

# Doctor Mooze

Published by bluechrome publishing

bluechrome publishing, PO Box 109, Portishead, Bristol BS20 7ZJ

First Edition 2003

Revised, Second Edition Published by bluechrome 2007

Copyright © Erik V Ryman 2007

Erik V Ryman has asserted his right under the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988 to be identified as the author of this work

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser. The original edition of this book was published in the name of 'Panton di Villa'. All the characters in this book are fictitious and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead is purely coincidental.

A CIP catalogue record for this book is  
available from the British Library

[www.bluechrome.co.uk](http://www.bluechrome.co.uk)

[www.erikryman.co.uk](http://www.erikryman.co.uk)

ISBN 978-1-906061-04-3

**Illustrations are by Sean Michael O'Brien, aged 11.**

# Doctor Mooze

*Erik Ryman*

*also by Erik Ryman*

the tsetsefly chronicles  
God's Game

## *Introduction*

*Doctor Mooze* was originally meant to be a short story, something that could be read to my then unborn son but, as with most things in life, it was not quite that simple. Instead it became the final diary of a ten-year-old boy, Pantón di Villa, and was published in his name...and man was he a brat.

Reviewers loved it, hated it, and weren't sure whether it was true or not. Too neat to be true, I think, was the general opinion - although no-one was really sure.

Which of course was the original intent.

But that was then, and as it is being reissued I thought I'd better come clean. At least this way Jack gets his dedication, even if it will be a while before I let him read it.

*Erik Victor Ryman*  
Spring 2007



*for Jack*





## Saturday 21st December

Hi! Welcome to my blog. I'm going to be writing it every day from now on until it gets really big. Then I'll sell advertising on it so millions of people read it.

OK, it's not on the internet yet, cos I haven't got round to learning how to do that, but I've got a copy of Word my Dad lifted from work and I know how to use it. I thought I'd wait 'til I've got a bit more and it's worth the effort. I can't see the point in learning how to do all that shit and then getting bored with writing this and it's all a waste - I mean, who's going to pay for advertising if there's only one or two pages?

Cool. I've done half a page already and it ain't *sooo* very hard. Man, that *sbennter* Matthews - he's in my class and he's been trying to do a blog for months and all he's got on it is stuff about his holiday in Portugal. Some of the pictures of women were cool - his Dad had done this sneaky thing where he took photos of Matthews' Mum on an air bed - well stupid she looked - and had made sure that there were these real cool girls in the background. Matthews used Coral Picture to cut his Mum out and put a pic of himself in the middle so it looked like these cool girls were checking him out. They looked German - well my brother Toto said so and he knows cos he's got these magazines hidden in his bedroom. It was *sooo* funny the other day when Mum started tidying his room, and he had to try and get her out. It was *sooo* cool, cos me and Toto were saying 'Hey Mum, there's someone at the door'. Then Toto said that he'd broken his foot and started hopping around and stuff like a real *nonno*. I was laughing, and Mum kept telling him to stop 'trying to be clever' which made me laugh even more cos he just looked *sooo* very stupid.

My blog's going to be about real things. I'm on my second page now and haven't even said what it is I like to do. Oh man, this is

going to be easy. Maybe I *will* learn that internet stuff so people can see it.

I'm going to shoot some rabbits now with Dad. We've got a problem with vermin and we're willing to take a responsible approach to managing it. That's what he told the smelly reporter when those hippy blokes with beards and those ugly women told on him to the papers and the radio people kept coming round to his work and telling lies about him.

We have to kill the rabbits when it's dark now so that no-one can see us and we've got to do it tonight because the man from the fur factory is coming round in the morning and he pays us money for them. My Dad says it's secret, so not to tell anyone, especially not reporters.

**Pantor**

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

