

**THE  
WELL STRATEGIZED  
AND  
THOROUGHLY  
THOUGHT OUT  
SELF INSTRUCTION  
OF  
HARRY FLYNN**

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# ***1***

In every good tale of fiction, there is love, adventure and mystery. This is not one of those stories – because this is a tale of fact. Before we continue, let's take a moment to focus on and take in the definition of that 4 letter F word, courtesy of the Merriam-Webster online dictionary.

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**fact** \ˈfakt\ *noun*

**1** : a thing done: as **a** *obsolete* : FEAT **b** : CRIME <accessory after the fact> **c** *archaic* : ACTION

**2** *archaic* : PERFORMANCE, DOING

**3** : the quality of being actual : ACTUALITY <a question of fact hinges on evidence>

**4 a** : something that has actual existence <space exploration is now a fact> **b** : an actual occurrence <prove the fact of damage>

**5** : a piece of information presented as having objective reality  
— **in fact**: in truth

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And so you see amidst the mumble jumble of the definition at hand – that the word fact means a thing done, actuality, and something that has actual existence. A fact is, in fewer words, something that actually happens. And so it is explained and now undoubtedly understood that everything in this book is complete truth and undeniable actuality. If it were a lie, it could not be fact. If it were fiction, it could not be truth. Do you understand this yet? Alright then, let's move on.

Our story starts in a small suburban town on January 17th of the 85th year of the 20th century – that being 1985. You see, a century is, of course, 100 years long, which tells us that 20 centuries would be 1900 years. Add in the extra 85 years, and you find yourself in 1985 – but I probably didn't need to explain that, now did I? Let's see – where was I? Oh yes, now I remember quite well. In a small suburban town on January 17th, Maggie Flynnnt gave birth to a 9 pound 6 ounce baby boy. She decided sometime amidst her second trimester of pregnancy to name her son after the man who had gotten her highly intoxicated and seduced her at a highly sophisticated fraternity party at her college – and by highly sophisticated, I simply mean that half of the men in that fraternity could in fact spell the word fraternity. If you would ask her, Maggie Flynnnt would quickly confess to you and anyone else willing to listen that she was easily and quite aggressively attracted to brutes with big egos and small

brains – and by brutes, I simply mean sex-driven 19 year old males in their sophomore year of college who have nothing better to do than drink, play football (sometimes with Frisbees), party, and impregnate impressionable young women who are stepping into the open world for the very first real time in their fortunate – or unfortunate – lives. Did I mention the big egos and small brains? I did? Very well then, and away we go into the depths of our great tale of facts that explains once and for all the process, or series if you will, of events that we have now come to know as *The Well Strategized and Thoroughly Thought Out Self Destruction of Harry Flynnnt*.

Now, let's get back to that impressionable young woman by the name of Maggie Flynnnt. Maggie was a sweet girl who, at one point in time, had the ability to make even the angriest, meanest, bitterest people fall madly and passionately in love with her. Then, with a sudden growth that failed to properly initiate the maturity level one would hope would assist it, Maggie hit an age that brought terror and treachery into the lives of everyone affiliated with her. That's correct! Our dear sweet Maggie Flynnnt hit the rotten, angry-dwelling age of two years old. To everyone around her, Maggie was defined as being a part of a mythical, legendary occurrence known only as the Terrible Twos, but to Maggie, she was simply learning about her kingdom and trying to teach the simpletons around her that she would soon be their queen. The reason Maggie knew she would soon be their queen is because her mother and father, her grandmother and grandfather, and her aunts and uncles constantly called her a little princess. In her very complex

young mind, she associated the word princess with the very thing it was displayed to be in all of the movies – a position of ruling, leadership, respect and honor. Therefore, if a princess is going to be spanked, scolded, or even tsk-tsked, then it is only appropriate that she bares the right to express her anger and to show disappointment in her kingdom for bidding against her rulings.

As Maggie Flynnnt grew older, she became much wiser, and soon realized that she was not a princess at all! In fact, her kingdom was nothing more than a broken down trailer in a dusty field, ruled by a drunkard and a whore. In case you are not familiar or comfortable with my use of the word *whore*, then please, take a moment to observe its definition on your own time – by doing so, you will find that a whore is someone who engages in sexual activities for money.

Now please, let me take a moment to note that I do not enjoy calling anyone a whore, especially if they are not – but when it came to Jane Flynnnt, the mother of Maggie and the soon to be grandmother of Harry, the term is nothing more than completely appropriate, for Jane Flynnnt worked as a prostitute whose rates varied only to accommodate her blood-alcohol content level. You see, if Jane was drunk (which she almost always was) and a man wanted to pay her for a specific sexual request of his to be filled, she would simply charge him a six-pack of cheap beer and about five dollars cash. The five dollars would then be placed into a jar and placed on top of a very high shelf in the far back room of that broken down trailer in which they lived. However, if she was sober (or more likely so, just a little less drunk than

usual), Jane Flynnnt would charge a man 10 dollars and a twelve pack of beer for such undisclosed actions requested instead of the previous mentioned rate. Either way, the money she made would be placed in that same jar that was stored on top of that very high shelf in the far back room of that broken down trailer. The beer, however, would usually end up in the lake about three miles away from their dusty little field.

How all of that beer wound up in the lake is actually quite simple to explain. You see, after a hard day of – work, Jane Flynnnt would drink her beer as she walked home, which resulted in her need to use the bathroom almost immediately upon arrival. Jane’s toilet flush would carry the alcohol through the pipes and into a small sewer stream. The small sewer stream would run for about a mile and a half before it would drain into a larger sewer stream which ran for an additional mile and a half. There, just three miles away from the Flynnnt trailer, the large sewer stream poured into a well known family-oriented location, frequently visited (despite the strange sour smell that filled the air) by families everywhere and famously known as the wonderful, refreshing Corn Lake.

Corn Lake is not only a family-oriented vacation spot during the day, but spins into a complete vortex at approximately 11:57pm each night, shifting it into an alternate universe where people do not go to play or relax, but instead go to park with the girls they’ve picked up from local street corners – which is exactly where Jane Flynnnt was working the night that the light switch in her womb was suddenly and instantly flipped to “On.” And all it took was

one night with a man who would soon move into the trailer with Jane and raise his pups like a good boy should.

The news of Maggie's pregnancy was just as shocking but unsurprisingly brought the same reaction of acceptance and understanding as Jane's pregnancy – that is until Maggie informed her parents that she would not be marrying the father after all. Her parents were not happy to hear this news, and in the long run it may have been better for Maggie to have told them otherwise, despite the actuality of the situation. Actually, there are two reasons that Maggie would have been better off telling her parents. The first and slightly smaller reason it may have been better for Maggie to tell her parents that she would of course be marrying the father of her baby was that the father's name was Harry Spencer. Personally, I feel Maggie Spencer to be a better (though less zesty) name than Maggie Flynnnt. The second reason that Maggie should have claimed to be marrying Harry Spencer is that in the long run she wouldn't have needed to go through with the wedding anyways because just two months after impregnating Maggie Flynnnt, Harry Spencer was hit and killed by a very large bus. If Maggie would have known such an event was going to take place, she most likely would have lied to her parents, but she didn't, and her parents were very unhappy. Though they didn't enforce abstinence, they did enforce their beliefs that if a woman becomes pregnant, it is her responsibility to make sure the man marries her, or else take him to court for child support.

Yes, Maggie's parents believed it is strictly the man's responsibility to provide for his family, and Jane

believed that more than anyone, as it almost seemed to be a Flynnnt tradition that the man cares for his family no matter what. From Great Great Grandpa Joe Flynnnt to Uncle Ester – which is a surprise, because Great Great Grandpa Joe was 97 years old, and Uncle Ester was disabled (and by disabled – you guessed it, I simply mean that he had one blind eye – his only eye – only one leg, no arms, and to top it off, or not top it off at all, he was bald.)

Perhaps it was things like this that caused the stress that quickly led to the heart attack of Great Great Grandpa Joe. In fact, it very well could be that the thoughts of karma – that being the cause and effect, what goes around comes around theory. Perhaps it was the rules and beliefs that Great Great Grandpa Joe had started for his family that led to his stress, which led to his heart attack, which overall, led to him just barely living long enough to see his great, great, great grandson, Harry. You see, Great Great Grandpa Joe wanted the best for his children and grandchildren, and even his great grandchildren and great, great grandchildren. The problem is, Great Great Grandpa Joe didn't want to have great great great grandchildren. This is why to this day even following his death he simply goes by Great Great Grandpa Joe. If one should ever refer to him as Great Great Great Grandpa Joe – then they will most likely find themselves haunted by a very angry old man with a disastrously large grudge.

And so, now I have given background on the Flynnnt family, but have yet to touch on our dear friend, Harry. That is because knowing Harry's family is very important – and even if it's not important, and I manage to mention very



little about them through the rest of this book, it is still fun information to have shared. If you did not find it to be fun information, then I suggest you go back and read the entire chapter over again until you find the ability to allow yourself to smile. If after reading it several times, you still have not smiled, then at the very least, you have proven yourself to be a simpleton who can be manipulated into reading over an entire chapter multiple times for the mere sake of one smile.

Shall we move on?

## 2

Wavy brown hair and breath-taking blue eyes complimented the bashful man of which this story is told. Harry Flynnnt stood at 5 foot 7 and delivered a whopping eyeful of 220 flesh-covered pounds. Harry was a poor man in most aspects of life, paying his bills with each and every check from his unfortunate career of fast-food restaurant employment at the Fry Shack (Although, I should note that the Fry Shack was not a provider of very fast food or service, nor were they much of a restaurant). The Fry Shack consisted of a door for employee entrance only and two drive-up windows at which customers could place and receive their order. The choices available to all customers were small fry, medium fry, large fry, jumbo fry, or fry bucket. Customers also had a choice of drinks available to them – water, or water with ice.

Harry Flynnnt did his best to pay very little attention to the fact that his life was very unpleasant and his living situation was no more enticing than the 200 dollar paychecks he brought home each week. At minimum wage, it took Harry months to find a place to call home, and when he did, he quickly found that many cockroaches and other roaming insects had called it home long before he did. To

top it all off, Harry Flynnnt was very alone, as he could never find the courage to ask Laura Davis, the woman of his dreams, to go out on a date with him. In fact, Harry didn't even have the courage to speak to Laura Davis at all. This explains why, despite bumping into each other every day in their apartment hallway, Laura Davis does not know of Harry Flynnnt by name, if at all.

Once, a package was delivered for Harry, but accidentally dropped off at Laura's door. Not knowing the name on the package, Laura tried to send the package back. Interestingly enough, the package made a reprise visit to Laura's door and consequently found itself in her trash, which is taken out on Thursdays. That Thursday, the package found its way across town to the city dump, where a homeless man found it and opened it. Fortunately for the homeless man, the package contained a brand new set of dress clothes, shoes included. The dress clothes were exactly what the homeless man needed to go out into the world and land a great job. This unfortunately left Harry Flynnnt with no decent dress clothes on Friday, which caused him to miss an interview (which he obtained by mistake but felt it was best not to bring up to the management of said occupation) for a major position with a very successful business. Oddly enough, the clothes didn't help the homeless man get a good job either because instead of trying to get a job with them, he sold them for a few dollars and spent the money on cheap Canadian alcohol. On a good note, the woman he sold them to gave them to her husband and demanded him to seek a job, which he did to avoid the alternative choice of which she gave him: that being a

drastically long and dragged out divorce that would result simply in him losing everything, including, of course, what he loved most – his 60 inch, high-definition, flat-screen television.

When Harry saw Laura Davis in public, his heart skipped a beat. To be fair though, his heart skips beats quite often anyways, as he has a slight murmur which causes irregular beating to take place. Regardless of that fact, Harry took special notice of each time his heart skipped around Laura. Her hair (which ironically enough could be compared to the exact tone of which he likes his chicken nuggets to bare – a soft golden brown) and warming smile brought a strange feeling upon Harry – a feeling most of us know as comfort – which is not a common feeling for Harry and therefore can only be truly described as discomfort. I know this is a lot to take in at once and only a select few of you will truly understand that explanation. The rest of you will just have to shrug it off and hope that the rest of the book is a little easier to follow. Of course, I suppose I should give you the heads up that this book may not get any easier to follow, which could leave you unsure about your feelings towards it. To make up for that possibility, here are a few small words to get you back on track. I will do my best to include a series of small words like this to maintain steady flow for those who have trouble following along. At this moment, the small words I've chosen for you are as follows: at, shoe, and car. You're welcome.

Now that we've gotten past all of that, I do believe we can move on with our tale. Harry Flynn had a very steady routine. He would wake up, eat a waffle and wash it