”

“A beggar cannot define—even saintly beggars. Goober, there is no such thing as happiness—only a thought of being happy.”

“If there is a Happyland there must be happiness, correct?”

Brutus Beaujolais plucks a fallen Fookie from the ground, gobbles it and spits out the fortune. Chomping, he grabs the wet fortune and articulates,

“And what does my fortune read? Two sailors are required to ride on a friendship. Aye, I am a marooned derelict. I am my own friend.” He reminisces on his owned life.

Prince Gobbledygook implores the just called a boar, Brutus Goebbels Beaujolais, saying,

“Happyland exists therefore happiness is real and imperative. Happiness is so—so very necessary. Is Happyland only for privileged folks? Please, my friend.”

Big Wig Sophisticated Pig smiles, saying,

“Ah, perhaps there is a ‘Happyland,’ good man, but you cannot even give the little birdie a definition—and that bird is an albatross. Happyland is a doormat. Happyland is only a place. I only stick to what can be defined and defiled. Is it something random, made-up, arbitrary, or just sentimental education? Who is the borzoi on happy hunting grounds? Who is the borzoi? You are my boy—you are the borzoi! Go up yonder; there is a man in a forest occupying a grade school desk.”

“How will I know?” Prince Gobbledygook asks.

Lily Marshmallow, a bit uncomfortable, looks at her feet and digs into the earth.

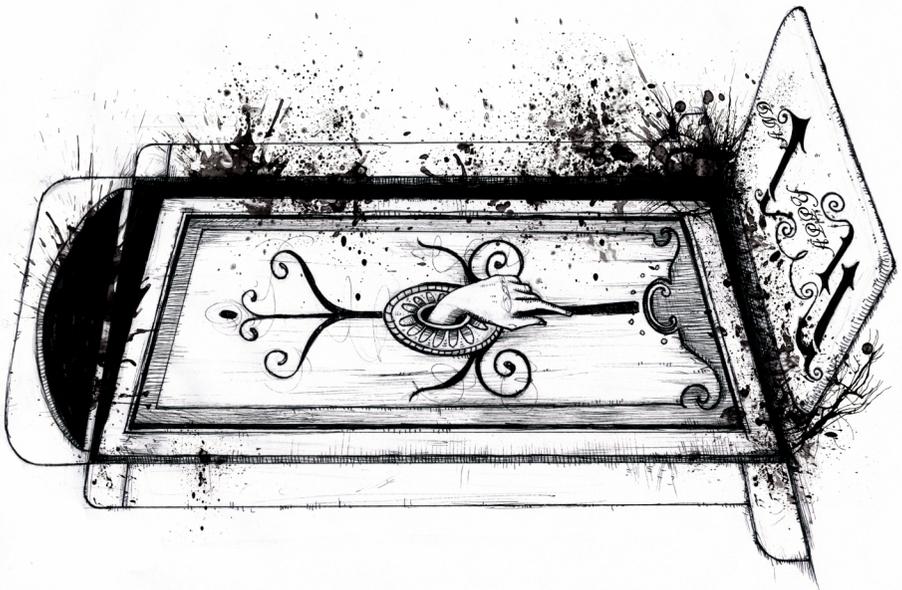
Brutus Beaujolais replies,

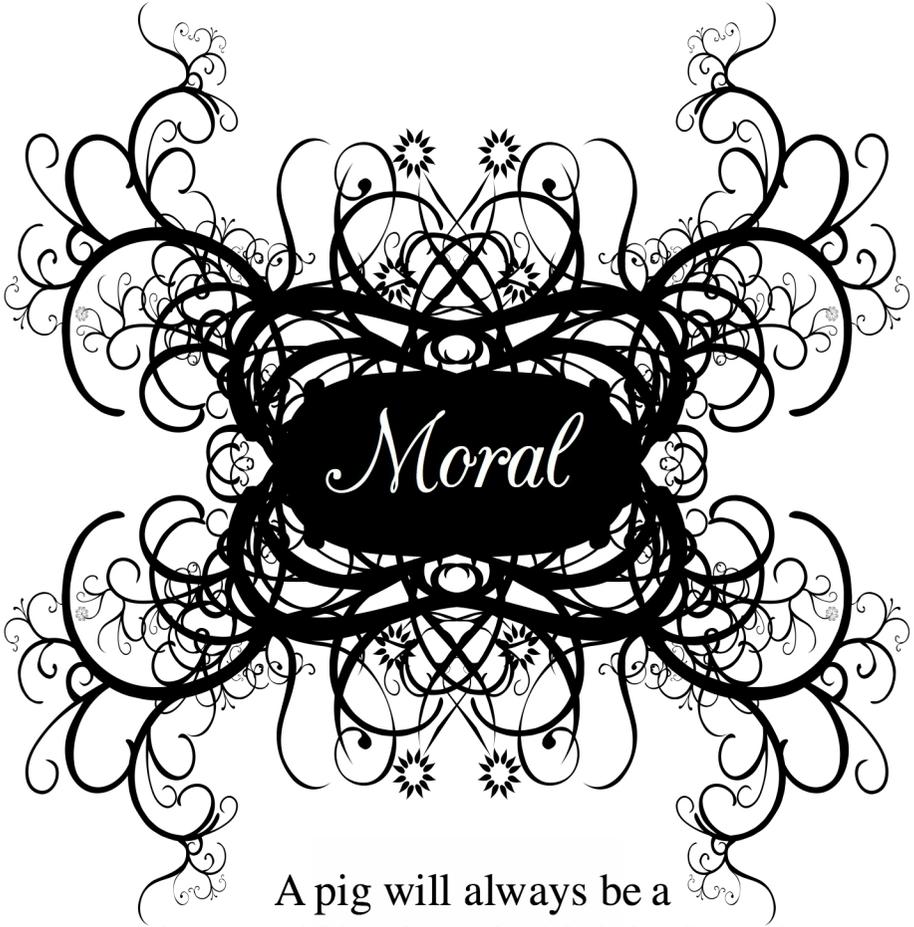
“I assure you, he is quite weird. Life is weird, but He is weirder. You will distinguish for yourself. He has a bookish head. Happiness is superbly superfluous. Prince Gobbledygook, I have never seen such a raggedy ragamuffin...well...Prince Hobo, but he is a little boy and aren't little boys just their imagination(s)?”

Brutus Beaujolais, fanning himself, plucks another Fookie and chews. Big Wig Sophisticated Pig, zigzagging back to his pew, swallows the fortune with the cookie. The fortune will never be known or knowing; the pig eats it. He sits down on his sacred

bench and dips his quill in the bloody red inkwell.

Lily Marshmallow stops Prince Gobbledygook from going back to Big Wig Sophisticated Pig, Brutus Goebbels Beaujolais. She grabs his slimysweatysticky hands. They bid adieu without ado and without putting into words adieu.





A pig will always be a pig even if he doesn't think he is a pig because he thinks he is better than being a pig.

3

P rince Gobbledygook and **L** ily Marshmallow

have discovered the bookmarked bloke in a forest full of tree stumps. The forest has been deforested; thus, leaving a lot of stumps. He seems to be uncomfortable in his elementary desk. He has: an Oxford Dictionary head, a headwaiter's uniform, white gloves studded with ivory buttons, and Oxford boots.

Prince Gobbledygook, with care, steps to the bookheaded English man. Prince Gobbledygook has ne'er seen a literal wordbook. He scratches his head at this head-scratcher. He has seen intellectual men with books living inside their heads. He has even seen—in the evening—a man on foot with the Big

Book atop his head, owing to the doctrine of osmosis. He has even seen a retired squire slapped across the face with a bible. Over and done with the headwork, he touches the Englishman's head.

Prince Gobbledygook whispers,

“Oi oi savaloy. There is a neck and instead of a head there is a dictionary. It looks as if the lights are on, but no one's home. Should I leaf through the pages or leave?”

Cornelius Wordbook, his name writ on a gold-plated nameplate adhering to his chest, commences with his slobbery sleeptalking,

“Zanyism, zappy, Zarathustra, zazzy, zealot, zeitgeist, zenith, zenocentric, zenography, zephyr, zephyr, zephyr, zephyr, zephyr—Prince Gobbledygook taps his head and Cornelius Wordbook continues—zephyr, zero, zeta, zinfandel, zizyphus, zomotherapy, zoocephalic, zoological garden, zoocentric, zoppa, zoppetto, zoot suit, zuppa, zygology, zygote, zyzyva.”

Cornelius Wordbook awakes from his longwinded rambling z's that nearly put them to sleep. He's a bona fide slobberchops and wipes his papery mouth with a nose-rag. He directs his hand towards the candy bowl filled with only black jellybeans and black licorice. Cornelius Wordbook plucks a black jellybean, tosses it at the forehead of

Prince Gobbledygook and hollers,

“I am only sleeping! I planted myself in this forest for rest. Who is this limp imp whose face is painted with hopelessness that kneels before I?” Extending his gloved hands, he says: “Mrs. Palm and her five little daughters would like a hug, kiddo! I am so-so sorry. I am terribly unpleasant if I don’t sleep enough and I can never get enough sleep.”

Prince Gobbledygook summons up some courage and gives him a handshake.

“Phooey! Did somebody take the zapper and put her T.V. head on mute?” asks Cornelius Wordbook.

“Her name is Lily Marshmallow and she is my teammate. But...you holdeth the master key to I’s destiny (I is destiny or dustyknees). I am a man of his word and I have come by word of one mouth and a snout. I will take you at your word. Pray, please make word about it. Please, pass one word. Upon my word and your honour, I shall cherish your donation. *My words will not fill a bushel* *—but the word I require will fill my heart. The Word! The Word! The Word?!?”

“Avast! Avast! Avast! You jack█. Quit with your Word-iness. What prezzie do you offer me?”

“A present?”



“Yes, a present in the present in her presence and in my presence while the present is still alive—even though the present is never alive—it adjust keeps dying. Are you brainless?”

“Odd, I lacks a mind and my darling lacks a mind. Mindless, I don’t mind. We have a commonality—better than a shared reality. I offer you horchata in a posh bottle and an ivory staff.”

Prince Gobbledygook *struck the rock with his staff*. * It looks like an ivory leg and Prince Gobbledygook found it on his way to Cornelius Wordbook.

Cornelius Wordbook accepts the ivory walking stick and begins batting jellybeans. Done with the batting practice, he uncorks the bottle of horchata and guzzles it down. Completing the drink, he corks the bottle and tosses it. Cornelius Wordbook, satisfied with the sweet drink, expels a hellacious belch.

“Cornball Farthingale, my name is Prince Gobbledygook. The Word?”

“The Word? How did you know my mates called me, Cornball Farthingale? The Word? O, they cannot define and they have wizened my pages—these ignoramuses, my ignorant muses. I shall help you bethecause you need to be helped, mate.”

Prince Gobbledygook asks,



“Happiness...happy?”

“Happiness!” The pages turn and turn of their own willpower. Cornelius Wordbook shouts: “H!”

The Wordbook deceases at H and Cornelius exclaimatorily says,

“Whoops a no daisy!” A blooming brain hiccup makes him succumb to an unbearable, omnipresent headache: “The word is there, but there is no definition there—not even a chair with a temporary secretary.”

“Happiness?” Prince Gobbledygook asks again.

“I have hearing ears! Your word gives me an utmost headache. You must fill in the _____ . Happiness is ineffable. Perhaps, happiness is written in a different language for you. I can only spell happiness for that is hell’s bells.”

“But...that zounds off-ish. Happiness! Is! Effable! You sleep-talk a truckload of z-words! When it comes to z’s, you evacuate them verbally. Nobody cares about those umpteen zucky words. And you cannot define the most vital word? You are a wordbook and dish up words exclusively—define—define—define?”

“I am Cornelius Wordbook! Use your own loafhead, you sad oaf!”

“Why don’t you doff your head and toss it off into a library wherein lies are buried by Mr. Truth.”

“Dingy definitions do not define. I am only a wordbook, my friend—that is my personal hell. I cannot define anything that lives outside my bookhead. And happiness lives outside of the head—even though my head is a church.”

“Pretty please, there must be a definition.”

“Pretty pleases are too unpleasant. Please is not pretty.”

“I don’t need wordplay, oxymoron! I need answers—*pretty please*.” Prince Gobbledygook kneels; his knees are steeped in soil and the palms of his hands are held out: “I beg. I am on my aching-baking-unleavened knees. Please, define for me—only for me.”

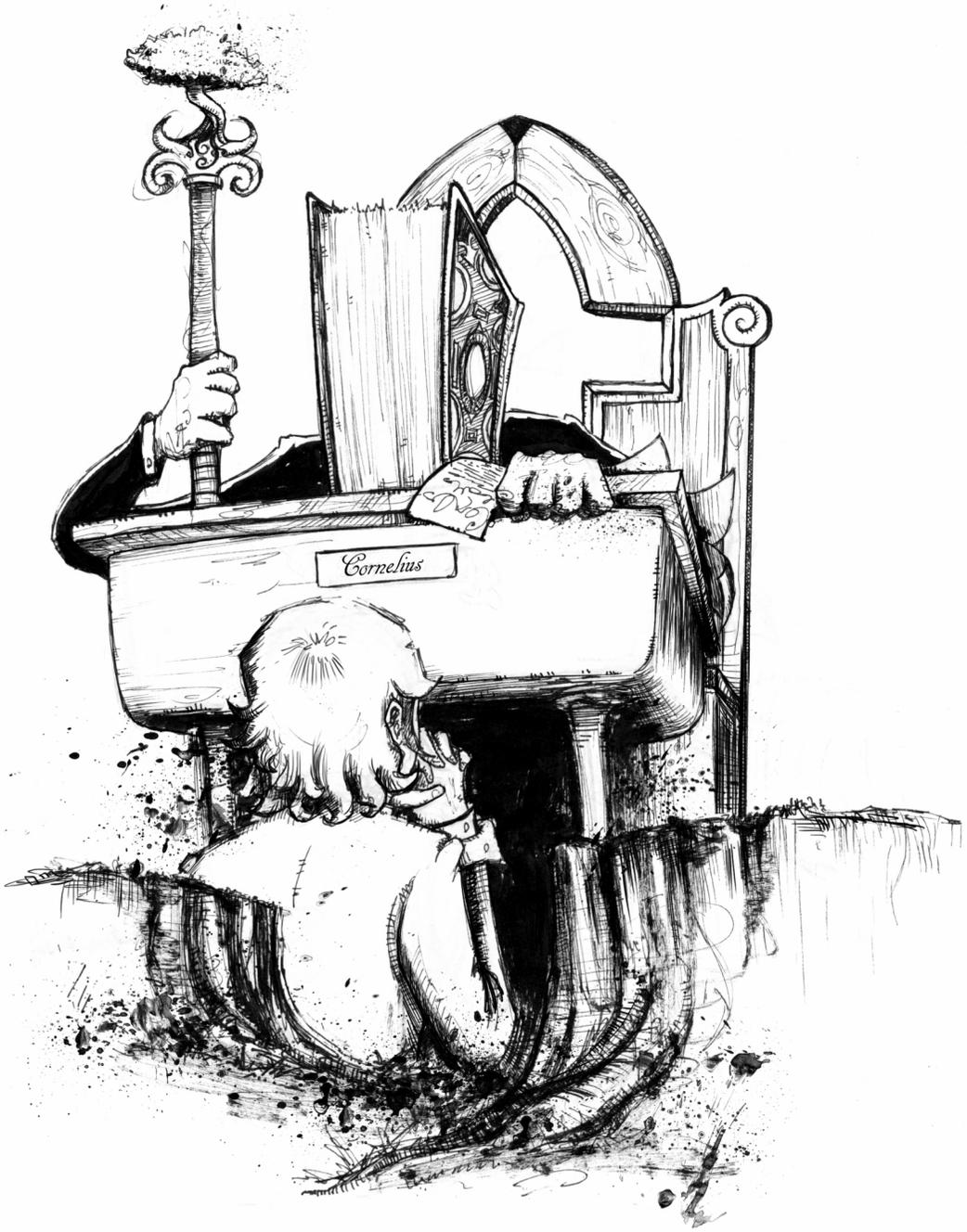
Cornelius Wordbook snaps,

“Only you—and only you can define the word happiness, whipper-snip-snapper!”

Lily Marshmallow uplifts him from such a lowly, sad position.

“Thank you. Thank you for absolutely nothing!” Prince Gobbledygook exclaims.

“I am thankful for nothing and that is why I am



thankful for everything,” replies Cornelius Wordbook.

“Do away with your head!”

“Godzooks! Take a hike!”

“Give me some hiking boots!”

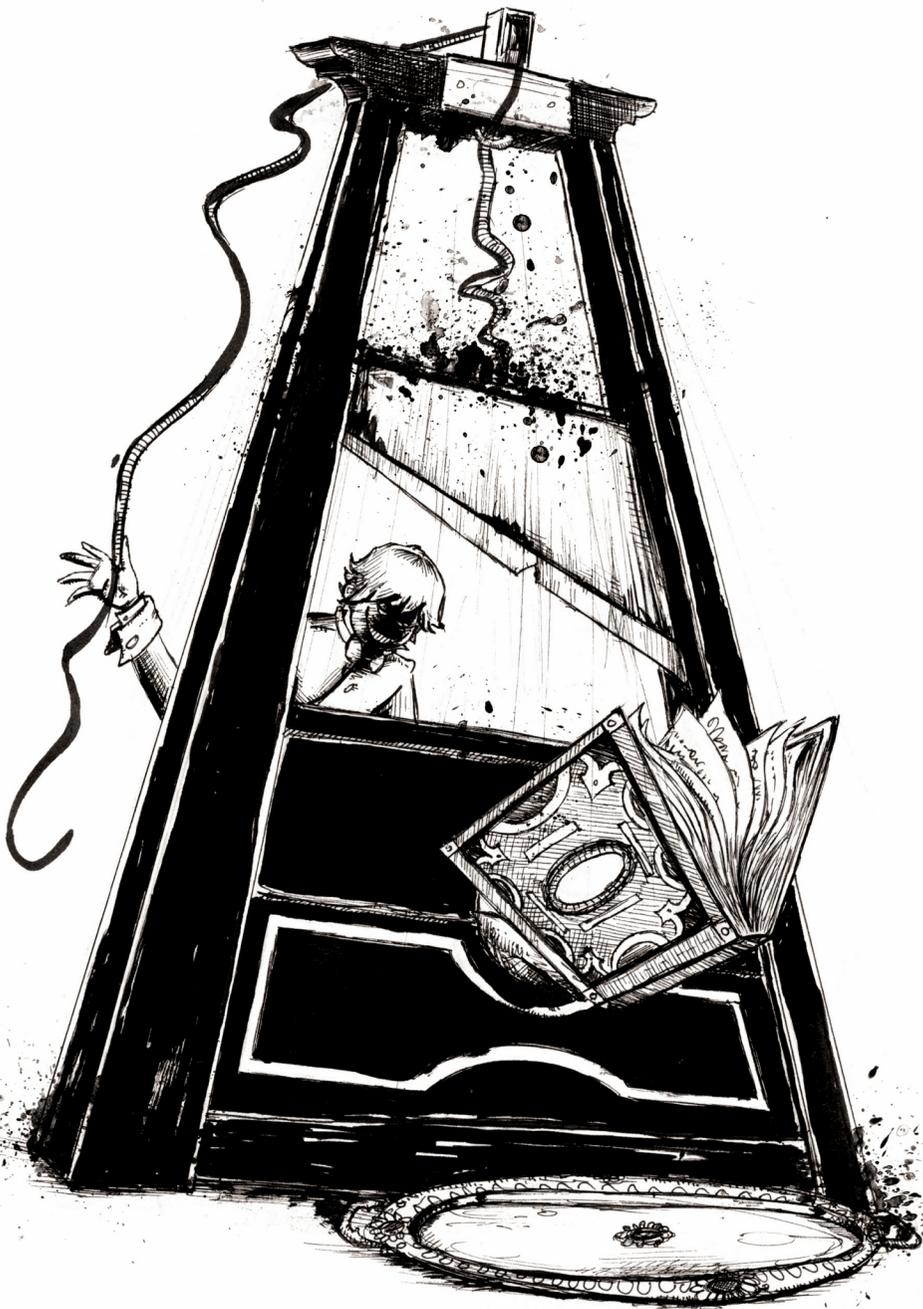
Cornelius Wordbook decides to doze off and drools a pool of words. Prince Gobbledygook is fuming with anger; he is T’d off, but there is nothing to do. He leaves with Lily Marshmallow. She is unevenly quiet—quieter than unusual.

Cornelius Wordbook woozilygroggily blearily-wearily says,

“Best of British.”

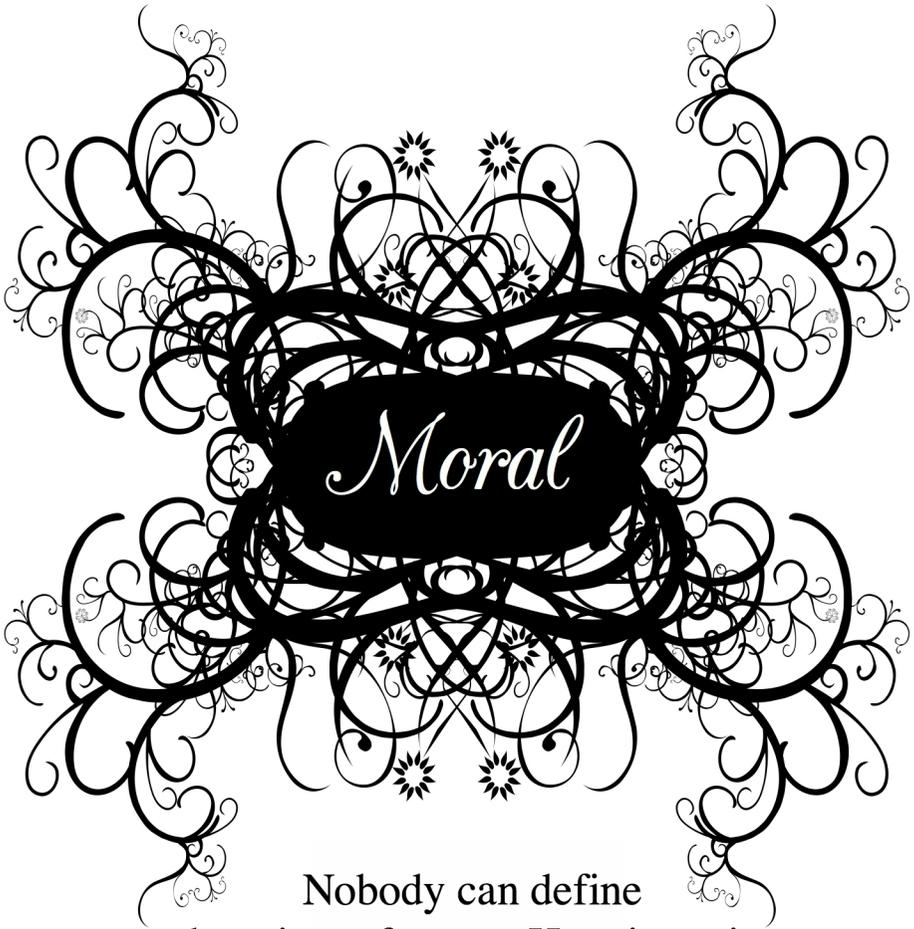
Prince Gobbledygook, walking ahead of Lily Marshmallow, says,

“Me and only me can define. Me want somebody else to define. Mestinks when I thinks. Methink. Methought. Meexist. Methinks happiness is eeeeeelallallusive.”









Nobody can define
happiness for you. Happiness is
hard to define because it is personality
and that is hard to put into personal words.

4



O Prince Gobbledygook! O Prince

Gobbledygook! O Prince Gobbledygook, you already want to call it quits. Why have you quit with such ease—and only after a pair of chanced encounters? He cannot define happiness and only wants for it to be defined before Him. Prince Gobbledygook suffers and only wants to arrive at Happyland—with Lily Marshmallow. He is distraught. Look at those big, brooding eyes of his. He characteristically gets what he wants when he wants. Prince Gobbledygook has never had to earn much in this *life* and this is the only life, I think. He cried and cried after his last encounter with Cornelius Wordbook, but his tears don't make flowers grow—only a small pond of salty water.

Prince Gobbledygook removes the imperial purple frock coat with the big, golden buttons; he hurls it on the dirty ground. He flings his tiara, takes a seat on a tree stump and screams,

“I am not a prince! I am not! I am naught!”

Lily Marshmallow recovers and dons the imperial purple frock coat with the big, golden buttons. She picks up the tossed tiara and hands it back to him. He gestures for her to come downward. He takes and wears the porkpie hat. Prince Gobbledygook places the tiara on her head.

They stare at each other. Lily Marshmallow takes a seat on the ground and motions for him to lie across her lap. He places his head in clover. Lily Marshmallow purses her lips and discharges melodious music into his ears. Her hummingbird humming strums his heartstrings. His heart’s conflagration scorches brilliantly—reflected in his sparkling teeth—rendered from an effervescent soul.

His gauze is wilting and unraveling; it is tinged café-au-lait.

A cleft, nigh her eye, performs a libation of sparkling water—it pours forth—streaming past her burnt pink lips and lonely droplets fall on his face. Licking her chops, a taste of brine impregnates her mouth. She licks her own tears off his face. Lily Marshmallow removes the gauze from his wrist and



stuffs it in her sundress. She stares at his wrist—it looks like a birthmark. She tears a piece of her sundress and wraps his wrist snugly.

Prince Gobbledygook says,

“O my gauze! Life makes you less—lifeless. Should I tell you?”

Lily Marshmallow shrouds his mouth with her soft hands. He slowly removes it while kissing her long fingers and says,

“Lily Marshmallow, I am not a prince. I am Billy Lavender. I am no prince. I mirrorly wanted to be a prince. I am mad with sadness or sad with madness. I want happiness. I want for to go to Happyland. I don’t know where it is and I have no tickets. Wishful thinking.”

She points at a wishing-well.

He says,

“Wishing me well, are you? There is no Happyland—just the ghost of happiness and that air is filled with despair—that is desperate air. What is the purpose if there is no goal, only a goalie? I have painted a world with my mind and only my mind’s eye can see. It is but a dream’s dream that has become the nightmare of my life. I made a mistake—I make only mistakes—and I repeat the same mistakes—that is *aburdity*. I want to forget

everything, but I have nothing. I believe in nothing. I don't believe in me. Lily Marshmallow, you are more than a flower to me. I want a simple life and quaint things. Happyland is for happy people—I don't even know happy people. I quit and I barely tried—nay, I didn't even try...an oddity.

“I am not a prince—I am Billy Lavender. Prince Gobbledygook is merely a reflection. Happyland is a kingdom and that dumb king will not allow me inside those gates. I thought you had to be a prince to enter a kingdom. I am no prince. Is there a Happyland? Is Happyland a kingdom? Kings are Fathers and Princes are Sons. He is the King of Nothing and I own air. I have no father, but I will always be a son. What is life without a Happyland? I just don't know. I only want to be happy. My heart is a harp and the harpies pluck at my heartstrings, unleashing a sad song that serenades my meager existence. Happiness lives in the heartland, but the land of my heart is scorched in—in the insides of *blackness of darkness*. * Why can't I be happy? I thought being a prince would make me happy, but it has made me miserable. I can't bare being what I am.”

His moonbeaming eyes rhapsodize sadness. Only *her* ears hear his long, sad speech and she points again at the wishing-well,

“Should I make a wish? Is magic really reality?”



Desperate, he walks to the wishing-well and gazes downward. He bends down, genuflects and makes a wish.

Billy Lavender reaches into his pocket and exclaims,

“My wish came true, Lily! I have a pair of tickets to Happyland.” It is truth, he finds a pair of medal tickets that are bronze and dullish and they only say: **HAPPYLAND**.

He runs to Lily Marshmallow, falls down on both knees, kisses her knees and hands one ticket to her, saying,

“We both shall go to Happyland! But where does it be? Who knew that tickets are born in your own pockets? I made a good wish.”

Billy Lavender removes her sunflower from her heart, hands it to her and says,

“Thank you, Princess Sunflower.”

Lily Marshmallow inserts the sunflower in the lapel of the imperial purple frock coat with the big, golden buttons.

Lily Marshmallow and Billy Lavender continue their journey, but stop on top of a hill and take a siesta underneath the peacock sky filled with delicate, phosphorescent eyes.





Tickets to Happyland
are always in your pockets.
You have to grab them at the
appropriate time. You are the tickets.

PART

2