



**Rave Reviews:**

"Hilarious!" - Armahnd Kirchiken

"Tickles your zygoma." - Herschal Manning

"Oh, my!" - Black Hills Ray

**NEW! From Due Dita Publishing**

**MICKEY'S JOURNAL SELECTIONS**  
**from Nauset High School, 1985**

MICKEY'S JOURNAL SELECTIONS  
by Michael J. Bove II

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Due Dita Publishing Co. USA

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2nd edition, 11/18/2016

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Editor's Note:

This manuscript was written in 1985, transcribed with an aged Underwood typewriter.  
The editor, whoever it may be, edited only misspelled words and some punctuation.  
There were very few of these corrections needed, and the blame lies with Underwood.

## ENTRY # 1

"Until sudden first frost, crickets storm,  
Singing hard, Summer's gone: Let it pass!"

### SUMMER'S GONE; LET IT PASS!

It was a great summer, that summer of 1973. I had just finished my college dissertation and received my degree in Economics from the University of Vermont. After five years of studying the trends of the business world, I was tired and needed to get away. I had saved a little money through college and rewarded myself with a trip across country. As I headed west in my beat-up Chevy Nova with the very few possessions to my name in the trunk, I felt a sense of freedom for the first time since I had left for college some five years earlier. I spent the summer driving from one state to another, working odd jobs, and meeting a wide variety of very interesting people. In late July when I was getting ready to turn around and head back home, I met a man in the Black Hills of South Dakota. He was an old time prospector named Ray.

I stayed with Ray for a couple of days and took a liking to him. We talked for hours on end about everything and anything, and this was when I learned that a degree in Economics would probably get me nowhere. So I decided to stay in South Dakota and help Ray with his prospecting. The summer went by fast but I didn't mind because I now had a new outlook on life, and this outlook suited me just fine.

## ENTRY #3 (9/10/85)

I awoke and to my astonishment the pigment of my skin turned to light mint green.

### MINT

I gasped into the mirror unable to speak. Without thinking I grabbed a face-cloth and started scrubbing my face. This frantic action resulted in nothing but a shriek that ended up with my mother calling the National Poison Control Center. I reached under the sink and took out my can of shaving cream. I read the side where it said: CAUTION: PERSONS BORN ON NOVEMBER 18, 1968 SHOULD NOT USE THIS PRODUCT. I took the phone out of my mother's hands and showed her the can of shaving cream. After a week and no change in the pigment of my skin my mother hired a lawyer and we took Ogden Shaving Cream Corp. to court. We asked for 15 million dollars in settlement, but only got 10.

Five years later I still have a mint green face but who cares. Warner Brothers is coming out with a made-for-TV movie starring me as me.

## ENTRY #40

## MOTHER, WHAT'S THE PANTHER DOING IN THE LIVING ROOM?

"Mom, what's the panther doing in the living room?" I asked as I walked in from a hard day at school.

"Oh, nothing Dear, he just ate your brother."

"Oh," I said as I bounded up the stairs to my room.

"Mom, how did he get in the house?" I yelled down.

"I let him in"

"Oh"

## ENTRY # 6 9/13/85

### AN ACT OF ABSOLUTE CRUELTY

" \_\_\_\_\_ "

I was playing at a friend's house. There were three of us. We were playing in the basement in a wagon. It was my turn to sit in the wagon. When I sat down in the wagon they tied me to it and ran outside. I sat there for a minute to see if they would come back. They didn't.

It took me five minutes to untie myself. I went outside and they were hiding in the woods. I got on my bike and rode home. I guess I thought I was beating them in their own game.

At the time I thought I was never going to speak to either one of them again. Today we are good friends and now take the incident as a joke."

## ENTRY # 8 9/17/85

"You've asked me: what the lobster is weaving there with his golden feet? I reply, the ocean knows this and more..."

### OCEAN

The ocean was said to have swallowed the city of Atlantis. The books make up many stories about it, but at last I shall write the real history of Atlantis; I should know, I live there.

There once was an old man who lived at the bottom of the ocean. He had telekinetic control over all the animals living in the ocean. His name was Mako. If this name sounds familiar, it's because the Mako Shark is named after him. Mako was ruler of the Ocean. The original Atlantis was in the south Atlantic Ocean, hence the name Atlantis. It was about the size of one small city block. The buildings were made of emerald. The leader of Atlantis was also the ruler of the world. He had telekinetic powers over all land animals. One day Mako and the leader of Atlantis got into an argument about who has the most power. A fisticuff broke loose and a war between land and ocean ensued. The war went on for 80 years.

Because the war throughout the whole world caused such a great commotion the earth's continental plates started to move, and move they did. After 80 years of movement they finally stopped. Atlantis had moved some 300 miles to the west and today sits in southern Florida and is called Disneyworld.

ENTRY # 9 9/18/85

In our soul everything moves, guided by a mysterious hand, ununderstandable, not speaking.

ANGUS

I sat in my room doing my homework and listening to AC/DC when Angus hit a wicked guitar solo. And, I swear, with Him as my witness, that something inside me burst when he hit those chords. The music seemed to come to a complete stop. Time was moving in slow motion. Then a strange thought came to mind. What if all those wierdos who think that rock'n roll music leads to demonic worshipping were right. What if that burst inside of me had something to do with demons taking over my body. What if after all those years of listening to AC/DC those wierdos were right? Naw, those wierdos were wrong; that movement of my soul was actually appendicitis that was treated yesterday at Beth Israel Hospital in Boston.

ENTRY # 10 (9/19/1985)

The deepest words of wise men touch us the same as the whistle of the wind when it blows. Or, the coming into Town Cove.

WORDS

His name was Herschal Manning. Was he famous? No, but his sayings were. He would ramble on and on about nothing in particular, but what words! At night before he went to bed, he would sit for twenty minutes and read a thesaurus or dictionary.

He never made it past sixth grade but what a vocabulary he had. Instead of using the word "old" when he would speak, he would use "patriarchal" or "super-annuated." Many scholars have used his sayings in lectures and don't know who first said it, and these scholars get credit for it.

These words of such a wise man should not be used anymore without Manning's approval. And to help, all you have to do is send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to me, Herschal Manning at this address:

Herschall Manning  
c/o Bellview Hospital  
New York, New York. 03669

Thank you for your support.

## ENTRY # 11

I have a feeling that my boat is stuck down there in the depths against a great thing, and nothing happens! Nothing...Silence...

## MY BOATS

I have been looking for my boats for fifteen years. People have said that I am insane. They tell me that these boats could not exist. The legends are just that. Legends. I have come up with coins, anchors and bells from the bottom of the ocean, and people are still skeptical. I have found the Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria. I shall not disclose the location of the dive, but will say it is in the Atlantic Ocean.

## ENTRY # 12

Why? I kept asking myself; why would these strange looking types from LA want to make a music video based on my life!?

## HEY, L.A.

They pulled up in a white limo. Two men in three piece suits stepped out as I stood on my doorstep in awe. They said they were representatives for some movie firm in Los Angeles. We talked for two hours about making a music video of my life. I asked myself, "why me?", and then repeated my question to them. They had trouble coming up with an explanation and this was when I turned them down. I could not fall for their chicanery. One week later I read in the paper that these men above mentioned were arrested for trying to front a Jamaican drug-dealer through making music videos.

## ENTRY # 13

I look up from a dull book; one of myselfs is gone! It's outdoors walking swiftly in the rain.

## BORING

Sitting in my room on a rainy Saturday afternoon, reading Emily Bronte's "Wuthering Heights", I look up and to my surprise, I am not there! Well, I was there, but some part of me seemed to just up and walk away. I got up and followed it outside.

As I stood on the porch, watching it walk swiftly down the street, I wondered what was going on. I waited for two hours for a part of me to come back.

Later that evening while eating dinner there came a knock at the door. I jumped up and opened the door before it had been knocked upon three times. There, sitting on the doormat, was a letter addressed to me. I snatched it up and opened it right away. There was nothing in it! I went back to the table and sat down. I sat at the table for three hours

trying to piece this weird day together. I got up and went to my room.  
To this day I still wait for a part of me to come home.

#### ENTRY # 14

I thought that I would feel differently in these new clothes; the face in the mirror told me another truth.

#### NEW

I paid \$350 for a whole new wardrobe so that I could be like "the guys." I wore them to school just the other day. Whenever I walked by "the guys" I heard muffled laughs. This went on for a week when my only friend came up to me and told me that I should sell the clothes and go back to the old me. Yesterday I took the clothes to the Salvation Army. Today I am myself and don't hear any more laughter.

#### ENTRY #42

Soon...we were all laughing helplessly.

We were watching TV and suddenly, out of the blue, my brother started laughing hysterically.

"What the hell's wrong with you?" was all I said. This prompted him to go into more hysterics. Sitting there watching him, I started to laugh also. We must have laughed for ten minutes, non-stop. When it was over we giggled for about ten more minutes. That was six years ago.

Amazing what things we remember.

#### ENTRY # 51

#### BEYOND THE GATE...ANOTHER PLEASURE TO DESCRIBE.

I took a paper clip and put it in the lock. The door opened, just like that! I walked down the corridor with the other inmates staring at me. I went downstairs and saw a guard. I hid in a doorway and when he passed I jumped him. With one blow to the base of the neck he was on the floor without making a sound. I took his gun and headed for home.

I couldn't believe how easy it was to escape from that institution. I had been locked up for nine years, and to think I could have escaped that easily!

#### ENTRY # 55

#### INTERESTING THINGS TO DO WITH LEFTOVER TURKEY

1. Give it to your pet skink (look it up).
2. Put it in a seismometer and check for any earthquake causing ingredients.
3. Auction it off at the local antique shop.
4. Attach it to a hang glider and launch it over the Grand Canyon.
5. Cut it up and put it in all the lockets at Bradlee's.
6. Cut it up and put it in all the lockers at school.
7. Put it in your lobster pots.
8. Donate it to the local chapter of the Audubon Society.
9. Make it into vomitus (look it up).
10. Give it to your most hated enemy and watch him give it right back.

ENTRY # 56

MUSIC PLAYED ON STRINGS NEVER TOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS

The wind blows. The leaves rustle. Out in the fields below the pond, the strands of dried grass whistle their songs with help from the wind. Most go unheard, but today I didn't go to work. I went outside and spent the day listening to nature and the many wonderful things it had to say. I am deeply impressed.

I couldn't stand it any longer and took my tray and dumped it on the floor. In a second, the 15 people pounced on the food.

ENTRY # 74

AT THE END OF A FROZEN POND FIRE BILLOWED IN THE DARKNESS

I skated towards the orange glow. As I got closer I could hear screams. I skated faster, faster than I have ever skated before. My legs pumping in unison with my arms and hockey stick. Faster than Wayne Gretzky. I reached the orange glow only to see a little flame the size of a Bic lighter. My heart pounding, my legs shaking, I turned and skated away.

When summer came I was swimming and saw the same flame. My theory: My brother drowned in this pond only three summers ago. I think the flame is an eternal flame, ya know, like the one at President Kennedy's grave. Well that's what I think it is. No one else does. I'm the only one that can see it.

ENTRY # 75

AGAINST THE COLORED RIBBONS OF DAWN TWELVE FIGURES BATHED IN PINK LIGHT

They are the twelve Hinkthwayers of Salcolst. What! You've never heard of the twelve

Hinkthwayers of Salcolst? They are legends where I come from. They are the only surviving beings from before World War Four. None are related, yet all look alike. Strange, huh? One from each continent.

What? You say there are only six continents? After WWII there were twelve. Their mission: terminate all Elvis Presley and Michael Jackson impersonators.

#### ENTRY # 76

##### ALL AROUND ME WERE THIRTY EYES

Men, women and children, all staring at me as if I had just eaten a live hamster. I pretended I didn't see them. Their eyes seemed to pierce my clothes and go right on through my skin like bullets ripping through the flesh of a deer during hunting season.

#### ENTRY # 77

##### CUTTING FROSTBOUND SILVER WINDS

Hi, my name is Armahnd Kirchiken. I'm here in Nome Alaska to cover the first annual dog-man sled race. The race began three hours ago and the contestants have only gone about a mile.

The way this race works is the man (or woman) sets his team up in the driver's seat of his (or her) sled. He (or she) then hooks himself up and starts to pull the sled. He (or she) must pull the sled 2 miles. When he (or she) reaches the 2-mile mark the team switches positions. The dogs then pull the sled for 200 miles. These dogs are amazing creatures. Pulling all that weight, cutting the frost-bound silver winds coming in off the Pacific coast. Incredible, but true!

#### ENTRY # 57

##### THERE ARE THOUSANDS. ALL MOVING AT ONCE ON SHAGGY, STICK-LIKE LEGS

These are the people from Turdsville, a little town on the outskirts of Newark, New Jersey. Most are bald and have bad breath. None of them were ever children. They were all born 47 years old. They live in little cubicles, sorting through papers, and smoking cigarettes. Once in a great while they come out of their cubicle and make dumb, moronic, brainless, idiotic, inane, ludicrous, illogical, incoherent, far-fetched, preposterous, and asinine suggestions of how certain things should be done.

Of course you know that these are a sample of the worst principals and vice-principals of the American School system.

ENTRY # 60

I FOUND THE NOTE IN A BOTTLE

It said to go to the bank on Green Street and ask for Myser Smeans. I did as directed and went to the bank. The man behind the counter said that Myser was out to lunch. I waited. About 30 people walked in and none of them was Mr. Smeans. I left a note for Mr. Smeans to call me at home. I have been waiting for the past 63 years and have not left the phone, except for meals and to go to the bathroom. I have had only 19 calls in 63 years and 17 of them were wrong numbers. And none of them were Myser Smeans.

Moral: Never believe what you find in a bottle.

ENTRY # 61

THE POWER MACHINE WHIRLED-THE COLD PAVEMENT GREW

They were coming. The environment wreckers! They brought bull-dozers, cranes, dump-trucks, cement mixers, everything. They came to level out my forest. They wanted a superhighway so mad drivers could get from there to there faster.

"Not without a fight," I screamed. My lungs halfway up my throat, my face all purple. They kept coming. What could I do? They wouldn't listen. They wanted to kill all of my animals in my forest. I wouldn't let them.

If you ever read this, you will know who started World War III.

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