

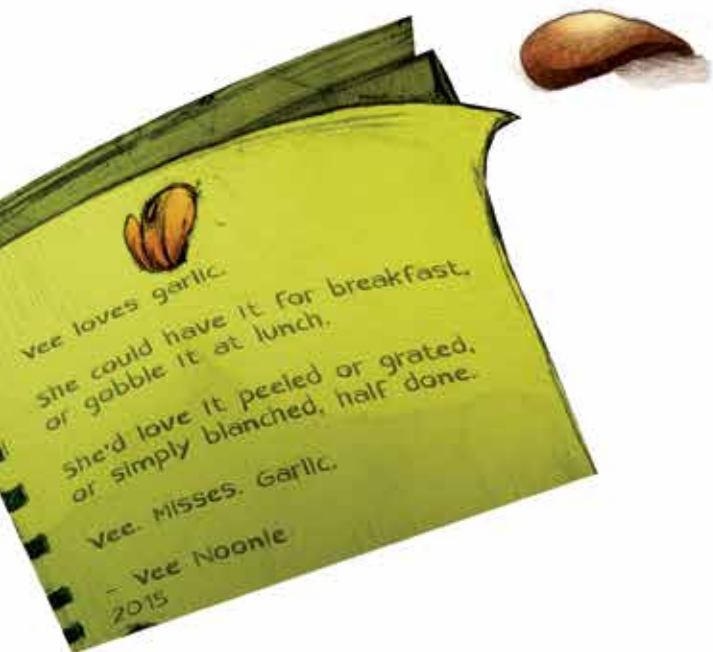
Vee Loved Garlic

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Vee Loved Garlic

Dedicated to souls, young and old, who have fought for their love
with pride and dignity.



It was the day Miss Vee Noonie tasted garlic for the first time ever.

Her friend Novi's usual sandwich tasted unusually delicious.

'It's garlic!' she explained.

Batty the bat froze.

Ms. Fing, the finger-lady panicked.

'NO, don't touch that!' they cried.

But it was too late.



The sandwich melted in Vee's mouth. Her head spun.

The world twirled.

It felt divine.

By the third bite, she was dreaming of having garlic all the time.

But, there was problem. You see, Miss Vee Noonie, the-girl-who-fell-in-love-with-garlic, was a...

...VAMPIRE.



VAMPOLAF
I Give Cold HUGS.

And vampires MUST keep away from garlic.

For garlic makes them pop.

And burn.

And melt.

And squelch.

Or so we have heard.





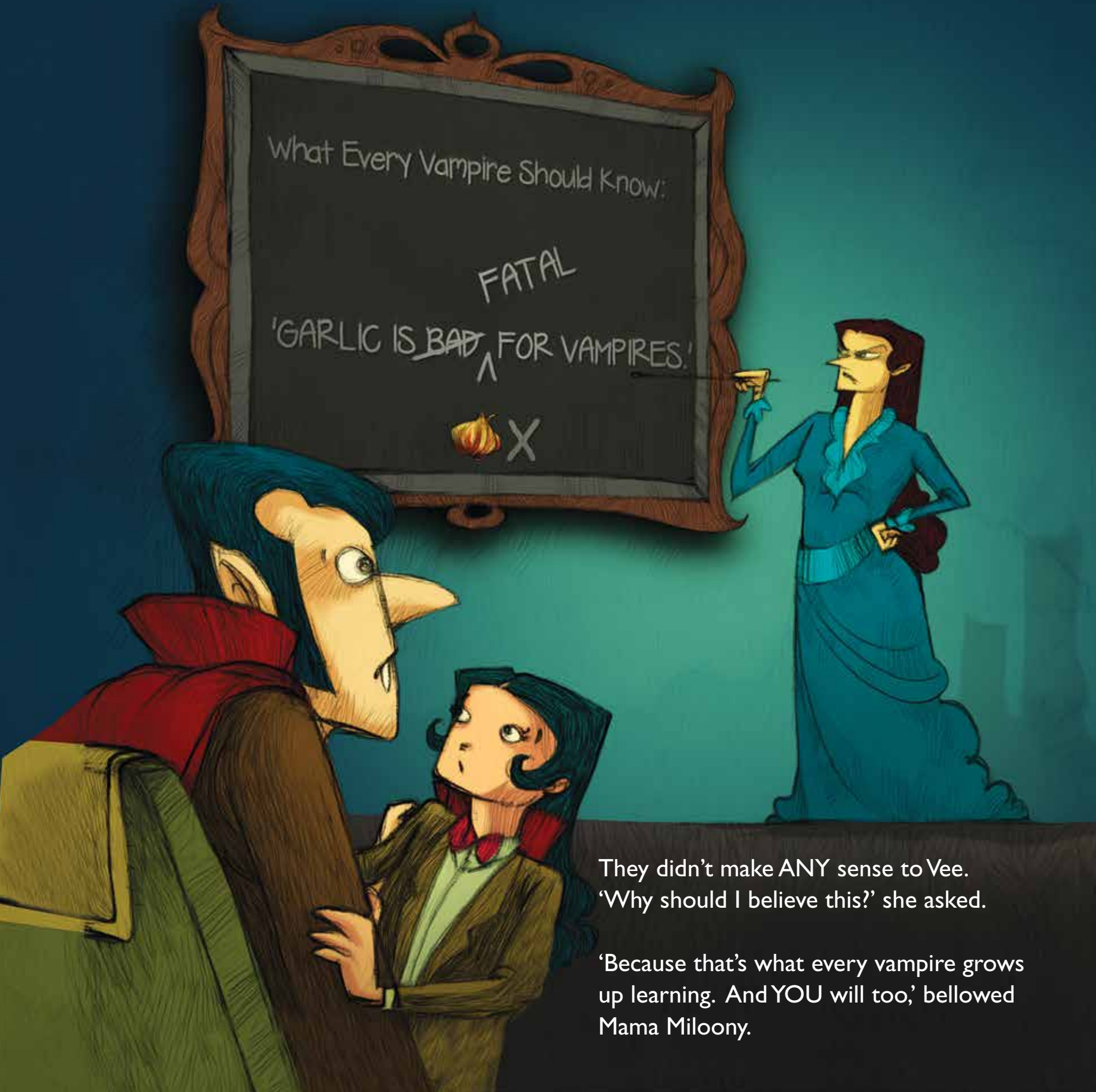
And so, when Vee walked in that evening smelling of garlic, there was PANDEMONIUM in the house.

‘Mercy!’ implored Ms. Fing and Batty, ‘Miss Novi did it!’ No one heard them.

‘My darling will pop!’ cried Papa Moony.
‘The girl will burn and melt!’ hollered Mama Miloony.
‘Will she squelch?’ yelped the little loony moonies.

‘Why would I?’ shrugged Vee at all the fuss.

And so began the lessons.



They didn't make ANY sense to Vee.
'Why should I believe this?' she asked.

'Because that's what every vampire grows
up learning. And YOU will too,' bellowed
Mama Miloony.

But Vee believed otherwise. So she made sure.



And then, she tried to convince them.



She took a solemn oath.

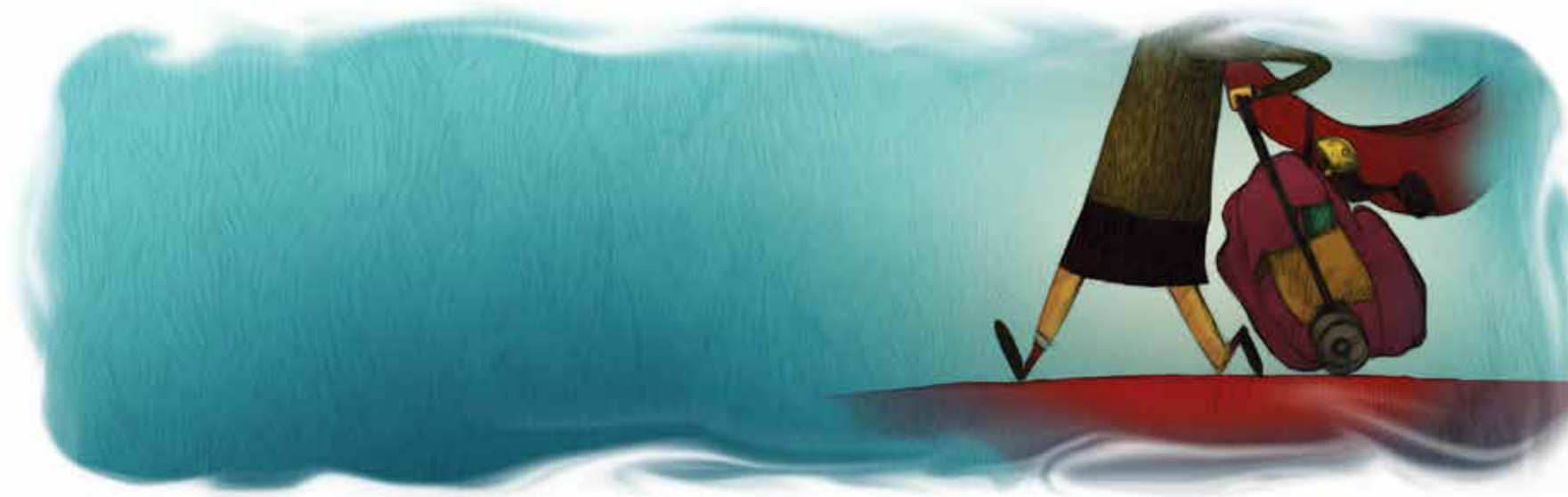


And protested.

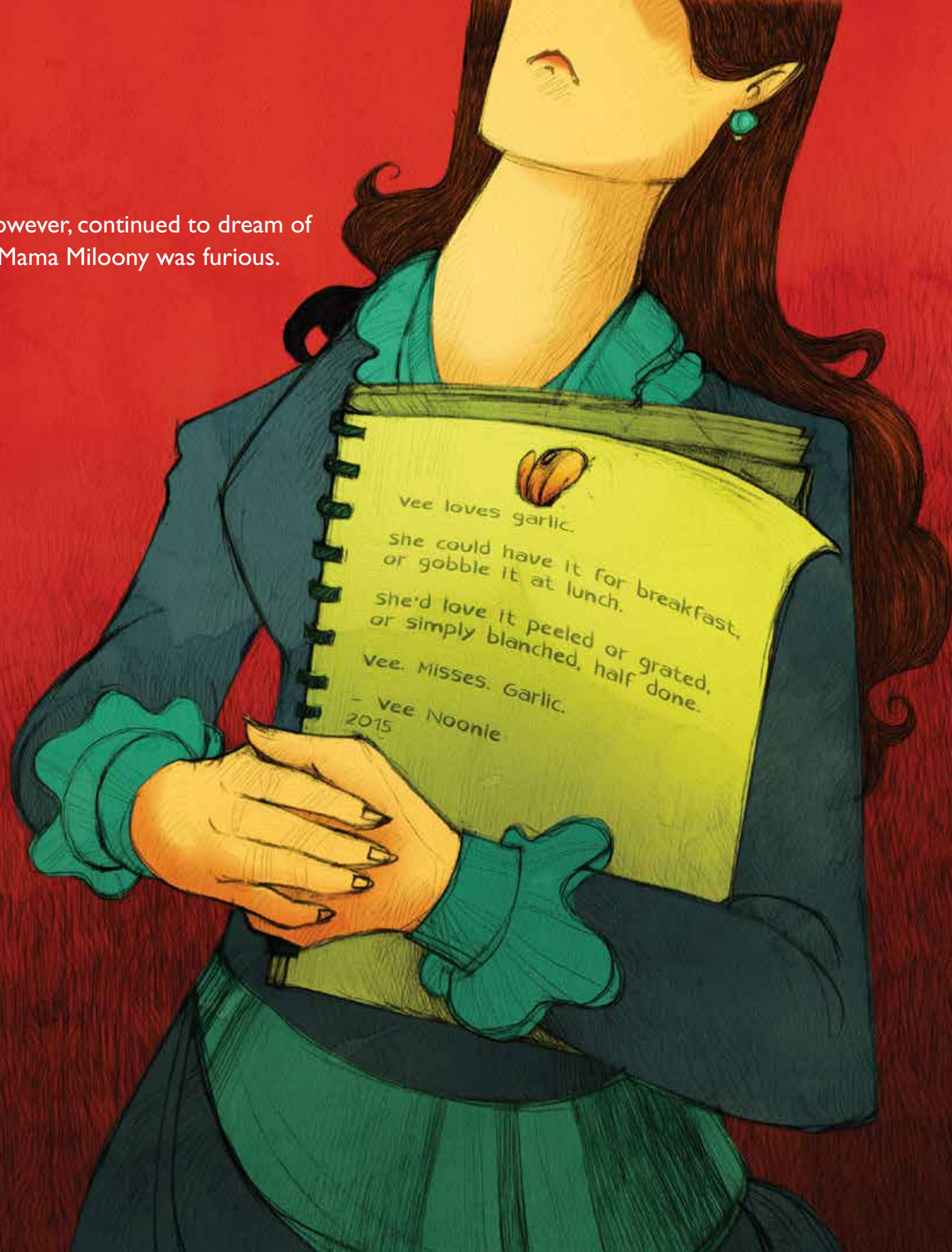
She threatened to walk away, even.



But it seemed like such a waste.



Vee, however, continued to dream of garlic. Mama Miloony was furious.



The rules came first.




Then, the punishment.

'Mama noticed the walls,' whispered Ms. Fing.
'Vee has been grounded for twenty full moons.'
Batty gasped.

'Go gentle on my darling,' pleaded Papa.



But Mama's mind was made up.

A whimsical illustration of a vampire girl with pale skin, black hair, and a black cape with a red collar, standing on the red-tiled roof of a castle. She has a sad expression. The castle is a red stone building with multiple towers and pointed roofs, some with glowing windows. A green dragon with yellow eyes is coiled around a chimney. In the background, a large, bright yellow full moon hangs in a dark blue night sky. Several small, dark, bat-like creatures are flying around. In the foreground, there are large, gnarled tree trunks. On a grassy hill to the left, several small, dark, bat-like creatures are running. A small skull is floating in the air. The overall mood is melancholic and spooky.

Vee's days and nights had never been this miserable.

'Oh my poor baby,' thought Papa.

Not long after, Papa Moony fell ill.
And Mama Miloony fell ill too.
'Food! Food!' the little loony moonies wailed that night.

'We're too weak to chop and stir, Vee. Will you manage
some potion, please?' bleated Papa.




Vee didn't move.
She was sad. And angry.

'I'd do it if and only if you let me have garlic,' she thought.

But Vee did not say it aloud. She was not an ordinary vampire girl.
She knew better than to trade.

'Okay,' she nodded.





'I'm scared,' quaked Batty. 'What if things go wrong?'
'It'll be fine,' assured Vee, as they got down to work.

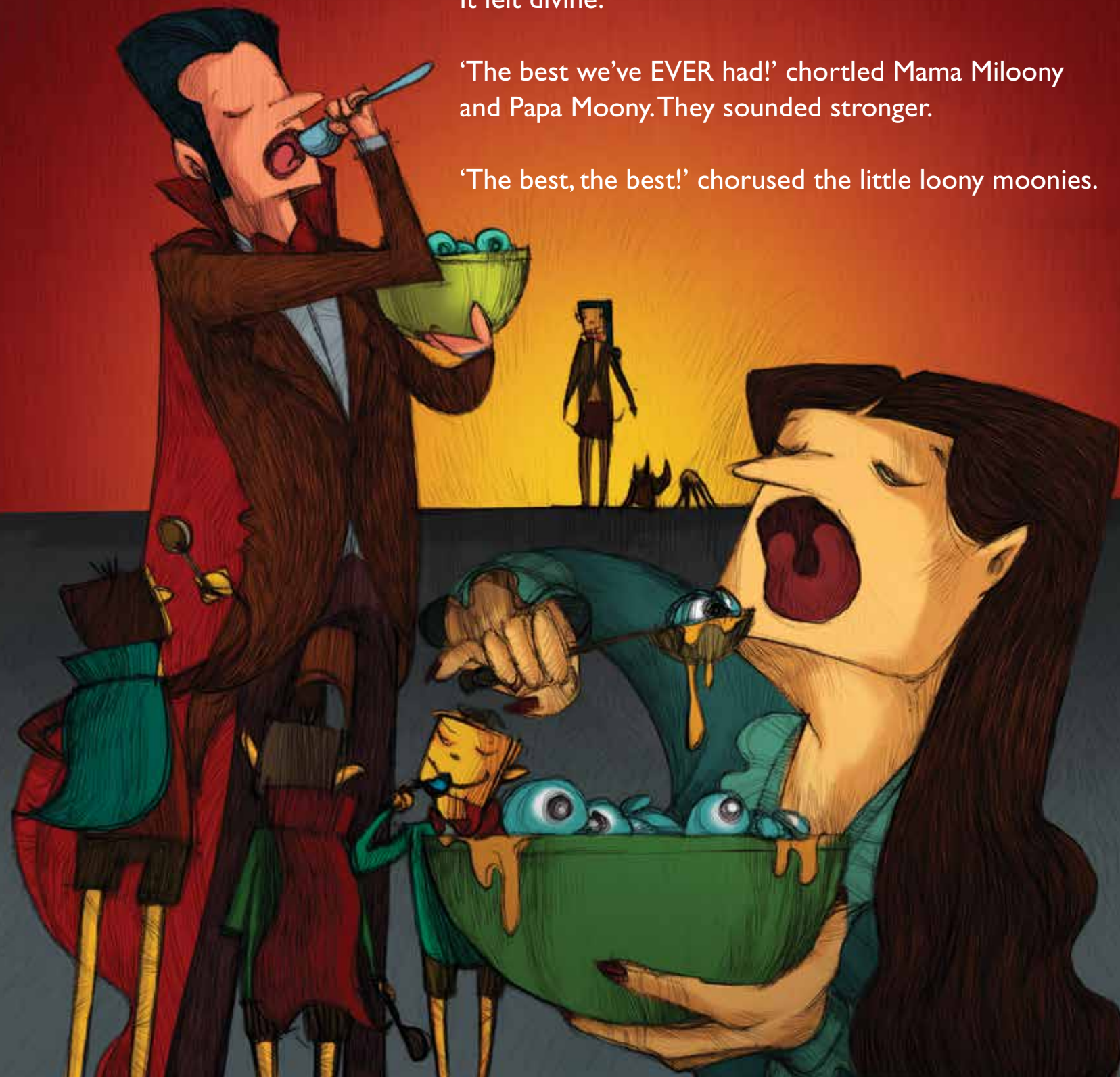
RHYMO ZYMO SWIDDLEDIWAKE
HERE'S THE SOUP I NEED TO MAKE.
GURDIGUM CHRUNNIGUM TAILS AND FEET
TIME FOR SLURPING, TIME FOR A TREAT.

And soon, 'Dinner's here!' she announced.

The soup danced in Mama's mouth. Papa's head spun.
The world twirled.
It felt divine.

'The best we've EVER had!' chortled Mama Miloonny
and Papa Moony. They sounded stronger.

'The best, the best!' chorused the little loony moonies.



Vee's treats were a delight every day.



By the ninth day, the parents were fit again, when suddenly...



... 'Eeeeeeeeeeeeeek!'



Vee waited.
Waited some more.

And then she posed her question.



‘She fed us garlic! I’m popping and burning and melting!’ Mama Miloony erupted.

‘We’re squelching!’ the little loony moonies wailed.

Papa Moony stood there, shocked.





‘Are you done popping and burning and melting and squelching?’

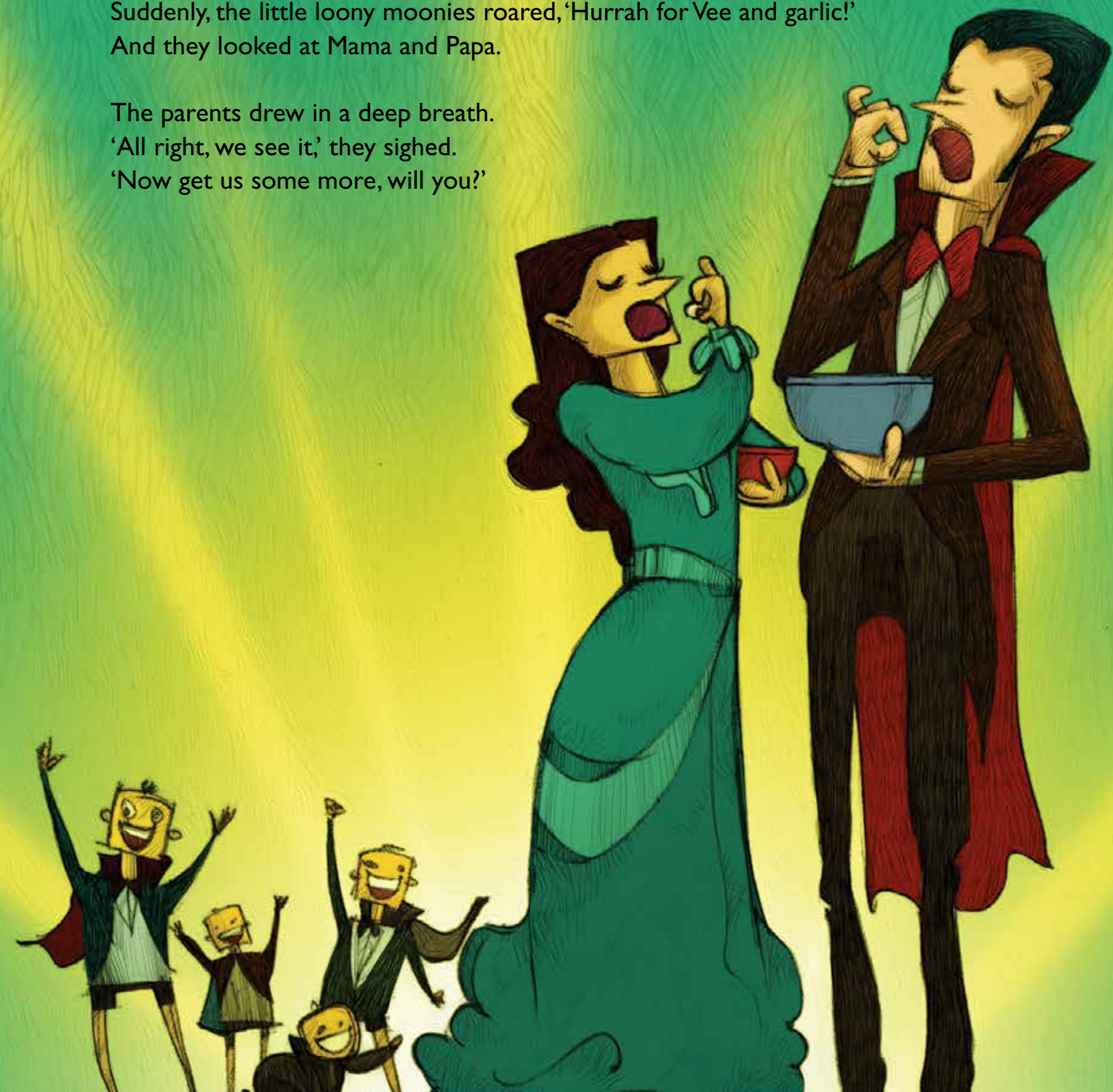
They looked. And touched. They seemed to be okay.

‘You’ve been eating garlic every day since you fell ill. And you are still standing strong. I hereby rest my case,’ said Vee with a flourish.

No one moved. No one blinked.

Suddenly, the little loony moonies roared, ‘Hurrah for Vee and garlic!’
And they looked at Mama and Papa.

The parents drew in a deep breath.
‘All right, we see it,’ they sighed.
‘Now get us some more, will you?’



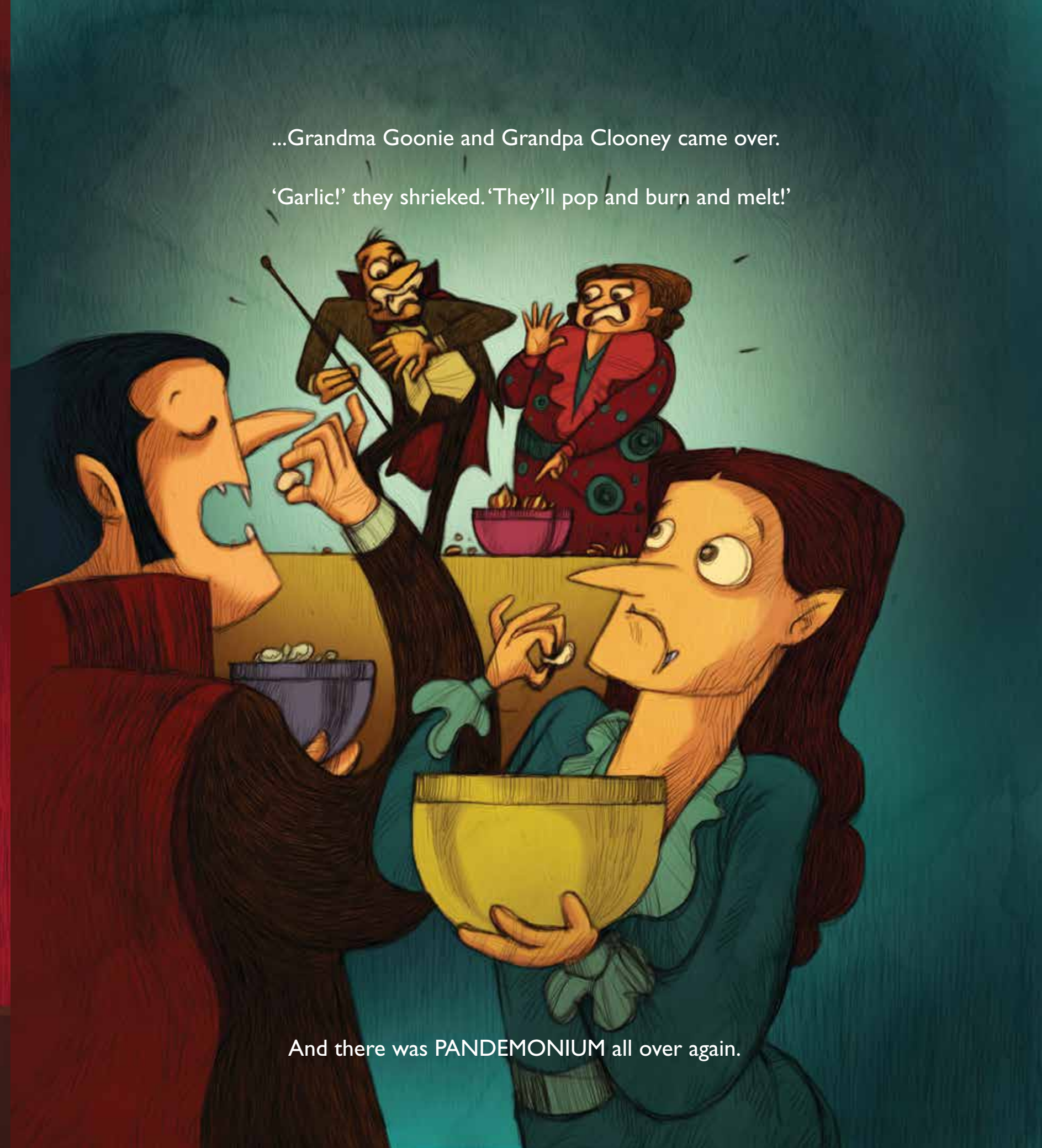
The family now had a delectable secret.



They went garlic-mad until the day...

...Grandma Goonie and Grandpa Clooney came over.

'Garlic!' they shrieked. 'They'll pop and burn and melt!'



And there was PANDEMONIUM all over again.



A NEW BEGINNING.

The Garlic Lovers

Front row, from left to right:

Snot, Glut, Batty, Ms. Fing (a distant cousin of Thing),
Dribble, Whine and Pi (the python).

Middle row, from left to right:

Miss Vee Noonie and Novi (her human friend).

Back row, from left to right:

Grandma Goonie, Papa Moony, Mama Miloony and
Grandpa Clooney.



Miss Vee Noonie loves garlic.
Her parents are determined to keep her away from it, come what may.
What does she do?

Dig into this groovy tale of love, conviction, perseverance and triumph.



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