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opening extract from

# Glister: The Haunted Teapot

written by

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published by

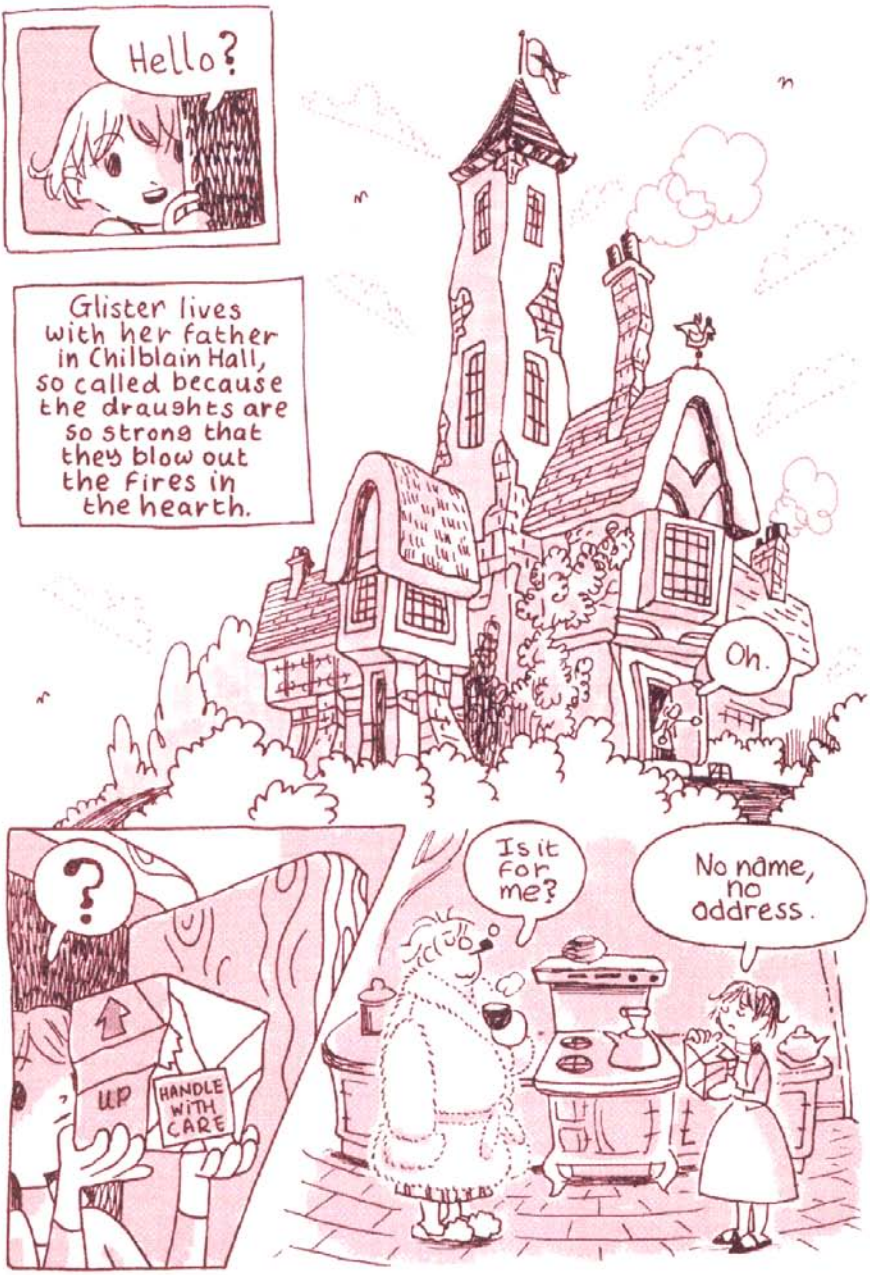
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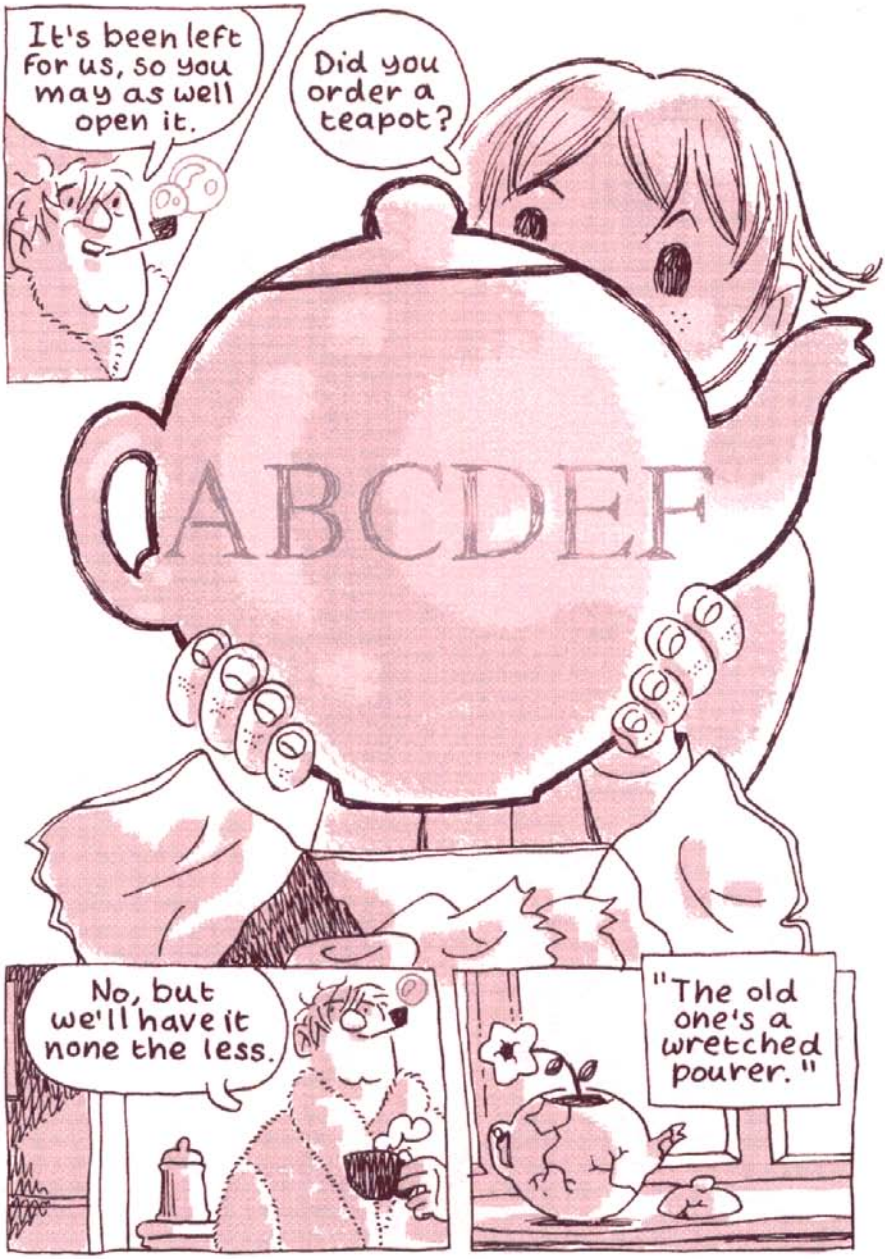
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Strange things happen around Glister Butterworth.
Frightfully inconsiderate it is, too.
Perhaps it's because she gets out of the wrong side of the bed each morning.
Or perhaps it's because the clocks struck thirteen when she was born.
Occasionally the strange things begin with a knock at the door.
KNOCK KNOCK


Hello?
Glister lives with her father in Chilblain Hall, so called because the draughts are so strong that they blow out the fires in the hearth.
Oh.
?
UP
HANDLE WITH CARE
Is it for me?
No name, no address.


It's been left for us, so you may as well open it.
Did you order a teapot?
ABCDEF
No, but we'll have it none the less.
"The old one's a wretched pourer."

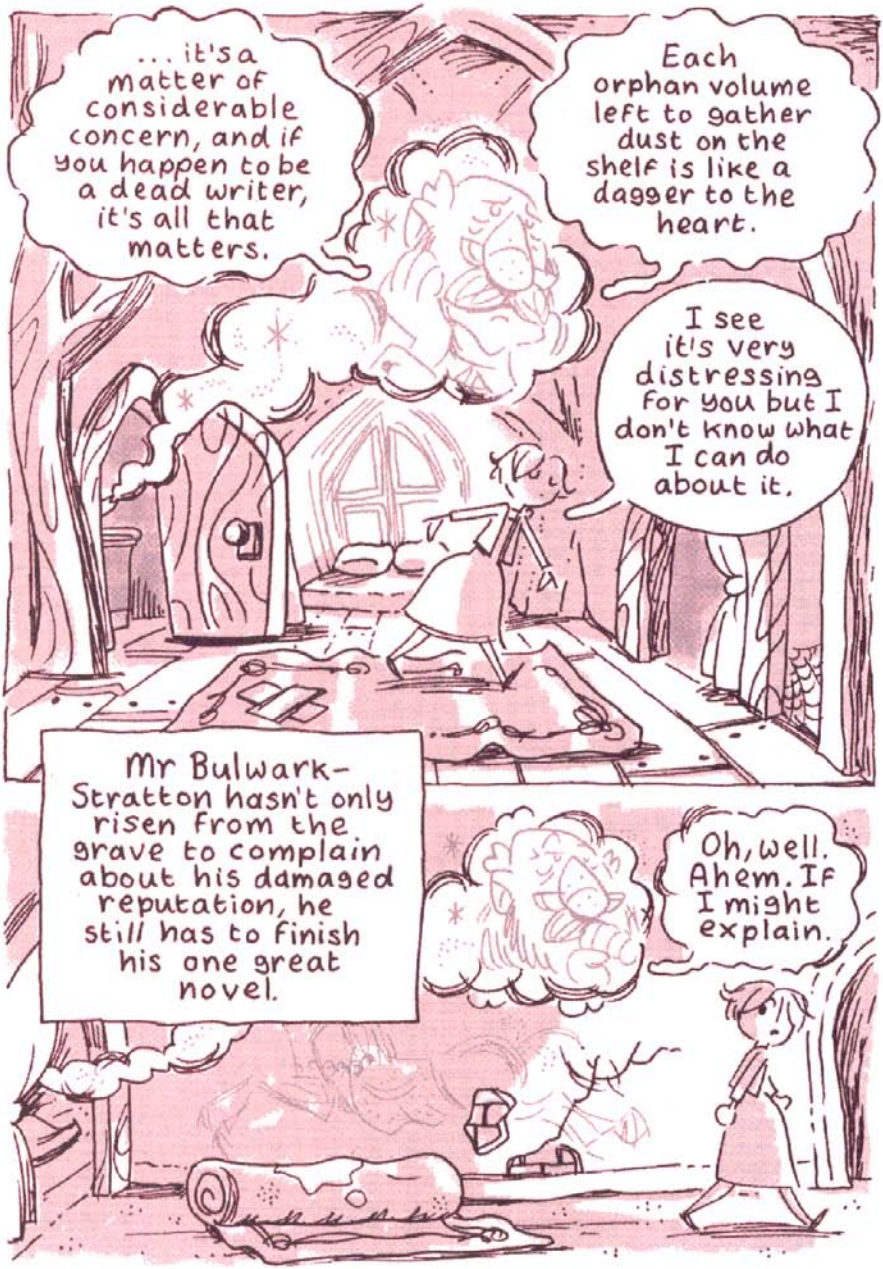

PEEEPPPIIIII
AIJKL
EMNOP
Dad, tea's up.
RSTU
MMM
PBS


Great bells of brimstone!
What on earth's the matter?
The teapot's haunted.
Never mind that, does it pour?


Allow me to introduce myself.
I am Phillip Bulwark-Stratton, writer and novelist.
Oh, hello.
Shall we begin work directly?
Phillip Bulwark-Stratton happens to have written novels a long time ago. Unfortunately, they have fallen from critical favour.
D.J. Whitely "Dreadful"
HAY O. WHY "DREARY"
Five for a POUND.
J. Smith, Bookseller


And now, in the New World, an educational facility in a place called Nebraska... have you heard of it?
Nebraska?
No.
GRRR
They conduct a competition each year called the Phillip Bulwark-Stratton Award.
Wonderful, that is good news. An award for exceptional young writers?


The contest has a prize of one dollar, a paltry amount I am to understand.
A dollar for writing the worst possible ending to a novel.
How do you like that?
Sticks and stones.
Indeed, you put little stock in reputation. That is the luxury of the young... and the living.
When you are dead...
I have no intention of dying, thank you very much.


... it's a matter of considerable concern, and if you happen to be a dead writer, it's all that matters.
Each orphan volume left to gather dust on the shelf is like a dagger to the heart.
I see it's very distressing for you but I don't know what I can do about it.
Mr Bulwark-Stratton hasn't only risen from the grave to complain about his damaged reputation, he still has to finish his one great novel.
Oh, well. Ahem. If I might explain.