

OAKEE   
DOAKEE

(Adventure Two)

Titles available in the Oakee Doakee series  
(in reading order):

*Oakee Doakee and the Hate Wave*

*Oakee Doakee and the Ego Bomb*

(available through *physical* and *cyber* bookstores everywhere!)

# OAKEE DOAKEE

*and the Ego Bomb*

Written and illustrated

by

Sir Ed Word



*CheckPoint  
Press*

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This book is dedicated to  
the big, brave  
***Oakee Doakee***  
in you.



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## ~PROLOGUE~

(That is: a *before-the-story*;  
not to be confused with a **pro log**,  
a professional log used for  
the Scottish sport of  
logrolling)

Last time we heard about Oakee Doakee (last summer holidays) he had just returned from a fantastic adventure which had taken him from the heights of the heavens to the depths of the underworlds; and from the dangers of wild jungles and cities to the glorious greatness of the Creator's own dwelling in the high heart of the universe.

Somebody might wonder how a little boy could ever get involved in such wonderful adventures. Normally, people live normal, uneventful lives, never dreaming that they could someday help save the world. Well, *somebody* should know that Oakee is not a normal person at all, but a highly honored prince of the Heavenly Mother Empress's universal realm. And anyone who knows anything about universal realm princes knows that their lives are anything but uneventful; in fact, they go around helping to save the world practically every day!

Somebody might also wonder why this little boy has a name that sounds like slang for *okay*. Well, *somebody* should know that his name actually has a deep and meaningful heritage. His family

name, Doakee, stems from an ancient Celtic word, *doakee*, meaning *prone to adventure*. His first name is an old Scottish abbreviation for *oak tree*, and was sometimes used to refer to someone with a deep, strong character.

On top of all this, somebody might dare to wonder how this little boy could ever again get into something that seemed like a really fantastic adventure, after all he's already been through. Well *somebody* had better sit back and listen carefully, because Oakee Doakee's adventures have only just begun. . . .



## A Strange Meeting

Like so many of Oakee’s adventures, this one began out in the garden. Now, this is not a magical garden, as might be supposed, but it does have super **vibrations** – that is, it is a little bit heavenly. This is why Oakee liked so much to play there, and did so almost every day.

This particular day was the day after his birthday. He had celebrated it with his many friends; big friends, like aunties and uncles, and little friends about his size, who were all like his brothers and sisters. They had had a big birthday cake with lots of candles. It was so big that everyone could eat two or three pieces each. There were presents for all the children, and many colorful balloons.

Oakee was now playing with one of these balloons, a big red one with a picture of an elephant, and suddenly the wind caught it and carried it out to the far corner of the garden. The grass was very high over there, even higher than Oakee’s head, so he went slowly through in search of the balloon. Normally, he never ventured into this part of the garden. It was very far from the house, the swings, and the other nice playing places, and it was so wild and overgrown. Now, he wondered why he had not come here sooner.

“This is a very interesting place,” he said to himself, as he

made his way carefully through the dense green and yellow stalks. Sometimes he would come across an old, twisted piece of wood, or a bunch of wild flowers, or a big rock hidden away in the grass jungle. Once, he climbed up onto one of these little rock mountains to try catching a glimpse of the balloon, but all he saw was a sea of grass swaying in the wind all around him.

Then a drop of cold rain hit his cheek.

“I’d better be getting back to the house . . . if I can find my way back,” he muttered. The rain started coming down faster as he jumped down from the rock.

As he landed, he thought he heard a little voice cry *OW!*

“What?” said Oakee, standing very still and wondering if he was just imagining things.

“I said OW!” came the little voice again. And then it added, “Please get off my tail!”

Oakee looked down and then, in great surprise, fell backwards onto his bottom. There before him sat a fat little brown mouse, rubbing his tail vigorously between his two little hands, staring at Oakee with his two shiny little eyes.

