

My Fan-Fiction Poem Collection: by K. W. Mullen

By : Km2

These are the fan-fiction poems that I've written and posted on this site, so far, all piled up in one spot; per your convenience, hehe. ;)



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Chapter 1: Gollum's Plunge (His Final Thoughts)

Gollum's Plunge (His Final Thoughts)

Those blasted hobbitses.

Dirty, thieving, little Bagginses.

-Gollum-

At last it's ours; ours at last!

It's beautiful shinyness. How it GLEAMS!

It's finally come back to it's master.

Cursed Frodo! Drasted Bilbo! Worst of all, stupid, fat, lazys hobbitses!

But we have it; have it again.

Our birthday presentses. We love it!

I love it...

It means the world to us.

It's so special; and precious.

My precious...

-Gollum- -Gollum-

Our precious means the world to us.

We love are preciouses.

We would kill for it; in particular, those nasty, little hobbitses.

We would die for our precious.

Just to hold it one more time, to feel it in our hands.

We would do anything to keep our precious, forever; our most favorite of birthday presents. Yes.

We would die for our precious.

-GOLLUM-

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My precioussss!...

And then, he, Gollum, was gone;

a fiery death, melted away, along with the One Ring,

cast into the fiery cracks of Mount Doom.

Chapter 2: The Wonderful Wizard of Oz?

The Wonderful Wizard of Oz?

I am a fraud.

A wizard, I am not.

Magical charms?

I couldn't charm the pants off anything; save for a beautiful young woman.

Oddly enough, It was the beautiful young woman, who saved me.

Saved me from myself.

Saved me from the world.

Saved my heart and everlasting soul.

Though it was another young woman who saved me from the water, as well as the River Fairies.

Nasty, little buggers, I remember...

Something odd about this young miss.

Something odd about this whole place.

This whole world.

The queerest fact; it shares a name with myself.

The land of Oz.

Full of odd beings. The queerest being, a flying monkey in a bellhop suit, yes, a bellhop suit, and a little girl made of china; whose family and entire village were smashed to smithereens. My ingenuity shines bright, once again.

They accompany me, desperately clinging to my sides.

On the search for another; a witch.

A wicked witch.

THE wicked witch.

The Wicked Witch of the West.

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And it's the young misses sister.

Sent to kill the witch; but a lady, she still is.

Sent to kill a lady.

Witch or not, I don't know?

How does one kill a witch?

Simple, they say. Destroy the object of her power.

A wizard could kill the witch!

How does one kill the witch, when a wizard, he is the furthest thing from?

It can be true enough, anything can be, if you believe enough in yourself, to make the world believe in you, she said.

But a wizard, I am not.

Off to see the witch.

The wicked witch of Oz.

Dodging lions, baboons, and raging forget-me-nots!

Some with viscious claws.

What am I ever to do?

I feel like running; running somehow, all the way back to Kansas.

But all I can do is go forward. Along the Yellow Brick Road.

Looking into the eyes of a pair of talking misfits: Flying monkey and little China doll,

Off to kill the Wicked Witch.

Kill the witch, and save the Land of Oz.

I don't know? Why do I feel like:

The Wonderful Wizard of Noz!

Chapter 3: Why, Kenny? Why must you die? 23 Times!

Why, Kenny? Why must you die? 23 Times!

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Why, Kenny? Why must you die?

First killed by, the fallen MIR station

Then exploded from intense, planetarium demonstration

They killed you from the brown note

Through massive defecation

They even made you kill yourself

With autoerotic asphyxiation

Dragged by the wheelchair of Timmy

Then drowned in a puddle of pee

Cut in half by Kyle

To end the cursed zombie

Dismembered by football players

Choked by tether-ball layers

Flatened by an elevator

Electrocuted by generators

Pummeled with a dodgeball

Crushed by a stagelight, that just so happened to fall

Crushed by a giant "seven", instead of the New Year's Ball

Even had his body ruptured, thanks to rats that crawl

They switched his heart with a potato

And Ozzy bit off his head

Turned into a duckbilled platypus

Then shot, and ended up dead

You even got struck by lightning

And trampled by a theater crowd

From Satan's evil goldfish

By his doing, Kenny, even was drowned

Squashed by a cart containing underpants

Deep within the darkest mine

Even death, by Touch of Death

Why, Kenny? Why must you die?

That's why.

Chapter 4: Ode de Stephen King (Books I've Read)

Note from Mr. King, that I've based my writing outlook on:

"If you don't have the time to read, then you don't have the time or the tools, needed to write."

-Stephen King-

I started with Pet Sematary

Then I moved on to Carrie

The Shining nailed it to a tee

A little more than Duma Key

I really loved, From a Buick 8

Undeniably, Hearts in Atlantis was great

Didn't love The Girl Who Loved Tom Gordon

It couldn't touch, The Eyes of the Dragon

Every story was good in Different Seasons

Everything's Eventual, definitely had it's reasons

I'll never forget, when I read, Under the Dome

Bag of Bones, Incredible!, hit-right-at-home

Four Past Midnight was his first book, that I ever bought

At night, I kept the lights on, while reading 'Salem's Lot

A good Hard Case Crime book, The Colorado Kid

By far, his most powerful, had to be with "It"

Getting through Firestarter, he really made it easy

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No easy task, but worth it; to finish The Dark Tower series

When writing Rose Madder, he had to been full of passion

While Johnny Smith, cursedly, lived deep inside The Dead Zone

Cell, absolutely had to be, one of my favorites

Tons of great short stories, inside, Just After Sunset

Nightmares and Dreamscapes, took me, to a magical place

Writing as Richard Bachman, I really did like Blaze

I lived in his world; of Full Dark, No Stars

The kid at the end of Cujo, died in the back of his car

Hidden inside Skeleton Crew, lurking somewhere in The Mist

The hidden gem of Cat's Eye, coming from his book: Night Shift

The kid from Rage, you could really feel his pain

You felt bad for the girl in cuffs, locked inside, Gerald's Game

That's all the books I've read so far, none have been the same

One day, I'll have read them all, s'what keeps me kinda sane.

Chapter 5: Ode de Stephen King (Books to Read)

Note from Mr. King, that I've based my writing outlook on:

"If you don't have the time to read, then you don't have the time or the tools, needed to write."

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I really want to read The Talisman

Almost as much as I want to read The Stand

In Christine, a Plymouth Fury came alive

I still suffer from Insomnia, even when I try

I think next, I just may try, to read: The Long Walk

The sheriff in Desperation, really loved to talk

Everyone in this world, needs some Needful Things

I really loved the depth, in Misery, that Annie Wilkes did bring

Immediately after Desperation, he wrote The Regulators

My one buddy, said, "I didn't like The Tommyknockers."

And just like Coffey, walking The Green Mile

Black House with Peter Straub, man that makes me smile

Arnold Schwarzenegger really was The Running Man

Ducketts and Bob Grey, in Dreamcatcher, came from other lands

Stephen himself, said he loves, the character in Roadwork

Dolores Claiborne killed her husband, because he was a jerk

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The Cycle of the Werewolf, is really very short

The two halves, in The Dark Half, a battle of wits, of sorts

Last but not least, I desperately need to get to, 11/22/63

And can't wait for his new works to arrive, Joyland and Doctor Sleep

I hope you've enjoyed this, for this was my Ode,

To the spectacular Mr. King.

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