

Epic Fail
a.k.a.
Beauregard
by
Celli The Happy Go Lucky Celaphopod

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this is part of my
Broken Stories Unfinished Dreams
series

Celli never did finish it.
And I'm not going to either.

Feel free to enjoy it for what it is or turn the page at your own discretion.

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Epic Fail

Late afternoon, the sun high in the sky... (And really, it's way too early in the story for you to get in my face about something as piddling as it not being possible for the sun to be high in the sky if it's late afternoon. It's an alternate universe. Deal with it. Now where was I? Ah, yes.) Sweat beads off our hero's brow as he lays waste (to the what? I'm guessing) the Goblin monstrosities that bar his way up the narrow mountain path.

(Yep. Goblins work. Just don't ask me what a goblin is exactly, what one looks like, or their motivation for being on a

mountain pass blocking our hero's progress. I guess it's just what goblins do. Now, back to our story.)

Beauregard kills one of the foul beasts in a heroic fashion. (You know, thrusting his sword to the hilt deep down/into/through one of the hapless creatures.) After which, he exclaims, "By (insert mythical god's name her), I love this!"

"But this is it right? Our last adventure?" Collins, his ever faithful companion, asks. ("Cause you know, fifty books ago it was supposed to be a one shot gig, in and out, rescue the princess, save the kingdom, and then retire. But one book became two [Danger in Paradise, a best seller {in my freaking mind folks, in my freaking mind, alas I am a hack}]. And then of course, two books became three, three became four [yada, yada, yada, till we hit fifty], not to mention the Christmas special [worth checking out if you can get a copy, a real disaster from what I hear], the trilogy of movies [#2, The Dueling Duo, being the best of the bunch] the graphic novels [my advice, skip], the traveling circus act [worth the price of admission if you're into that sort of thing], and the endless online fan-fic [including the ever popular gay bromance slashers, e.g. Beauregard/Collins "Muffins in the Oven"].)

"I like the fan-fic," Collins interjects into the author's narrative ('cause that's just one of the things my characters can do. Once again, deal with it. My universe, my rules. It might not make a lot of sense. But me? I've found my peace with it.) "That's just what I'm saying," Collins continues (just in case you lost track of who's talking... or what he was talking about, it's the gay bromance thrillers.)

"What? You got those voices in your head again?" Beauregard asks offhandedly (with the sort of callous disregard and condescension we've all come to love and expect from our action heroes) as he lops off the head of another goblin, (who [the goblin that is] probably says something like "Argh!" as his or her body goes falling over the treacherous ledge to the valley far below. But really, for the folks who are still having a hard time

getting over the fact that the sun is high in the sky this late in the day, it's probably sounds more like an echoing, "Argh-argh-argh!")

"That was cool," Beaugard comments.

"What was?" asks Collins (his ever trusty sidekick right on cue).

"The 'Argh-argh-argh' echoing all way down," Beaugard retorts gaily (yep, that's the right word choice if you ask me), as the two continue their witty banter (and we move on to bigger and better things).

Now, I like blood. Exploding heads, severed limbs, stakes through the heart inducing a shower of blood if we should ever find a vampire, are all fine and dandy with me. But for some reason gore doesn't sell. And neither does sex.

I mean, tie my hands why don't you publishing houses of the world. Tell me, how am I supposed to describe a female character accurately with like any degree of meaning if I don't like go into the size, heft, and other specifics of her breasts?

See? I can't.

'Miranda!' the single quote marks indicating that I'm talking directly to the imaginary creation in my mind as opposed to the character they'll be playing in the book 'Get out here.'

"Miranda? You call and I'm just supposed to come running? I didn't even have a name five minutes ago."

'Well, now you do. And the name is Miranda.'

"Fine. OK. Great. What can I do for you, Your Highness?"

'What's with the bitter sarcasm? You should be happy. A name confers permanence.' Well, some degree of permanence. We could pause here and let Miranda list off all the characters who I've given a name to over the years and have then subsequently forgotten, put on a shelf, or simply stopped thinking about, but that would be... um, difficult, for reasons that I hope are obvious. (Hint: I've forgotten about them.)

"So, are you through with me now? Was that stupid bit it? I have things to do, you know."

‘No. I want to show how hard it is to describe a female lead without going into... her secondary sexual characteristics. You know, like breast size and so on. So, try describing yourself without going into anything like that, leave out any details like that you’re 38-24-36, that you sport full on triple G’s or anything even remotely like that.’

“You’re an idiot.”

‘Don’t make me get nasty. Do what I say.’

“So, you want me to describe myself?”

‘Yes.’

“I’m beautiful. The girl of your dreams.”

See! See! See, how vague she’s being.

“Fine. You want specifics? I’ll give you specifics. Long black hair, a dress slit all the way up and down from here to there and high heel stilettos. My eyes are blue. I favor silver jewelry, usually something tied about my narrow waist...”

‘See, impossible.’

“Five foot two...”

‘Stop.’

“And not an ounce over a hundred pounds.”

‘I thought you said you had things to do.’

“I like chocolate, roses, cards on my birthday...”

‘When’s that?’

“Today! And if there’s not a large cake and a small box with a gargantuan diamond waiting for me somewhere in the next few pages, you will be sorry.”

‘Right. Enough of this. Miranda has things she needs to do. I have a story to write...’

“And a cake to bake. Not to mention a trip to the jewelry store.”

‘Right. So, let’s cut back to in it

And that's where Celli left off. If he had a plot to go with this, he just might have found himself a winner, here. Alas, he had no plot that I know of. And ironically, both of us somehow managed to forget about Miranda till right now when I read her name off the page.

"I'm still waiting for that cake!"

Sorry, I got to go. As a general rule, the bite of a crazed barbarian chick in a chain mail bikini is much worse than their bark.

"Hey! Get back here! Tell that no good Celaphopod, when I catch up to him..."