

The Ooooooooooooooooooooo!

A Short Story



By

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FIRST EDITION

Thank you to www.pixabay.com for the owl picture on the cover.

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Dedicated

To all my students and clients who I taught about getting organized. Just a great experience and great students. Keep up the good work.

Chapter 1

Olivia O'Brien wanted to get organized. Her husband Ollie O'Brien opposed, when it came to organization. Ollie O'Brien a retired officer. Overlooked the idea to an organized home.

When Mrs. O'Brien said, "Let's get organized!" Mr. O'Brien sat at his organ playing the oldies off key, "This organ is going into omission! I don't want to get organized old woman."

One day, Olivia O'Brien brought it up again, "Let's get organized!"

Ollie stood on his organ bench, throwing like an outfielder, sheets of music into the kitchen, bathroom, bedroom and even outside. Screaming! "Organizing is overcasting my belongings. I will not stand for it."

Ollie offshoots a crumbled sheet hitting Mrs. O'Brien in the rump.

"Ollie enough. You are an offensive oxymoron. I'm getting organized even if you oppose."

Ollie O'Brien turned off his hearing aid from the outside world. Ollie thought, 'Olivia would never go over my head. Never.'

Chapter 2

Ollie was wrong. In October, Olivia O'Brien found online Olga the Organizer, an out-of-towner from Ohio. A professional organizer whose slogan "I will Outwit Every Ounce of your Overwhelmed and Overflowing Stuff! Order is my game." Mrs. O'Brien could not wait, she called the operator to connect her to Olga the Organizer.

She had to fly from Ohio to Oklahoma to the outskirts of town to Oz, to meet Mrs. O'Brien whose house was under an overpass.

Olga the Organizer went out-of-the-way for this orientation with Mrs. O'Brien. She saw this as an opportunity, and open market for out of state operations.

When Olga the Organizer, got to the O'Brien's she could not believe her overwhelmed eyes. She saw an overweight Mr. O'Brien. Wearing a big orange overcoat eating an omelet while reading the obituary in an old boat with ornate oars. The boat filled with outlandish Olive Oil bottles.

When Mr. O'Brien saw Olga the Organizer, he tosses his omelet into the bushes, and ran into the house. Olga the Organizer watch as the bushes moved, as an ocelot sat licking the plate clean.

Olga the Organizer tripped over objects filling the overstuff porch. No rhyme or reason. She raps on the door shaped of a big "O".

Ollie open and shut the door. Behind the door yelling, "Olivia, there's an overly excited salesperson, shut the doors and windows."

Mrs. O'Brien looks out the window; it was the organizer from out of town. Mrs. O'Brien unlock the door and pushes Ollie away, welcoming the out of breath organizer.

Chapter 3

His wife has overstepped his orders, by allowing an Organizer into his castle. "I am still owner of my house! I have ownership papers, somewhere?" Ollie throwing papers everywhere as he searched. He kept sending outburst obscenity to his wife.

Mrs. O'Brien overcast a shadow over her husband, and he ran out of the room screaming. He sneaks one big oatmeal cookie into his overcoat, and out he went to his bird observatory. "You cannot scare me, I'm outraged and outnumbered."

Mrs. O'Brien apologizes to Olga the Organizer, for her ogre husband. She shows Olga the Organizer rooms needing organization.

The whole house was crowded, out of hand with no order. Olga the Organizer, obsession with order ordained her to take on this unorganized house.

Olga the Organizer immediately organized the ottoman. Quickly organizing the overflowing home office, ornate Old-World text, obese knickknacks, Oriental Rugs, oak figurines and last the ornamentals.

Olga the Organizer worked onward, outward, ongoing, outweighed, with an outwitted order.

Olga was not sure what to do with the orphan orange Orangutan with a purple Octopus wrapped around its neck. Thinking, it's probable Mrs. O'Brien's, she tosses it into the keeps.

The kitchen was presently off-limits for Olga the Organizer. On special occasions Olivia made her prize Olives, Orzo, Okra, and Ocean Oyster Stew. Her offspring were omnivore. They overeat and devoured every morsel.

Chapter 4

Olga the Organizer organized the organ and opened the top. Olga the Organizer found tons of oranges that obstructed the old fashion ornate oak trunk. Outrageous, out of place, out dated, opaque and overlooked. The odor that came out, surely polluted the ozone layer.

Olga the Organizer noticed an Oriental Octagon Overstuffed Closet in the corner of the room. Olga the Organizer thought, 'I would work on this, while Mrs.' O'Brien was cutting onions to make onion rings.'

Olga the Organizer opened the overflowing closet. The smell of oregano and orrisroot reached her nose. Olga the Organizer felt, she lost an ounce of oxygen, by all that clutter.

Olga the Organizer moved inside this overwhelming, overstuffed, overflowing closet. Olga the Organizer was not sure where the closet ended? It was like an optical illusion.

Olga the Organizer, made piles of origami collections, oars, overdue library books, otters' toys, outdoors equipment, off-the-wall & off-colored pictures, old odometer, oil paintings of the old country & the ocean, orchestra papers and many odds-and-ends.

Olga the Organizer grabbed what she thought was an Owl statue. It suddenly moved and Whoo... Hoo... Hoot..... In addition, it chased Olga the Organizer, right out of her overshoes.

"O whither, O whither, O whither!"

Chapter 5

Olga the Organizer jumps over obstacles, outsmarting the obstruction just to obtain freedom of her opponent, the Whoooooing owl. On-lookers thought, Olga the Organizer was training for the Olympic marathon. She ran around the O'Brien's orchard and around the oblong house.

Olga the Organizer outran, out-foxed, outstretched and outmaneuvered the owl.

Olga the Organizer fell into a pigpen filled with pigs all oinking from the outburst of the action. "Oink! Oink! Oink!"

Trying to avoid an overstuffed opossum figurine. Olga the Organizer tore her organdy overskirt; she jumps over object and glided "LOOK OUT!" She oversteps slips on oil under her oxford shoes. She does an outstanding somersault flip, trips and skids through the pet outlet. "Ouch."

Olga the Organizer hit headfirst into an Ottawa Indian made of ore. Olga the Organizer out cold.

Mr. O'Brien's dog an Old English Sheepdog name Ox, sat on Olga the Organizer, licking her orchid perfume.

Chapter 6

Ollie off colored overalls, wearing opera glasses and his oriole bird named Oswald sat on his shoulder. Overeating Oreos cookies. Practicing on oboe an overture for his wife of fifty years. Having a mission and an oppression. He jumps over and oversteps the overhang obstruction. He takes no notice of Olga the Organizer.

Olga the Organizer awoke hearing Mr. O'Brien playing high octave notes, all off keyed and offbeat.

Mrs. Olivia O'Brien dances in, overwhelmed by her hubby's music. "Oh, so Original and lovely dear."

Olivia notice Olga the Organizer, with an oversized oval on her head, sitting with an overweight dog outstretch on her lap. "Oh-No!"

Mr. O'Brien plays the oboe again but now louder. This time Mrs. O'Brien outlawed the oboe.

Mr. O'Brien acts overbearing, and overly critical about Olga being overspecialized organizer. A waste of his money and time.

Mrs. Olivia O'Brien stops Mr. O'Brien complaining by outsmarting, and overruling. Ox the dog barks along with Mrs. O'Brien ordering, Mr. Ollie O'Brien to take it outside.

Chapter 7

Mr. O'Brien looks at his wife, his faithful dog Ox and this stranger Olga the Organizer. Outnumbered. He noticed his orphan Orange Orangutan with the purple Octopus wrapped around, its neck.

" Own up! Who found my outspoken award? I took an oath with this organization, and it must be an omen to join up again. I could not find it in years. I need my camera, so I can take a picture."

Instead of looking for hours, Mr. O'Brien grabbed his camera on a shelf labeled CAMERA/EQUIPMENT. Mr. O'Brien froze. He read the labels in the closet. Each shelf labeled; BOOKS he found the Old Testament and even a container labeled OREGON filled with Oregon souvenirs and pictures.

Mr. O'Brien stops and looks around the room, feeling embarrassed and mortified. The room looked so clean and orderly, he could find things with ease. Everything had a home.

Mr. O'Brien ran to the outhouse, with no purpose, like an outlaw, shamed the way he acted toward this orderly organizer.

Chapter 8

Olga the Organizer was off balance as Mrs. O'Brien helped her off the floor. Looking around, she saw stars orbiting. Her head in outer space in the cosmos somewhere.

Olga the Organizer felt like a wet osprey fish pushed overboard. Her job was Occupation hazard. Feeling overwhelmed, obsolete, and outlandish.

Olga the Organizer wanted to call her osteopathic, ophthalmologist, ornithologist, and orthopedist or was it obstetrician? Maybe she should just call an Orthodox priest?

Olga the Organizer's rubbed her back, 'I'm too young for osteoporosis?'

She wishes she overslept and tried to forget this terrible outlandish optimistic organizing nightmare.

Mrs. O'Brien gave Olga the Organizer, old wives tale ointment, and an old fashion mixed with oolong tea to help smooth the woe.

Olga the Organizer looks at her round watch, it said One o'clock. "O' good, my time is up."

Mrs. O'Brien paid Olga the Organizer outright. Gave her oodles of praise. Mrs. O'Brien thanks Olga the Organizer for the organizing. But the overworked Olga the Organizer thought she said, "Thanks, for fixing the organ."

Mr. Ollie O'Brien the outdoorsman, came back into the oblong house, shy, and humiliated. He presented Olga the Organizer with a bouquet of orange flowers and a special overture called Olga the Organizer Helped Saved the O'Brian's' Oblong Home.

The End

Book Club Questions for The OOOooooooo!

1. Who are you more like Ollie O'Brien or Olivia O'Brien when it comes to organization? Please explain
2. The description of Olga the Organizer would you hire someone to help you get organized Why or why not?
3. Do you know anyone who's overly attached to their things they don't want to get rid of anything? Please explain?
4. What do you think of the way Olga the Organizer organized? Do you think everything needs a label and a place to call home? Why or what not?
5. Do you think Ollie O'Brien actions at the end of book would smooth his past action? Why or why not?
6. Which part of the story did you like the best? Why?
7. Have you ever wanted to be organizer? Why or why not?

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