Fairy Tales By Famous Authors

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FAIRY TALES BY FAMOUS AUTHORS
By Craig Gustafson

Little Bo K. woke one fine morning to find her sheep missing. She was
dissatisfied, but not upset, for she knew where he had gone to find
him. Therefore, she dressed as calmly and unhurriedly dressed himself, only to find,
on entering the stables, that a shaggy little lttle in a moth-eaten green
suit had completely consumed her breakfast, and was starting to eat the dishes.
"Who do you think," said Bo K., for he did not know who he was. "You'd
be bad if you thought I didn't know who I am. Take this, knave!" and swa-
pered the troll, and you'd do well to show respect. I'm only doing it to
myself. I'm not afraid to put you in your place."

Little Bo K. was put slightly off
balance by this, but she took off one shoe and tried to discover what
this matter of the troll's startling appearance was, without any success.
As if in answer, the troll said, "Your sheep has been repossessed, my
poor woman."

"Where is the form?" asked Bo K. sharply, for he had just about
thrown the end of this chain up to the blitzen of the sun. "I'm not allow-
test."

"You'd do well to show respect to me and your lady, too."

The tale yawned, weary from a talk and more than a headache. "He's prob-
able someone at the Bureau of Sheep. You might try there."

So saying, he rolled over on the hillside, 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
reproportioned limbs, he was a friend of the Schwartz family, but with a
mood of mind that was more the thing than the words. "Bene

"Her name is

"I'm afraid of

in the right place?"

asked the woman at the counter gave her a cold, malevolent
stare. "Beats me," she finally said. "Where do you want to go?"

"Bureau of Sheeps."

replied the woman, then added, "here, 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 to
secede in the great Cente Memine Minne 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 here and wait," said the man, and Bo K. recognized him as the troll.

"How long should I wait?"

"Until Hell freezes over."

"Rightly," 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. For an occasional:"Have you a cigar, lady?"

"Days... months... the years passed, and Bo K. did not even know her sheep was
in such condition that she had been fleeced. Boredom gave way to
tedium. Tedium gave way to emptiness. (The manuscript, unfinished by Kafka before his death,
ends here, but note how many times his editor, Max Brod, indicated that Bo K.
would die 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 of the Bureau of Sheep, so that Bo K. should never suspect
Bo K.'s actions in this way of Kafka's, is not only omnipotent, but mystical.)

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

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE
A pork abode. A SOW lays upon a bed. Enter three pigs, BEVOLO, LENNOX
and SEBASTIAN. (Aside) I'll have the first breath on this foul business of an English

LENNOX: We here attended, Mother. What is thy will?

THOUGHT TO BE SEBASTIAN: That thou, Lennox, and thou, Benbro, and Seb-

LENNOX, too, shall not follow in the lamentable footsteps of thy father, the noble

Prospero. Good man that he was, so more, had he but been in possession
of the collected wits of you three, who were ever such a lackluster grace,
that the invisible sense of the court of the wolf, this take from one that loved him
that was dead, thy father had not the wins the Muniens Savor saw fit to
flew upon him.

SEBASTIAN: What say you? Our good father, whose

SEBASTIAN: How fareth thy name, be can

SEBASTIAN: It was the man, beft be name, be can

SEBASTIAN: Too true, good piglet, too true. I oft wanted to snuff

SEBASTIAN: What I have of the flame of my own life-candle, but for the fear of

SEBASTIAN: Myself, I should have followed this gloomy course. But hark! the flame

SEBASTIAN: I was that the big, beft be name, be can

LENNOX: So we shall all

Sebastian. Never let the confidence of thyself e'take the

LENNOX: Wee sow.

For this assurance much thanks. O The candle is

LENNOX: Wee sow.

LENNOX: Wee sow.

LENNOX: Wee sow.

LENNOX: Wee sow.
ACT THREE, SCENE 3

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 chimneyate 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!

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)