

There once was a monkey - McBoof was his name.  
His fans called him Phineas, and he had great fame...

So starts the journey of the great enigmatic monkey, Phineas McBoof, as he fleetingly flees fame and fortune to find philosophy and form his fantastic new band, *The International Band Of Misunderstood Geniuses*. Take an adventure with rugged individualists like Backbone The Octopus, Bottomus The Hip Popotamus, Riley The Robot, Lenny Long Tail, and The Ooh Gah Boo Gus as they travel the world with one thing in common: They groove to their own music.

So come join The International Band Of Misunderstood Geniuses to find your own inner genius. With colorful characters brought to life by the storytelling of Doctor Noize and the three dimensional magic of Dream Cortex and Artistic Director Yan Miu, this book tells the same tale as Doctor Noize's beloved recording of the same name, with its #1 national hit song *Banana*.

Buzz for *The Ballad Of Phineas McBoof* recording and book...

"A story that is witty and funny and executed with finesse and humor. This band of creatures will make you laugh and hang on their every word and every bit of music they make..."

Charlotte Bohn, *Baltimore's Child*

"As original as children's entertainment gets... The dialogue and interplay between the characters is charming and funny. The story... also teaches listeners about the instruments."

Jeff, *out with the kids - parent differently*

"This cartoon-colored Odyssey shows how Phineas learns about other creatures' love of music... as he realizes we each have a song to contribute to the great symphony of life."

Joseph W. Cates, *Richmond Parents Monthly*

"Through all of his artistic endeavors, Doctor Noize delivers a pro-music message that is creative, educational and fun."

Laurel Fishman, *Grammy.com*

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learning, virtuosic monkeys and more in the  
*Phineas McBoof Series of musical adventures.*

Doctor Noize Inc.

Doctor Noize

The Ballad of Phineas McBoof

1







Book One of The Phineas McBoof Series




# The Ballad Of Phineas McBoof

Story by  
**Doctor Noize**

Illustrations by  
**Dream Cortex**

Art Direction by  
**Yan Miu**



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doctornoize.com



Hear and sing this story with the album of the same name.  
But no matter what you do, do not go to **doctornoize.com** unless you wanna have fun and learn stuff.

THE WIZARDZ BEHIND THE CURTAIN...

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Executive Directors	Yat Siu, David Kim

INSPIRATION & THANKS

For the great adventurers Sidney Grace & Riley Max

Thanks to all at Dream Cortex for your amazing creativity and dedication to excellence. It is an honor and inspiration to be a part of your team, and an embarrassment of creative riches to lead it. Particular thanks to the Genius of Yan Miu, who drew me fifty monsters when I asked for four. (*“Which ones do you like?” “Uh, all of ‘em.”*) Special gratitude to Jonathan Lo for his major contributions to this book and Christian Lowe for illustrating the First Edition. Hats off to the friendship and wise advice of Weldon Dodd — Man Of Many Hats — and The Fab Four: Adam Bock, Craig Swanson, Coert Voorhees, and Janette Cullinan. Love to Janette as the original essential sponsor of Doctor Noize. Kudos to The International Band Of Misunderstood Geniuses for posing long enough for the team to illustrate them. Three cheers for Yat Siu and Ray Chuk for taking a chance on Doctor Noize, and Ben Yiu for skillfully allocating resources and managing the team. And finally, my heartfelt thanks and friendship to Dave Kim for coming to a Doctor Noize show and saying: *“Let’s do this.”* Dave: You are almost as crazy as I am.

— Doctor Noize

LEGAL MUMBO JUMBO

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Do not let monsters eat this book. Or sharks. Do not broadcast this book to aliens in outer space without their prior request. Don’t monkey with my heart. If you like this book, please read it to all your friends, grandparents, cousins, neighbors, parents, pets, robots, teachers, stuffed animals, dolls, unplugged television sets, imaginary playmates, and walkers by. It’s the right thing to do.

Second Edition

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What thingz more will Phineas learn? Find out soon with his return.



There once was a monkey – McBoof was his name.  
His fans called him Phineas, and he had great fame  
On the Isle of Thelonious – it’s up a bit that way,  
Then this way, and that way – no, maybe it’s *that* way...



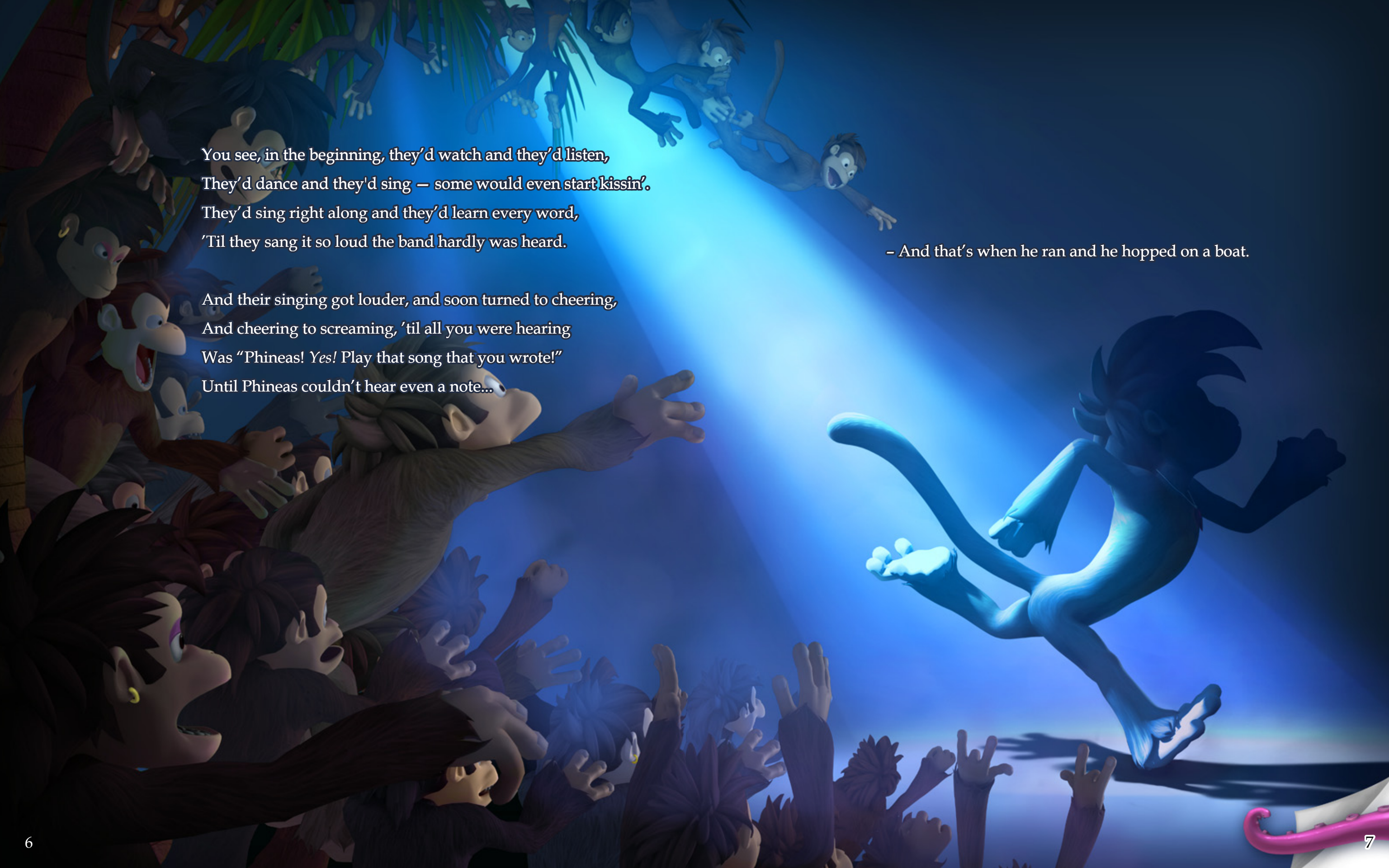


Wherever it is, let me cut to the zinger:  
That Phineas was everyone's favorite singer.

And when he performed, monkeys dropped their bananas,  
And ventured outside of their posh sun cabanas.  
They came from the beaches, the caves, and the trees,  
Just to hear him and scream, "Sing another song *please!*"

Yes, McBoof had a band, and he wrote splendid songs.  
They were never too short and were hardly too long —  
And the monkeys, they *loved* them, and sang right along,  
They loved Phineas too — that's when things just went wrong.



A large crowd of monkeys is gathered on the left side of the image, cheering and reaching out with their hands towards a bright blue beam of light that shines from the top center. The monkeys are of various shades of brown and tan, and their expressions are of excitement and anticipation. The background is a dark blue sky with a lighter blue horizon line. The beam of light is a bright, glowing blue cone that illuminates the scene.

You see, in the beginning, they'd watch and they'd listen,  
They'd dance and they'd sing — some would even start kissin'.  
They'd sing right along and they'd learn every word,  
'Til they sang it so loud the band hardly was heard.

– And that's when he ran and he hopped on a boat.

And their singing got louder, and soon turned to cheering,  
And cheering to screaming, 'til all you were hearing  
Was "Phineas! Yes! Play that song that you wrote!"  
Until Phineas couldn't hear even a note...



**S**o Phineas and his guitar rowed away.  
And he paddled all night, and he paddled all day  
'Til he noticed a ripple that followed his dinghy –  
He stopped, and he looked, and he said, “What’s *that* thingy?”

“I’m Backbone the Octopus – saw your guitar!  
I collect and play drums from quite near and quite far.  
I travel the globe and I sneak onto land  
Grabbing drums of all kinds and – Hey, let’s start a *Band!*”

But Phineas snickered and said with a smirk:  
“Making music with fishes... It just doesn’t work.”








Well, you really don't know the great strength of an octopus  
Until you're someone who's gone and has mocked a 'pus.  
Backbone dragged Phineas under the sea  
To see more sets of drums than you'd ever believe.

And then, when she put Phineas back in his boat –  
Well, he sang for her all of the songs that he wrote.  
He wanted to write The World's *Perfectest* Song,  
So he paddled away – but took Backbone along.





An illustration of a pink octopus and a brown monkey in a wooden boat, riding a large blue wave. The octopus is holding the boat's sides, and the monkey is looking out. The scene is set against a bright blue sky with white clouds.

**T**hey arrived at the shore of a faraway place  
And a blubbery brown blob was playing the bass.  
As he played it, his bold bottom glistened and shook  
While the monkey and octopus listened and looked.

It was deep, it was down there as low as notes go.  
He could pluck 'em real fast; he could bow 'em real slow.  
And they listened transfixed as the earth shook below  
'Til the beast turned around and they cried: "A hippo!"



But the hippo stopped playing, and turned very red.  
"Now don't tell me I'm bothering *you*!" the beast said.  
"I surfed all the way out here to practice alone –  
They don't like when I practice in my hippo home."





McBoof said, "What's your name? 'Cause we're starting a Band  
Of Misunderstood Geniuses from every land."

And the hipster said: "I play grooves nobody oughtta miss –  
Baby, I'm Bottomus The Hip Popotamus."

So they hopped on the island and off of the boat,  
And they practiced and played and they sang and they wrote.  
From the Mountains of Mars to the Rivers of Rio  
They worked on The World's Greatest Song as a trio.





**L**ate one night, in the city of Gobbledee Goo,  
They had just played a gig for fine people like you  
When they passed an old factory making machines  
That was bursting with sounds and with stench and steams.

In the dark, through the steam, was a robotic girl.  
She was busy and focused in her little world.  
Snapping gadgets together in musical time,  
She was humming and singing and making up rhymes.

Through a door they heard beeps, they heard blips, they heard whirrs,  
And the sonic delights made our monkey's heart stir.  
So he said, "Let's see what all that *funk* is about!"  
And they opened the door, and went in from without.





"What are *you*?" whirled the robot, 'til Phineas said:  
"We're a Band of musicians with songs in our heads."  
"*Musicians!*" she cried – "I've got songs in *my* system!"  
She got so excited, she rolled up and kissed 'em.

"I'm Riley The Robot – I'm made to build Gadgets.  
But music's the thing that brings my heart *real* magic!  
I'll play a bit part, I play keyboards and toys –  
I can program machines to *record* and make noize!"

Now I doubt that I have to tell you in that town  
'Twas the last time they saw Riley Robot around –  
'Cause she packed up and left with the musical zoo  
Of the monkey and hippo and octopus crew.





**T**hey arrived at the Old World, and heard of the fame  
Of a Mozart, or Ludwig, or some funny name.  
To a symphony hall our Band did venture out  
Just to see for themselves what the fuss was about.

As the orchestra played, The Band's focus was total  
When somebody stood up and started to yodel:  
*"A Yodel-ee-ay-hee! A yodel-ee-ooh!"*  
- The audience woke up and started to boo.

And with that, Lenny Long Tail, the yodeling fiddler  
Grabbed a violin from a man named Goose Giddler.  
He bowed with his tail and held on with his chin  
And played country style fiddle on First Violin.





The crowd rumbled and grumbled, alarmed by the lizard  
'Til Phineas shouted: "That reptile's a *wizard!*"

The wizard said, "Folks, I don't mean to be pesterin'  
But I play *both* kinds of songs – Country *and* Western!"

But Phineas said, "There are more kinds than that!  
There's the drumming of turtles, the humming of gnats!  
There's the strumming of stringos from Backalus Bump,  
And the jazz of the Jingos from Thumanuwump!"

"I would like very much to hear all of those things,"  
Said the lizard excitedly – "What should I bring?"  
And he packed up his tail and his yodeling spirit,  
And went with The Band to find folks who could hear it.





**W**ell, their musical muses took this Band of five  
To the City Of Kitties Who Only Play Jive.  
But as they approached, they found cats running out –  
“*Hurry! Run for your lives!*” they did hear the cats shout.

So, naturally, Phineas had to go in  
And see just for himself what the ruckus had been.  
In the great empty city, right smack in the middle,  
Was something that made Lenny go drop his fiddle...



Four monsters were dancing to big booming beats  
Boldly blaring and blasting and bouncing their feet.  
Now *this* made the earth *shake* and it caused quite a flurry –  
It made the fleas scat and cats flee in a hurry.



One played like a trumpet and blew through her trunk.  
Two blew through their snouts like a saxophone's funk.  
One played a sweet sound that came out of his bottom.  
Their rhythm was tight, like a great master taught 'em.

McBoof said, "Who are *you*?" One replied: "Who are *us*?  
She is Ooh, she is Gah, he is Boo, and I'm Gus.  
And if those cats would *listen*, if those cats would *stay*  
Then they'd *feel* what a Monster Horn Section can *play*!"

Now I think you can figure just what happened next:  
Mcboof asked 'em to join, and all four said McYes.  
So they all worked as one on The World's Greatest Song  
In a Band where misunderstood genius belongs.







**N**ow The Band was much bigger, The Band was just right.

It was louder, and prouder, and played with delight.

So I'm sure you've sung some of the songs that they play –

There are more creatures listening every day.

But we still haven't learned if they ever succeeded

In writing The World's Greatest Song we all needed.

Do you think that they did? Do you think that they will?

Do you think that perhaps they are writing it still?

Well...



For now, we will stop – yes, for now, this is grand.

So go practice your singing, and start your own band.

There is more to this story – much more, mostly true

But now first there is something you simply *must* do...







You should start with a monkey – not any will do.  
He must play the guitar hunky dunky for you.  
Then you must find an octopus under your bed  
And a robot with millions of songs in her head.

Next hop on a hippo who's groovy and grand  
And a fiddlin' lizard to round out your band.  
Finally, find your monsters – not one, you need *four*  
And try to fit all of 'em through your front door.

And in case you can't find this exact set of beasts  
Just create your own band with the people you meets.  
You can sing, you can play, you can strum, you can blow  
– Or just dance right along to a song we all know.



For here is a funtastic fictional fact:

You can be a big star, you can have your own act.

So 'til we meet again, robot girlz, monkey boyz

It is good you have talentz...

... now go make some Noize.