

Skankilocks

and the

Three Bogans

a bad bedtime story



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Skankilocks and the Three Bogans:

A Bad Bedtime Story

by Euan Mitchell

Published by OverDog Press

PDF sample

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Cover design by Streetlight Graphics, USA.

Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction; however, certain skanks, bogans (trash), and cashed-up bogans (aspirational trash) *were* harmed during its creation.

Skankilocks and the Three Bogans

ONCE upon a time, in the far-off fringe suburb of Hope Springs, there lived three cashed-up bogans: Mama, Papa and Babee Bogan (and yes, Babee was deliberately misspelled with an “ee” to ensure it was a *totally* unique snowflake).

One awesome morning, Mama was in the second kitchen of the Bogan family McMansion. She was cooking porridge. And her porridge was so much more Xtreme than *your* mother’s porridge. This was because Mama Bogan used massive packets of multi-flavored instant porridge conveniently fortified with Ritalin. It helped take the pain and responsibility out of parenting.

But Mama Bogan kept hitting the wrong numbers on the microwave because she was distracted by her reflection in a nearby vanity mirror. She was worried her new low-rise velvet tracksuit pants might be accentuating her muffin top. Despite the overhang, she was quietly pleased the pants helped show off her lower back, where her *totally* unique tramp stamp of a wild dolphin was tattooed. Something that Papa Bogan liked to watch during intimate doggy moments. It reminded him of what he liked to do with his jet ski . . .

All too quickly, Mama Bogan ended up with three bowls of porridge cooling on the kitchen table, and a microwave she could clean out later. “We need milk!” she cried, in a tone of voice that roused even the family pig dog. It was called Maxx after the family’s favorite brand of Pepsi®. And deliberately misspelled with an extra X for reasons already explained. Plus X’s are SXE.

Papa Bogan was now conscious but still lying on the floor of the third rumpus room, his man-cave. He realized he must have passed out last night. There were empty cans of pre-mixed drinks scattered around. From the wall above his head, centerfolds with oversized cans pouted at his magnificent bulk.

He had to scratch. Things were still itchy down there from yesterday's Manzilian waXXXing.

Maxx wandered into the man-cave to see what all the scratching was about. Maxx stared at Papa Bogan on the floor.

Papa grunted. "Milk. Orright . . . the Plaza." He propped himself up on one elbow, to flex his tribal tattoo, and called back to Mama, "Let's take *my* V8 so, like, the dog can come for a walk, too." >

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