

Chronicles of the Monkey God Vol 1

This book is dedicated to The Monkey that lives in all of us, you know the one. No matter how bad an idea seems. No matter how much you know it's going to hurt... Here's to the little bastard inside who keeps shouting 'What could go wrong?'

You know you're far too serious, don't you? You are looking at me as if I knew the explosion would be that big. All judgmental and shit. It's not like it's something that won't grow back. Anyway, the ladies love a scar...

The Monkey

So it begins...



19 November

Okay, I'm writing this blog in an attempt to keep track of what is happening with my friend/companion, The Monkey. He has recently gone from being a totally id driven maniac to a more thoughtful maniac. I think there are changes happening to him and I can't think of a better way of cataloguing them. I will try to write daily updates (if anything interesting happens) and hopefully it will give me a better understanding, or at least something to take the piss out of him with.

Chronicles of the Monkey God Vol 1

At the moment The Monkey is sitting on the back of the sofa wearing a mask made of ham – he looks strangely like Justin Bieber...

20 November

Went in to wake up The Monkey this morning and found his teddy bear tied to the bed with black electrical tape and looking very much the worse for wear. The Monkey was still fast asleep with a very satisfied smile on his face. I knew it was a bad idea to let him download *50 Shades of Grey* onto his iPad. Cultural references he said... Just wanted to see what all of the fuss was about he said... My arse!

Me and The Monkey went to see *Skyfall*, the local cinema is running a load of Bond films over the next week. Nearly kicked off when the girl offered him Chunky Monkey ice cream – he doesn't like stereotypes (when it suits him...). Rescued it with Phish Food and a large box of butter popcorn but he kept giving the girl evils all the way to the screen...

22 November

The Monkey seems to be blaming me for the rain. I have tried explaining that I have no control over the weather, but he just wants me to, 'Switch it off.' Have to find something to amuse him. Is it too early for drink?...

To keep him happy I introduced The Monkey to the Xbox and Kinect. Great fun watching him playing *Rabbids Alive & Kicking*. Best bit was when he could see the Rabbid in the room with him on the TV then went mental trying to actually find it in the room. I nearly pissed myself! Although it did get less funny when he ran out and came back in with a hammer... Even though the Xbox is off now he keeps looking around the room suspiciously, and will lash out if I make a sudden movement.

I hope it stops raining soon...

23 November

There seems to be bad blood between The Monkey and next door's dog. I asked The Monkey what the problem was and he muttered something about being double crossed on a coke deal, and then told me to, 'Mind my own business, bitch.' Well at least he's not flinging shit about...

24 November

The Monkey has been on my eBay account and bid for a JCB. I really hope the bid doesn't win...

Chronicles of the Monkey God Vol 1

I'm sure The Monkey has been watching *Geordie Shore*... I heard drunken shouts of whey-aye coming from the living room but when I opened the door, he was watching *Family Guy*. Although he did have a guilty look on his face and the remote control was covered in monkey spit...

25 November

So, got to the bottom of the *Geordie Shore* thing. Apparently, The Monkey thought someone had shaved a bunch of Bonobo chimps and made a documentary about them. He couldn't watch it with me in the room because it embarrassed him so much (I think this may be a first for him). Since discovering that they are human he says he has gained new levels of contempt for our species...

Fook off Ryan



26 November

The Monkey has spent a lot of time on the internet this morning and he has concluded that we need a sacrifice to stop the rain. Worryingly, after seeing a picture of an Aztec temple, I don't think he is talking about giving up peanut M&Ms...

*

Found the beheaded corpse of The Monkey's teddy bear in the spare room. It was surrounded by a badly

Chronicles of the Monkey God Vol 1

drawn chalk pentagram and arcane symbols – most of which looked like cocks – and on the wall was written *FOOK OFF RYAN* in Magic Marker (I'm pretty sure it's supposed to say FUCK OFF RAIN). That's going to need several coats of paint to cover...

*

The Monkey is having Nam flashbacks. I think it was those shrooms he ate, although he has always banged on about having fought in the jungles of Southeast Asia. He has daubed his face with Marmite *camo* and is clenching a butter knife between his teeth as he hides in the hedge... at least I think it's Marmite...

It wasn't Marmite...

27 November

The Monkey is well pissed off. It's still raining despite the *sacrifice* and he has been banging about the house with his own personal storm cloud over his tiny head. He is back on the internet now and some of the occult sites he is viewing are a little disturbing. I do hope this doesn't lead to an escalation...

*

Had to go out for a bit leaving The Monkey to his research, he had rounded up all the occult books from my bookcase and was partially buried in them. It stopped raining while I was out and, on the way back there were even patches of blue sky in the distance. When I got home I checked for booby traps and found The Monkey sitting waiting for me with a big smirk plastered across his face. He pointed out that the rain had stopped and therefore he was obviously awesome and all powerful. I pointed out that it was still grey and that there were still minor showers. He dismissed that and, rightly, said that it was no longer coming down like a biblical flood, and so this time he had won. That made me nervous – this time meant he had done something else.

My immediate concern was for the cat, so I ran upstairs but she is fast asleep under the bath. Then with growing trepidation I approached the spare room... Inside is a similar scene to yesterday except his teddy bear is lying spread eagled in the centre of a pentagram and has a pork chop gaffa taped to its chest out of which is sticking one of the kitchen knives. The wall now reads *I MEEN IT – FOOK OFF RYAN*.

I went back downstairs, pretty relieved to be honest, to find him sitting on the back of the sofa wearing the teddy bear's head like some trophy. Smug bastard. He's going to be unbearable for the rest of the day...

28 November

Well, the sky is blue again and The Monkey is very pleased with himself. He is currently sitting on the fence and tormenting next door's dog who is locked in the house – I can hear the barking from here. I sewed the teddy bear's head back on (at The Monkeys request) after stuffing it with old socks. And despite it smelling of pork chops I think he had his way with it again last night.

I spent the morning cleaning up the spare room and painting the wall. There is a black spot, about the size of a 50p, in the middle of where the pentagram was on the floor. I asked The Monkey about it and he was evasive telling me that it was a small rift in the space time continuum and that I should vacuum around it. I think he has burnt the carpet, although the spot is very very black...

29 November

Ordered The Monkey a little *Kill 'em all and let God sort 'em out!* T-shirt – the postman has just delivered it. He looks extremely cute. At the moment he is showing next door's dog – by showing I mean he is pointing to the T-shirt then to the dog and drawing his finger across his throat. He also seems to have got some mirrored aviator sunglasses from somewhere...

*

A large, aggressive looking youth stole The Monkey's pasty as we sat on the harbour wall. He had underestimated simian speed though. The Monkey grabbed him by the hoodie and as the youth frantically tried to hold onto the pasty and run off, The Monkey smashed his head repeatedly against a bin. He then sat on the unconscious would-be thief and finished the pasty while giving the youth's mates a murderous stare. I went to get a drink and was away for about fifteen minutes because there was a queue, and when I came back there were several crying children and distraught parents. The youth had gone, and The Monkey was lounging on the harbour wall smoking a cigar and swinging a pair of trainers around and around...

*

Heard The Monkey shrieking with laughter in the living room. He has drawn a shit moustache on a random reality show personality on the TV screen. Handlebar, I think...

30 November

Since the arrival of The Monkey the cat has taken to sleeping under the bath. I think The Monkey quite likes the cat, he doesn't try to grab her tail or force feed her with screws or any of his usual ice breakers. Although I do think he would try to have sex with her if she wasn't armed and dangerous...

*

Took The Monkey for an Indian. He demanded a vindaloo – I told him it was going to be too hot but he called me a pussy, so I gave in. Well, when the chilli hit, he went bat shit and started throwing samosas at the other diners and drinking everyone's yoghurt and mint dip. Then he emptied a water jug over his head, and we had to do a runner which he thought was hilarious. I've locked the bastard in the car boot to teach him a lesson, but I can still hear him laughing.

1 December

The repercussions from last night have been surprisingly mild. The Monkey didn't consume enough of the vindaloo to cause excessive toilet antics and he seems quite philosophical about the ride home in the car boot. I'm guessing he thinks it a good trade off against the mayhem he caused.

He has been very quiet this morning though, that always makes me nervous. I think he is up in the spare room – probably plotting something terrifying...

*

Walked in on The Monkey whacking off to *Tinga Tinga Tales* on CBeebies. He had it paused on the monkey character. I sneaked back out before he saw me – I didn't have the heart to tell him that the monkey character is male...

Maybe he knows...?

2 December

The Monkey has spent most of today on the Xbox again, this time playing *Call of Duty Black Ops*. He is scarily good at it. Although he has had most fun playing online co-op games. He waits until the game gets to a really crucial point and then goes totally spaz shooting anything and everything around him and

Chronicles of the Monkey God Vol 1

blowing up all the explosives he has collected, killing everyone. This has resulted in strings of expletives from the other players that I never even imagined could go together. The Monkey just finds it all massively funny and rolls around on the floor laughing before logging back in under a different user name. There will be some angry young men not having sex with their imaginary girlfriends tonight...

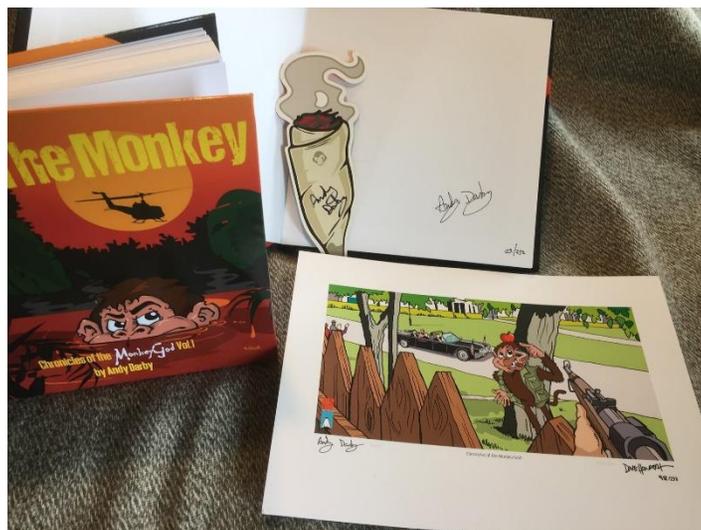
Chronicles of the Monkey God Vol 1



Available in hardback and as a Kindle e-book at

<http://getbook.at/MeandTheMonkey>

or from all good bookshops



Signed and numbered collector's edition also available with signed and numbered limited edition promotional print.

<https://www.etsy.com/uk/listing/1049414209/monkey-business-book-collectors-pack>

Chronicles of the Monkey God Vol 1

Copyright ©July 2021

I, Andy Darby, hereby assert and
give notice of my rights under section 77 of the
Copyright, Design and Patents Act, 1988
to be identified as the author of this work.

All Rights Reserved. No part of this publication
may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system
or transmitted at any time by any means
electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or
otherwise, without prior permission of the publisher.

All characters in this publication are fictitious and
any resemblance to real persons, living or dead,
is purely coincidental.

Cover art by Dave Howarth www.hmdesigners.com

ISBN: 978-1-9160845-9-9

published by www.badpress.ink