

# A **P**unny Story

*This punbelievable tale is not a novel, but indeed a novel story, not guaranteed to cause witlash, but punhaps, a headache.*



*John Valente*

# Chapter All of Them

There was once a great chair lord known as Malk. Being a lord of chairs gave him many legs to stand on when it came to making decisions while sat down. However a chair lord's work is never furnished as the saying goes and this day was no different.

king Malk, who was actually a lord, was sat under his favorite tree in the castle grounds one morning. It was a tremendous thing, it reminded him of his roots. While leafing through his documents he planted his feet firmly on the ground. This first case was about a small business that failed to branch out and wilted. He could photosynthesise. Many of his projects had failed in the early days of his seedling business. It was only when he twigged how to be successful that he decided to stick to it. After looking through the finances he realised this guy was barking up the wrong tree, what a sap! He would have no chance.

Duke Malk, who was actually a lord, snapped the folder shut and started walking. His feet were hurting so he decided to go to his shoe closet. He laced through the aisles, footweary from his travels. He was a tired sole. No amount of sleep heeled him. His last doctor was given the boot for malpractice. After loafing around for a while he converse-d with a rather Ugly man that smelt from even a foot away. After telling him to put a sock in it he left and, feeling his tongue being rather dry, went to get some fresh water.

Captain Malk, who was actually a lord, proceeded onwards. He looked about and could see the ocean in the distance. He waved to his friend nearby out of courtesy. In secret he thought the guy was a massive son of a beach who lived in some dinghy apartment with mould everywhere. Canoe even imagine such a thing!? It reminded him of his brother who had a weird 'eeling and died the next day.. He'd overdosed on seaweed.... Water way to go.. After having a refreshing drink he paid the barman ten squid and left. He fished for ideas on what to do next, he was having a whale of a time and his appointment with the carpenter wasn't till noon. The piano tuna had rescheduled to tomorrow so he had time to kill which sealed the deal in his mind.

Emperor Malk, who was actually a lord, decided to have something to eat and went to the kitchen. He grabbed an egg out the fridge, his head felt a bit scrambled as he started cooking. I'm not yoking when I say Malk is a great cook! Spatulare you aware that his food is eggceptional? He stubbed his tomatoe on the cooker and hob-bled around the room. He bumped into a rather attractive girl eating spaghetti and olives and playing on her mobile:

"Sorry about that!" he apologized.

"Tha's alryte love!"

"Wow, cool accent where are you from?"

"Olive up north!"

"I could have guessed that, what are you playing on your phone?"

"Noodle Jump, it's well good!"

"Pasta phone over, I want a go."

"Ravionli if you say please first."

"Oil only say that if I can have a kiss."

"I have a boyfriend!"

"Colanduh! Should have guessed that, sorry." He replied feeling fusilly.

The girl glared at him. Feeling in hot water he fled the room as quickly as he could.

Dictator Malk, who was actually a lord, began walking home when pink rain started pouring down. He shuffled through his umbrella bag and got out his pink umbrella to shield himself. He didn't want any colours to run. He pinked out his phone and looked at it. No signal. Repinkulous! His contract with Pink wasn't working and he was very tempted to switch to Orange. He felt like ice skating but the ice pink was too far away. His hand suddenly brushed a thorn bush and he felt a sharp pain in his pinky finger. Looking it over it seemed ok. Feeling blue he carried on walking. A small girl named Amber approached him and thrust a pamphlet in front of him. He red it vaguely but didn't care much for the topic. Something to do with free marshyellows. Being a magentalemen he took it, smiled and left. He could hear her cyan as he walked away, it must be hard having stand in the rain all day, he'd rather be marooned in the desert! Well not really, he wasn't sure which he'd rather, it was a bit of a gray area. Purplexed as he was at the thought he carried on walking. He couldn't wait to get black home, his journey had been alwhite but he was ready to get back and see his friends and to a lesser extent his acquaintances. The weather worsened greening he had to look for shelter.

Sir Malk, who was actually a lord, walked over to the music theatre to get out of the rain and approached the receptionist.

"Guitar you ok sir?"

"Excuse me is there anywhere I could get some coffee?" he asked

"Piano, sorry. It's closed and I don't have the keys."

"Food?"

"Piano."

"Well that sax. When's the next performance?"

"Bassoon."

"Ok I'll wait then."

He sat down and drummed his fingers on the table. The hall was large and ornate. He was in the affluent part of town. The temperature of the room was a comfortable warm so he took off his coat. Most of his decisions were based on how he felt. Feeling bored he decided to explore; he walked into a nearby room and saw a TV with a tape recorder. He tried the lights but noticed there was no bulb and there was a sign saying the conductor was blown. He turned on the TV and pressed play, a sharp noise filled the room before going flat back to normal. On the screen a small man appeared who he recognised instantly. The colour drained from his face and he went weak at the knees. It was Orche Stra, a famous museum curator with a passion for Mozart and crafts. He'd left years ago from a gun violence arrest but now he was Bach. He couldn't handle this! It was Straussing him out so he ate a lemon Schubert to calm his nerves. People like this made him feel music. He shut off the TV and left the room.

He turned left and saw a small stand with posters highlighting the theatre's history and architecture pinned to it. He read the first paragraph. It had a good structure. It hammered in the issues of declining music appreciation and built a good argument on the foundations of modern society. It really hit the nail on the head. He saw what they were trying to say. He pried the poster off thinking there was one underneath. Big mistake. An alarm sounded and he knew he was screwed. He bolted away and wrenched open the door. Security was after him. He was not going to jail since the last time he was arrested for drunkenly throwing up in the elevator of his apartment. Years of drilling escape tactics kicked in and he rounded the corner heading towards the desert. It was a lawn way away but it was either that or mower time in jail. He troweled through the last of the vegetation and heard the security run past.

Admiral Malk, who was actually a Lord, came to the clearing of a huge third course. The desert stretched for miles in every direction except the one he just came from. There was a bird flying overhead and lots of tiny cacti scattered around the barren landscape that horrifically reminded him of his last girlfriend. They'd had a sun together and he rarely got to see him which was a shame, he always brightened his day. His stomach rumbled. He hadn't anything to eat for a while, not that it mattered, he often skipped meals. People tried to tell him it was bad sweat etiquette since he was a lord but he didn't care. Besides the banquet table at the top of the tower was up too high he never could be bothered to walk up the perspiralling staircase. Lost in his thoughts he stepped on a bug that splattered on his shoe. He grunted and attempted to wipe it off with his other foot. He tried his best but to no avail. He perched on a nearby rock and cleaned it off with a tissue. He took pride in his appearance at all times. Even when he helped out at a farm feeding animals, it was a dirty, low class place that smelt like a pigstye. Even then he made a point of looking good. And just as well, in the distance a vehicle was approaching and the owner, seeing a rather well dressed man in the middle of nowhere, knew he needed help. Then man rolled down the window and popped his head out.

"Vauxhall this then? What are you doing out here?"

"I couldn't afford the train so I thought I'd walk but this is unbearable! Could you give me a free lift?"

"Corsa can! Hop in!"

"Poloh! Thank you! What's your name?"

"Martin, but my friends call me Aston."

Astonished at his luck, he perched himself off the rock and jumped in the car.

"So why are *you* out here?"

"I do Astronomy, I get a good Vantage point out here for star gazing"

"Jaguar you serious!? That's so cool!"

"BMW'd think so yeah but it's also depressing, loads of Galaxy's are dying every day"

"Really that many?"

Aston nodded solemnly

"Like Lamborghini's to the slaughter."

This news made him Ferrarious! Why wasn't anyone doing anything about it!? He voiced his thoughts but the reply didn't make sense and just went Rover his head. He looked ahead and was impressed with Astons driving skills. He Hondaed the dunes with Mercedease while keeping a good speed. Audi do that? He wondered. They eventually stopped Fiat a small oasis and had something to drink at last. He took a piss behind a tree after agreeing to Citroëndezvous at the car soon. The journey went by without incident. Aston drove while Hummering a tune that was relaxing. Eventually they reached a town and Aston waved goodbye as he drove off into the distance

Saint Malk, who was actually a Lord, looked at his reflection and wasn't happy. He was covered in dust and there were sweat patches emerging. He ran to the nearest store and bought a pristine white suit. It suited him very well he thought before he sew a coat that would go great with it. He threaded through the various sizes until he found a size small. He didn't needle to buy the coat but it looked very smart. Sadly when he tried it on it wasn't what it seamed. Disappointed he put it back and gazed at a poster on the wall. It was about some charity for collera but he didn't feel comlappelled to do anything about it. As he turned he tripped on a broken bit of mini-skirting board and caught himself on the window sill. On tanktop of it was a lot of dust and a discarded wrapper of some short. Panting, he pushed himself up and looked out the window. He was surprised to see the sun was setting, he paid for the suit and promptly left the store.

Prince Malk, who was actually a lord, surveyed his surroundings. It was pandark as he stepped outside. He looked at the tower block in front of him and saw a couple lion down on the floor watching the cricket. A car alarm was going off and it was badgering him so he walked far away until it was less annoying. Rabbit was getting late, he walked up a set of hamstairs and rounded the corner of curious looking small building. A loud clattering sound echoed behind him, he turned round but it was a mear cat messing around on some bins. He turned and tried to open the door but it required a monkey to open. He knocked and it swung inwards revealing a rather foxy looking woman with brown orangutan skin. He could see her bright yellow zebra through her white t-shirt and tried to not gaze at it. She looked him up and down and gestured for him to come inside. He stepped through and grazed around. The wall paper was grey and peeling off. The ceiling looked weak, unsupported by broken girafthers. It looked like rhino-one lived there. Otter than that it was at least clean. He could hear quiet rap music emanating from a nearby room. It was a classic, sting Ray-Z's song and it had just reached the chorus:

*"I got Caninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one"*

Smiling he walked inside and saw a small man on some DJ decks bobbing his head along. He tapped the man on the shoulder and he turned round looking inquisitively at the intruder to his flow.

"Iguana go!"

"Flock off mate. I'm busy."

"Please? I'd murder to do this for a living!"

"Crow-nly if you do me a favour first!"

"Anything!"

"Ok, bear with me a second."

The man got up and walked into a closet next to the table. When he emerged he was holding a microphone and thrust in front of him.

"I want you to rap for me. I normally would but my voice is feline a bit horse."

Reluctantly, he accepted the microphone and waited. Soon a beat was thumping around the room. He licked his lips and began:

Yo wassup it's liege Malk  
But I'm actually a lord,  
If you can't tell by my title,  
I sure as hell ain't poor.

I'm at the top, I'm baaaad,  
Peak of the steeple  
I shear as hell don't got the time,  
To be dealing with these sheeple.

It's a dogs life.  
Or so some would say.  
But all I needs a sub woofer,  
To brighten my day.

Cat got your tongue hater  
You wish you were me and how!  
I'm living the high life,  
Scratching beats meow meow

Ape-arrently I'm a swinger,  
My ego needs its own room.  
I've got my own monkey business,  
Fuck recession I'm in baboom.

For goodness sake recognise!  
I'm a real charmer.  
Fangtastic skills like mine,  
Spitting poisonous promises like Barack Cobrama.

No gerbill for me,  
Just put it on my tab,  
Hamstare at me son,  
I'm the Malkan LAD!"

Sultan Malk, who was actually a lord, finished his set and promptly left the room. It was late and he needed to get home, the streets were pretty dangerous at this time. For protection he called his small battalion to escort him back and tankfully they arrived quickly by gunning it down the road. It was March. As they arrived he pistold the group to move out, someone suggested they stop to go to a bar bullet seemed like a bad idea so he decided they should just soldier on. He walked over to one of the men he vaguely recognised. He was pretty sure it was the guy's birthday so he went over and said it. It was a long shot but it paid off, they guy said he was turning SA-40 which was nice. Malk was so wrapped up in the conversation he didn't see the stone in front of him and tripped up. Fortunately the guy came to his brigaid and caught him. He thanked the man and decided it would be safer to ride on the shrapnelephant the rest of the way. He lieutentatively climbed up and sat down. As they arrived at the gates he sighed as he saw his mother stood there, hands on hips clearly not happy.

"And where have you been!?! I've been worried sick!" She said

"Army'n't to call you mum I just forgot!"

"Navy you should think more about your family and less about yourself!"

He didn't need this. He was a grown man! He mumbled an apology and walked through the gates.

President Malk, who was actually a Lord, walked through the courtyard and a servant quickly approached nearly colliding with someone as he did. Fortunately no arm came to him and they missed each other by about a foot. The servant handed him some letters and left before he could thank him. Poor guy always seemed in a hurry, he ligament well but it always made him kinda clumsy. Thumbing through the letters he saw a very nice looking one. It was from Muscle Brand, a famous comedian inviting him to a soirée which was great! He loved getting to wear a tux and elbow-tie. He strolled to his garden opening the gate as he went and the joints squeaked noisily. He wasn't sure wrist way to go but eventually decided to go to his favourite tree. 'Ear was a good spot. Out the way of anyone trying to be nosey. He tried to grab a low branch and climb up but he



wasn't genitall enough to reach it so he sat down. The next letter was an advert for a club having a 60's themed night. It looked good and he had the perfect costume! (It was quite cheeky). He would go as Pelivis Presley, he already had the white suit with the popped collar-bone. He eye'd up the next letter which was rather thick. Chinside was his bank balance; he had spent so much recently which bummed him out. Fortunately his job helped him shoulder most of the burden. He realised there were toe many letters and he didn't kneed to read them all now so he started to head back. As he rose a storm started so he legged it inside the house.

What a mess, there were clothes hairverywhere! He could hardly stomach it, it was like living with bums.

There were discarded wrappers, half feeten dinners, empty packets of palmonds and other miscellaneous finger-food lying around. "Mess will attract a mouth" his lisp-ridden ankle would say. The coat rack was up to its neck in coats and bags. Hats sat atop teethering back and forth. His bonely umbrella lay damp and abandoned on the floor. Could no-one be arsed to clean up after themselves? He wished you could just get a ribber and erase it all away. What armpitiful living conditions. When it came to laziness, his maids really nailed it. Frustrated, he left for his room.

Priminister Malk, who was actually a Lord, went upstairs to his room and decided to have a quick drink before bed. He grabbed a glass and sat down in his armchair. It had been a long day and he couldn't stay awake much lager. He looked up and saw the female deer head mounted on the wall which reminded him of the hunt he went on with his cousins. His dad wasn't able to go so they'd come in his absinths. It had been a fairly whisky idea to go hunting when they did beercause it was nearly night but they had each other for support. After a few hours he got really annoyed with his cousin who wouldn't stop wining. He even nearly shot him at one point when he jumped out from behind a tree screaming "Maliboo!!!"

When he finally saw the deer she was incider clearing in the woods. He took aim, fired and managed tequila. He walked over and was glad he'd hit it in the head so it didn't feel any prolonged champagne. He rum-maged through his bag and got out the supplies he needed to take it home. He secured it down with some scotch tape when he was done. He tried to move it but realised you vodkan't do it alone so went and got his cousins to help. When they got back pimmside the house his cousin was still being really annoying. Malk tried to ignore it but he was getting sangria and sangria! Eventually he had to get away so he went go to his room. Before bed he watched a sambukakke on his laptop before going to sleep. On that note he realised how tired he was and decided to do just that. He stood up and the room swayed a little, his cheeks were kinda rosé from the drink and it wasn't long before he was asleep.

CEO Malk, who was actually a Lord, awoke the next morning feeling refreshed and relaxed. He rubbed his eyes and picked up the pile of letters on his bedside table. He instantly sat upright when he saw he had one from his girlfriend who was currently away with work. He tore open the envelope with excitement and began to read:

"My dearest Chair Lord Malk

I hate being sofa away,  
I think of you every day.

I can't stand this for long,  
But I won't take it sitting down,  
I hope this poem removes your frown.

I got you a present,  
But kept the reseal,  
If you don't like it I'll make it up to you,  
Under the sheets. ;-)

You've stoolen my heart,  
I'm most certainly yours,  
Being with you has opened,  
So many doors.

I feel so happy and light,  
Like I'm walking on chair,  
People both agree,  
We make such a good pair.

Can we go on holiday?  
I would love to see China!  
Or perhaps just relax and travel,  
On a luxury cruise recliner.

As long as I'm with you,  
I don't mind if its sea, snow or sun,  
Despite when you hammock me  
I know it's just for fun.

I can't wait to see you soon,  
The bench-mark's been set so high,  
From your dearest girlfriend,  
I'm so glad you're mine. x"

He let out a sigh, she always did little amazing things like this. Hungry and now very happy he jumped out of bed for breakfast. He wasn't sure what challenges today would bring, he just hoped it wouldn't cost an armchair and a leg.