



## **Tales of The Bastard Drunk**

*D.M. Woon*

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## **Tales of The Bastard Drunk D.M. Woon**

Two travellers. One haunted town. A secluded pub. A bastard drunk.

“Buy The Bastard a brandy, an’ he might jus’ tell you a tale ’bout this town...”

Kramusville is a town with a long and bloody history. When Paul and Fitz arrive on foot, desperate for shelter, they only find one place that appears to be open – The Finger Inn. There’s a train in the morning, but during the long night they hear the Tales of The Bastard Drunk... stories like "Vannigan’s Grudge", "Mr. Creeper", and "Clean Up On Aisle Gore". They pray for the dawn to come, so they can leave – but will Kramusville let them go?

Warning: this novella contains violence, gore, and extreme sexual content.

## **Tales of The Bastard Drunk Details**

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Author : D.M. Woon

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# From Reader Review Tales of The Bastard Drunk for online ebook

## Steve Orton says

Received free via Goodreads giveaway.

While somewhat put off by the title, it turned out to be a lot better than I had expected.

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## karen says

this is good, solid, splattery horror that also playfully takes a meta-step back from itself to poke fun at the conventions of the horror genre and at its own content. it's a collection of linked stories, but there's an overarching narrative holding them together, so they aren't really standalones.

it takes place in the british town of kramusville, on a - yes - on a dark and stormy night. fitz and paul are on their way to an important conference when their car breaks down. they cross a spooky and decrepit old bridge complete with unsettling noises and possible apparitions (doing the classic, "was that? nahh, couldn't be" brush-off that is required of all participants in horror stories) and find themselves in a ghost town that nonetheless is where they are meant to catch their train. cellphone reception being spotty and no train available until morning, they are forced to wait out the storm and pass the time at the finger inn, where they can drink some beers and relax.

but there will be no rest in kramusville, only unspeakable horror and unease. muahahahaaaaaa

at least there's beer.

the pub is deserted except for the creepiest bartender ever, and a man sitting in the shadows known as "the bastard drunk." and for the price of a drink, the bastard drunk will share the stories of kramusville; all the urban legends and haunting deaths that have plagued the town for years.

which deal our two friends accept gladly, as waiting-room entertainment.

and the stories roll offa the bastard drunk, each more horrific than the last. but fitz and paul are a tough crowd, and fitz isn't buying what the bastard's selling:

*Fitz took a sip of his drink, held it in his mouth for a moment, then swallowed with a frown. "Are the lights going to fail in every tale you tell us?" The Bastard eyed him curiously. "The fuck is that supposed to mean?" "The lights on the train flickered, the lights in the corridor flickered; we're not stupid, Bastard. We're very aware of the suspense you're trying to create, but there must be a different cliché device up your sleeve."*

which is a nice little giggle. fitz continues to challenge the bastard's storytelling abilities:

*"Are you callin' me a liar?"*

*"I'm just questioning your abilities as a storyteller, that's all. You're trying to sell us these tales as fact, and*

*yet you're expecting us to believe the impossible. Now, I'm willing to suspend disbelief when it comes to dialogue; there's no way of you knowing what conversations took place behind closed doors. I'm even ready to accept character backstories; maybe you know for sure about Polly's childhood trauma, maybe you don't, but adding depth to your protagonist is never a bad thing...But you're too explicit, too definite...the not knowing for sure, the supernatural becoming an almost rational explanation for the unknown; that's where the fear lies, Bastard."*

i appreciate this device, the taking the reader out of the story to address the very nature of storytelling and asking the kinds of questions a rational person asks when confronted with horror stories. because for the most part, the bastard's tales are very traditional slumber party stories: the woman traveling alone late at night, the revenge from beyond the grave, the brainwashed children - it's all very conventional. and fitz continues to shoot them down and voice his disbelief and point to the weaknesses in the bastard's storytelling abilities, who in turn continues to defend them and it becomes an almost lighthearted respite alternating with all the gore.

but it's not lighthearted for long. as the stories and the arguments continue, the two worlds collide and the horror elements bleed into the the finger inn narrative as the bastard drunk reveals that he knows o so many details of fitz and paul's lives and that their story will one day be just like any other in his mind; a chilling tale used to terrify and delight some other hapless visitor to kramusville.

it's a fun experiment in horror writing. i enjoyed the referential winks and the overall structure - nothing beats the story-within-a-story setup in my opinion. the individual stories are also good, although as fitz points out, there are a lot of clichés in them. what he can't point out is that the "travelers who meet a spooky character on a spooky night and find themselves imperiled" is itself a cliché, but the reader doesn't need that spelled out for them.

do not mess with the bastard drunk, is my advice.

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## **Roger says**

Short stories, told on a dark cold raining night, in a ghost town named kramusville. With a twist at the end.

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## **Rachel says**

I started reading this book again after taking a break and I couldn't put it down! Ended up reading half of it in one sitting to finish!

Such a brilliant and unpredictable ending which will fuel my nightmares for months! Fantastically well written thriller with a bone chilling storyline!

Sequel please!

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## Tim Potter says

Tales of the Bastard Drunk, by D.M. Woon, is an intricately and interestingly structured horror story that defies any easy classification. It is and isn't a novel or novella, just as it is and isn't an anthology or collection. It's an amalgamation of all of those forms of literature, there's even some poetic verse hiding in it, and it makes for great reading. The pacing does have peaks and valleys, with some great stories and some rather forgettable ones, but the book is so full of great ideas that they more than make up for any lulls in the plot.

The general structure of the book is something rarely seen in modern literature. Four people come together at a deserted tavern and, due to coincidence, have about eight hours to spend together. The booming voice in the dark of the bar is it's resident mascot and best customer, the titular Bastard Drunk. At the recommendation of the barkeep Riley the two men passing through, or trying to pass through, that they can stay the night if they drink. He also tells the travellers, Fitz and Paul, that if they buy the Bastard Drunk a glass of rum that he'll probably entertain them with stories of the town.

The first act is a bit on the slow side. The characters, who will become three dimensional and well realized later in the book, begin with very little personality, and the Bastard Drunk's first stories of the town are fun but light on content. The plotting is very sharp and overcomes some of these weaker stories by keeping scenes and stories short and continually moving on to the next one. As the stories move along, however, the pacing picks up and creates some real suspense. Well before the midway point all four main characters are coming to life off of the page and the book's real theme has taken control of the story.

This is a book that is about storytelling and storytellers. It examines why we tell stories and why we want to hear them. It asks what a story is to begin with. The main storyteller in the book is the Bastard Drunk and it's through his narrative that many great ideas are examined. Does he have any responsibility to his audience to tell them stories they will like? Does he need to tell the listeners what they want to hear and should he have to explain certain elements of his tales? And what is the role of the listener? What does he own the storyteller?

The great thing about Tales of the Bastard Drunk is that all of these important, literary, scholarly ideas are presented, and that they come up in the natural flow of the narrative. At no point does any philosophising seem unnatural to the characters and the story, it's what the story is all about. This isn't a book to be read for the individual stories, here or there when a reader has time for a horror short. This is a cover to cover read that can be enjoyed as a classically structured horror yarn or as an insightful work about the nature of storytelling. I recommend reading it as both.

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## P says

A relatively solid book, with some grisly stories and a surprising ending. It's much more classic ghost horror than modern metaphysical horror.

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