

WRECK THE HALLS

CAKE WRECKS GETS "FESTIVE"

Happy
Hole Days

JEN YATES *Author of the New York Times best-seller Cake Wrecks*

When
Professional
Holiday Cakes
Go Hilariously
Wrong

WRECK THE HALLS



Also by Jen Yates:
*Cake Wrecks:
When Professional Cakes Go
Hilariously Wrong*



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Andrews McMeel
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Back in 2009, halfway through our first-ever book tour, my husband, John, ended up in Dallas ER with a staph infection in his blood, severe pneumonia, and a lump on his head the size of a golf ball. (Ask him about that lump sometime; he loves telling the story.) Though his condition was severe enough to be life-threatening, John spent his time in ICU paradoxically taking care of everyone else: managing hotels and travel for me, rescheduling our shows, and assuring fans he was fine when he wasn't. At his insistence, we did our next show barely a week later, and with his lungs still 25 percent full of fluid.

I think it's safe to say that no one has ever suffered more in the name of goofy cakes than John, and for that, *this* book of goofy cakes is dedicated to him.

Now, sweetie, about our next tour ...

Contents

Acknowledgments

The Disclaimers

Here We “Go”

Let’s Talk Turkey

It’s All Relative

Black Friday

Danger: High Yuletide

Child’s Play

Chappy Chanukah!

Holiday Wreck Creation

Winter, Underlined

Watch Me Be a Rebel

Santa Scare Tactics

Real Characters

’Twas the Night Before Christmas

Now We’re Eve’n’!

Signs and Wonders

About the Author

Acknowledgments

When I wrote my first book, *Cake Wrecks*, I never could have dreamed I'd get to write another. So, first and foremost, thank you to everyone who purchased, read, and/or told their friends about "that funny cake book." Without you I'd have to get a *real* job.

This book also wouldn't exist without the contributions of wreckporters and wreckerato alike, and I'm deeply indebted to all the people out there armed with either cameras or piping bags, respectively. It's the circle of wreckage, my friends, and we all have our place. Even the people making cupcake cakes. [shudder]

Thanks also to my agent, Christopher Schelling, and all of the amazing people at Andrew McMeel—especially Amy Worley, Kathy Hilliard, my editor Chris Schillig, and Holly Ogden, whom I was thrilled to have back designing this book.

Somehow *Cake Wrecks* the blog survived even while I was knee-deep in holiday wreckage due in large part to Jen Dorsman (aka Number1), Julianne Lau (aka Wrecky Minion), and Anne-Marie Carrier (aka Wrecksistant). You ladies rock my Wrecked world. Thank you.

Then there are the long-suffering friends and family who continue to put up with my antisocial, "on a deadline" ways, and occasionally even drag me out of the house to remind me what the sun looks like. These real drags include my parents, Jim and Sharon Yates; my mother-in-law, Donna; my brother, Ben; John and Abby Gjertsen; Mat and Amy Weiss, Ra Lau; my unofficial marketing manager, Sean DiMercurio; Chris Friend and Chad Eyer; Cra Jarrett; and all the rest of the Second Saturday gang who've cheered me on from the beginning.

Thanks also to Tim Moran, who beat me to the punch by suggesting *Wreck the Halls* for the title. I may never forgive you for that, Tim, but thanks.

And then there's John: husband, partner, coworker, cowriter, and co-keeping-me-sane. Though he made me do the actual writing (the taskmaster!), John poured hours and hours into this book's creation, and I'd never have finished it without him. Thanks, sweetie. I love you.

The Disclaimers

Helloooooo, Wreckies!

Well, here we are again. You, standing there with this book in your hands. Me, sitting here, hoping you're standing there with this book in your hands. My cat, hacking up a hairball. It's like the circle of life, only with more desperation, wreckage, and cat vomit.

Good times.

Now, for those of you who have not had the pleasure of reading my previous book: Why not? Cease this mindless procrastination at once, and go forth and acquire said tome!

Or, just read the following disclaimers. Then you'll be all caught up.

DISCLAIMER #1

“A Cake Wreck is any professionally made cake that is unintentionally sad, silly, creepy, or inappropriate—you name it. A Wreck is not necessarily a poorly made cake; it's simply one you don't find funny, for any number of reasons.”

In other words: my book, my rules. If you find yourself disagreeing with my assessment of any of these Wrecks, a few quick blows about the head and neck with this book should solve you right as rain.

DISCLAIMER #2

Much like horoscopes, rodeo clowns, and Pat Robertson, nothing in this book should be taken too seriously. I am not the consumer watchdog of cakes. Cake Wrecks is simply my way of finding the funny in unexpected, sugar-filled places. If you're offended by poo jokes or dripping sarcasm, see Disclaimer #1, paragraph 2.

DISCLAIMER #3

All of the photos in this book were taken and submitted by the brave Wreckporters of CakeWrecks.com. These intrepid crusaders are often forced to employ speed, stealth, and ancient camera phones to bag their bounty. As a result, some of these photos are less than professional-looking. The rest are downright crappy. We're very sorry. Deal with it. (Or see Disclaimer #1, paragraph 2.)

Okay, all caught up? Are you ready to WRECK?!

Or maybe just sit there and look at some funny cakes? Ah, I thought so. In that case: *you may proceed.*

Here We "Go"



It starts in October.

You know what I'm talking about: that nagging, weighty feeling of dread. The disquiet in the back of your mind. The suspicion that something, somewhere, is waiting to unleash a horror beyond your wildest imaginings.

Then, before you can say "spider goosing a ghost ..."



... *this* happens:



So, “*Candy Fun Cake,*” we meet again.

~~“Ah, but Jim,” you say—because this time you’ve forgotten both my name *and* my gender~~
—“Jim, that’s Halloween! It’s *supposed* to have lots of ugly cakes and gross goodies! That’s
part of the fun!”

I suppose you have me there.

Ah, but—BUT—will you have me once we move on to *Thanksgiving*?

EXHIBIT A: *Vampire Pilgrim*



For some reason I was expecting more sparkles.

Exhibit B

Circus Peanut
Blow-Up Doll



Hey, I just call 'em like I see 'em.

There will be times in this book when your sanity will desire—nay, *demand*—some form of explanation, lest your sense of reality disintegrate into a gibbering pile of madness while you vainly try to ascribe meaning to a circus peanut dressed as Eve declaring it's "Time for thrunks."

To this I can only say: buckle up, bucko. You ain't seen *nothin'* yet.

And *speaking* of smooth segues ... **Look! Turkey!**



Admittedly, he's looking a bit more "goosed" right now.

Now, what we have *here* is what we refer to as a **FOCUSED, NONTERMINAL, REPEATING PHANTASM**, or a **CLASS 5 FULL-ROAMING VAPOR**:



Real nasty one, too!

But before we go on, let's take a moment to learn the *real* history of Thanksgiving—and I don't mean that drivel they teach in "schools."

Take it away, bakers!



Here we see that Thanksgiving died in roughly 1620. It was a rocky start for the holiday, to be sure, but this grave situation teaches us to stay well grounded and never take *any* cake for granite.

Next let's meet Thanksgiving's two favorite sidekicks.

Jesus:



“HOW ... did I end up with blue eyes, again? Just curious.”

And pilgrim ringleader

Zaphod,

the evil overeater with tiny T-rex arms and a heart of gold:



“We come bearing water balloons.
Or possibly avocados.”

Together these brave individuals forged a whole new world (*That's where we'll beeee!*) of peace, prosperity, and ridiculously large turkey skirts.



“Fabulous, Harry, I love the feathers.”

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