

YURNSTERN SAVES
THE DAY!

BOOK 2 OF THE GNORPLOP SERIES

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DEDICATION

As always and eternally, to Deborah K. O'Hare.
You know.

— J.R.G.

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This book would never have been written without Alden Thomas. His imagination and artistic gifts made the first book in the Gnorplop Series, “The House Ate it!” come to life. It was so much fun collaborating with him on that book that when our project was finished, I just couldn’t bear the thought of stopping. Thankfully, I was able to convince him to work with me on a series of books, all to be set on the magical Planet Gnorplop. I never would have thought to do that, had I not been desperate to keep the mind meld going with such a brilliant illustrator. So, thanks, Alden Thomas, for being who you are, and seeing another project through with me. And a big shout out to Magic Hands Minta Meyer for brainstorming all those side effect scenarios with me. You know which ones in this book are yours. Thanks for the fun, the healing, and the laughter. To my beta readers- Elaine, Janie, Kay and Pat- a full and grateful heart. And to cherished students everywhere, thanks for keeping my imagination alive.

—J.R.G

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VISIT SUNNY GNORPLOP

YOUR WORLD CLASS DESTINATION
AT THE EDGE OF THE GLIPLY WAY GALAXY



“WHERE EVERY GOOP IS LIKE FAMILY
AND EVERY HOUSE FEELS LIKE HOME.”

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BY YURNSTERN'S GLOWSTOP FORMULA 3

INTRODUCTION

Behold, scenic Gnorplop! It looks like the most peaceful, beautiful, welcoming planet ever, doesn't it?

That's because it really is.

Gnorplopians are the friendliest beings in their corner of the galaxy. They are the magical force behind gnorplopophoria, a feeling that can only be felt on Gnorplop, and the reason why so many visitors flock there year after year.

But it hasn't always been this way.

There was a time when Gnorplop was the most avoided planet of all, because there was a time when Gnorplopians were the nastiest, rudest, angriest beings anywhere.

Don't believe us?

Look for yourself!

We've put our proof on the next page.

That's right!

Just turn the page to see exactly what East Gnorplop looked like circa 19874 BYE, from a photograph that was loaned to us by the Gnorplop Hysterical Society. Oops... we meant to say *Historical* Society. Sorry... Freudian slip. Let's just say G.H.S. members are very very very (did we say "very"?) happy people.



East Gnorplop ~circa 19874 BYE

Does our photo of Gnorplop look any different from the poster at the beginning of our book? If you answered “Yes,” that’s because it was. Before the year 19874 BYE, Gnorplopians glowed in the dark.

That’s right!

Gnorplopians were phosphorescent. They glowed so brightly nightly that they kept themselves awake, which caused planet-wide gnorplomnia.

For generations, Gnorplopian families were at each others' throats.

It was not pretty.

Take, for example, the Troysden family—Gliply, Gniply, Miply, Fliply, and Bliply—whose bedtime conversations went something like this:

GNIPLY (GLIPLY'S SISTER): "Hey, Gliply! Turn down your glow!"

GLIPLY (GNIPLY'S BROTHER): "You turn yours down, you oversized Smorkelblast!"

MIPLY (GLIPLY AND GNIPLY'S MOTHER): "Gliply Troysden! If I hear you calling your little sister names again, I swear, I'm going to—"

FLIPLY (GLIPLY AND GNIPLY'S FATHER): "Pipe down, all of you! I need to get some sleep!"

MIPLY: "*You* need some sleep! Really? What about *me*! I'm the one who has to—"

BLIPLY (THE BABY): "Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

If their glow didn't keep them up all night, their fighting did.

But that wasn't the worst of it. Not by a long shot. Nope. The worst of it came during the day, when gnorplomnia really took its toll.

Gnorplop had more fender benders than anywhere else in the galaxy. Because everyone's eyes were so tired, everything looked fuzzy. And the Grumps of Gnorplop had the worst groad rage, ever.

Gnorplop had the worst schools anywhere because teaglers couldn't keep their stuglents awake. They couldn't even keep themselves awake! This made Gnorplopians the most ignorant beings ever to exist.

Gnorplopians made the worst team players. They just couldn't get along. And they were the slowest beings ever.

Sports were so bad on Gnorplop that in 18847 BYE, Mayor Flibberty Gibberish outlawed them completely. This was an historic moment because for the first and only time in their history, for less than one nanosecond, Gnorplopians actually felt happy and celebrated.

Yep, things were really awful on Gnorplop. Everyone knew something had to be done about it, but no one knew what to do or how to do it.

In order to understand how Gnorplop climbed from Avoidance Arffelblark's *10 Worst Planets of All Time*, to Glossy Blankensphere's *Top 10 Vacation Spots in the Universe*, we must go back to the year 19876 BYE, the year Brainwella Yurnstern became the youngest, richest, most famous scientist on the planet.

Let's go back to that fateful day when little Brainwella Yurnstern, the youngest orbwhiffler ever to travel alone, accidentally landed there.

CHAPTER ONE: LANDING BY ACCIDENT

An orbwhiffler prodigy, Brainwella Yurnstern's travels took her to planets near and far.

As any orbwhiffler knows, the secret to successful orbwhiffing lies in finding what hasn't been found yet, improving it in ways no one has ever thought of, and selling that improved something or other at Jorgenploppin's *Mighty Modifications Market*.

Orbwhifflers are usually very, very, very (did we say "very?") popular, inter-galactically speaking. They are so popular, most planets roll out the red carpet for them whenever they show up.

But that's not what happened on Gnorplop.

When Brainwella the orbwhiffler landed smack dab in the middle of East Gnorplop, she expected to find a joyful crowd of onlookers, a mayor, news reporters with their glamorous flashing, and a marching band playing *Hail to the Orbwhiffler!*

Instead she was greeted by a ginormous booing mob. They booed the loudest,

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” screamed the mob.

“Quiet! Quiet, please!” Brainwella pleaded, waiting for the crowd to stop booing. They finally did, but as soon as they did, they started arguing with each other.

“What were we booing at?” asked Manfred Ribbins.

“Why do you wanna know?” barked Arkflark Roebin.

“Yeah! What’s it to you, anyway!” chimed Calbub Lorkdale.

“I can’t see anyone! Get outta my way!” screeched Blarmy Givens.

“Shut up!” shouted someone nobody knew.

“Hello. I am Brainwella Yurnstern, the youngest orbwhiffler ever to travel alone,” she called above the crowd, “I’ve landed here by accident. Can someone tell me where I am?”

Brainwella waited patiently for an answer.

A small goop poked her way through the nasty crowd.

“Outta my way! Move, you big ugly krog! Goop coming through...Goop coming through...Move it, buster!” snarled the small goop, elbowing and moving the Gnorplopians aside one by one, marching forward until finally,

the goop was standing smack dab at Brainwella's feet.

"Where are you? Where are you! Don't you know? Can't you tell? Look around, you tiny tortoleany! You're on Gnorplop!" the small goop hissed, then crossing her arms for full affect, gave a loud "Harrumph."

"Gnorplop...Gnorplop..." Brainwella mumbled as she scanned her blankendork, "...Gnorplop, where is, hmm, ah! Yes! Here it is! I see it now. Gnorplop!"

Brainwella's face turned red, which actually made it look purple since her skin was blue to begin with. "Oh, my! I am *way* off target!"

"You think?" snarled the goop, sarcastically.

"Well," Brainwella mumbled to herself, still gazing at her blankendork, "there's nothing here worth finding, I'm sure." She picked her head up and announced, "I'll be on my way first thing in the borngling. I mean, morngling..." She corrected herself, remembering that Gnorplopian time zones were very different than her own.

"Good riddance!" the goop replied.

"Yeah! See ya!" blurted Blarmy Givens.

“ ‘See ya? See ya?’ You won’t be able to see her ‘til you grow five gneep taller,” scowled Arkflark Roebin, bending down and glaring into Blarmy’s eyes.

“Please, don’t mind me. You all just go about your business. I’ll be fine sleeping in my ship tonight. I’ll just go inside now and I’ll be off first thing at dawn,” Brainwella said matter-of-factly, as she turned and went back into her ship.

The crowd broke up and soon everyone was gone. Even the someone nobody knew.

CHAPTER TWO: THE STOWAWAY

Before retiring for the day, Brainwella went to her lab to check on her tuberifficus, the latest found thing she'd been trying to make better.

The improvement formula she'd come up with seemed to be working. The reed instrument from Zarmonia was twice its normal loudness, and half its usual weight.

"This will sell big at the *Mighty Modifications Market!*" thought the youngest orbwhiffler of all, gleeful at yet another success.

Ready for sleep, she laid down on her ultra soft, greatly improved naptress, closed her eyes, and ordered the greatly improved compubine to turn off the lights.

"Lights turned off, check," reported the compubine.

Even with her eyes closed, Brainwella could tell the lights had not been turned off. They were brighter than ever.

"My dear, spectacular compubine, would you be so kind as to please turn off the cabin lights?" Brainwella asked again, careful to be nicer this time because compubines were as

famous for their ultra sensitive feelings as they were for their ultra efficient efficiency.

“Lights have been turned off, check,” reported the compubine, in a somewhat sad voice.

With her eyes still closed, Brainwella could tell that it was still very very bright.

“Not to sound upset, because I’m not in the least unhappy with you, oh wonderful compubine, but are you sure the lights are turned off?” Brainwella asked again, gently.

“Yeh...yeh...” the compubine was holding back sobs, “...yes, I’m shuh...shuh...sure.”

“Hmm,” Brainwella wondered, “what’s going on?”

She sat up on her naptress and opened her eyes. The compubine was right. The lights had been turned off, but the room was still glowing bright yellow-green, brighter than any light she had ever seen.

Wondering where the strange glow was coming from, she hopped out of bed and looked around. A great big sneeze from under her bed startled her.

She bent down and there, glowing so brightly it nearly blinded her, was a small goop—

the same small goop that had moved through the crowd and stood at her feet.

“Darn it!” spat the goop, “you caught me!”

“What are you doing here?” Brainwella asked, shading her eyes.

“What do you think I’m doing,” grumbled the goop, “I stowed away. I can’t take it anymore! I need some sleep!”

“Why can’t you sleep?” asked Brainwella, even though she already had a pretty good idea why the goop couldn’t.

“Look at me! We’re all like this!” screamed the goop, impatiently.

“Being a tiny goop never stopped anyone from sleeping,” Brainwella was quietly chuckling at her own joke.

“Are you gnuts? What does being little got to do with anything! Don’t you see? I’m glowing bright yellow-green!” the goop had no sense of humor. Probably because it had had no sleep in ages.

“Yes, I couldn’t help but notice that brightness,” Brainwella started thinking about ways she might improve the glow. Maybe if it had all the colors of the rainbow. “Does everyone else glow yellow-green, or do some of

you—”

“Shut up!” the goop rudely interrupted, “Who cares what color we glow! We glow! All night long! Brightly! Nightly! Lighting up rooms and houses and... the whole dang planet! We’re so bright we even keep ourselves awake, every single night!

“That’s the thing to be found here: The Gnorplopian Glow! There’s only one way to make it better, and that’s to make it STOP! Make it stop so I can get some sleep!”

CHAPTER THREE: THE PLAN

Brainwella thought about what the goop told her, and then thought back to everything she had seen since her accidental landing.

Suddenly it all made sense to her.

The reason they booed her. The reason they argued with each other. The reason Gnorplop was such a nasty place to begin with, a planet no one, not even all the everyones nobody knew, ever wanted to visit.

The goop was right. Orbwhiffers had found and improved a lot of things in the galaxy, but nothing as big as this! Brainwella was warming to the goop's plea. After all, if she could find a way to stop the glow, she would improve an entire world! No orbwhiffler had ever found and improved something so big that it wouldn't even fit into the *Mighty Modifications Market*— not even Rambleswise Gillicutty, and his wildly popular gargantuan gigglepuss, which was the largest thing any orbwhiffler had ever found and improved.

Brainwella turned to the goop and asked, "Will you stay in my lab and work with me?"

"What do you think!" growled the goop,

“I’ll stay as long as I need to, but you better not make things worse!”

“Oh, I can’t promise anything like that,” Brainwella started to explain.

“ ‘I can’t promise anything like that,’ ” the goop sneered, sounding as nasty as it could.

Brainwella ignored the goop and went on, “Orbwhifflers are improvement engineers.” She turned on her smartboard and started projecting diagrams and charts and tables and photographs. “Orbwhifflers study things very carefully in order to understand a thing’s properties, and then they look for ways that thing might be made better.”

The goop rolled her eyes as Brainwella continued, “Then we form a hypothesis or two or three or forty-seven or fifty-one. We come up with as many ideas as we can for what we think might really work.”

The goop yawned a yawn that was so big, it hid the rest of her face.

Brainwella kept on going, “Then we conduct many trials to find out what works, and what doesn’t, which leads us back to the smartboard to—”

“Aw, shut your yap, will you!” exclaimed the goop, “I never thought I would say this, but

right now I would rather be a smorkelblast than a goop!”

“Listen here, you...you...” Brainwella had not only lost her patience, she’d forgotten what species the goop was. “What’s your name, anyway?”

The goop puffed out her chest and held her head high, “I am Marvelgoop Givens, the smallest goop on Planet Gnorplop!” she answered.

“Well, Marvelous—”

“MarvelGOOP, not MarvelOUS,” the goop harranged.

“Goop. I will try to help you, but it could take days, or weeks, or months or years or even—” Brainwella tried to finish, but guess who interrupted her again?

“Fine! Fine! Fine fine fine fine fine! I’ll stay in your stupid lab as long as—”

This time Brainwella interrupted, “A lab cannot be stupid. But clearly a goop can.”

“Harrumph!” harrumphed the goop, “As I was saying before you so rudely interrupted, I will stay in your lab as long as you try to keep that big yap shut!”

“Harrumph” echoed Brainwella, “I will try to help you as long as you try to curb your

ugly, nasty, awful rudeness!”

“Fine! Fine! Fine fine fine fine fine! Where’s your stupid,” the goop stopped herself, “show me where your,” that still sounded rude, “just take me to your...” the goop cleared her throag, then went on, “I would like to know where your lab is.”

Brainwella smiled from ear to pointy ear and said, “Follow me, Marvelous.”

“Name’s MarvelGOOP. Get it straight, would you? MarvelGOOP,” corrected the goop, as she trailed behind.

CHAPTER FOUR:

FORMULA 1

“First I need to find out exactly what makes you glow, and then I need to find a way to make it stop,” Brainwella had measured Marvelgoop’s everything and was now scribbling mathematical equations furiously on her smartboard as she spoke.

“Fine! Fine! Fine fine fine fine fine! Whatever. But you better hurry because it’s almost dawn and as soon as the sun’s up, I’ll stop glowing,” Marvelgoop insisted.

Brainwella wasn’t the smartest orbwhiffler ever to be born, but she was the most persistent one.

She never ever quit.

Never.

Ever.

She worked and worked and worked, non-stop, no matter how many times she was wrong, or how many times she felt lost, or how many times she hit a “dead end.” She just kept working until she understood why Marvelgoop glowed.

“Aha! I found it!” she exclaimed, but only the compubine heard her, because Marvelgoop

had left the lab to get something to eat.

Brainwella had not stopped to eat or rest, and did not stop now. Instead, she went back to her smartboard and started working on the improvement.

She worked and worked and worked and worked, no matter how many times she was wrong, or how many times she still had no answers, until she came up with a formula that might stop Marvelgoop's glow.

Later, as night fell, Marvelgoop started glowing brighter and brighter. The orbwhiffler followed her formula (to the letter and number) as she started to mix the improvement solution.

First, Brainwella filled a splarkblark with clear liquid. Next, she filled an arkblark with pink liquid. Then she carefully poured the arkblark's contents into the splarkblark. Next, she put a pinch of green powder into the splarkblark, and the liquid inside it sizzled. A pinch of yellow powder came next, and the solution started to bubble. She added a small purple and black polka-dotted cube into the mixture and steam started to rise from the beaker. Finally, she dropped a spoonful of sugar into it. A fiery spark flew from the beaker, the solution crackled and sparkled and popped, and

the room filled with the luscious aroma of grotton kandy!

Marvelgoop's eyes grew wild with anticipation. Oh, to not glow! Her dream might be about to come true!

Brainwella poured the bubbling, popping, steaming, delicious smelling concoction into her hand-held sprayer.

"Now, stand very still while I spray the formula on you," Brainwella directed, as she came toward Marvelgoop.

"What do you mean, 'spray' me? Are you telling me that I don't get to drink that yummy smelling stuff?" Marvelgoop protested.

Brainwella ignored the goop, and directed, "Hold still!"

Marvelgoop rolled her eyes and smirked, then closed her eyes. She silently wished that the formula would work. Eyes closed, she felt a light refreshing mist landing on her skin as Brainwella sprayed her.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" the orbwhiffler was screaming loudly, "It's working!"

"It is? It is? It's working? Let me see!" Marvelgoop opened her eyes and ran to the mirror.

Brainwella was right! Her yellow-green

glow was fading! She kept staring at the mirror, and soon she had no green glow at all, only yellow. And then, the yellow started fading until there was no more!

She couldn't believe her eyes! Brainwella couldn't believe the goop's eyes either. They opened wide and bounced out of the goop's head. That's when the orbwhiffler noticed they were attached to springs!

Marvelgoop stood aghast in front of the mirror. Here she stood, in the middle of the night, and she wasn't glowing!

Not at all!

For the first time in her life, she could look at herself without feeling blinded!

"You did it, Yurnstern! You did it! I'm not glowing!" the goop jumped for joy, which was something she had never done before. It felt really really good, especially when her jellygo jiggled. It had never jiggled before. Her years of wondering were at an end; she finally understood what that donut shaped ring around her middle was for; it was just for fun.

"Now I must try the formula on a larger scale," Brainwella said.

"What do you mean?" asked the goop.

"I need to spray all of Gnorplop..."

Brainwella dragged in the largest vat Marvelgoop had ever seen. It was twice as big as a smorkelblast, and barely fit through the lab's doors. Then she used it to mix a batch of her formula.

That night, as Gnorplop's families were busy quarreling, the goop and the orbwhiffler blasted off. Brainwella steered her ship up, up, up, way above the planet, and when they were high enough to see the whole thing, she released a ginormous cloud of *Glowstop Formula 1*.

The two watched from high above as one by one, like tiny lights flickering and fading, each Gnorplopian's glow faded from green to yellow until finally, each one's glow went out.

For the first time ever, Gnorplop was pitch black. And for the first time ever, every single Gnorplopian fell fast asleep.

Their snores grew into one ginormous snore which rumbled across the planet and reverberated up into the sky. The snore was so loud when it reached their ship that it thundered and shook Brainwella and Marvelgoop.

Morning came, and as it did, the orbwhiffler watched as Gnorplop started to change in amazing ways:

There wasn't a single fender bender! Not

one incident of groad rage!

Teaglers stood up all day and taught and their stuglents excitedly learned!

Gnorplopians greeted each other merrily! They even started helping each other and being kind and thoughtful, generous and caring.

Marvelgoop and Brainwella started celebrating their success.

Then.

Suddenly.

It started happening.

Marvelgoop noticed it first, when her feet, then legs, body, then hands, arms, and finally her neck and head started disappearing.

Moments later, so did every single Gnorplopiian!

“Oh, no!” Brainwella mumbled, trying to stay calm so she could think clearly, “This is not good. This is not good at all!”

“Hey!” shrieked the goop, who wasn’t keeping calm at all, “Where did I go?”

Brainwella was much more settled once she heard the goop’s voice, and knew Marvelous hadn’t disappeared completely, but had just become invisible.

“Now Marvelous, stay calm.” she chirped.

“My name is Mar-vel-goop! Got it? Mar-

vel-GOOP!” the goop hissed angrily.

“Yes, Marvelous, I know. Don’t you worry. You haven’t gone anywhere. You’re still right here. It’s just that, well, uh, how do I put this, it’s just that, uh, you’re, um, well for one thing... you’re not glowing, and that’s very, very good!” Brainwella said brightly.

“That’s because it’s 8:00 o’clock in the morn’gling you krog! Look at me! Just look at me!” Marvelgoop had become hysterical.

“I’d love to look at you,” Brainwella replied matter-of-factly, “Unfortunately, right now all I can do is look in the direction of your voice, which is, if I do say so myself, sounding very melodic today—”

If looking at the bright side didn’t work (pardon the pun), Brainwella hoped a compliment might calm the goop down.

But it didn’t. Nothing she tried did. And in moments, all of Gnorplop was as hysterical as Marvelgoop.

Once again, it was not pretty on Gnorplop.

Nope.

Not pretty at all.

CHAPTER FIVE: IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

We're not sure, because no one could actually see what was happening, but from all accounts, Gnorplop's fender bender rate soon hit an all-time high.

There was an increase in groad rage incidents too, although no one could see who was doing what.

Teaglers couldn't find their stuglents, and stuglents couldn't find their teaglers, so no one got to the right classroom, and no one learned. Gnorplopians were more ignorant than ever before.

All over the planet, Gnorplopians kept accidentally bumping into each other. But that wasn't the worst part. They also accidentally bumped into smorkelblasts, and the poor beasts were now not only deaf but also somewhat blind, at least when it came to being able to see the Gnorplopians. They decided to stay as far away as possible, and retreated into the wilderness and out of trouble.

Since Gnorplopians couldn't see each other, they also kept accidentally landing on each other whenever taking a seat at a counter, or in

the office, or on a train, or...well, you get the picture.

At night, they'd bump into each other as they rolled over or flopped into bed, and so once again, no one was getting any sleep.

Gnorplopians became ruder and grumpier than ever before.

Brainwella rushed back to her smartboard and worked feverishly to find out what went wrong so she could fix *Glowstop Formula 1*. She worked non-stop, as she had before, until she perfected *Glowstop Formula 2*.

She hurriedly poured it into her sprayer, anxious to use it on Marvelgoop as soon as she could find her.

Little did Brainwella know that the goop had been standing at her feet, watching under her shoulder the whole time. The orbwhiffler turned around with the sprayer in hand and as she did she tripped over the tiny invisible goop. The sprayer popped out of Brainwella's hands, and luckily, it splattered all over the goop and not on the floor.

Brainwella held her breath and gazed into the empty space ahead. ...

What will happen next? Can Yurnstern actually save the day?

To find out buy your copy of "Yurnstern Saves the Day! (The Gnorlop Series)" by going to Amazon.com or the Kindle Store:

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