

**The Appendix**  
to  
**Minataur Tails**

The Second Book  
in the  
Dragon Bound  
a.k.a Dra@g©n B©und a.k.a

a.k.a **The D-B©und Adventuring Series** a.k.a

starring  
**Ruby FireHaven**  
and so on and so forth

as conceived, written, and enchanted by

**Celli**

the

**Happy Go Lucky Celaphopod**

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and in the Earthen Vortex

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*Commemorative Internet Edition*

Released to the wild October 15<sup>th</sup>, 2014

*Happy Birthday to the LeeZards*

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Appendix D  
Party Preparations

After all those adventures, you would have thought -- or at least, I would have thought -- that Ruby would have gone straight home. But she didn't. She went to her nearest Crumbarrel Store, which for her was in downtown Rigor Pass, but for you it's probably in that big mall down the way.

Ruby had been wearing the same dress for the last book and a half. And it was holding up well -- it was a Crumbarrel dress, after all. But a book and a half is a lot of words. And no matter how perfect the double-butterfly stitching is (which is done by real Pixies and not some horrid little Hobblings in some third world vortex, by the way), after a few hundred thousand words there is going to be a stain, a rip, or a tear somewhere. So, Ruby needed a new dress.

She was delighted at the service she received at the Crumbarrel store. The folks there treated her like she was royalty, or something -- you know, just as if she were some sort of major endorsement persona who had come to their store specifically just to do a little after-story bonus tie-in marketing. But don't think Ruby got special treatment. That's the same sort of service you can expect to receive whenever you walk into a Crumbarrel store. They don't play favorites there. And just because Ruby said, "The Dragon sent me," don't think she got an extra 10% off their already low prices.

Anyway, Ruby got a new dress: a green evening gown, sparkling with rubies and emeralds that had the occasional strand of gold woven right into the cloth. And then, since Ruby had gotten a little chilly on her recent trip to the moon with Grt, it should come as no surprise that a display of hand-knit scarves caught her eye. Bo's Buffers, what a delightful name, Ruby thought as she ran her hands through the virginal lambs wool, hand woven by Transgendered Cyclopean Artisans. Who could resist such silky warm perfection? Needless to say, Ruby bought one for herself, Grt, and then on a whim one for her mom. Bo's Buffers: the perfect gift to warm any mother's heart.

After that, Ruby spent a little time walking around Rigor Pass window shopping, she said. But I got a feeling she was mostly trying to sign up a t-shirt or jeans sponsor. Sadly, no one was interested. The jeans people (especially) complained that since Ruby was wearing a dress, no one would ever be able to read their label; and so, no one would know what type of jeans she was wearing. But when you got right down to it, it was a pretty poor excuse. I mean, you can rest assured I would have let everyone know and Ruby would have commented on the comfort and style a time or two.

Still, no worries. It was getting late -- time to go home and get ready for the cast party, which coincidentally, was going to be held at Lucky's Tavern and catered by Mr. Steven's Pizza Express. And if you had asked Ruby, she would have told you, it seemed like pretty darn close to 200,000 words since she had had a really good pepperoni and mushroom pizza; and Mr. Steven's Pizza was -- without a doubt -- the very best. I mean, even Crazy George raves about the sauce, so you know it's got to be good.

Anyway, since she was off the clock and in the appendix, Ruby didn't waste any time being "relatable to her fans." Grabbing hold of Grt's hand and with a Sn@p™ of her fingers, she instantly transported herself back to the cottage under Roger's Bridge (technically, it's The Lake Providence Bridge, but I hear tell

it's only a matter of time before they officially change the name, so we'll use the former instead of the latter).

And as you may know from TDBQ, these cast party are always a big event. Thus it should come as no surprise that Ruby's mother (Rachel), step father (Roger), and dear friends (Clarence, and ABE-1-2-3) were already ready and waiting for her at the cottage. Roger, for his part, was fidgeting with his tux. You know how Trolls are. You can dress them up. But underneath it all, they're still Trolls. Clarence on the other hand was at ease in his Tuxedo and had one of those wire-tap, security things in his ear. He was busy talking to the rest of the security force, making sure everybody stayed focused, and that there were no last minute glitches. ABE-1-2-3 was wearing a tux as well, and was busy assisting Clarence with communications and other logistical field support functions. You really can't beat a robot for this. If you're an event planner, I would seriously think about getting yourself one of those companion robots from the fine folks at Dizzy. And then there was Rachel. Talk about a mother taking after her daughter... I think that's right... well, maybe not. The point is, Rachel looked wonderful. Glamorous, doesn't really say it all. She had gone all out and bought one of those fancy Crumbarrel dresses everyone is talking about these days, though she had opted for something a little more subdued than Ruby's gem encrusted number. But don't think people wouldn't stop and stare as Rachel floated by in her yellow, brown, and green silken gown. I mean, let's just say Rachel can fill out a dress, and leave it at that. You don't have to be a Werewolf to feel like whistling "O-ow-hoooo!" when she walks by.

Sure, it's pretty much all color text, but that doesn't mean this wasn't the scene that awaited Ruby as she popped back into the glen and returned from her adventures. Everybody congratulated her on completing another quest. And she gave everyone a good hearty hug hello before taking off her dress and hopping into the tub. Of course, just like at the beginning of this here masterpiece, she left her jeans and t-shirt on because that's what you do in a

Hazen Crots tub. And really, just let me take a minute to point something out to all those jeans manufacturers complaining about lack of exposure. I'm sure many of Ruby's adoring fans are wondering right now what type of jeans, exactly, is Ruby wearing. I mean, some of these fan types are fanatical. You just know they've already got the Emerald Dress from Crumbarrel, the Endless Walkers from Martingale, and the scarf by Bo's Buffers. But then that's it. They don't know how to complete the outfit. Why? Because they -- which is to say, I -- don't know what type of jeans Ruby is presently wearing. Well, if you are one of Ruby's many adoring and near fanatical fans, I can commiserate you. I know exactly how you must feel -- or certainly, should feel. But for now, I guess a reader can wear whatever type of jeans they feel like wearing underneath their dress because near as I can tell, all jeans are pretty much the same. If only there was a bold sponsor out there somewhere who was willing to stand out from the rest...

But sadly at present (this space is STILL available), there is not.

Anyway, marketing concerns aside, Ruby was busy taking a Hazen Crot bath in her jeans and t-shirt. OK. To H\$rlk with putting marketing concerns aside! How could you not want your logo right there?

Oh, whatever.

I guess I'm just going to have to let it go.

Because while Ruby was busy scrubbing her hair, she suddenly noticed that her dress, which had been lying on the ground where she left it, was moving of its own violation. Clearly, Ruby had brought back a pair of stowaways from her adventures!

Of course, we should pause for a second and remind everybody that this is exactly how countless cheesy horror movies start. Some hero -- or heroine, as the case may be -- returns from a cross-vortex adventure saving all the known worlds from certain destruction. And then, when they finally return home, they find that they've brought back some demon seed of an alien life form with them (which only germinates inside the spleens of young

children or something like that, as per all the Klick'it movies I've been watching of late). And I don't say all of this to drag out the suspense -- or scare young and/or impressionable readers -- but rather to point out the dangers inherent in intervortex travel.

Not to fear, though. For, what popped out of Ruby's dress was no threat to life as we know it, but rather a delightful pair of Screaming Greenies™. Together, they gave a little collective howl as they proceeded to climb the Hazen Crot vines, which led into the tub, and joined Ruby. Nothing could dissuade them from their goal. And they weren't happy until they had attached themselves to Ruby's ears. Now Screaming Greenies™ are normally two inches long and this is longer than Ruby likes her earrings. But since Ruby could sense that these two little guys (and the rest of the marketing department here at Dragon Bound Publishing) wouldn't give her a moments rest until they were attached to her ears, Ruby used a wisp of mana to reduce the Screaming Greenies™ to a more manageable size. It would be this reduced -- ¾" -- size Screaming Greenie™ Earrings, which are now available for adoption at better retailers and jewelry counters throughout the Seven Realms.

And with that bit of marketing complete, and as Ruby finishes getting ready for the party, I should mention that a portion of the sales price from all Screaming Greenie™ Earrings will be donated to the Screaming Greenies™ Museum and Repair Center and the Allied Fund to Stop Vortex Raiding. Because as you all should know by now, vortex raiding is no laughing matter, and sales marketing is a serious business.

## Appendix E The Red Carpet

“O-ow-hoooo! O-ow-hoooo! This is Jim the Werewolf.”

“Y'rg! And this is Brad the Zombie.”

“And we're live in front of Lucky's Tavern. As you all know, the Lady Ruby has just completed her second quest.”

“Y’rg.”

“O-ow-hoooo! You can say that again Brad.”

“Y’rg.”

“O-ow-hoooo! And here come the Lady Ruby’s convoy now.”

Choppers flew about overhead to no discernible purpose while the Pegasus Calvary cleared the road, behind which Igor’s municipal city bus pulled to a stop in front of Lucky’s Tavern where the Lady Ruby, Grt, and all her family and friends disembarked.

The flash of cameras filled the air as reporters jockeyed for position. But Jim the hyperactive Werewolf -- an old family friend -- got the exclusive.

“O-ow-hoooo!”

“Hi, Jim,” the Lady Ruby replied good-naturedly.

“O-ow-hoooo! What a quest!”

“I’ll say. Another 100,000 words. Who would have thought the Celaphopod had it in him?”

“Where you ever worried?”

“Well, when we threw the script away in the second act that had me concerned. But considering it all, everything went surprisingly smoothly.” And then, looking into the camera as is appropriate at certain moments such as this, Ruby continued by saying, “You know, I owe it all to the support I’ve received from the other Dragon Bound Players, the Celaphopod, and especially my mom. Most people don’t know this, but she hadn’t wanted me to get into acting. But when the Lady Ruby Consort to The Dragon role became available I just knew I had to take the chance.”

“O-ow-hoooo!” And then seeing as there wasn’t much else to say -- especially if he wanted to stay on the Celaphopod’s good side -- Jim noted, “We all know you have a party to go to, so any last words?”

“The fans. I would like to thank the fans. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’d like to get a slice of pizza before it gets cold.”

“By all means Lady Ruby. O-ow-hoooo! There you have it, the close of another Dragon Bound adventure. Brad... Brad... Can you hear me Brad?”

“Y’rg.”

“Are you with the Celaphopod?”

“Y’rg.”

“O-ow-hoooo! Take it away Brad.”

(The interview with the Celaphopod has been deleted on account of it never having been written. Sources close to the Celaphopod say that he is claiming creative freedom, artistic integrity, he already has his 100,000 words and then some, and/or something like that. Those who where there say he must simply be embarrassed by the entire episode.)

You may have seen the footage on the news or the pictures in the tabloids. Really, I would just like to apologize and forget the entire episode. Crazy George had been so well behaved for the last half of the book that I had let my guard down and joined him in a malted milk. It’s just one of those things. If I drink one malted milk, all I really want is another, and then another, and then another. By the time Brad the Zombie shuffled over for the interview, both Crazy George and I had gotten pretty loopy from all that malt and sugar. So, I may have said some untoward remarks about Rachel and her dress filling ability. Roger and I may have exchanged a few un-pleasantries. And Crazy George may have had to take my pencil away.

As such, I’d prefer it if we all just forgot about that little incident. And since I’ve got that type of power at my disposal, that’s the way it’s going to go down.

Suffice to say, I don’t actually remember much else about the party itself. I don’t have any insights other than what was



broadcast on the television. And I'm sure you can get a copy of that for yourself if you take a sordid interest in that sort of thing.

Of course, maybe an explanation like that is just a cop out. Maybe I'm so far over the 100,000 word mark that I just don't care anymore. Or maybe it's that I've got a massive malted milk hangover. Either way (and quite confidentially, I might add), I've always been a little disappointed with the party chapters. Maybe that's why they keep on ending up in the appendixes. Maybe that's why I keep on cutting them short. And maybe that's why I was drinking all those malted milks in the first place.

Maybe...

Whatever explanation you wish to believe, rest assured that everyone who was anyone in the Dragon Bound universe attended the cast party. And despite my own atrocious behavior, everyone else had a great time. In the end, what more do you need to know?

Ruby hugged everyone who had played a role and thanked each and every one of the characters for their participation -- no matter how small or insignificant their role might have been. She even thanked the NAS-gh©uls™ and that bitter old widow of JRRRR® Huffy Puffy's, who for some reason or another showed up. The word on the street is that she's not really all that bitter and for 184 she's a bit of a hottie. But then, maybe I wasn't the only one who'd had one too many malteds.

Whatever.

Outside of the fountain drinks for which Lucky's Tavern is famous, there was plenty of pizza on hand courtesy of Mr. Steven's Pizza Express. And it stayed warm and crispy all night long. By the end of the party even Grt wasn't "hungry" any more.

I mean really, good food and good friends, what more could you ask for?

On a more serendipitous note, it's just as well that I had to leave the party early. After I'd gone, Garg's publisher showed up looking for a fight. It seems that for a Cro-Magnon, Garg is pretty

sharp and somehow managed to sneak a free agency clause into his latest contract -- a clause it turns out would only activate once sales had fallen below a certain level. Well, I won't go into the details of the legalese (because I don't understand them), but it seems his publisher blames me -- something about how I've been badmouthing the Garg series for the last 100,000-odd words and souring demand. But tell me, is it my fault the Garg novels are linear, predictable, and stop dead on a dime at 75,000 words? I mean, if an author can't even bother to write a few extra sentences, finish a thought, or complete a party chapter just because he's hit his word mark, well, isn't that just a little...

What was the Celaphopod going to say?  
Will Roger and Rachel ever forgive him?  
Is it true that Grt was no longer hungee?  
Good friends and good food: what more could you ask for?  
And exactly how many malted milks are too many?

Find out the answers to these and any other question you might have about Absolutely Anything in the next installment of the Dragon Bound series: coming soon to a quality book retailer near you.

Or then again, maybe just like every Garg novel ever written, before we start work on the next Dragon Bound adventure, we'll conveniently forget that these questions were ever asked.

## Appendix F The Party

The Celaphopod had a quiet self-satisfied, smug look on his face like only a quiet, self-satisfied, and smug Celaphopod can look. Life was good. He rocked his body back and forth as if to wag his tail, causing the water to splash out of the tub in which he was soaking.

He had cleaned the tub today. He had taken the garbage to the dump. He had wrapped presents. He had done many things. For tonight was the eve of Gra'gl Mass, and tonight was a special occasion.

The wild Elvin woman with the on-again/off-again hormonal difficulties pulled her battered red pickup truck to a sliding stop in the bungalow's driveway. As she did, she noticed the windows of the bungalow glowed from the light of a dozen candles. This was unusual.

Hesitantly, not knowing what to expect, she slowly walked through the front door and saw the Celaphopod soaking in the bathtub. Good, she thought. He had cleaned it out. She noticed he had also raised the tub's clawed feet off the floor with cinder blocks while underneath, candles burned causing steam to rise from the hot-hot, very hot water.

"The water's real nice," the Celaphopod said beckoningly.

Ignoring him for a moment, the Elf put the food she had brought home from the Thai Shack down on the kitchen table. It was the only table in the bungalow. And as she did, she couldn't help but notice the small stack of gold coins standing next to the two gift-wrapped boxes.

"The Dragon is going to kill you when he discovers you've been raiding his stash."

"Let me worry about The Dragon," the Celaphopod said as he splashed water about. And then added, as if it explained everything a curious reader might want to know, "The Dragon and I go way back."

Doubtfully, the Elvin vixen looked at the two gift-wrapped boxes again. "I didn't think we were going to exchange presents this year."

The Elf knew the Celaphopod was fighting back the urge to say, that's why they don't pay you to think. But instead, he just said, "Open the top present first."

The Elf did. It was the bikini she had wanted. He had wanted. They both had wanted. Where the one stopped and the other began had become blurred over time. And since it seemed like the thing to do, the Elf put the bikini on.

What does an Elvin princess look like? In a bikini or otherwise? Let me answer you this way. An Elvin princess is the girl you see walking down the street one day and you can't help but to follow her. When you find out she works at a restaurant -- let's call it the Thai Shack -- you start eating there. You eat every item on the menu two and three times. You go there for weeks, maybe months, patiently saying hello, finding out her name, making small talk, and passing along the local gossip until she knows who you are and is somewhat comfortable with and comforted by your presence. Then when you find out she likes surfing, you ask her out -- to cut a curl. And then, out in the calm of the ocean, you find peace with her and she with you. It doesn't hurt that she looks like an Elvin princess (in or out of a bikini). And it doesn't hurt that she's willing to accept a bikini as an offering of peace.

The Elf dips her foot into the water. "It's hot."

"It's nice."

The Elf slowly eases herself down and lets the Celaphopod wrap his arms around her. He hands her a glass of iced grape juice. She hasn't noticed the hum of the refrigerator yet.

While she sips, the Celaphopod kisses her ear and says, "I have another present for you."

"I know," she says as she wiggles up next to him, but she doesn't understand yet. The Celaphopod reaches behind his head and flicks a switch on the wall. Colored holiday lights shine through the forest canopy above. They blink and swirl in a mesmerizing display reminiscent of the Chaos Dimensions.

“The Dragon is going to kill you,” the Elf says again. Power, lights, expensive bikinis, and a stack of gold coins -- the Elf turns around with a worried look in her eyes. “He’s going to kill you.”

But seeing as how you can’t really lose a life unless you have already lived it first, the Celaphopod dismisses her concern, and takes the opportunity to kiss her softly on the lips.

Conversation drifts into a whisper.

The scene fades to black.

Water splashes out of the tub.

And it is not until much -- much -- later that the Elf will open the second box -- the one that holds the 25 newly printed copies of The Dragon Bound Quartet. They are the 25 copies that a publisher gives to an author when they finally publish your book and ask you to write a sequel.

And I don’t know about for a reader, but for a writer, that’s about the happiest ending any story can ever have.

(I still get tears in my eyes when I read this chapter -- Still. Thank you. Everyone.)

## Appendix G The Dragon Bound Vortex Give Away

As you might have noticed, the Screaming Greenie vortex is empty. We thought about selling it. But then, we decided we didn’t want to pay the taxes because rumor is The Dragon is really ramping up the complexity of the tax laws in the coming years. So instead, we’re just going to give it away in a contest.

It’s easy to enter this contest. Just tell us what you would do with the vortex if we gave it to you. You can write an essay, a poem, or a short story; have a conversation with yourself, a friend, or even the denizens of the proposed vortex; and then, just send us the result. It can be via intervortex mail if you like. Or really, you can just think about it good and hard. We work with the CIA and

Santa Claus all the time; and that means we've got those new brainwave scanners that no one wants you to know about. What I'm saying is, we know what you been thinking, and we know if you've been good or bad. So really, reading your mind for an intervortex contest is small potatoes.

But if you are old fashioned and you're going to mail off your entry, or if you feel like sending the author another car, surfboard, small or large bills, tradable securities, or other valuables (but no Hobblings or younger brothers), then the address is:

The Celaphopod  
C/o The Dragon Bound Vortex Give Away  
Dragon Bound Publishing  
Rigor Pass, The Seven Realms

Remember intervortex postage is required. They are really finicky about that down at the post office. If you don't do it just right, they'll simply return your package to you saying it's undeliverable. They might even stamp it, No Known Address. So really, for most folks just thinking about entering the contest is the best way to go.

Oh, and you'll know if you've won because the vortex you propose will come to life, the creatures will thank you, and you'll find you've lost interest in many of the more banal aspects of existence.

#### Legal Stuff

#1: Dragon Bound Publishing reserves the right to award the above stated prize OR NOT at its sole discretion.

#2: All entries will be judged on kindness, niceness, fair play, and joy de existence. Decisions of judges -- meaning the Celaphopod -- are final.

#3: Contest will be administered under the laws of the Seven Realms as interpreted by The Dragon (circa 100 years ago), so don't get all uppity or he'll just roast you slowly over a fire.

#4: Dragon Bound Publishing is a character farm. If you send us anything (and I mean anything), you're giving it to us: to use, exploit, sell, profit from, own in perpetuity, etc. without ever giving you anything in return (like a royalty check, a thank you note, or even credit). In other words, it's all MINE, MINE, MINE!!! It's not like we're bad guys. Really, we're not. But when it comes to intellectual property rights, we're just sort of close minded about the entire thing and maybe just a wee bit evil. So just remember: if you send it to us, you're giving it to us.

#5: As discussed previously in the book, you're not real, we're not real, and the contest isn't real. Deal with it. If you stop to think about it, that means your odds of winning are pretty darn good because no one else is real either. How's anybody else going to enter (much less win) if they don't exist? And given all that, you're practically a shoe in to win... if you bother to enter, that is.

## Appendix H The Players

No work as fantastic as Minataur Tails would be possible without you the reader. We would like to thank each and every one of you for taking the time to allow us to exist in your world if for only a moment.

Frank: your train stop is next, so heads up.

Mary: the cake is ready to come out of the oven.

Jim: it is time to start on your homework.

And you... well, you can just fill in the rest.

In addition to the readers, we owe a profound debt of gratitude to our sponsors, without whose help this book wouldn't have been possible.

OK. Sure. I suppose we could have still done it, but without that additional revenue stream what would have been the point?

And, finally, to the bit players, the actors, and the other personas who played a role, we would like to thank you all.

Katrinita: continues to sponsor a book club. Perhaps unsurprisingly the club's second selection is Minataur Tails.

Larry Magma: continues to work for the Rigor Pass Police Department. He is currently heading up the department's driver safety outreach program. A job for which, I think, he is very well suited.

Con-in-my-Head: continues to flourish despite its known link to vortex raiding. Those who wish to attend the next Con-in-my-Head may wish to request an informational packet with their vortex contest entry.

The Four Horsemen: have received critical acclaim for their heartfelt blues melodies and can be seen playing at nightclubs throughout the Seven Realms.

Bones: after sewing together his millionth teddy bear, suddenly realized that his true calling in life was costume and fashion design. Though tending toward the Gothic, he is said to have a following that is, if not out of this world, is decidedly under it.

Mr. Thwartbridge the Senior a.k.a. Max: decided to automate the math challenge bridge and now travelers must simply complete a multiple choice test. In his newfound spare time, he teaches remedial math at a community college and likes to photograph flowers.

Little Bo Peep: was ultimately unable to accept Pete's inability to commit and is living alone again. Pete wanders far and wide looking for damsels in distress and the odd acting job. In a surprising twist, Karthrax released a statement endorsing same sex relationships, though his holy warriors must still practice celibacy. Gra'gl on the other hand released a counterstatement indicating



that same sex, different sex, or no sex relationships were all still adequate grounds for immediate attack and dismemberment.

ABE-1-2-3: started a pastry chef school and writes light romantic fiction in his spare time. He is still looking for the right companion, but he is no longer “desperate to get that story written.”

Nellie: returned to the farm. Initially Steve was not happy to learn that Buddy would be living with them, but he soon found that Buddy could pull his own weight... as well as a plow. They are all happy living together on the farm and looking forward to the holidays (any holiday) when Nellie’s cousins come to visit. But oddly, Nancy never seems to show up. No matter. If you’re ever in the neighborhood, be sure to drop by -- the more the merrier.

Carl the Courteous Cobalt: recently married his seventeenth wife; and as such, his warren it expected to top the 3,000 mark very soon. Being an off screen character, his opportunities for sponsorship have been limited and the financial pressures of fatherhood are making him consider leasing his family out as a mercenary unit. Chris and Charley are unable to decide whether they are in favor of the mercenary path or would rather pursue their dreams as galactic demolition experts.

Crazy George: in a bid to live up to his namesake, announced at the cast party that he needed to find himself and was going to spend some time meditating in an ashram -- a Gra’gl ashram.

The Hobblings: continue to be hated by all sentient creatures everywhere.

The Dragon: did not attend the cast party. Sources close to the Dragon say he is disgruntled by the tangential roles he has been getting in the Dragon Bound series. He has been heard to say. “It’s not the Ruby Bound or the Grt Bound series. It’s The Dragon Bound series.” It also has been rumored that he has been down at the range working on the accuracy of his breath weapon.

Jeannette Stevens and Minne the Minataur: changed their names to Stevie Jean and Torrance. This, of course, doesn’t free them from the ruthless control of the Dragon Bound franchise and

character farm, and neither does their attempt to travel back in time to a simpler, gentler era -- i.e. to a time before either of them signed a character development contract with Dragon Bound Publishing. Things simply don't work that way. Incidentally, when they went back in time, they got blown off course by yet another temporal anomaly and currently find themselves stranded in the Wild West. You'd think Minne -- or Torrance, or whatever he is calling himself these days -- would know better, but apparently Minataurs are slow learners. Anybody with a keen eye -- or an ear to the rumor mill -- will be able to deduce from this that the old west is, therefore, the likeliest setting for the next Dragon Bound adventure.

Rachel: was gracious enough to accept the Celaphopod's apology and continues to do freelance hairstylist work. She looks forward to developing a deeper relationship with her daughter and to the day when she herself will be a fully fleshed out three dimensional character. We, of course, all wish her the best of luck with that one.

Roger: was planning on holding a grudge against the Celaphopod well into the next book, but when he found out the Lake Providence Bridge had been officially renamed the Roger Swampgas Bridge, he forgot what he was mad about.

Grt: continues to host his chart-topping TV show Mornings with GRT. Everyone continues to be amazed that not only do his ratings continue to soar, but the very fact that Grt has his own TV show wasn't mentioned a single time in Minataur Tails... not anywhere! Not once! Not even in the appendix! When asked about the possibilities of another Dragon Bound sequel Grt only said, "Yippies," leaving insiders to decipher the meaning of this for themselves. Really, all we can say about Grt is that he totally gets into his role; he's the consummate professional; and he never forgets who he is or the role he is playing... not for one moment.

Ruby: was unable to confirm rumors that she might appear as a red-haired schoolmarm in a Wild West sequel. "I don't know," was all she would say. "It really seems more like a role for my

mom than myself.” When neither confirming nor denying rumors about a sequel, Algebra, Biology, and that Bobby kid take up most of Ruby’s spare time.

The Celaphopod: got gobs and gobs... and gobs and gobs... and gobs and gobs of gold from selling The Dragon Bound Quartet and Minataur Tails. (This is, after all, a fantasy.) So the Celaphopod never had to work or write again... or at least, he would have never had to work or write again if most of his money hadn’t gone towards repaying The Dragon. What? You thought adoring fans sent him all those cars? Ah, yes! Yes, they did! It’s amazing what you can fit into one of those flat rate mailers.

The Author: does not exist. Like every other character in this book he is a figment of the writer’s imagination.

The Writer: on the other hand, is no more real than you or I.

## Appendix I

This book comes with the Sm©rk™,  
Happy Ending Seal of Approval

Despite all appearance to the contrary, no Sm©rks™, Tr©ll-Tr©lls™, Screaming Greenies™, Teddy Bears, or other forms of pretend personalities were harmed during the writing of this book. It was all done with smoke, mirrors, and clever editing techniques.

So despite what you saw or think you saw, no Sm©rks™ were actually harmed. Those pink pools of melted plastic the NAS-gh©uls™ left behind were actually virgin factory slugs. It’s what Sm©rks™ look like before a thirty ton press and the love of an adoring collector breathes life into them.

(Portions of Minataur Tails were written under a grant by the Society to Prevent Cruelty to Plastic Personas. That was, of course, before they read the first few chapters and pulled the grant, but we’d like to thank them for helping get us started, anyway.)

## Appendix J

## Dragon Bound Classifieds

Open Call for Characters: Dragon Bound Publishing is pleased to announce an open casting call for Ruby and Grt's next adventure. If you have ever thought about becoming a world famous fictional character, this is your chance. Any interested parties should contact the Celaphopod directly during one of his many naps or join him for a rap session on his surfboard out beyond the breakers.

Surfboards for sale: all shapes and sizes, most never used.

Construction Engineer: needed for set construction. Must be able to meet critical construction milestones in a timely manner. Open to all ages and levels of experience. Compensation will be in the form of shaved ice treats from the Thai Shack.

Celli the Happy Go Lucky Celaphopod: is available for speaking engagements. The Rigor Pass Gazette calls listening to the Celaphopod a "hypnotic cross between watching a train wreck and listening to a parole board hearing for the criminally insane." While the Evening Star says, "Never before has a Celaphopod's grasp on reality been so tenuous." Learn about Cross Dimensional Vortexular Physics. Spend an evening hearing about Truth, Justice, and The Dragon way. Find out what tax changes The Dragon has in store for you in the years ahead. Or just watch him sleep on your couch and wonder if he is ever going to leave.

Space Ship Wanted: at this point, we're pretty sure the next sequel is going to take place in the Wild West, so we're looking for a space ship as a prop and to do a little joy riding in. Feel free to meet us on location or just send it along in one of those flat rate mailer things.

Wanted Story finishing Gnome: who is willing to work for hot chocolate. If that's you, show us what you can do with the concept: Ruby and Grt go to the Wild West (better known as Rigor Pass 1866: The Manna Boom Years). The story should be funny, come in at 100,000 well edited words, introduce a few new characters, and provide cameos for all the old favorites. If your

work is really, really, really good (like really-really good), we can arrange for donuts and pastries along with the hot chocolate. Greedy Gnomes or those unwilling to work for token foodstuffs need not apply.

Appendix K, L, M, O... Z  
Life is Naught but an Illusion

It bears repeating, once again, since every time I go to Con-In-My-Head, I run into some fan who refuses to believe it. The Celaphopod is just a character, so is the author, and the writer too. None of us exist. We are all just fictional characters.

Moreover and to the point, Minataur Tails is a fictional work of art. Any resemblance between the aforementioned Minataur Tails and an actual fantasy farce is completely coincidental and entirely unintentional.

I thank you for your understanding.

You may now exit the book.