

Fall 1-14-1982

Fairy Tales By Famous Authors

Craig Gustafson
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Gustafson, Craig (1982) "Fairy Tales By Famous Authors," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 1 : No. 1 , Article 24.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol1/iss1/24>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.

Gustafson: Fairy Tales by Famous Authors

Ch. 1. "Little Bo Peep", by Franz Kafka
 Little Bo K. awoke one fine morning to find her sheep missing. She was disconcerted, but not upset, for she was sure she knew where to find him. Therefore, she arose calmly and unhurriedly dressed herself, only to find, upon entering the sitting-room, that a shaggy little troll in a moth-eaten green suit had completely consumed her breakfast, and was starting to eat the dishes. "Who ate your tongue," said Little Bo K., for she did not know who he was. "You'd do well to mind your tongue," said the troll surlily. "It won't help your case in the slightest to abuse the process server." Little Bo K. was put slightly off-balance by this, but she took off one shoe and tried to discover what this matter was about. Who was this troll, so freely masticating her coffee mug? As if in answer, the troll said, "Your sheep has been repossessed, my good woman." "Where is the form?" she asked Bo K. sharply, for she had had just about enough of this trollfoolery. "I'm not allowed to show it to you," snapped the troll. "And you'd do well to show respect. I'm only doing what I'm told to do." "Who told you to do this?" queried Bo K. "Who is your superior? I wish to speak to him." "You let me know if you find out," the troll yawned, weary from talk and a more than hearty breakfast. "He's probably someone at the Bureau of Sheep. You might try there." So saying, he rolled over onto the windowsill, and, falling three stories to the ground, fell fast asleep. "I certainly will go to the Bureau of Sheep," said Bo K., and, so saying, tumbled down the stairs.

She was caught by her neighbor, Olaf Schwartz. A big, brawny man with tremendous ear lobes. "Thank you, Herr Schwartz," Bo K. "My own absent-mindedness is what threw me down the stairs." "Don't throw Bo K.s at me," warbled Olaf, and Bo K. fell to kissing him passionately, feverishly, wantonly. She lingered over his cheeks, the nape of his neck, once in a while his lips, but most of all the precious earlobes, nibbling, caressing, receiving them within her moist, ruby lips. Then they thrashed about the stairway in an excess of animal sexuality, hitherto unknown to either of them. Several passersby stopped to stare, to comment, to sell scorecards and popcorn, but this bothered them not. When finishing, to the applause of dozens, Olaf and Bo K. straightened their clothing and spoke to each other as if nothing unusual had happened. And really nothing had. "I think I should be getting to the Bureau of Sheep," said Bo K., pausing occasionally for breath. "Yes, you certainly must," agreed Olaf, his earlobes still a bright pink. "Good day," said Bo K. "Good day," said Olaf. They parted, satisfied but indifferent.

It was nearly noon when Bo K. reached the Bureau of Sheep, and even later than that when she opened the door. Stepping delicately into the forbidding gray structure, Bo K. proceeded to the Information Desk. "Am I in the right place?" she asked. The woman at the counter gave her a cold, malignant stare. "Beats me," she finally said, "Where do you want to go?" "Bureau of Sheep," replied Bo K., bright as a pin. "In there," said the woman. Bo K. had walked about fifty feet when she realized that the woman had not indicated any direction. She decided on the scientific selection method, once used so successfully in the draft, Eenie Meenie Minie Mo. Opening a door, Bo K. stuck her head tactfully in. "Come in, come in!" snapped a bitter voice. "What do you want?" "I want my sheep," said Bo K. "He's been repossessed." "Sit there and wait," said the man, and Bo K. recognized him as the troll. "How long should I wait?" asked Bo K. The troll thought a bit, then replied, "Until Hell freezes over." "Right," said Bo K., and began her vigil. Through many cold days and hot nights Bo K. waited, but the troll wouldn't speak another word, save for an occasional "Put out that cigar, lady!" Days . . . months . . . years passed, and still Bo K. did not even glimpse her sheep, and she began to suspect that she had been fleeced. Boredom gave way to tedium. Tedium gave way to apathy . . . (The manuscript, unfinished by Kafka before his death, ends here, but notes found by his editor, Max Brod, indicated that Bo K. would die waiting for the sheep to be returned, never finding out that the sheep had been eaten by the troll immediately before starting on her breakfast and making up the story about the Bureau of Sheep, which did not exist. Bureaucracy, in this work of Kafka's, is not only omnipotent, but mythical.)

Ch. 2. "The Three Little Pigs" by William Shakespeare

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

A pork abode. A SOW lays upon a bed. Enter three pigs, BEVOLIO, LENNOX and SEBASTIAN.

SOW: Approach, my sons, approach as thy mother breathes her last breath on this foul fortress of an Earth.

LENNOX: We attend thee, Mother. What is thy will?

SOW: That thou, Lennox, and thou, Bevolio, and Sebastian, too, shall not follow in the lamentable footfalls of thy father, the noble Prospero. Good man that he was, that is no more, had he but been in possession of the collected wits of you three, he had still been a-lacking the graceful intelligence to keep clear of the wolf; take this from one that loved him and loved him well, thy father had not the wits the Munificent Saviour saw fit to bestow upon him.

BEVOLIO: What say you? Our goodly father, whose sainted remembrance doth fill us all, a fool?

SOW: Aye, but a good man.

SEBASTIAN: But a fool.

SOW: Aye. While the cold of a winter's night, a fitful blizzard falling, the demon wind a-howling most piteously, thy father, the graceful Prospero, went hunting for daffodils with which to adorn my head on the remembrance day of our nuptial connection. And . . .

BEVOLIO: 'Twas than the wolf, curst be his name, came upon him.

SOW: Too true, good piglet, too true. I oft wanted to snuff the flame of my own life and, and, but for the tender affections of my three kindred souls, I should have followed this gloomy course. But hark! the flame flickers presently. Attend me, young rogues, and listen most carefully to my instructions!

BEVOLIO, SEBASTIAN, LENNOX: So shall we all.

SOW: Never let the confidence of thyself o'ertake the wisdom. Be not so much afraid of appearing a poltroon as of becoming a foolhardy martyr. Many's the young fool gone to heaven whilst the wise man prolongs life's journey simply by keeping his wits about him! So remember, and recall always, these words. Vow now, do!

BEVOLIO, SEBASTIAN, LENNOX: We so vow.

SOW: For this assurance much thanks. O! The candle is snuffed!

BEVOLIO: Never have the specters of the night removed one so fair, so wise as she, Sebastian, attend to the adornment of the body in its finest regiments.

SEBASTIAN: So shall I, with heaviest heart.
 BENVOLIO: Much thanks. Bring forth the mourners, good Lennox, that our mother's praises may be sung to the heaven's, so shall it please God's ears.

LENNOX: 'Tis done in a bolt of lightning.
 BENVOLIO: I'll alert the butcher.

SEBASTIAN: When shall we three meet again, In thunder, lightning or in rain?

BENVOLIO: When mourning's work is o'er'taken, And our good mother's turned to bacon! (Exeunt)

ACT ONE, SCENE 2
 A house of straw. SEBASTIAN stands in front. Enter LENNOX and BENVOLIO.

LENNOX: Good morrow, noble sirs!
 BENVOLIO: Good morrow.

SEBASTIAN: What thank you of the newest addition to the noble landscape?

LENNOX: 'Tis a beautiful structure, good Sebastian. The palace of Olympus, with Gods and Goddesses inhabiting the halls, would shake with rage and jealousy were it to gaze down and observe thy handwork!

SEBASTIAN: Thy flattery would tickle the sphinx into a smile! Bevolio, of what mind art thou?

BENVOLIO: Mistake me not, brother, but hast thou guarded against the rain?

SEBASTIAN: Aye.

BENVOLIO: The fire?

SEBASTIAN: Aye redoubled!

BENVOLIO: And the wolf. What of him?

SEBASTIAN: The wolf that possesses the might to destroy my noble castle has not received the gift of birth!

BENVOLIO: Then, good Sebastian, I am satisfied. Thy safety and comfort assured, I leave thee to thy solitude.

LENNOX: As do I.

SEBASTIAN: Then farewell to both, until the day of the country market.

LENNOX, BENVOLIO: Farewell. (Exit)

SEBASTIAN: Such good brothers are the fortune of few.

'Tis great and 'tis marvelous that I should have two. (Exeunt)

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

The house of straw. Three days later. Enter the WOLF.

WOLF: Hunger, bestill thy restless craving! I shall endeavor to appease thee, but until such time desist, desist! Ah! methinks I bespied a porker within these hay-walls. Hunger, thy time has come to perish! Little pig, Little pig, admit me, I pray.

SEBASTIAN: I will, when my hairs are gnarl'd and gray!

WOLF: Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow you away!

(WOLF blows house down and devours SEBASTIAN)

ACT TWO, SCENE 1

A house of sticks. Five days later. Enter LENNOX and BENVOLIO.

LENNOX: No word from our sad brother?

BENVOLIO: Not a peep, not a whisper hear I, though his house be destroyed these five days.

LENNOX: Sebastian's castle of straw, I fear, could not withstand the army of Wolf.

BENVOLIO: Take care then, that our mother's advise be heeded. How strong is thy house?

LENNOX: As strong as strong can be. Dear brother, fear not for me.

BENVOLIO: Then farewell, good Lennox. I leave thee to thy house of sticks, whilst I go forth in search of bricks! (exeunt)

ACT TWO, SCENE 2

The house of sticks. One hour later. Enter the WOLF.

WOLF: Hunger, hunger, give me rest! Was e'er a wolf so wretched as I? The witch upon the pyre, the soldier a-writing on the sword as a fish on a pike, none of these can match the agony of my entrails! But soft! Piglet noises from within! Misery, thou shalt soon be put arest. Little pig, little pig, admit me, pray!

LENNOX: I will, when my hairs are gnarl'd and gray!

WOLF: Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow you away!

(WOLF blows house down and devours LENNOX)

ACT THREE, SCENE 1

A house of bricks. Three days later. BENVOLIO stands alone.

BENVOLIO: Two brothers lost within a single week. What a hard and pitiless world this is. Methinks that, were 't not for the sage admonitions of my dead mother, I would give up for lost and relieve myself of the burden of continuing in a world so oppressive and ungrateful as this. And yet, revulsion of suicide within my breast is not so strong that it could not be suppressed. The love, rather, of life, is the soldier that slays all feelings of a self-destructive nature. Concentrate then, upon the sky, the clouds, the noble sun astride the fertile loins of the heavens, for 'tis looking down and spying what lies a-parallel to the body that decays the soul. I shall sit in my house of bricks until the end of time, devoting my meager life to thoughts of a heavenly nature, thus unburdening, I pray, the weight of the Earth's rotting chain. I go. (Exit)

ACT THREE, SCENE 2

WOLF: O, hunger, hunger, hunger! Thrice dost thou destroy my innards! Wilt thou never be satiated? My heart despairs of the gore and the agony I have been compelled to inflict on thy behalf. Depart, foul fiend! Ah, 'tis no use. The hunger remains the same. Perhaps it is I who should take leave in its stead. I'll find me a goodly stretch of rope, then . . . but no. The piglet smell assails my generous nose once more. Once more the blood, again the gore. Little pig, little pig, admit me, I pray.

BENVOLIO: (aside) My heart is too weighted with melancholy matters to partake in the sport of these children. (aloud) I will, when my hairs are gnarl'd and gray!

WOLF: (aside) Again, and again! (aloud) Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow you away! (Tries to blow brick house down. Fails)

What? A philanthropist that refuses to give! Zounds, if I can't barge through, I'll slip in! To the chimney!

ACT THREE, SCENE 3

The Prairie Light Review, Vol. 1, No. 1 [1982], Art. 24

Inside the brick house. Immediately following, BENVOLIO sits reading.

BENVOLIO: Alas, this but reinforces my solitude. Ah! the wolf (for tis the fiend indeed, I have learned) attempts to chinneyate me. But it shall not come to pass. (Builds a fire, puts a kettle of water on the fire.)

WOLF: (from above) Be still my hunger! Thou shalt be avenged! (Falls into the kettle) 'Sblood! A very soup!

BENVOLIO: 'Tis my brothers, then, sirrah, and not thy stomach, to feel the strong balm of a liquid revenge! Cook, thou wretched rogue, and provide me with a meal of emotional sustenance!

WOLF: I am undone! (Dies)

BENVOLIO: I thank the wisdom of my dead mother, the retaining of my courage, and the gracious attendance of a merciful God in the vanquishment of my enemy. For, where foolish pigs their lives must give, a wise one may yet get to live!

(Exeunt)

