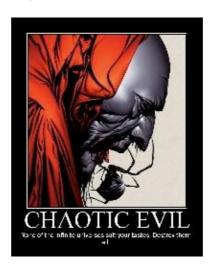
By : <u>Km2</u>

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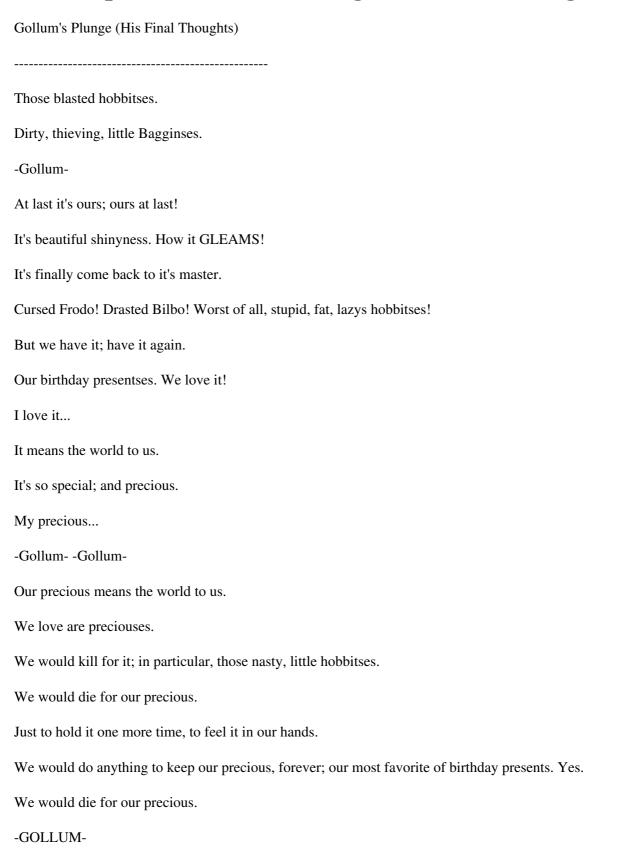
Why, Kenny? Why must you die? 23 Times!

Ode de Stephen King (Books I've Read)

Ode de Stephen King (Books to Read)

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



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.

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!

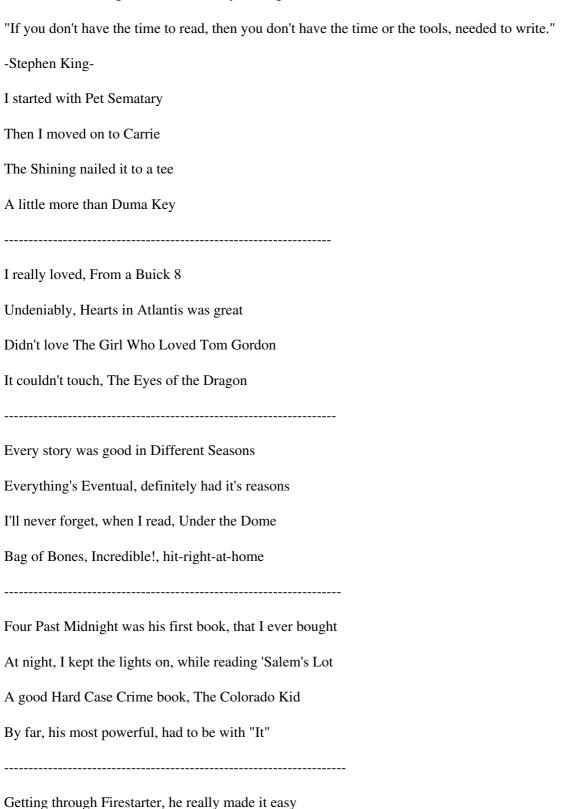
Why, Kenny? Why must you die? 23 Times!
Why, Kenny? Why must you die?
First killed by, the fallen MIR station Then exploded from intense, planetarium demonstration
They killed you from the brown note
Through massive defecation
They even made you kill yourself
With autoerotic asphyxiation
Dragged by the 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

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

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:



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." -Stephen King-
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

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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