

PETE O'KEOUGH is a young man who has a rather peculiar malady. Whenever he lies or feels guilty, his nose grows. He enters Babbitt University of Technical Training to study research medicine in hopes of finding a cure. There he renews his friendship with Bethany and they end up in some harrowing and downright funny experiences, leading to a thrilling ending. It's a modern twist on a classic tale with no strings attached.

Pete O'Keough

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PETE O'KEOUGH

A Modern Day Fairy Tale
As Told by Jeff Boldt



Starring
PETE O'KEOUGH



Co-starring
BETHANY CROSSE

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Chapter 1

(1972)

Mrs. O’Keough called up the stairs for her young ten-year-old son, Pete, to come down and visit with his Aunt Gertrude.

“Pete. Peter, Aunt Gertrude is here, come down and see her.”

Pete slowly came down the stairs and as he got to the living room, he popped his head around the corner and hesitantly came into the room. Pete slowly and unenthusiastically walked toward Aunt Gertrude, sitting in a straight backed chair wearing one of her usual gaudy dresses. She was just taking off her white

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gloves and stuffing them into her purse and was wearing an ugly flowered hat that matched her hideous dress.

“Petey my boy, how are you? Are you excited to see me?”

“Ah...yes, Aunt Gertrude, I am.”

Pete gave Aunt Gertrude somewhat of a hug. Pete's eyes started to water and his nose became puffy.

“Pete, don't you want to give Aunt Gertrude a kiss?” encouraged his mom. Pete glanced over at his mom and gave her a very disgusted look.

“Yeah sure I do.” Pete's eyes watered even more and his nose swelled up. He closed his eyes and puckered up; making sure Aunt Gertrude had to do all the work. They pecked on the lips.

“Petey, I bought this lovely hat today. Do you like it?” Pete rolled his eyes. His honest reaction was to gag.

“Yes, Aunt Gertrude; it's a lovely hat and I like it very much.” The tearing in Pete's eyes had now turned to a thicker mucus-like substance and his nose was now about an inch longer.

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“May I be excused now? I was upstairs working on my homework and I really want to get back to it.” His eyes watered more and his nose doubled in length. Pete’s mom noticed the condition.

“Pete, are your sinuses acting up again? Oh, you poor boy.” She wiped the gunk from Pete’s eyes and face with her apron as she explained, “We’ve had him to so many doctors and they all say the same thing. It’s some sort of overactive sinus condition that causes his eyes to water like this and his nose to swell so badly. We’ve had him to allergy specialists and they have performed just about every test out there. He doesn’t seem to have any allergies. He just has overactive sinuses. I’m going to call and make another appointment to see the doctor. You poor boy.”

(1974)

Pete was twelve years old and was sitting in front of the TV. His mom screamed in from the kitchen.

“Who has eaten all the cookies from my cookie jar?” Pete cringed. He knew he was on the hook now.

“Not me, Mom.” Pete’s nose grew a bit and his eyes started to water.

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“Do you have any idea who did, young man? These cookies don’t just climb out of the jar by themselves and disappear.”

“No, Mom, I don’t know.” Again his eyes watered and his nose got longer.

“Pete, are you sure you didn't eat all those cookies?”

“Yes mom, I am sure! I honestly didn't eat those cookies. Dad likes cookies too, you know.” Mom came in from the kitchen. Pete wiped the gunk from his eyes. She started to scold him but noticed his eyes and nose.

“Pete I think you are lying to me, young man...Oh, you poor boy, are your sinuses acting up again? I just don’t know what it is with you and those sinuses. I'm going to call Doctor Marby right now and see if we can’t get you an appointment.” Pete breathed a sigh of relief; he was no longer on the hook for the cookies he ate.

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(1976)

Pete's Mom stood outside of a door, questioning her fourteen-year-old son on the other side. "Pete O'Keough, what are you doing in there?"

"Going to the bathroom Mom!"

"You've been in there an awfully long time. Come out of there now!"

"In a minute, Mom."

His mom stood outside the door, thought for a moment and then got a shocked look on her face. "Mister, you're not in there doing what I caught you doing last week are you? You're not in there playing with yourself again, are you?"

"No, Mom."

"Pete, I want you out of there right now!"

She turned and left in a huff. After a couple moments of silence there were muffled sounds of ecstasy. Shortly after, the toilet flushed and Pete stuck his head out the door and peered around the corner. His eyes had sticky mucus in them and his nose was about four inches long. He did have a very relaxed grin on his face. He quickly scurried to his bedroom

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leaving the Sears and Roebuck catalog lying on the floor, opened to the bra and panty section.

(1979)

A seventeen-year-old Pete was in the front seat with Buffy. They were kissing and necking and starting to get a little hot and heavy. Pete moved down and kissed her neck and shoulders, making his way to her cleavage.

“Pete...I don't know...is this the right thing to do?”

Never missing a kiss or raising his head, Pete encouraged, “Yes...yes it is. It's definitely right.”

Buffy bent her head back as he worked her neck and cleavage. Her eyes are closed and she is very turned on. “But Pete...the first guy I give myself to...I want him to love me.”

Again not raising his head or missing a beat, Pete implored, “I love you, Buffy, I love you.”

“You're just saying that,” said a very turned on and excited Buffy.

“No, Buffy I love you. I really love you.”

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“Really? Truly?”

Pete was horny and didn't raise his head. “Yes... yes...I love you!”

At hearing this, Buffy hugged him tight, forcing his face into her cleavage. “Pete, will you respect me in the morning?”

“YES! YES! I'll respect you. I swear I'll respect you.”

Buffy lifted Pete's head to kiss him on the lips. As she did she saw his nose had grown to about six inches. She screamed and slapped his face. “What is that? Get it away from me. You're not using that thing on me. You ain't sticking that thing into this girl! Get it out of here! What are you some kind of a freak? AHHHHH!” She jumped out of the car and took off running. Pete just let his head drop onto the steering wheel and started sobbing.

(1983)

A 21-year-old Pete, now a sophomore at Babbitt University of Technical Training (BUTT), walked the crowded hallway to his next class. A very beautiful young lady named Bethany Crosse came up to him

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from behind. She seemed a little out of place for a freshman because she was older than most of the students.

“Pete? Pete O'Keough is that you?” Pete turned to the lady he did not recognize. She was very attractive but somehow seemed a little bit out of place.

“Yes. I'm Pete O'Keough. Have we met?”

“You don't remember me, do you?”

Pete gave her a long examining once over; convinced that if he had seen these voluptuous curves before he'd have remembered. “No, I am sorry I don't remember you. This is so embarrassing.”

“I'll take that as a compliment. I do have you at a disadvantage though; I've lost a little weight.”

“Really how much?”

“About, oh, roughly...173 3/4 pounds.”

“Roughly? That isn't an exact number?”

“Give or take a couple of ounces. Tell you what. I'll give you a clue. Bob's Burger Bungalow.”

“Buffalo Beth...I mean, Beth...Beth, Beth Crosse, yeah I remember you. You were the shift supervisor at

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Bob's Burgers. My, you have changed. Wow! You look absolutely beautiful...I mean not that you weren't pretty..." he let his thought trail off as it could only get him into trouble. "So what brings you here to the ever popular Babbitt University of Technical Training?"

"It's a long story but basically I didn't want to supervise burger production for the rest of my life. And what about you?"

"I hope to someday get into research medicine and cure exotic diseases and disorders. But right now I'm running late for Anthropology 101. But I would like to get together and talk. What about we meet at the Student Commons later; I'll buy you a burger."

"Uh, maybe a chicken sandwich. I've kind of written off burgers for a while."

"Great. No problem. About four?"

"I'd like that," said Bethany glad she met an old friend in a new and strange environment.

Pete was listening to a lecture given by Prof. Belmont Q. Beewhacker, a very learned man whose whole life was dedicated to the quest for more knowledge. The professor was a strange, quirky fellow

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with a Germanic accent. He obviously didn't think much about his appearance as he was usually wrinkled and disheveled. He yawned a lot and had dark circles around his eyes. As his name suggested, he added a whole new dimension to the word eccentric.

"...and that is basically why the homo sapiens' small brain eventually led them into an era of psychological frenzy causing them to abuse their bodies to ecstatic deprivation. Are there any questions?"

Duke, the class smart ass raised his hand and asked, "In doing this behavior were the homo sapiens basically right or left handed?"

The whole class roared with laughter. Prof. Beewhacker remained totally serious.

"Because of the small brain of the homo sapiens, they had neither a left side of the brain or a right side of the brain as we know them today, which in turn determines one's manual dexterity. Therefore it is assumed they were ambidextrous in all facets of deprivation. Now, seeing as we have no serious questions within which to expand our horizons, let us proceed to our reading assignment for today. I assume

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everyone has read the text. Can someone tell me how the ice age affected the basic reproductive cycles of homo erectus? Mr. O'Keough?"

Pete was startled at hearing his name. He obviously had not read the assignment. "I, uh, I...what was the question?"

"The question, Mr. O'Keough, is did you read today's assigned text?"

"Ah, ya, sure...I...ah..."

Pete's eyes started to water and his nose grew a little longer. Prof. Beewhacker noticed the phenomenon and came closer to Pete. He questioned Pete while continuing to stare at his nose.

"Did you read all the assignment?"

"Well...I...ah, glanced through it. Ah taking in the... important stuff."

Again mucus formed in Pete's eyes and his nose got a little longer. Prof. Beewhacker was astonished and excited. Pete was just trying to cover the obvious.

"And about how long did it take you to glance through the text?"

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“At least a good hour.”

Pete quickly wiped his eyes clean with his sleeve and as he did he exposed his nose which was about three inches long. The whole class started to laugh and ridicule him. Pete tried hard to keep his composure and be nonchalant about the whole thing.

“Amazing! Absolutely amazing! This wasn't supposed to happen for another ten years or so. Lie to me, Mr. O'Keough; tell me untruths.”

“Like what?”

“How old are you?”

“Ah...thirteen.” Pete's nose grew.

“What is your name? What is your occupation?”

“Peter...Peter Pan. I am President of the United States.”

Again his nose lengthened. It was about six inches long now. Everyone was laughing except for a very serious Prof. Beewhacker. Pete was almost ready to cry. The bell rang and everyone left the room laughing and ridiculing Pete. He sank into his seat and buried his head into his hands. After everyone left, Prof.

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Beewhacker gently pulled Pete's hands from his face and studied his eyes and his nose. Pete was frantic.

"Amazing. Truly amazing."

"What! What is going on here? My nose has never gotten this long before! What is happening to me?"

"This is a common occurrence, yes?"

"Yeah, it's happened before. Doctors say it's some sort of overactive sinus condition. Prof. Beewhacker, do you know what is happening to me?"

"I believe I do and it is amazing. I never dreamed I'd get to see it first-hand though. I only hoped to read about it one day in my lifetime."

"Professor, please! What are you talking about? Please tell me what is going on."

Prof. Beewhacker pondered for a moment and gathered his thoughts. "Well it was first recorded by the medical world about 95 BC in ancient Greece. Medicine was just becoming a science and this phenomenon baffled the science community back then. The next record of this happening was in central Africa, I believe around 387 AD. Missionaries came from the region reporting of a native whose nose could grow to three feet."

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Pete gasped and sunk further into his chair.

“Then I believe around 923 this occurrence happened again and a woman was stoned to death because her nose could grow excessively long and people thought she was possessed by demons. The last reported case was in the early 1500's in Spain. Again there was a perception that devils were at work and a man was forced to wear an iron helmet to hinder the growth of his nose. He grew breasts instead. But I doubt they lactated.”

“Professor! What...but what causes this? Does anybody know?”

“Yes and no. Because this is such a rare occurrence that happens every 500 years or so, doctors have not had a chance to thoroughly study it enough to understand it. But it is known that people with larger noses than most seem to have more cartalostocin in their systems than those with normal noses.”

Prof. Beewhacker went to the blackboard and drew the outline profile of a human head. He illustrated as he explained his theory. Pete followed him to the blackboard.

“See Mr. O'Keough, it is believed that in rare cases such as yours, that when a person feels guilty, for lying

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let's say, the brain secretes a chemical called cartalostocin which flows through the sinuses coming out of the eyes and nose as mucus. If large deposits of this chemical are released, it builds up at the end of the nose as cartilage. The more one lies, the guiltier he feels; the more cartalostocin is released from the brain, the longer the nose gets. This is only a theory of course."

Pete was astonished and speechless. His nose had shortened some but was not back to normal size just yet. He pondered all that Prof. Beewhacker said. He was dazed and his eyes were watering not from his affliction but from years of penned up frustration ready to pour out of him.

"All this is brought on by guilt? My lying to people, then feeling guilty over it?"

"Is that true? Think back, Mr. O'Keough! The times your nose has grown the longest, were they indeed times of...perhaps unconscious guilt, but guilt just the same?"

Pete thought back. His nose was smaller and just about back to normal. Pete dropped into one of the chairs in the first row. He started to cry. "It's true. My life is over. I'm a human lie detector. I might as well join a freak show with some traveling carnival."

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“Now, now Mr. O'Keough; self-pity is not the answer. The reason there is no cure is because it is so rare. I am sure with proper research and study, we can surely do something. After all, it always returns back to normal does it not?”

“Yes! Thank heavens for that. Why is that?”

“I do not know! For some reason the deposits of cartalostocin which become hard seem to harden more than the cartilage already in the nose. Something must be dissolving those hard deposits. What? I do not know. How? I do not know that either. But one thing I do know is that not knowing is frustrating the hell out of me! Oh, sorry. See, I must know everything about everything. Things I do not know, I learn. I have doctorate degrees in law, medicine, economics, engineering, education, computer science, history, physics and I am presently working on my tenth doctorate. I have an I.Q...”

“Prof. Beewhacker! Will you help me? I have to find out how to get rid of this cursed affliction that has plagued my life. I can't begin to tell you what kind of hell my life has been with this...this appendage poking out of my face. Do you realize that this has been hard more times than this?” He points from his nose to his crotch. “That's why I came here to BUTT. I want to study research medicine so I can find a cure for this

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and other strange diseases. Prof. Beewhacker, I need your help.”

“Yes, Mr. O'Keough, you have my undivided support. Now if you will excuse me, I must go and inform Dean Stillman of my leave of absence to research this phenomenon. I'll keep in touch, Mr. O'Keough; good day.” Prof. Beewhacker ran out of the classroom carrying books, papers, coat, hat and the chalkboard eraser.

The Student Commons Lounge was a vending machine heaven with tables and chairs. Pete came running in and searched out the crowded room. Bethany was sitting at a table eating a chicken salad sandwich and reading a textbook.

“Sorry I'm late; I got to talking with one of my professors and lost track of time.”

“You owe me \$1.75. You said you would buy me a sandwich and I got hungry while I waited. So I started without you.”

“Hey, I'm really sorry. I...ah...should have some change here somewhere...I...” He dug through all his pockets pulling out any loose change he could find.

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“So is this some coincidence or what? Both of us working at Bob's Burger and then ending up here at BUTT?” asked Bethany.

“Do you believe in destiny?” replied Pete dreamily.

“Uh...no not really.”

“Me either; must be two other people,” said Pete disappointed. “So how did you end up here at BUTT?” He counted the change from his pockets. “I still owe you 43 cents.”

“Well, I knew I didn't want to wait tables the rest of my life and I had put on a lot of weight. The "Buffalo Beth" jokes really started getting to me and I became real depressed. I was really some sort of freak who should have gotten a job as a fat lady in a circus sideshow.”

“I can relate to that.”

“I don't think so,” said Bethany defensively. “Somehow I really doubt that. I was a mess. Anyway, this guy asked me out to a party one night and I went. Come to find out it was one of those parties jerk men have to see who could bring the ugliest date. He won and I was so humiliated; I vowed from that day to change my life. So I lost 173 pounds and came here to

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study criminology. I always loved Nancy Drew mysteries and TV shows like Hawaii 5-0, Colombo and Banacek. I had a crush on George Peppard. I kind of thought that might be an interesting thing to do, actual criminology, not just running around solving mysteries.”

“I always enjoyed those shows too, “Book ‘em, Danno,” said Pete doing his best Steve McGarrett impression.

Duke Haargs and Jesse Busher from Anthropology class had noticed Pete as they were leaving the Commons. They came over and just had to taunt Pete who, as he has done all his life, just sat and took it. He was more embarrassed for Bethany than himself.

“Hey stick nose, poked anyone's eye out yet?”

“I heard when O'Keough's little brothers wanted to play tent, they just threw a blanket over his nose,” taunted Busher.

“I hear the post office is going to give his nose its own zip code.”

“When Petey goes blind they aren't going to give him a cane; they'll just paint his nose white.”

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"Is it true O'Keough you have to use a weed whacker to trim your nose hairs?" laughed Duke.

"You should see the size of the beach towel he uses to blow his nose."

They laughed and mocked him all the way out the door. Pete hung his head so as not to look at Bethany. She was obviously very confused.

"What was that all about? They weren't talking about you; your nose isn't large." Pete got up and left. Bethany grabbed all her things and ran out after him.

Pete was carrying her books as they walked in silence. After much hesitation, Bethany finally broke the awkwardness.

"Pete? Pete."

"Beth I'm sorry. I know I'm being rude. But I just found out something about myself today that's pretty disgusting".

"Is it more disgusting than a 310 pound waitress with chronic depression? We all come to realize things about ourselves that we think are very ugly and

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insurmountable. Believe me, anything can be overcome. Do you want to talk about it?"

"What I want is for it to go away so I can start leading a normal life. You know, I've never had any close friends. I've never had a girlfriend. After my parents realized I had an abnormality, they didn't even have any more kids. The only real friend I have ever had is me and even that relationship is getting a bit calloused." He looked at the palm of his hand. Bethany pondered this for a moment then drew close to Pete. She kissed him long and hard on the lips. Pete was shocked.

"Why did you do that? Why would anyone want to kiss me?"

"Pete you have a friend now. Let's talk. What is this malady of yours?"

"I've got mouth herpes." Bethany became horrified and started spitting and wiping her mouth.

"Just kidding...I don't really have mouth herpes; I was just being silly."

"Now I see why you don't have any friends. Your malady is your sick sense of humor." Pete dropped his head.

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"I'm sorry. I guess the truth is I'm really too embarrassed to talk about it. I didn't fully understand what it was all about myself until this afternoon. I guess I just need a little time to sort this all out. Professor Beewhacker says this is so rare it happens only once every 500 years. And lucky me! But believe me, when I need an ear to listen and a shoulder to cry on, I'll give you a call."

Bethany smiled and they drew close. They gazed into each other's eyes, came closer until their noses touched and they closed their eyes. Their lips almost touched...suddenly, "You really don't have mouth herpes?"

"Honestly I don't..."

"A girl can never be too sure. Better safe than sorry." She reached into her purse and pulled out a condom and handed it to Pete. "Here, put this over your tongue." He put the condom over his tongue and they started kissing. But as they did, Pete was very uncomfortable. Not because of the condom, but because he had never been that friendly with a woman before.

PETE O'KEOUGH is a young man who has a rather peculiar malady. Whenever he lies or feels guilty, his nose grows. He enters Babbitt University of Technical Training to study research medicine in hopes of finding a cure. There he renews his friendship with Bethany and they end up in some harrowing and downright funny experiences, leading to a thrilling ending. It's a modern twist on a classic tale with no strings attached.

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