

The Larry and Harry Story
Excerpt

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Similar to any old story, it all began one gloomy and stormy morning, the thick grey clouds engulfed the usually sunny day. Lightning violently cackled throughout the dark clouds high above, thunder roared down, frightening those below and shaking objects in its path. Inside his house, there a lonely imaginative writer sat, etching two silly-looking cartoon characters at his desk. At the top of the sheet of paper, a rough title said; the Larry and Harry Story. A brief idea of what the story entailed and was giving a rough sketch of what each one would look like.

On the left half of the sheet, the first character was complete along with the name Larry hovering above. He had big oval eyes, round u-shaped chin, three strains of hair. Completing him off was a tiny smirk, like he had just heard something funny. The writer was just giving the other, who he named Harry, the finishing touches; the last few strains of hair from the ears. The lights dimmed and flickered as the man remarked. "Oh, Harry, if you could only hear my thoughts..." That was when a ferocious lightning bolt struck his home, frying the power and temporarily knocking him out cold. He fell down to the floor, there, clenched in his fist, a torn crumbled paper where Harry's picture now was...

Meanwhile inside his head was a story unfolding, using his own personal experience, he had an average mid-twenties guy was sitting on his old dirty couch laughing and enjoying his Saturday morning cartoons ritual, sheltering himself from the dreaded storm. The loud cartoon noises muffled the terrifying thunder trying to rumble within.

Then, out of nowhere, a lightning bolt struck the house; the energy soared through the power cables and lead all the way to the television set, where the screen began to illuminate. The lights rapidly flickered on and off and the flustered looking man suddenly jumped out of his seat muttering obscene profanities under his breath.

"Damn TV's fried out," As he took a step forward to presumably bang his fist on the tube but before he reached the set, a blinding bright yellow glow lunged out for him and sucked him straight inside instead.

His dog began to bark just as another man had entered the house, immediately coming to the dog's aid. Gently petting the troubled animal hoping to calm the animal's nerves, "What is it boy, where's Larry hiding?" Looking yonder seeing the glow forming from the living room and his right eyebrow rose with suspicion. Only out of sheer curiosity and with caution in his footings did he make his way into the room to see the shimmering television set.

"What the..." He was cut off by the colorful yellow light pouncing out for him and sucking him into the TV as well. He then landed hard on his butt in a bizarre looking land. Much to his surprise, he was no longer human looking, now outlined in rough pencil etching, complete with two big eyes, a big nose underneath it, a U-shaped lower half face two stuck out ears and three strands of hair on top and on each side of his head, his clothes were just a plain off-white T-shirt and black pants.

Rubbing his dazed head, jaw dropped with shock as he spun all the way around; the whole area was the same, very low detail sketch drawings with simple colors to shade it in. "Ok, what happened?" he asked himself, since no one else was around for the moment.

"Umm, no, I asked you?" He looked towards the sky, very crazy man it appeared, responded to whatever it was that he heard. "Yeah, I heard you, now answer me, where in the world am I?" He stood there impatiently, waiting for whatever he heard to respond. "You're damn right I'm impatient, stop describing what I'm doing and toss me some answers." Ok, something very crazy must have been with this man, who was he talking to, continuing to stand there tapping his foot on the ground. Eventually lost his cool-head and shouted, "No, I lost it when you didn't answer the first time and rambled on, who are you?"

It was clear this man wasn't talking to anyone around him, perhaps some voice inside his over imaginative mind. Nothing more than a figment of his elusive imagination who apparently was narrating his every action much like an author would in a story. "Author, of what, and who's the character?" the man asked the presence that could not be seen by anyone else but himself. "No, I can't see you, but sure can hear your thoughts, it's driving me bonkers."

His friend, looking almost identical like him, just minus the three strands of hair coming out of each ear, came rushing over when he saw from the distance, someone landing in the exact spot he landed a little over an hour ago. Recognizing something about his pal of many years, he exclaimed "Harry, is that you?"

The mystified man smiled with joy, relieved to see and hear a familiar face in this unusual place. Glaring up for a brief moment towards some unknown entity, shrugging it off to greet his friend, "Larry, where the in blue-blazes are we?" And inquired about the mystery voice he'd been hearing "and do you hear a strange voice?"

Larry came across as a little perplexed to the last part of Harry's greeting, "Voice, no I haven't, I'm sorry." He hugged his best friend from the real world, not thinking about it anymore "So, you got sucked in as well huh? Well there goes my hope of someone finding me soon."

"Well, Ruffle's was barking up a storm when I got there, so the neighbors should be getting annoyed soon and call the cops."

Larry didn't seem to share the same optimistic joy as his pal with that idea. Was about to explain why as Harry diverted his attention, peering all around, over the tiniest of ledges, like he was looking for something. "Yeah, I'm looking for your whereabouts, how can you see us but we cannot see you?" curiously asking the sky once more.

"Dude, what are you babbling about?"

"This voice I told you about." Harry couldn't locate this mysterious person, but seeing shadows creating by trees, the poorly illustrated scenery made it difficult to see things from afar. "Ooh, going to make it a challenge are we now?" Noticing his friend seemed awfully troubled by his delusional mannerism, Harry tried to explain. "I know you think I'm delusional, so let's skip this part ok."

Baffled, Larry stammered to reply. "What, I don't know what you mean."

"Save it, the voice told me, told you, it's saying what we're doing and out loud." The crazed man, who must have been talking about the government conspiracy tried to convince his friend to join his demented proposal. "Oh, is that who you are; the government?"

Larry shook his head, and then tried to calm his friend down with some bad news. "Harry, before you go all nuts..."

Harry interjected Larry's statement, "You're about to tell me something bad right, that's what the voice told me."

The puzzled friend hesitated, "I was going to say both neighbors are out of town until tomorrow night and won't hear Ruffles barking to call for help. So I guess technically that's bad news for us."

Harry let loose a long-drawn out sigh; full of disappointment; he then took another look around, but not for this mystery voice, just a peek around his surroundings. Trying to figure out where he was and how they came to be like they are now. He then asked, hoping for some answers, "Damn right for some answers."

Startled, Larry took a step back from his demented friend, "Huh?"

Harry quickly apologized "Sorry Larry, I wasn't yelling at you, this annoying presence in my ear. Do you have any clue where we are? Looks like some weird cartoon to me, very poorly drawn one at that too."

Larry began to walk, signaling his friend to follow, "Well, when I landed I heard some noises coming from over this way. So I went towards the commotion, thinking I could get some help. I discovered this" They were almost to the top of the grainy green hill, the eventually reached the top to oversee a small,

blocky shaped town, all looking like it was drawn with pencil, shaded in and colored in with some pencil crayons. The city populated with people that had the same big eye and nose features as these two. Poorly illustrated cars driving up and down the graphite road, presumably if you saw this on the television, it was a cartoon city. "I think we got sucked into my television and transported to this Cartoon Land."

"Like a dimensional portal?" Harry sounded both intrigued and scared of the suggestion. "More intrigued at the moment, don't worry though, I'm sure I'll get being scared in a few."

"Huh?" Larry was still confused by his friends off hand remarks to himself. He himself still hadn't heard this mystery voice that his buddy Harry proclaiming to have been hearing since he landed. So whenever Harry sudden holler out at random, it spooked him.

"And it won't shut up either!" Harry glanced up towards the sky for a brief moment, and then back to his friend, "It's just that constant bantering I keep hearing."

Larry still shaking his head over that matter, he knew his friend was always slightly weird, but he never knew how much. And this sort of behavior was a borderline reason they toss crazy people in the Looney institutes to being with.

"Hey, you think I'm crazy?"

Still shocked from denial, thinking Harry was just pulling his leg, he started to question that denial when he responded to his thoughts, things this man couldn't possible have known. "Why would you ask me that?"

"That's what the voice just narrated" he then proceeded to repeat what Larry had thought, exactly word for word "Oh, sure, don't repeat what I said huh, skip it over why don't you." Staring his pal, seeing the dread in his eyes "I swear it." he desperately tried his finest to convince his friend that he in fact wasn't nuts and there was in fact a voice he heard.

Larry thought for a moment, and then he had an idea on what the voice could be, "A Narrator maybe?"

"Yeah, he's telling us what we're doing and thinking."

Larry took a few minutes to marinate the thought over in his head, but then realized, shoot, he better not think, his friend Harry will know by this weird voice only he can hear, he had one thought slip up, why couldn't he hear the voice and that he was both jealous and afraid for his friend.

"Don't fret my friend, it's just a voice, what could it possibly do? And if it is just a narrator, it doesn't control the story, right?"

"Beat's me, but until we know for sure, I'd say be nice to it."

Harry had a suspicious expression, he peered into his friend Larry's soul for a second, "Did you just say that, or was it the voice controlling you to say that because it wants me to be nice to it?"

Larry once again just shook his head and replied, "No, that was me, if this voice can control us, I rather we be nice to it so it will help us find a way home."

Harry nodded, agreeing to the idea that could be helpful, "So now what do we do sit and wait or venture forth into the unknown?" He waited for a response from his friend.

Larry quickly responded with an idea, "I think we should head into town and take a look around. Maybe something will come up down there."

Harry nodded as his tummy began to rumble, it was hungry, "Good idea, I'm also starving."

They headed down the hill and made their way towards the penciled sketched, lightly colored town, they reached the outskirts where the welcome sign stood tall, and it read: Welcome to Cartoon Town, Population: 15000 characters.

Larry turned to face his friend and replied, "I guess that gives a little explanation, we're in a cartoon."

"And poorly drawn too, and not to mention, poorly narrated." Harry seemed quite bitter at something, "Not something, you! You damn voice, get out of my head!" He took a step forward and

then fell flat on his face; it had to have hurt, some red chalk, representing blood, poured a little bit out of his nose. "It did hurt thanks."

Larry helped his pal back to his feet, "Who are you arguing with?"

"That voice I keep convincing you is around." Harry dusted himself off, and then stopped, "Maybe I won't dust myself off, huh." He then remained motionless for the next few minutes, only he knew what he was up too, but it made his buddy with him a tad on the nervous side. "Oh relax Larry, I'm not going crazy, I figured if I just stay here and do absolutely nothing I won't hear that voice anymore."

Larry, even more worried for his friends sanity had to say something.

Harry cut him off before he could, like he knew exactly what he was about to say, "Of course I know exactly what he is about to say because you say it first." He then looked at his cautious comrade, "Don't worry; be happy."

Larry knew deep down this wasn't getting them anywhere, the only way they would ever find their way out of this mess is if they kept moving forward with the story, because eventually, the plot will thicken and answers will be solved.

"But what page will the plot be revealed on?" Harry looked up, what he was mumbling about; he was making folks wary around him, as they scattered across to the other side just to walk on by.

Larry grabbed a hold of Harry's arm and dragged him to the closest fast food establishment they could see, it was a Taco Bell. "Here, hope you're in the mood for a taco."

"Just think outside the bun." Harry quoted with a smile; he took a seat at one of the available tables, then got up walked over to two friends eating and sat down with them. The people in this town were friendly, but not to creeps, the one that he had sat beside finally spoke up after staring at him for a minute.

"Excuse me; we're trying to enjoy our meals, in private." The guy next to Harry, didn't try to sound rude, but he wasn't impressed with this man either.

Harry smiled, "My bad, just trying to annoy this voice inside my head, carry on."

Both men looked at one other thinking, oh dear, a crazy man is at our table, what are the odds, Harry leaned over to the one beside him, "You're thinking I'm fanatical, I know, but it's true. I can only assume you can't hear him, so thanks for the experiment." He then stood up, appearing to be slightly disappointed his bizarre plan had crumbled. "I'm not disappointed; I'm just trying to figure you out."

Without disturbing any other patrons, he returned to his first table of choice and waited for Larry to bring the food, whistling off tune to himself. "That's just your opinion; I think I sound rather on key."

A random elderly gentleman leaned closer, overhearing the deranged youngster spewing off to his lonesome self "pardon me sonny, but you're humming is quite terrible, I would appreciate it if you would stop. Heck, I rather listen to your teenage rap music than whatever you called that nonsense."

"Point taken voice, I got the hint."

The teenagers working behind the wall and in the kitchen were goofing off and trying to create some havoc, so they best decided they would spit in the soft taco supreme's that were just ordered and go watch the patron eat it and have a great laugh. Larry took the tray with the food and brought it over to a hungry Harry as he took the hard taco supreme's and left Larry with the soft spitted-in tacos.

Larry unwrapped the taco that the two punks in the back spat in and they were peeking around the corner to witness the fun and slowly brought it to his mouth, he was about to sink his teeth right in when Harry stopped him, "Wait dude, those punks hiding around the corner there spat in that one."

Larry looked at him like, how could you have possibly seen that event take place, Harry answered the question without it being asked, "I heard the narrator say those kids spat in the soft taco supreme."

Larry paused, looked at the tasty taco in his grasp and then asked, "Well, was it in all three or just one?"

Harry thought for a moment, like he was trying to read the pages of a book that had no pages, "I think just the one." It was in fact just one, but which one he did not know, could be the one in his hand,

it could be the second, heck, or the third he wasn't quite sure, the only thing he did know, that one of them had a juicy glob of spit in it.

"Well, is the voice hinting at a certain one?" Larry, waiting for a response from his friend who just sat there, listening to what he thought was a voice in his head.

Harry lost some of his patience waiting, "No, it's just toying with my mind now." He took a bite out of his hard taco, that was when it occurred to him, did the voice in fact say soft, or was it hard taco, and if it said hard, was it the one he was biting down on at that particular moment in time, "Just great." Was the only thing the man said as he stopped eating his taco, looked at it, tried to see the inside and then just dropped in onto the tray it came on. "And I'm done eating. So, why are we here, what exactly happened at your house? And this voice, why can only I hear him?"

"Let's figure out one problem at a time shall we?"

Harry agreed, to him however, which one of the problems superseded the other, was it the way home, or a constant voice inside his head, narrating not only his, but his surroundings. That kind of crazy could send someone like Harry over the edge, if he wasn't on the brink of it already "Oh pipe down, we're going with a way home. It's the better choice, two birds with one stone."

"True, the sooner we get home and back to reality, hopefully that voice will go with it."

Larry tried his best to recall the event that took place at his home that cause them to be sent here, trapped as a cartoon; in a place called Cartoon Town. Larry couldn't quite recall what exactly happened; the lightning bolt that struck his house seemed to have given him amnesia.

"Done, a lightning bolt hit your place. But what does that have to do with warping us, man; I wish I paid more attention in science class."

Larry, starting to believe the lunatic in front of him a bit more now, "How did you know there was a lightning bolt?"

Harry, sounding like a broken record explained once again, "The voice narrated it while you were trying to remember, oh, by the way, you have amnesia from the accident."

"Would explain why I can't remember what happened then."

"Exactly, now, to think of a way back" Then an idea dawned on him as a light bulb suddenly appeared and shone brightly over his head "Apparently, I have a plan." Harry seemed impressed with himself for thinking of an incredible well thought out plan.

Larry, very intrigued, "Oh, what is it?"

"I can't tell you, then the narrator will hear and it won't happen." Harry, grabbed the floating bulb, toss it to the side causing it to shatter and proceeded to just sit there, pondering away on his plan while leaving Larry, dazed and confused on what was happening. "Ok, I don't want you to be confused, just think of a way to get back."

Larry nodded and without saying a word, he began to think of the endless possibilities on which would be the easiest, safest route back home, he thought well, it was lightning that brought us here, it must be the way back.

Harry burst out in laughter, "Nice, we got the narrator to spill it out. We need a bolt of lightning!" He grabbed his bewildered friends hand and gave him a forced high-five.

Larry just blinked at his friend, he couldn't believe what he just heard, and commented "All we need is a bolt of lightning. That is your plan?"

"Well, technically it was yours, I just said it first. But you thought and the voice, narrated it so I could hear. It was my plan all along, trick the voice into giving us the answer." Harry rubbed his hands together in full excitement, "Of course I'm excited; after all we have a plan to get back home now."

Larry once again replied, "A bolt of lightning, you do know it is impossible to get your hands on a bolt of lightning right?"

Harry didn't respond at first, enjoying his spit-free taco. Meanwhile, at the entrance as the two were talking, a beautiful woman, with black pencil-shaded hair to her lower back, nice big eyelashes to go

along with her eyes, sky-blue color mascara, strutted on into the taco establishment. Harry would eventually be the first one to notice her.

Harry looked up “huh, notice who?” He panned around and then saw the beauty before him. “I’ve seen some sketchy chicks in my time but this takes the literal cake. Hey,” He whispered to the side to an invisible being “couldn’t you make her boobs slightly larger, you know, just erase them and draw in bigger...”

Larry cut in “Harry!” He then thought for a moment and a light bulb appeared over his head with the idea. “You’re a genius!”

Harry replied, “How, what did I say? And how am I the genius this time, you have the bulb floating over your head.”

“Draw a bolt of lightning!” Larry continued on with his idea “This is a cartoon right, so, we’ll grab a pencil and draw a lightning bolt where we want it to hit and bam. Can’t hurt to try” the idea sounded good on paper, but to execute it, could be a different story altogether.

Harry nodded, he liked the idea, as foolish as it sounded; it might just work he thought, “hey, stop reading my mind and telling everyone about it. What next, you going to tell everyone about my strange sex fetishes?” Everyone including the hot babe all turned to face the Looney man talking to no one once again; Larry covered his face with his one hand in shame as he shook it in dissatisfaction.

“Harry,” he continued on with his hand over his face, “you should really keep that voice thing to yourself.” He didn’t say it too loudly, he didn’t want other ears around to hear, since after all, these two guys didn’t belong here, and who knows what may happen if these people found out.

Harry then had an idea, he got up and motioned his friend to follow, amusing his distraught friend, Larry got up and left the Taco Bell with him. They went across the street to the local convenience store and entered.

Larry finally asked, as he watched his pal look around, “why are we in here?”

“Easy, to find a pencil” Harry searched everywhere, no writing implements of any sorts or styles, anywhere to be seen, in fact, like most real-life variety stores, this one did not produce a stationary area at all.

Larry smiled, “Good idea” As he too began to search around, just like his companion, no luck finding an inscription tool anywhere in this store.

Harry looked displeased, “Yeah right, convenience my butt. This should be called, Inconvenience store.” He then approached the cashier, “I know I am, oh, you’re telling the others, my bad” He spoke to that invisible voice in his head; he then looked right at the cashier and asked, “Do you sell pencils?”

The store clerk looked baffled, the expression was like when someone asks you a question you have no clue on how to answer, “Pencil, what is that?”

Larry overheard the response and came over to join his friend and the conversation at hand, Harry replied, “You know, a good old wooden number two pencil, with an eraser on the tip would be much appreciated. Not too sure if my first drawing of a lightning bolt will suffice.”

“Might want a yellow crayon too, give it some color.”

The clerk just stood there quiet, he was extremely bewildered, who were these two and what was a pencil was on his mind. Harry used his strange new gift of hearing a voice to his advantage, “Why wouldn’t I?” He looked up and spoke out to no one, “Are you serious you don’t know what a pencil is?” He looked right at the cashier when he asked, “Do you know what a drawing is?”

“Come on Harry; don’t knock him because he’s illiterate. It’s a sad thing and it’s growing with the youth of today and shouldn’t be made fun of.”