

This is the One!

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By : Mike Stevens

Another Charles Placard Tale!

Published on
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A Charles Placard Tale

The excitement literally ran through Charles Placard, as he reread the novel he had just finished. *This is the one!* he thought. After all the rejection, all the humiliation, and all the pressure he'd received from his own family, THIS was the book that would put the name of Charles Placard among the leading authors of his time, right up there with his favorite, and a personal idol, S. Pennington Wordsworth. As he fantasized about joining Wordsworth at the top of the author's ladder, he thought over the book's plot:

*"In the course of human events, s**t happens! It's insight such as this that makes that people turn their lonely eyes to me. It's taken me most of my life to reach this conclusion; that, like it or not, people look up to me; care about what I think, and for whatever reason, basically worship me like a god. I didn't want this notoriety, didn't seek it out, but whether I wanted it or not, I have it. I'd love to just be an ordinary Joe Shmo, but alas, I am not!"*

Just rereading it sent shivers of pride up and down his spine. After years of wanting to be recognized as a great dramatic author, then a great comedy author, he'd finally found the style that would make him well-known; a combination of autobiographic insights about his fascinating life up to this point, and sayings he'd thought up, which would help the reader to become almost the success that he himself had become. He'd already finished the autobiography part; now it was time to write down some more insightful sayings.

â When flying a plane, a void mountains!,â â Lunch comes about halfway through the work day!,â
â When studying for a test, it helps to know for which class!â were just some of the wisdom's he used to help him finish.

Chapter Two:

Today, he was meeting with April Vacarro to discuss her publishing company, Vacarro Publishing, printing his manuscript. He hugged it protectively to his body, as if he was out of contact with it, someone else would get credit for writing it; he knew it was good; very, very good!

â Come in, Mr. Placard,â Vacarro shouted from her office.

Charles opened the door and strode in confidently.

â Pull up a chair, and tell me a little about yourself.â

â About me? It's all in the book; I'm a little surprised you're unclear on my life story.â

â Yes, but surely what you wrote in the book can't be your actual life story? I figured it was made funny to match the rest of the book.â

Charles went into a rage! â Not you too! You look like an intelligent woman, but if you're too stupid to see painful REAL truths, then I've obviously misjudged you!â

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â Real truths, like the fact you were born in a convent, and adopted by a witch?â

â Hey, my mother wasn't a very nice person!â

â You mean that just because you didn't much care for your mother; THAT kind of witch?â

â Yes of course! How else would you describe her?â

â Oh, I don't know, maybe change the W to a B?â

â No changes; if you're not going to publish my manuscript, I'll have you know there's plenty of other publishers who would LOVE to get their hands on this baby!â

â Then, by all means, give them a call, because we're running low on toilet paper, and that's about all that hunk of crap is good for!â

Charles Placard was despondent as he drove away from the offices of Vacarro Publishing. Once again, those interested in publishing his book assumed it was meant as a comedy. Was everyone morons, or was it just him?

The End

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