



The Princess



The supreme boogeyman

No 1

...Disclaimer...

Title: The Princess

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Stinkybinkybooks

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Foreword

Hello dear children, here we are again with a new book, one that made me laugh too.

And that's why it's a great Stinkybinkybook. What if the boogeyman beater club are the lackeys of a royal house.

But what if in that royal house there's a princess who's darn clumsy!?

Well this new Stinkybinkybook is about that princess and the boogeyman beater club who instead of spreading nightmares, tries to save the kingdom from a sweet but oh so clumsy princess, Can you feel it coming!?

This little book made me laugh while I was writing it, and I hope it makes you all laugh while you read it, too.

There are no monsters in this book, but there are a few bogeymen such as the cupboard cracker and old Brom.

The Boogeyman beater Club wishes you lots of fun with a new Stinkybinkybook:

The Princess!

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Chapter 1.

The beginning of misery!

No 4

It all started the day Angela decided the royal archives could use a bit more color. Now, you should know that the Spill to the Bone archives were filled with parchments so old they crumbled just by looking at them. The archivist, Mr. Stoffel, was a man who hadn't seen sunlight in forty years and whose only friend was a silverfish named Bert. Angela burst in with a pot of paint in each hand. She wanted to decorate the family tree with cheerful glitter. But the threshold of the archives was exactly two millimeters higher than she'd estimated. Her left foot got caught, which her right foot tried to correct, but only made matters worse by pirouetting and landing in Mr. Stoffel's inkwell. The paint pots flew through the air like colorful grenades. The pink paint landed perfectly on the charter of the Great Peace of 1402, making it look as if the war had ended with a communal picnic instead of a treaty. The blue paint touched Mister Stoffel's beard, who instantly turned into a Smurf like wizard.

Angela tried to repair the damage by polishing it with her silk handkerchief, but she only rubbed the paint deeper into the parchment, leaving a pancake-sized hole in the country's history.

Mr. Stoffel looked at his blue beard, looked at his silverfish, and decided on the spot to take early retirement to a hut on the heath where no princesses were allowed.

But Angela refused to be discouraged. She felt she hadn't done enough useful work. She walked to the royal stables. There, Bliss, the king's faithful mare, was waiting for her daily grooming. Angela grabbed the hardest brush she could find, thinking Bliss could really use a good scrub. What she didn't know, however, was that Bliss was extremely ticklish on her flanks. At the first stroke of the brush, the horse started whinnying like a madman.

Bliss kicked backwards, hitting a bucket of oats that flew through the air and landed right on the groom's head.

The groom, now completely blind, began running around blindly and knocked over the lantern, which thankfully wasn't lit, but was blocking the way for the royal carriage just about to enter. The coachman had to slam on the brakes, the horses were startled, and before you knew it, the entire stable had been transformed into a tangle of ropes, straw, and whinnying fourlegged creatures.

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Angela tried to calm the situation by offering Bliss a sugar cube, but she tripped over a pitchfork and launched the sugar cube straight into the eye of the court marshal, who happened to be there just to see what all the fuss was about.

The Marshal, thinking he was being attacked by a sniper with candy, blew his emergency whistle, sending the entire palace guard, in full armor, rushing to the stables. By the time the dust settled, Angela was sitting atop a bale of hay, a horse brush in her hair and a very confused look in her eyes.

Meanwhile, in Feartopia, where the Boogeyman beater Club has its headquarters, a crisis plan was being drawn up. I, the Supreme Boogeyman, sat before the assembled monsters.

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Chapter 2.

The continuation of the misery!

No 8

We had Snotter the Slither, Krak the Wardrobe Crawler, and even Old Grom the Cellar Dragon. Boogeyman, I said in my deepest voice, we have a problem.

Princess Angela is trying to decorate her room for the upcoming Winter Festival. That means hammers, nails, and streamers are in play. The last time she held a hammer, she accidentally violated gravity in the west tower, causing all the paintings to hang upside down.

We have to guard her room. Not to scare her, but to protect ourselves. Imagine if she hammered a nail into the wall and it hit one of our secret passages.

Snotter, you sit in the wall and push the nails back as she tries to hammer. Crack, you hold the ladder so she doesn't fall through the ceiling again.

We thought the plan was foolproof. But we hadn't anticipated Angela's enthusiasm for glue.

She had made a bucket of super-strong royal glue from boiled fish bones and resin. She wanted to stick glitter on the ceiling. Standing on the ladder, desperately held steady by Krak, she began wildly waving the glue brush around.

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A large blob flew down and hit Krak right on his witty forehead. Krak was now stuck to the ladder.

Angela feeling the ladder begin to tremble, he grabbed the curtains to keep from falling. But the curtains weren't designed to hold the weight of a princess on a mission. With a loud crack, the curtains came crashing down, including the solid brass rod.

Snotter, stuck in the wall, was hit in the nose by the rod and shot out of the wall like a cork from a champagne bottle. He flew across the room, crashed into the glue bucket, and within three seconds, a ghost, a ladder, a curtain, and a princess were stuck in an inextricable knot of misery.

The queen entered the room and stood there, frozen. Angela said softly:

Why is there a ladder in your hair and why does the curtain rod smell like fish?

Angela laughed sheepishly as she tried to free her left arm that was now tied to the knee of an invisible ghost.

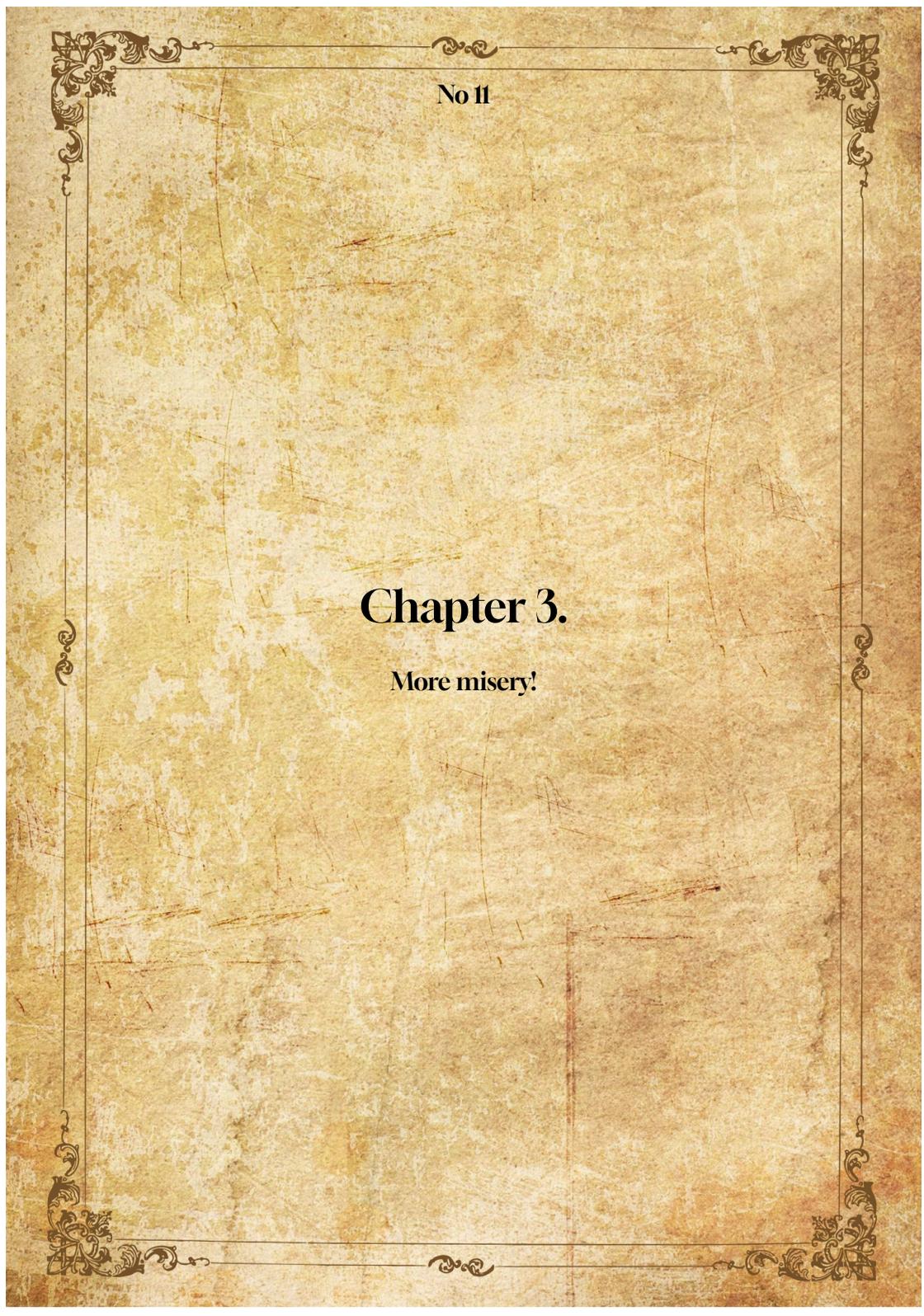
I just wanted the ceiling to sparkle.

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The queen sighed and sent for the royal glue remover, which was actually just very strong onion juice. The entire palace smelled like a deep fryer in an onion field for three days, but at least Angela was free again.

Then came the day of the big cooking contest. The kingdom of Spill to the Bone had a tradition that the royal family had to bake a cake for the people.

The king usually baked a bland cake so hard you could use it as a sidewalk. The queen made a light cream puff that often blew away in a gust of wind.



No II

Chapter 3.

More misery!

But Angela wanted to steal the show this year. She wanted to create a cake that would defy the laws of physics. She called it the Angela Explosion. And in retrospect, that name was very accurate.

She started mixing the dough in a trough normally used for mixing concrete. She figured that if a little yeast was good, a lot of yeast would be fantastic.

She added three kilos of yeast, followed by a dozen eggs, which she threw into the trough, shells included, because she'd read that chalk was good for bones. Then she added a secret ingredient: sparkling magic water from the deep caverns of the boogeyman's club, which she'd accidentally found while searching for her ball.

The dough began to grow. And grow. And grow. It came over the edge of the trough like a slow, white tidal wave.

Angela She tried to push it back with a broomstick, but the broom got stuck and was absorbed by the dough monster. "Help," she cried, as she was lifted up by the rising mass.

The dough flowed from the kitchen into the hallway toward the throne room.

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The court marshal tried to stop the dough with his sword, but it simply swallowed the weapon and continued merrily rolling.

The king, who had just been taking a nap on his throne, woke up to find his feet enveloped in a warm, sticky substance.

What kind of betrayal is this!?

He shouted as he tried to get up but was stuck to his chair.

The bogeyman beater club had to spring into action again. We couldn't allow our entire work area to be filled with unbaked dough.

I commanded the Firebelly Monsters. These are small creatures that can blow hot air. Blow like your life depends on it, I said.

We have to bake this dough before it reaches the drawbridge. Hundreds of little monsters hid behind the tapestries and began radiating heat. The temperature in the palace rose to tropical levels.

The dough began to harden. The aroma of freshly baked bread filled the streets. Eventually, a giant ring of bread stretched throughout the palace.

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It was the largest bagel in the world. The people came to the castle with knives and butter, and everyone had enough to eat for a month. Angela was celebrated as the inventor of the palace snack, even though she was really only trying to make a small cake.

But the life of a clumsy princess is never easy. After the bread disaster, Angela decided she needed to improve her physical coordination.

She enrolled in the royal ballet class. The teacher, Monsieur Pirouette, was a man whose legs were thinner than spaghetti strands. He looked with fear in his eyes as Angela pulled on her pointe shoes as if preparing for a wrestling match.

Now, Princess, said Monsieur Pirouette, we'll begin the swan dance. Be light as a feather. Angela did her best. She leaped into the air with the grace of a hippopotamus on a trampoline. Upon landing, the wooden floor creaked precariously.

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Chapter 4.

Will there ever be an end to the misery!?

No 16

She began to spin, but her arms swung so wide that she accidentally hit Monsieur Pirouette, sending him crashing into the grand piano. The grand piano slammed shut with a hard, off-key note, and Angela, thrown off balance, spun into the mirrored wall. Fortunately, the mirrored wall was made of sturdy glass, but the frame came loose and fell right around her neck, leaving her with a gigantic gold frame like a strange collar.

I'm a living painting, she shouted cheerfully as she tried to shake off the frame, accidentally pulling down the curtains of the ballroom in the process.

At that moment, the Supreme Boogeyman decided it was time for a personal conversation. I appeared at the foot of her bed at night. Usually, children scream and pull the covers over their heads. But not Angela. She looked at me and said:

Oh hello, Mr. Boogeyman. Do you happen to know how to tie shoelaces? Mine are always tangled, and I think that's why I wrecked the dance floor today. I was a bit taken aback.

A boogeyman never gets asked about shoelaces. Listen, Angela, I said in my most eerie voice:

You're a disaster for the interior of this castle. My monsters can't handle it anymore. We're overworked rescuing vases and catching falling princesses. You need to learn to look first, then act.

You're right. I'll be extra careful from now on.

To prove it, she wanted to get out of bed to shake my hand, but she forgot her feet were still in the sleeping bag she was using as an extra blanket. She fell forward, slid across the slick floor, and slammed her head into the closet, causing my favorite hiding place to collapse. See, I said as I disappeared back into the shadows, even when you try to listen, things go wrong.

The next big challenge was the visit of the Prince of Perfection from the neighboring kingdom. This prince, named Splendor, had never had a hair out of place, and his teeth were so white they glowed at night.

The king wanted Angela to make a good impression. Nothing could go wrong. No paint, no glue, no dough, and absolutely no ballet. The king hired a special team of attendants who kept Angela in a padded room all day.

But Angela had to be at the dinner. She was wearing a dress so tight she could barely breathe, which significantly reduced the chance of any wild movements.

She sat at the long table across from Glorious Gentleman. He told stories about how he'd slain a dragon simply by looking sternly at the beast. Angela tried to eat her soup in a civilized manner. But there was a pea in her soup that wouldn't break. She pressed the pea with her spoon. The pea slipped out from under the spoon, shot out of the plate with the speed of a bullet, and landed right in Glorious Gentleman's nostril.

The prince stopped mid sentence. His eyes widened. He began to sneeze. And not just any sneeze. It was a sneeze that blew his entire perfect hair forward, making him look like a wet dog.

No 19

Chapter 5.

Never mind!

No 20

Angela Wanting to help, she grabbed her glass of water to offer him, but she tripped over the hem of her dress and poured the entire glass down the prince's trousers. The prince shrieked as if he were being flayed alive and ran from the hall, shouting that this kingdom was cursed.

The king looked at Angela who stood there with an empty water cup and a guilty face.

Well, I didn't like the guy anyway. He was way too clean.

And so it went on. Whether it was the time Angela tried to grease the clock tower with butter, causing the hands to spin so fast the whole village thought time travel had been invented, or the time she tried to fertilize the palace garden with a mixture that, in hindsight, turned out to contain gunpowder, causing the flowers to literally explode out of the ground, Angela remained the undisputed queen of clumsiness.

But do you know what the secret is? The people of Spill to the Bone grew to love her. Thanks to her, they always had fresh bread, the most colorful cellar in the world, and there was never a dull moment.

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Even the boogeymans club eventually made her an honorary member. Not because she was good at scaring, but because no monster was as unpredictable as she was. And in a world full of perfect princesses and boring kingdoms, a princess who occasionally has a ladder in her hair is exactly what we need. So if you ever knock something over or trip over your own shoelaces, think of Amara. Smile, wipe the syrup off your chin, and say:

That was exactly the intention!

And now you, snotty little bubble, get some sleep before I send Angela to clean your room. Trust me, you don't want that!

The End!

The moral!

This moral isn't very obvious, but it's definitely there. Because Angela may have done a lot wrong, and really, everything went wrong, right?

Literally everything that could go wrong went wrong, and yet Angela was accepted.

The kingdom enjoys her bread, and perhaps ballet isn't for her, but the good intentions behind it make up for everything! She wasn't named an honorary member of the Boogeyman Beater Club for nothing that doesn't happen to everyone!

And that's the moral of the story: Even if everything that can go wrong goes wrong, if your intention is good and you don't do it on purpose, you'll see that even your biggest mistake is nothing more than a lesson for next time!

Or in Angela's story, no clue, but you too are allowed to stumble and bumble because even the supreme bogeyman is and remains a gigantic bungler!

Good night and see you next time!!



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