

# SAMPLE EXCERPTS

## **HOW TO PICK UP WOMEN WITH A DRUNK SPACE NINJA**

(BOOK ONE IN THE ADVENTURES OF DUKE LAGRANGE)

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A loud crash rang through Cyborg Joe's. It was the sound that a penguin makes when you put it in a blender and then drop it on a landmine.

Sprinkles dropped the ninja and his hammer fell from attack position.

Duke was standing on the top of the table, drawing the bewildered stares of the two Jungafallowians and Lilly, the anthropomorphic musk ox from one of the moons of Gartosh. The Trampling Death Robot frontman glared directly at the Stetson-wearing humanoid with his firearm in plain sight. But it wasn't the laser revolver that he held firmly in his hand—it was Ol' Betsy, smoke still curling from the barrel. The shotgun pointed not at the musical goliath but at the ceiling of Cyborg Joe's.

*Hopefully that broke the tension.*

Duke figured that Sprinkles didn't really want to kill Ishiro'shea; however, not killing him would be detrimental to his reputation and, thus, his musical career—and he needed a way to divert the focus away from this powder keg. Of course, there was always the possibility of the explosion triggering the robot to drop the hammer instinctively, in the process creating the galaxy's first ninja pancake. Luckily for all involved, Duke's lightning-quick psychoanalysis was spot on. He gambled—and the early returns were favorable.

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## **HOW TO WIN AT PIT FIGHTING WITH A DRUNK SPACE NINJA**

(BOOK TWO IN THE ADVENTURES OF DUKE LAGRANGE)

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*[Introduction music ends and title screen dissolves. Broadcast opens with shot of the announcers.]*

Zelarious Zan Alon: Hello, everyone in the universe! And welcome to the one hundredth annual Tournament of the Shield of the Colossal Calamari, live here on Psitakki. I'm Zelarious Zan Alon and, man, I tell you, I am honored to be here calling this exciting tournament. You are in for a treat, my friends. You won't see anything like it again, I can promise that. And to help me call the action is the best color commentator in the business. He's a veteran of over forty-two thousand broadcasts that span everything from the Slinky Racing Nationals to the Extreme Armadillo Juggling Grand Prix to Paint Drying Watching Battles on Gorma Gorma Zed. Yes, you know him, you love him—it's everyone's favorite spunky little android, Randy!

Randy: Thank you for that kind introduction, Zel. Beep. I'm ready to see some pain and suffering. And I don't just mean from your play-by-play call. Boop. Beep.

Zelarious Zan Alon: Oh wow, starting out strong, Randy.

Randy: That's what Mrs. Zan Alon said last night. Beep.

Zelarious Zan Alon: Let's leave that monster out of this, because we have sixteen other monsters that we need to talk about today. In a few moments, the final Grand Entrance will happen and we—along with the thousands in attendance—will lay eyes on the combatants that are fighting for that unbelievable prize, a shield of Grozzel. It's a million years old and is the last of the artifacts that helped Grozzel save the people of Psitakki from those mysterious shadow demon invaders.

The previous ninety-nine have been lost to time, along with their owners, but we get to see the final one handed out. Pretty special, huh, Randy?

Randy: Sure. Beep.

Zelarious Zan Alon: Before the introductions start, here's a word from our sponsor. Uncle Tofu's Adventure Land—It Won't "Meat" Your Expectations, It Will "Meat Substitute" Them!

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## **HOW TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE WITH A DRUNK SPACE NINJA**

(BOOK THREE IN THE ADVENTURES OF DUKE LAGRANGE)

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"Duke, baby! How are you?" shouted the overweight Tardasian bondsman. "I recognized the *Deus* on the scanner so I wanted to drop by and say hello. What are the odds? Then I saw that you were in some trouble with those damn Jungafallowians. I'm glad I could be of service."

"You have such a big heart. Were you doing us a favor last time when you set us up? We flew right into a damn Four I's trap. Or when you sold out to those bastards? That base they built on Tardasio 7 almost killed us too. In fact, it might have killed..." Duke trailed off. He didn't want to finish his sentence. Sol didn't need to know about his family issues. And Duke didn't want to think about his biological father's death at the hands of the Four I's.

"What?" replied Sol, dumbstruck.

"They might have killed some friends of mine."

"Look, look, look," Sol stammered, "I made some mistakes. I got into some bad dealings. But it's over now, I promise."

"Sol, you're in one of their damn ships!"

“This thing? I forgot it’s one of theirs, to be honest. It was part of my deal with you-know-who. I get him easy access to T7, he gives me a really fast ship.”

“LePaco?”

“Like I said, I made some bad deals. But I’m done with that. I mean, c’mon, why would I have saved your sorry behinds if I was trying to weasel my way into a secret life of lavish safety? Makes no sense, LaGrange.”

“Yeah, it does,” Duke replied swiftly.

“What are you talkin’ about?”

“You got rid of those clowns, not because you noticed that we were here, but because you didn’t want them to get better seats at the Trampling Death Robots concert.”

“What? That’s preposterous. That’s way outta left field, even for you.”

“Is it?”

“Yeah, crazy town. You might need to get yourself checked out, Duke.”

“Sol, I can see Wanda from here. I can see the writing on her shirt: ‘I’d Dismember Koalas for Sprinkles’.”

“That’s a different Sprinkles, Duke,” Sol shot back. “Total coincidence.”

“She has a souvenir foam hammer on her hand. You know, like Sprinkles.”

The bondsman chewed his bottom lip. It was clear he was trying to think of a cover.

“Her hat literally says, ‘My Boyfriend is Such a Big TDR Fan that He Would Blow Up a Ship Just to Get Better Seats’.”

“Fine, LaGrange. You got me. I just really hate those guys. They’re loud and obnoxious.”

“Then why are you going to their concert?”

“Not the Robots, you idiot, those Jungafallowian fan clubs. They ruin it for everyone.”

“We agree there, Sol.”

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