

by Lindi Smith

*A Fünkenorroll
Family Tale*

Yerp.

by
Lindi Smith



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This is a work of fiction. All names and characters are either invented or used fictitiously. Any similarities to real people or events are purely coincidental. Also, please note that the writer unfortunately does not share Vera's mastery of the German language.

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Yerp.

a novel for youthful readers

For “Oats”

Prologue

being an introduction to the Fünkenorvoll children

Rockett does not wish this story to begin with the words, “once upon a time.” Since his older and wiser siblings, Vera and Herb, agree with him, this story will not begin with the words, “once upon a time.” Instead, the story will begin more accurately:

In a little house, on a street perhaps very similar to your own live Vera, Herb and Rockett Fünkenorvoll, though these three are hardly like any children you may have ever met. Vera is the eldest Fünkenorvoll child and she looks just like her mother. Well, almost. She would if it were not for a singular aspect of her father’s DNA that landed in her gene pool. Vera has curly, dark hair like her father, though she finds this truly unfortunate since her mother has the most beautiful hair she has ever seen.

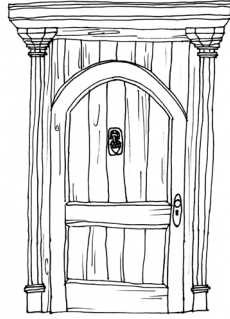
Mrs. Fünkenorvoll’s honey-blond locks also managed to skip past the head of her second child, Herb, who instead obtained his mother’s personality and delicate shape. From his dark brown hair to his extra-long toes, however, Herb inherited every other aspect of his appearance from his father.

Rockett is a true mix of mother and father, with a bit of absolute wonder thrown into the mix. He has his mother’s eyes, his father’s nose, his mother’s chin and his father’s lips. His hair is honey colored like his mother’s, but quite curly like his father’s. Apart from his ap-

pearance, Rockett is certainly his own person; and at only five years of age, he has an immeasurable amount of (shall we say) personality.

And so, the story of the Fünkenorvoll children begins in the little house, on the street much like any other, but their story is certainly not like any other. And it all begins with a dream.





Chapter One- The Dream

in which Herb sees the future

Herb Fünkenorvoll awoke, his eyes burning brightly through crusty slits left over from another nightly bout of allergies. His dreams had taken him to a castle of rock and mortar with towering turrets (and for purposes of his own creation, a portcullis or two). Most little boys' dreams of castles involve heroic tales, perhaps even dragons, magic and fair maidens; but Herb was not like most little boys. Herb's vision meant he would be going to school and that idea excited him more than the most gallant of adventures.

He stayed in his bed for longer than usual this morning. He was trying with all his might to remember his dream in its entirety. Herb knew what the dream meant, but he wanted to make sure he remembered it exactly, for he knew great significance can be found in even the tiniest details. He squeezed his itchy eyes tightly together and tried to remember.

Main Entry: yerp

Pronunciation: \yərp\

Function: noun, verb, adjective, adverb and sometimes a preposition.

Etymology: *Darbarfaruhfahr*

Date: circa 2005

: it can actually mean anything depending on the length of pronunciation, its usage and the associated punctuation.

As a matter of fact no other person on the planet, or perhaps throughout the universe, spoke Darbarfaruhfahr... The language consisted entirely of "Yerps." Some short "Yerps," some long "Yerps," loud and soft "Yerps" and occasional "Yerp" screams.

Vera, Herb and Rockett Fünkenorvoll are a bit different from most children. Vera is a polyglot. Herb is a banjo proficient. And Rockett has invented his own language called *Darbarfaruhfahr*. It just so happens that this is the story of their most exciting day. It is a story of letters, teapots, capes, bullies, apples, fire alarms and broom closets (among other things). And through it all, these three siblings must pull together to rescue themselves from an all too precarious situation.

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