

a tale of milk
and monsters by
Woodrow Phoenix
and Robin Price

Count Milkula



MÖGZILLA

For AXEL and EMIL - w.p.

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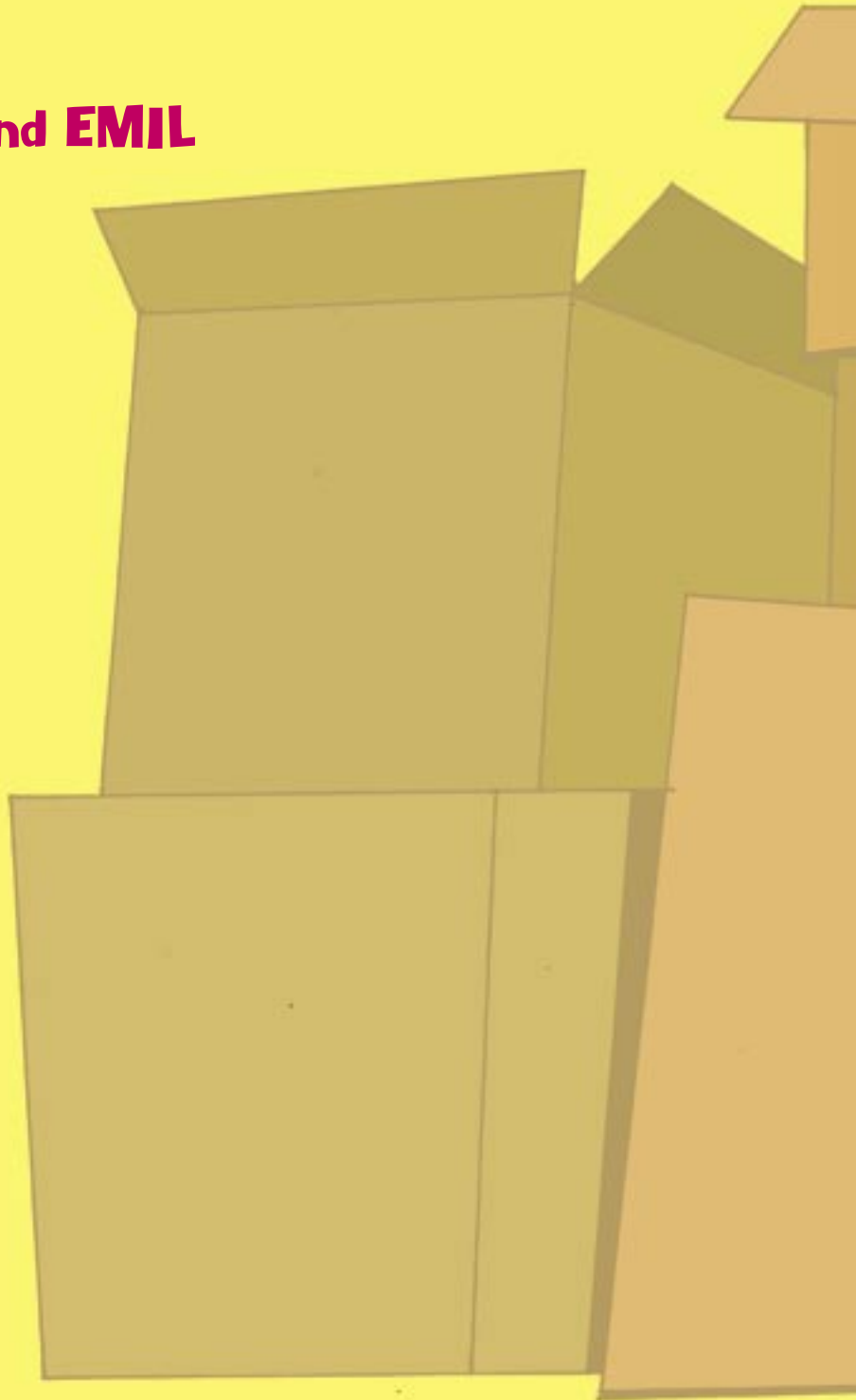
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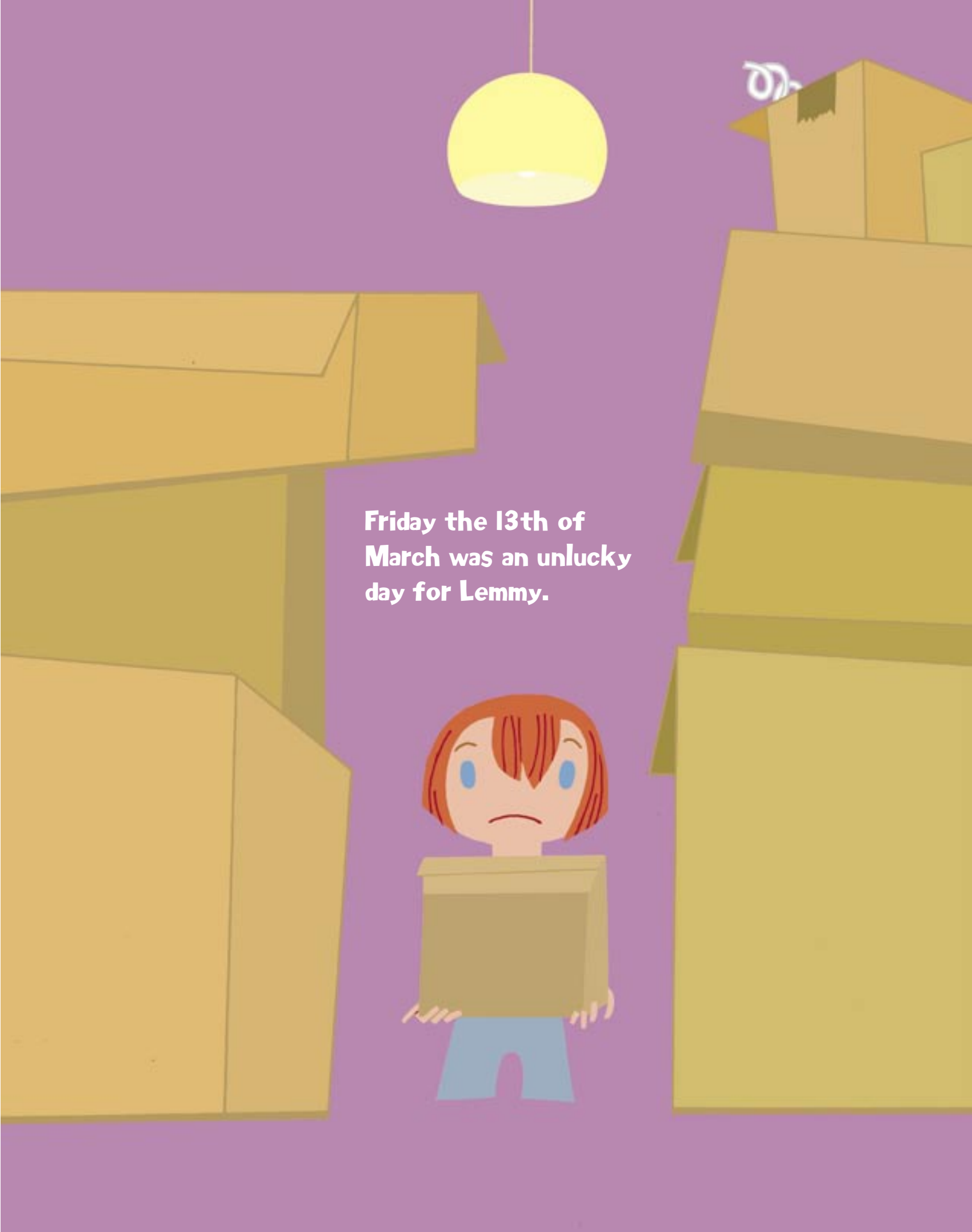
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**Friday the 13th of
March was an unlucky
day for Lemmy.**



It was the day he gained a new baby brother called Callum, but lost a perfectly good bedroom.



**Lemmy's new room was
much bigger but not better.
His box of building straws
was nowhere to be found.**



**The smell of new paint gave him a headache.
And there was a huge moth in the wardrobe.**

That night...

'What are you doing up, Lemmington? It's half past eight.'

'I hate it up there. Why does Gally have to have my room?' asked Lemmy. Gran had an answer for everything.



'You see, Babies need small rooms, not big rooms like you.'



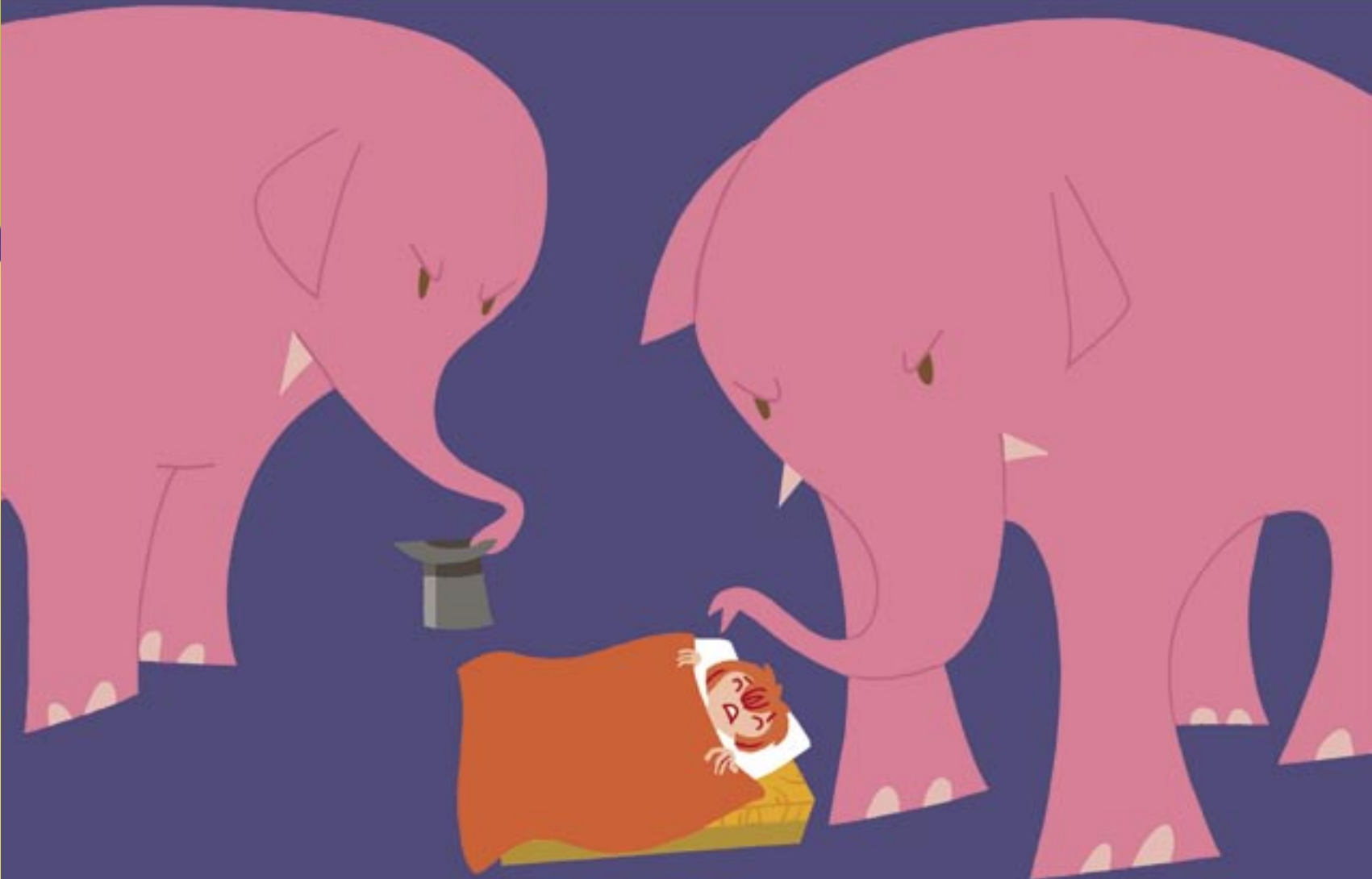
'Would you give a worm a Top hat?' asked Gran. 'No,' said Lemmy.

'Would you keep an elephant in a goldfish bowl?' 'I suppose not,' said Lemmy.



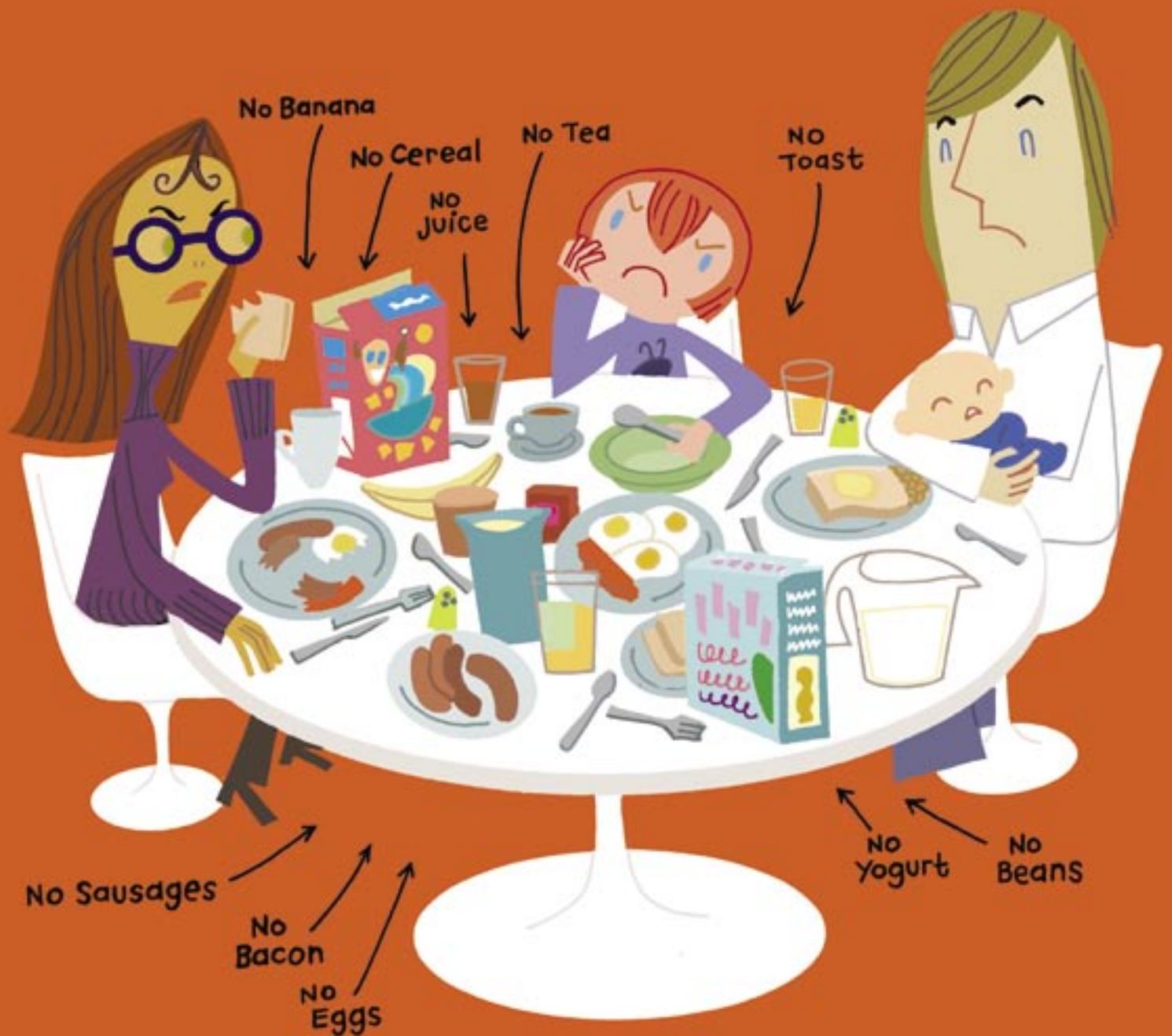
'They've stuck me upstairs so they can forget about me,' said Lemmy.

'No they didn't, dear. New babies are very exciting. Your parents will get bored with him in a while. You'll see.'



That night in his new room, Lemmy didn't sleep too well. In his dreams, elephants stood around his bed threatening to stuff him into a top hat.

In the morning there were lots of things for breakfast but Lemmy didn't want to eat any of them. And Cally was crying.



**'Come on Count Milkula! Drink your milky!' said Daddy to Cally.
'Maybe I'll have some of that,' muttered Lemmy.
'No. That's Cally's milk. You're too grown up for it,' said Mummy.
'Have some tasty orange juice, Lemmington!' said Daddy.
'It's full of vitamins,' said Mummy.**



Daddy held the glass of juice out and Lemmy reached for it... Somehow the orange juice fell into the jug of milk and the yogurt went all over the table.

Lemmy didn't know how it had happened. They sent him to his room anyway.

Gran went up to see him. ‘ Look at you. What a sorry sight!’

‘It’s his fault. I’m up here because of him.’

‘Cally’s only a baby.’

‘So why did Daddy call him Count Milkula?’

‘Don’t ask!’

‘Why not?’ said Lemmy.

‘Count Milkula? That’s a blood curdling tale. I’m not sure if you’re old enough to hear it.’

‘Please!’

‘Oh all right. Count Milkula it is then. But don’t go telling your mother you heard it from me.’

Gran took a deep breath and said:

‘Count Milkula...is the King of the Mampires.’

**‘What are Mampires?’
gasped Lemmy.**

**‘Miserable milk-crazed creatures from the Monotonous Mountains of Mamsylvania,’
Gran replied.**



**“Count Milkula
only comes out at night,
His two front fangs
are a fearful sight,
He sleeps all day in a wooden box,
Nobody knows how he lost his sock,
Milk is the only thing he needs
And every day he needs four feeds
Or five or six in his milky maw,
But the count can’t count,
so he can’t be sure,
So his milk-crazed cries
will wake the night,
till his two front fangs
drink something white.”**



**“And woe betide, if
he sucks on **YOU...**”**



“...For
YOU’ll
turn into a
Mampire
too!”