

Bedtime STOEMS®

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A STOEM® is a Story presented in Poem format

Most of the Poems in this book are stories written in poem format,
so most of the works in this book I call [STOEMs](#).

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Sleeping Beauty

Background: Request from "Sinful Delights"

It is my duty,
to tell the real story of sleeping beauty.
It might come as quite a shock,
for we had to break many a lock.
The documents to which I refer,
many tried me to deter.
The truth will out,
especially when you have an enquiring snout.

Tis said that Princess Aurora,
was as sweet as flora,
but in reality she was a little er... witch.
It went to her head that Mum and Dad were rich.
She constantly drove the servants mad,
when she reached 8 all except Mum & Dad were glad.
A curse was placed upon her by a witch that Aurora
insulted.
A change in home and name resulted.

Aurora no more,
as you should know the score,
renamed Briar Rose,
the child grows.
The good witch hoped she could make the child
sweet,
worthy to be a princess of the realm and complete.

Ten years for the good witch proved to be a
considerable trial;
stuck out in the wilds with Briar Rose in exile.

Four months before Briar's 18th birthday,
our good witch Briar did betray.
For she told a passer by,
a massive lie,

about something that occurred,
evil doings inferred.
Our good witch with a broken heart,
this life she did depart.
Briar Rose in terror,
no longer had a carer;
So a plan she conceived,
setting off for the place where she believed, she
would be well Received.

It was a journey long and hard,
often Briar found her way barred.
It came to past,
turrets of the castle at last!

Expecting a reception that would be great, when
Briar reached the castle gate;
The guards refused to let her in,
tho she created an enormous din.
Briar shooed away,
told to go without delay.

A lady, face as kind as could be,
suggested "Why not come with me?"
Briar disappointed by her reception,
but fearing some deception;
Briar turned down the lady's invitation.

The lady sensing Briar's frustration, sympathises
with her deflation.

She suggests that Briar walk and tell her what
ails,

Briar sees no harm so walks along and reveals her
tales.

Seeing the lady heavily laden,

Briar out of character becomes helpful maiden;

Carrying half the goods,

she used to do this under protest in the woods.

They reach the market stalls,

where Briar helps the lady unpack her shawls.

Soon selling the goods side by side. Normally such
co-operation Briar could not abide.

There seems to be something quite calming, about
this lady nothing alarming.

Briar feels comfortable here,

serving dear after dear.

They all seemed so sweet,

hair all its place and neat.

Briar enjoyed helping them choose,

with nothing to lose.

The shawls soon sold,

Briar good as gold.

The lady Briar helped sell,

told her name was Mrs Kathy Snell.

Kathy told of her husband Ned,

now sadly long dead.

Kathy asked if a Briar wanted to come to her home
for tea.

"Sorry but it won't be anything exotic I live
simply you see."

Quite taken with Kathy by now,

Briar accepts in invitation and how.

They chat about Kathy's two boys, grandchildren and
their joys.

Kathy and Briar become great friends.
Briar learns how to sew with odds and ends.

Each Tuesday the pair run their market stall. By
the end of the day Briar feels ten feet tall.
Talking about stitches and styles,
all day long compliments and smiles.

One day Kathy says that Briar has reached her
prime,
and that now it is her time!
Briar knows not what Kathy refers to,
then Kathy says "Tis time for your debut;
We must take you to the palace, for to divert you I
meant you no malice."
Kathy reminds her of her Royal accent,
"No need for you to find ways to pay the rent."

Briar once more takes on her proper name,
the one with which she can lay claim;
To take her place upon her proper stage,
to take up her Royal heritage.
Kathy fetches clothes so fine,
soon Princess Aurora looks divine.
Kathy too in clothes befitting,
the pair head for the castle unremitting.

At first the guards do not believe the pair, even
though they come dressed so fair.
Then a third guard joins the group,
he recognises Kathy and tells of when she cured his
croup.
The new guard escorts Kathy and Aurora,
to the garden where the Queen is admiring the
flora.

Aurora instantly recognises her Mother,
for she has a beauty like no other.
Kathy makes introductions,

the Queen issues instructions.
A banquet to be held,
for love has too long been withheld.

The banquet an is enormous success.
Aurora to a guest does confess,
her love of craft.
The lady says she felt daft,
admitting that she enjoys spinning,
she invites Aurora grinning,
to see the wheel and have a go.
The pair climb stairs leading to a portico.
The lady shows Aurora how the wheel works. Soon
Aurora struggles with its quirks.

Aurora pricks her finger,
the lady doesn't linger,
dashes off before discovered.
Hours latter her deed uncovered.
Mother & Father mortified ,
the spinning wheel & astride,
their daughter lays for dead,
blood trickling from her head.

Kathy rushes to the scene,
upon seeing the teen,
she knows just what to do.
She mops the blood with a tissue.
What at first looks like the end,
the wrong message it may send.
Kathy says, "Fear not, she is just asleep. For the
spell I cast when she was 6 did keep."

The Queen asks, "How Long will she be like this?"
Kathy replies "100 years or awake from a kiss"

The King asks "Awake from from a kiss? What mystery
is this?"

"Well the kiss from a Prince who loves this Miss."

Days & months past,
with visits from an unlikely cast.
Princes from lands far & wide,
strut up with great pride.
It is insanity,
how much vanity.
For none want her for their bride.
No longer can this the King & Queen abide.

Kathy takes it upon herself,
to no longer sit upon the shelf.
So the whole castle does she put to sleep, for the
princesses company to keep.

Many a year passes by,
for time it does fly.
When one day,
along comes a stray.
Lost upon his way.
He hear's the tale of the castle where all do
sleep.
Determined, he climbs the castle keep.
Inside the roses have gone wild,
protecting all who remain beguiled.

Our Prince battles through
to where the princess lays.
He stands before her in a daze.
Such beauty such grace,
such a wonderful caring face.
A voice inside his head,
draws him to her bed.

Kiss her, kiss her for she is not dead,
she merely sleeps upon this her bed.
Feeling both embarrassed should she wake,
yet compelled by those lips that he feels he should
partake.
Gently bends down upon one knee,
for what harm can there be?
Expecting her to feel cold,
as if she were made of gold.

Instead she is warm & exciting,
her eyes open & inviting.
They kiss for quite a while,
much against his normal style.
Their embrace so long,
they fail to notice the gathering throng.

Aurora's 18th birthday and engagement party
combined,
is a success as the two are entwined.
As the years roll by and by,
there's plenty to make the pair cry.
Thankfully mostly tears of joy.
First came along a girl then a boy.

There was a happy after,
a life filled with laughter.

The Forest Prince

Background: An original story written by Steve and Broadcast on KidsCast UK Internet radio show re-written as a STOEM ®

🌲 In the forest wide and tall,
lives a girl not so small. Charlotte is her name,
fetching firewood and food her aim.
Collecting twigs and cones for the fire,
may be a strange desire,
but as this she does,
she kind of gets a buzz.
For Charlotte daydreams of a Prince,
whom she's sure she'll convince,
to rescue her away,
from another boring day.

🌲 When father died they lost their money,
but in the forest there are things to eat like honey.

🌲 Suddenly Charlotte sees a ring of mushrooms.
Beautiful like the best of blooms.
Mother will be delighted,
her enthusiasm ignited.

🌲 Charlotte remembers the little sack,
folded neatly back to back,
ready for an occasion like this.
It's help she enlists.
This sack was very special made by her mother,
just for her not any other.

It always reminded Charlotte about the better times,

of mothers songs, stories and nursery rhymes.
Small coloured cloth neatly stitched,
each piece representing a character pitched,
within an old and loved story,
with a definite folk tale category.

✚ The story Charlotte had been told many times over.
As a child she always felt like she'd been
wrapped in clover.
It was all about a girl who didn't know she was a princess,
with royal blood and such finesse.
She was being protected by a kindly witch,
otherwise evil ones her to snitch.

✚ Then one day the girl happens to discover,
a prince whom she believes she's not worthy
to be his lover.
The good witch takes pity upon the princess,
and to her the truth she does confess.
The truth now known unto the girl,
puts her life into a swirl.
The poor little waif,
she is no longer safe.

✚ The evil witches come and snatch the girl away.
The good witch was unable to keep them at bay.
The prince having heard the girl's fate,
convinced that she means more than his date;
He rescues her away,
and they marry the very next day.

✚ Back in the here and now,

returning to Charlotte's collecting vow.
Charlotte puts her sack of cones and twigs by a tree,
then sets about picking the mushrooms on blended knee.
Charlotte is sure her mother will be pleased,
as with these mushrooms the food budget eased.
The mushrooms very good like the ones in
her Mum's cook books,
they smell tasty and have perfect looks.
As the last few mushrooms Charlotte picks,
she glances over at some leaves and sticks.
That is when she sees hidden in the leaves,
a large cone safe from thieves.
Charlotte gently picks up the cone.
Amazed at how large it has grown.
The cone feels be very heavy too,
this is turning out to be a day that seems untrue.

♣ Charlotte decides to take the cone home.
Today has been a very successful roam.
Gently placing the cone in her sack.
Then sets about to carry her treasures back.
The sack so awkward and heavy,
regular stops Charlotte takes as her levy.

♣ Mother is not at all pleased.
But seeing the large sack her frustration eased.
The reason for her Mother's consternation,
the dying fire was her fixation.
Charlotte removes the large cone,
but is displeased by her mother's tone;

♣ As Mother stares, then declares,
"My what a large cone,

I can tell,
that one will burn well."
Charlotte replies, with some surprise,
"No no not that one Mother,
you can burn any other.
This one is just too magnificent."
"It's just a cone with no intent,
but to burn & give us heat,
making our home complete."
With that her mother picks it up and says "My it is heavy.
It is amazing that you got all this lot home, what a levy."
Charlotte replies "That's why I was late,
it certainly was some weight."
Mother examines the mushrooms
"Charlotte you did well with these,
fit for a kings meal you know how to please.
Come along girl have your lunch soon be time for dinner.
Think I'll do some stuffed mushrooms that'll be a winner."

✎ After her lunch Charlotte picks up the cone,
returns to the lounge her comfort zone.
Sitting in her chair examining her prize.
It is a delight to her eyes.
Charlotte thought she heard a voice,
although not a reason for her to rejoice.
It says "Thank you for saving me.
I suppose you are now my trustee.
You have such soft and gentle hands,
at total odds with the woodlands."

✎ Charlotte decided it must be a daydream.
The cone 'groomed to perfection' or so it seemed
Strange phrase to come to her mind.

The voice resumed "Your face so soft and kind."
Charlotte nervously looks around to see
if her mother is around.
But not a sight nor sound.

🌲 Charlotte quietly asks, "Oh cone
is that you speaking to me,
or my poor deluded mind cannot leave me be?"

🌲 The voice replies, "Your mind is not playing tricks
on you dear gentle girl.
I'm a prince trapped in this cone that will not unfurl.
I've been here for years,
but let not my story bring you to tears.
Banished by magic,
it would seem quite tragic."

🌲 Charlotte whispers "Now I know I'm daydreaming".
The voice says, "I know that must be how this is seeming.

🌲 "I was once a prince of royal blood.
Cast out to lay in the forest mud.
I was very selfish and vain.
To insult a woman of magic was insane.
Calling her a useless old hag,
an insult to our nation and flag.
She said it was I who was useless and
needed to learn respect.
To understand my own words and know their effect.

Banished until I could appreciate the true worth of things.
Then I would earn my place amongst the kings.
And so it was that I was cast into this cone in your hand,

to spend many years out on the forest land.
I had plenty of time to get over my loathing,
the loss of my palace and fine clothes.
Sharing the floor with creepy Crawley creatures,
rotting leaves and all manner of other features.
I have come to appreciate their beauty and their worth;
and what they bring to the forest through their birth.
Then picked off the forest floor, my heart did soar.
I couldn't understand your interest in me,
a mere pine cone detainee."

🌲 Charlotte replies " Your story makes my heart sink,
just what it was like I just cannot think.
Laying trapped upon the forest floor,
wanting the world hear you roar!
No voice to be heard,
what a punishment you incurred."

🌲 The Prince replies "Shed not a tear my beautiful one,
for my life has been as been second to none.
I have appreciated life's true beauty,
and not purely through any duty."

🌲 Just then there is a knock at the door.
With details I will not you bore.
Needless to say that mother was to busy to answer,
so Charlotte became our story advancer.
With cone still in her hand,
looking as ever grand.
The door swung open wide,
an old lady Charlotte spied.

🌲 The lady as quick and keen eyed as a fox,
looking down but not at Charlotte's socks.
The lady says "I believe you have found something

that is mine,
a rather charming cone of pine."

♣ Charlotte replies "I think you are mistaken,
this cone is mine and not forsaken."

♣ The lady stares at Charlotte but not in a scary way,
more like trying to figure what Charlotte does really say.
"There is no need dear to look so shaken,
just how much with this cone are you taken? "

♣ Charlotte silent for but a short while,
breaks into an enormous smile.
"I love him with all my heart."
The lady replies "Well what a way to start!
So you know the when where and what?
Let me make this clear cut..."
Charlotte interrupts "Are you the lady who..."
"Oh let's cut the ballyhoo!"

♣ The Prince says "Yes Charlotte this is the wonderful lady
who put me in this cone.
Taking me from my insanity of vanity and
the palace throne.
Good lady I cannot thank you enough,
you taught me my lesson to take the smooth and
the rough.
I now see it as no duty,
to appreciate life's beauty."

♣ The lady smiles "Your lessons learned well,
young Prince I must say your lass is swell.
Much love exists here I can tell,

happiness with you two will dwell.
I can grant the one wish that you have had
all these years.
To grant it I am sure will bring forth no tears."

🌲 "My one wish?" the prince is confused.
"You wished you could help those around you
in the forest" She mused.
"I return your castle & your forest estate.
You shall become the Forest Prince Protectorate.
As for you young lady you can marry your Prince,
to care for him and the forest ever since.

🌲 Over the castle's threshold to be carried,
or put simply Charlotte and the Prince married.

🌲 Charlottes mother offered comfortable rooms,
with many exotic and delicious perfumes.
She preferred to remain in her own comfortable home,
not rooms filled with posh things covered in chrome.

🌲 Charlotte visited every day bringing her love and food.
Latter the grandchildren took over until her life
did conclude.

🌲 Even now deep in the forest there stands,
a little cottage that your attention it demands.
Though the cottage is empty it is filled with love,
and is smiled upon by those who pass by and
from above.

🌲 A Royal or two are often seen repairing the roof,
or shooin' from the garden a creature on the hoof.



* Snow White and The Seven Skaters

Background: Written in response to a very nice request from "Mimis"

* Her face as white as snow,
hair looking ready to go.
Father both proud and sad,
loss of his wife made things bad.
Father and daughter had 17 years,
filled with laughter and tears.
Then along came another,
who became stepmother.
Andrea by name,
a beauty by fame.
Obsessed by her looks,
she bought with her stacks of beauty books.
Oh and a mirror,
this one couldn't be queerer.
For the difference you see,
is it can talk like you and me.
Andrea would consult her mirror to see,
if she was still as pretty as she could be.

* "Mirror mirror on the wall,
one so sleek and so tall,
who is the fairest of them all?"
Is what Andrea would ask.

* Such a simple task.
The mirror replies,
"I'd just like to advise..."
Andrea interrupts "Now don't get wise!"
"You are beautiful,
but I have to be dutiful,
the fairest is Snow White"
Andrea looks like she's had a fright.

👤 Two days hence,
Andrea on the offence.
Mr Henderson the woodsman,
is part of Andrea's plan.
A wildlife trip in hand,
here Snow White and Henderson stand.
The Forest looking rather grand.
The pair enjoying delights of the land.
Henderson can't find the heart,
to even make a start;
Andrea's plan seemed so clear,
but to kill this girl so dear?
Henderson admits his task,
her forgiveness to ask.

* Snow White is in shock,
but quickly takes stock.
The pair agree that that she will
disappear.
The pair part,
both of the same heart.
Andrea to deceive.
The news of Snow White's death Andrea
does receive.

👤 Deeper through the snow,
Snow White does go.
Feeling very lost,
her life at cost.
Ahead a clearing,
is coming ever nearer.
She can see a wooden house,
suddenly startled by a grouse.
The clearing is a large frozen lake.

The peaceful scene does break;
as glide across the ice,
every movement precise;
two figures glide with grace.
Snow White unable to make out face.

☺ Watching enthralled,
the two figures suddenly stalled.
They head towards Snow White,
should she take flight?
Standing her ground,
closer comes the scraping sound.
Soon the skaters are close at hand.
One says, "Why look brother what a
beauty has emerged from the woodland.
What my fair lady did you make of our art?"
"I cannot judge for I have only seen
a part."
To which the skater replies,
"Watch as our art flies."

* A clap of hands and skaters emerge,
an immediate activity surge.
They commence a spectacular routine.
It really is an amazing scene.
Snow White can hardly believe her eyes.
This performance is surely worth a prize.
At the end the skaters form a single
row and bow.
Snow White smiling enthusiastically
claps and how.
"That was incredible you guys were on fire!
As for the somersaults it was as if you
were on a wire."
They ask her where she has come from.
Snow White tells her story and with
pity they are overcome.

☺ The lads say that she is welcome
to stay with them.
They admit that at times it can be mayhem.
The leaders name is Dave,
also that they would crave,
for Snow White to join their group,
for them it would be a real scoop.
They could teach her to skate,
it wasn't too late.
Thinking it would be rather fun,
after all she was only on the run.
Snow White decided she would stay,
so life would become one long
ice skating ballet.

* whilst back at home,
standing before her mirror with a comb.
The mirror is once again tasked,
as the familiar question is asked,
"Mirror mirror on the wall,
one so sleek and so tall,
who is the fairest of them all?"
"Madam it should not come as a surprise"
Andrea's expectations do arise.
Then comes the shock,
like the clunk of a lock.
The huntsman did lie,
so Snow White didn't die!
Andrea now more than curious,
actually downright furious.
What substances would make Snow White
more than ill,
Andrea is now even more intent to kill.
Andrea's devotion,
to find a potion,
to do her evil deeds,
and to fulfil her every needs.

☹ whilst back at the skaters lodge,
Snow White doesn't dodge,
the need to perfect her skill,
and show her good will.
The skaters have belief,
in the faith of their chief.
They know this girl has it up her sleeve,
for wonders to achieve.
For day after day,
not only do they pray,
that their routines improve,
as they get in the groove.

* Then one day as they all go
about their chores,
as Snow White cleans the floors.
An old lady calls,
says she has some tasty meatballs.
Snow White takes a look,
the lady says they're easy to cook.
Thinking that the meat,
would be a real tasty treat,
Snow White buys the lot,
and soon has them cooking in a pot.
After a while,
with a bit of a smile,
Snow White decides to try them to see,
if they are as tasty as they seem to be.
First bite and they taste really hot,
not sure if it's the heat of the pot,
another mouthful she takes,
then gets the shakes.
Onto the floor Snow White does fall.
There she lies all a sprawl.

☹ When 3 of the 7 return,
at first any thoughts of illness
they spurn.
They think Snow White,

is trying to give a fright.
Dave walks in to rush by her side,
tíz then that part of a meatball he spied.
Seeing the rest,
he decides to test.
Dave comes to the conclusion,
this is no illusion,
there is poison in the meatballs,
he must act before death befalls.

* Instructions quickly given,
for a positive result the brothers
are driven.
Off they go,
through the snow,
in search of a particular plant,
the effects of which had been told
by an aunt.
minutes later two come back,
and Dave sets about the plant to hack.
It's stem to crush,
he is in a rush.

🪞 Back at her mirror Andrea asks,
and sets the mirror it's usual tasks.
The mirror reports Snow White's demise.

* Dave rushes at his task as the time flies.
Finished making the potion,
without displaying any emotion;
Upon Snow White's tongue Dave
gently smears the paste.
An instant reaction as she doesn't like
the taste.
Snow White's eyelids flutter,
the words so quiet does she utter.
Dave leans in,
his concern turns to a grin.

Rumplestiltskin

Background: Request from "Margies Yums" She said that she would like to relive her childhood favourite but with a Stevie twist. Do you like Stevie's twist?

Once upon a rhyme far back in time,
there was a miller past his prime.
His fortunes had seen better days,
now all that was but a haze.
Falling upon hard times,
he toyed with writing rhymes,
but the truth of it all you see,
was his rhyming was not anyone's cup of tea.
So unable to make to make his pension,
it became his intension,
to seek help from the King.
Now even then this was not a done thing.

So the miller decided he needed to invent,
some pretence to visit in order to
pay his rent.
Not thinking the whole thing through,
and just to have something new,
this is what the miller did.
He told the King that should he bid;
the miller's daughter could spin straw
into gold.
The King believed these claims so bold.

The girl summoned to appear before the King,
thinking her luck changed and
expecting a ring,
got a shock when the King had her taken,
to a room filled with straw
she felt forsaken.

She was told to spin the contents
into gold by the morn.
Otherwise she would face a fate
more than scorn.

The door slammed shut,
whilst Dionna had felt in a rut,
she did not want this,
how could her father be so remiss?
Dionna strong of will,
able to work at the mill,
no need here for such skill,
what can she do to stay alive still?

Thinking herself all alone,
Dionna does more than moan,
oh my dears,
floods and floods of tears.

Dionna not sure at first if
she was hearing things,
or if it was genuine bell rings.
But hush,
let's cut through the slush.
There stood a small very ugly looking man,
shaking a baked bean can,
long straggly beard,
looking very weird.

"Roit lets cut to the chase,
cheese you've got an ugly face!"
Dionna replies, "cheek!"
"Oh it can speak!"

"Crab paste what is this straw about?"
Dionna says, "Hush,
there's no need to shout."
"But for leak and potato soup,
the place looks like a chicken coop."

Dionna looking rather sad,
and feeling really bad,
tells of the king's big ask,
that is to be her impossible task.
"Straw into gold?
Now that one's nare been told.
Bacon wraps of course Oi can spin
straw into anything,
so why gold for the old jam tart of a king?"
"It was my father he boasted
I could spin the gold,
the king said if I failed
I wouldn't live till I'm old."

"Ice cold Tomato Soup a real motivator is he,
and if I did this deed for you
what's in it for me?"

Dionna thinks carefully for a while,
then she holds out her ring with a smile.

Cheese scones there's no need to go
looking even more unsightly!
That my friend is stating the case
really politely.

The little man holds out his hand,
Dionna gives him the ring which he examines
closely and announces "Grand"
Then he sets about weaving the straw.
Hours later a pile of gold without a flaw.

Dionna full of gratitude throws her hands
round the little mans neck.
Oh Soda Bread will yo control yourself ..
oh heck!
The little man having removed Dionna's arms,
examines the ring again and
fades away taking away his lack of charms.
Dionna settles down to sleep,
determined her secret to keep.

Next morning the king arrives,
whilst delighted at the sight of all the gold
a reason to keep Dionna he contrives.
Taken from her prison cell,
to a bigger room to dwell.
Packed with so much straw,
Dionna's mouth drops with awe.
The king smiles and says,
"I'm sure after my little test,
with this room you'll do your best."
A mighty fine breakfast lunch and dinner,
are bought to Dionna the champion spinner.

That evening despite the fine dinning,
for freedom and home Dionna is pinning.
Once again she weeps,
and in again the ugly little man sweeps.
By the dish of colcannon what ails you now?
Dionna explains the king's latest ask
this straw to gold to spin somehow.

Corned Beef and Cabbage is that what has caused
this ballyhoo?
What will you give me if I help to save you?
Dionna lifts a necklace from within her top.
"Roit let me have a closer look...
Mmmm seems like a good swap."

The little man sits down at the wheel
and spins.
Dionna fascinatedly watches and grins.
The hours pass by,
the straw does fly.
Before the light of dawn,
no straw left just a heap of gold
the man has withdrawn.

The king is overjoyed at the sight
of so much gold,
but enough is enough he won't be told.
Again breakfast lunch and dinner
he provides,
in a room even larger with
straw stuffed to the sides.
The King to Dionna does confide,
that turn this lot to gold and
she'll be his bride.

Not a mouthful can Dionna eat by dinner,
the later it gets and still no spinner.
Convinced she will never be the King's bride,
no longer can her tears she hide.

"Irish stew made watery by tears!
Never have I seen a more sad sight
in all me years!"

"Sausage & Potato Pie,
will you stop that bawling of yer eye.
I'll weave yer straw when we've set a price,
but before that I'll eat this stew
in a thrice!"

Dionna replies "You are welcome to the stew,
but the bad news is, I have nothing else
to give you."

The little man does not look surprised,
for if he is he keeps it well disguised.
Soon the little man finishes
the slurping sound,
hands on his hips, feet firmly on the ground.

"Roit you have nothing now to bargain with, but
what about something you may attain?"

Dionna looks very confused,
for which she can be excused.

"Cheese scones it's very simple,
just like yer dimple.
Yer firstborn is what you can offer
as an exchange."

Whilst to Dionna this seems rather strange;
The fact that she has nothing else to give,
at least with this arrangement
Dionna will live.

Paper signed and deal made,
as the light does fade,
the little man,
fulfils his plan.
The truth be told,
Dionna is now bored with gold.
Dionna falls asleep,
until the dawn does peep.
Dionna wakes to find herself all alone,
with a tall gold throne.
Tho it may not be legal,
feeling rather regal,
Dionna sits on the throne,
feeling in the zone.

The king is impressed,
soon Dionna is dressed,
fit to be a bride,
not to mention her fathers pride.

All goes well for three years,
I won't say there have there been no tears.
On the whole it has been rather good.
About the baby tell you I should.
Dionna had forgotten her promise
to the little man.
She was trying to get some rest
while she can.

The baby asleep in her cot looking so sweet.
when suddenly the little man appears looks
into the cot and says "Crab meat!
Looks as ugly as it's mother!
Still that shouldn't be a bother."
Dionna awakes confused.
The little man looks bemused.

"Irish cream dream have you forgotten
our deal?
I just come to collect the babby,
Hey no need to squeal!"

The deal Dionna had forgotten over the years.
She wails and has floods of tears.
"Well harvest my four leaf clover,
no need to flood the place this will
soon be all over.
I just need to take what is mine."
Sobbing Dionna says, "Here I have to draw the
line."

"Irish stew made watery by tears!
Never a promise so broken in all me years!"
The little man stroking his chin,
whilst Dionna continues to make a din.

"I know I'll give you a fighting chance,
but I'll warn you it'll be no tea dance!"
Dionna silent now as taken by surprise,
she wonders what will now arise.

"By fresh baked Soda Bread,
I must be wrong in me head,
but here I goes,
even tho it feels wrong in me toes.
I will give you 3 days,
not to start a new craze,
but with the single aim,
that being to name me name.
If by crazy chance,
after all this happenstance,
me name you name,
then the baby you can claim."

Dionna thinking that 3 days
should be enough time,
nods in agreement to this method
to end this crime.

Tis then that the sneaky little man, drops the
conditions of his plan.

"You can only suggest 5 names each day,
must the name must be exactly right and
from these rules you cannot stray."

Dionna knows she has no choice,
but cannot find her voice.
She simply nods her head.
Although the task does she dread.
The little man with smiling face,
disappears without a trace.

When the king visits his wife and
daughter later,
Dionna tells him the truth
about the gold fabricator.

The King sent courtiers far and wide,
unusual names to gather as a guide.
Before dinner of day one,
the list had more than begun.

The little man appeared
at the appointed time,
Dionna was enthused by the pantomime.
Dionna asks if his name is Brawn?
He replies "No no not by any dawn."
What about Cormac?
"No no what's that a snack?"
How about Doh-nal?
"No no is that wholesale or retail?"

Mmm I bet it is Ay-ra-vohn.
"No no that sounds like a phenomenon."
"Last guess I'm afraid,
I fear that you'll lose out on our trade."
Dionna suggests Roo-e-ree.
"No, no gracious me,
the red king, to call me such a thing.

Good try,
but gotta fly,
see you, in day two."
With that he went.
Dionna and her team even more intent.

Next day the same routine, the guesses were just as
keen. The names chosen, got a response just as
frozen.

First guess Fyun-var?
"No no, not by far!"

How about Jar-Leth?
"No no, awful frogs breath."

It has to be Morann?
"No, no what you see me as a clergyman?"

Mmm what about Teer-Nawn?
"No, no that name not to adorn."

"Last guess I'm afraid."
Dionna her last card she played.

How about Kaw-ni-ri?
"No, no a wolf landowner is that how you see me?"

On the very last day,
the final courtier was shouting "Hey hey!"

I think I know the man's name."
Dionna hopes the courtier
can fulfil his claim.

It transpires that he came upon
a clearing in a wood;
A little man appearing to be up to no good.

Round a fire dancing and singing to himself.
As the courtier listened
all became as clear as a book on a shelf.

"By my beard,
my name so weird,
she will never guess the same;
Oh I just love this game."

No longer a trace,
of worry upon her face.

Dionna encourages the courtier
the name to be revealed,
all will no longer remain concealed.
The courtier tells of the name that he heard.
Dionna left thinking that she
would have never guessed the word.
The courtier is rewarded well,
with what I am not entitled to tell.

Preparations made
for the little man's visitation.
In the balance is the Royals'
future line for their nation.

Once more the ritual suggestion
of a name,
but this time the queen
treating it more of a game.

Three guesses in and the queen says
"It has to be a name connected with song,
one that in letters is not very long.

I know I have it when I say
your name Aw-veer-een?"
The reply " No no,
that's not musical it sounds mean!

You have but the one guess left,
I'll give you the clue
that it involves not a note or a cleft."

The queen with a look
so determined and severe,
the name she utters delivered like a spear.
"Your name is Rumpelstiltskin!"
You would never believe the din.

"You're a nasty wangler!
You played the game as a name dangler;

All the time a fake angler,
offering names like a Spangler!"

The King responds
"We beat you fair and square,
now we can keep our child our heir."

With a devilish look,
like on the cover of a book,
the man grabs the baby girl,
the pair quickly gone with a whirl.

The royal household in a daze,
their heads all in a haze.
The king makes everyone jump,
as the arm of his chair he does thump.

"Right time to bring in some powerful help!"
The Queen recovering from shock gives a yelp,
"Our baby, our beautiful baby!"
The King responds "We will get her back
and I don't mean maybe."

So off the pair went,
determined to end the torment.
Through forest and vale;
through unknown trail.

At last the target reached,
security of the normal world breached.

For here lives a woman of magic,
she specialises in the strategic and tragic.

The King introduces himself and his wife,
he then tells the story
that lead to their strife.

The woman who's age it is difficult to tell,
though from first sight
you are under her spell.

She listens intently,
when finally she speaks it is gently.
The woman acknowledges their plight,
she confirms that she can
take on their fight.

Next she requests to speak
with the King alone,
the Queen this condition does not condone.

Dionna the King does reassure,
that this woman will have the cure.

The woman and King walk into
an adjoining room,
Dionna is left in this gloom.

The woman sets out her terms of transaction.
Not prepared for the King's reaction.
It is quite a surprise,
that before her very eyes,
the King breaks down and cries.
He asks if there are any other ways.
"There are lots but this is the kindest."
she says.

Thinking it over,
then reluctantly the King agrees,
but for a small delay he pleas.

Dionna is relieved
as from the door her King emerges.
Details of the transaction
from the King she urges.

The King holds her tight,
with all his power and all of his might,
he reassures Dionna that it will be alright.

The woman bids them both farewell,
she says that she could tell,
that if they are good and
true all will be well.

Dionna next finds herself
in a strange house,
with babe in arms but no spouse.

Dionna knows this little sleeping beauty
is her little girl,
but quite how either of them got there
just will not unfurl.

In the kitchen there is food a plenty,
in the corner of the lounge bags
of wool at least twenty.

Something else with a familiar look,
although she's seen in many a book;
To Dionna it's importance
seemed closer to hand.
Like a horse seems to an owner of land.

'How silly' Dionna thinks,
as in her mind the items she links.
It's a spinning wheel,
the way she makes money to buy a meal.

For is she not the best cloth maker
in the land,
all manner of fancy items
made by her own fair hand.

Days, months and even years pass.
Dionna cannot escape the strange impasse;
A feeling that there is more to her life,
a strong feeling that at some time
she was someone's wife.

Then one day a visitor tall and regal,
as impressive looking as an eagle.
He talks soft and gentle,
not at all judgemental.
He admires Dionna's work,
admits he had a go but felt a berk.

Dionna asks what the man is looking for,
as she can make something specially
unlike many a store.

He says he needs a jacket
for around the house.
Dionna asks "Any particular pattern
or colours to please your spouse?"

The man laughs "Good gracious
I do not have one."
Seeing the spinning wheel he asks,
"Is all your cloth home spun?"

Just then Dionna's little girl
enters the room.
"Mum you should have seen
my 'speriment it went Boom!"

The man exclaims
"What a delightful little girl!"
"Oh yes she's always in a whirl."

Dionna and the man discuss
the jacket he requires.
Like numbers of pockets
and style that he desires.

When the pair have finished,
mother leaves the room and the little girl's
excitement is undiminished.

She asks the man if he likes her mum.
Rather embarrassed he replies
"Er... Yes... some."

The girl smiles "I could tell,
in fact Mister I could yell."

The man goes red,
as he thinks ahead.
Dionna returns,
her face filled with concerns.

"Sorry what has my cheeky daughter said, I cannot help but notice you have gone red."

The man replies,
"Your daughter reminds me of myself,
not one to be content to sit on the shelf."

Dionna smiles "I think you have summed up Enya well,
perhaps you two would get on swell."

Dionna takes the measurements she needs.
Whilst Enya plays at the table
threading some beads.

"your jacket I can probably have ready by the end of the week,
you'd need come back in case it is in need of a tweak."

The man agrees on date of return,
he pays a deposit and on that he is stern.

One week on and there is a knock at the door,
the kindly gent there as before.

Dionna and Enya excited,
he also seemed to be somewhat delighted.
The man is invited in,
everyone's head in a spin.

His jacket he tries on and says he loves,
gets confused and says it fits
like a pair of gloves.

There is no broken pride,
as the three see the funny side.

As the jacket fits perfectly,
Dionna invites the man to tea.
She says he might as well stay,
as there's nothing further to do today.
The man accepts the invitation,
and to his enormous elation,
his offer to help is taken well,
to play his part feels swell.

The tea soon served,
proper etiquette observed.
The three are soon chattering away,
all embarrassment kept away.

It transpires that the guest's name
is Edmund,
says he was something important
until shunned.

Gone are any fears,
no reason for any tears.
They chatter for hours,
like words are flowers.

A certain little girl head leaning
towards the ground,
she is no longer uttering any sound.
Dionna nods in Enya's direction,
with a look of great affection.
Looks like a little angel needs to go to bed,
to lay down her sleepy head.

Edmund carries Enya up the stairs,
Dionna settles her down to save Enya
from nightmares.

Dionna and Edmund their chatting they resume,
Dionna shows Edmund how to use her loom.
The pair have much fun,
as from wool spun a new cloth is begun.

Dionna not wanting him to be alone,
says it's too late to return to his home.

On the following morn,
in the light of the dawn,
as if waking from a dream,
they now know they are married
or so it does seem.

It is said that in their years apart,
took place the true bonding of heart.

From that day to this,
the three live in happy bliss.



Boys and Girls Come Out to Read

Background: As each day I posted that day's verses of the Rumpelstiltskin STOEM, I would post a teasing verse. Here are some of those verses collected together:

Boys and girls come out to read,
Perhaps for adventure you have a need;
Strange places to explore.
Come see what I have in store.

Boys and girls come out to read,
The King has done the deed,
How will his news be received, the Queen delighted
or deceived?

Boys and girls let down your hair,
Kick off your shoes and show you care.
Pick up the story with a strange twist.
Read on to dispel the mist.
As our story takes a new turn,
for a conclusion you yearn?
Guess you the way it's going?
Or is there no way of knowing?

Little Red Riding Hood

Background: This was a request from "Lil Reds Sweets" it went: can we have some fairy tales like Red Riding hood.

There is a story of a little girl,
put in a whirl,
by a wolf so evil,
it's a story that's medieval.

The story put by the youth,
doesn't tell the bloomin' truth.
The truth I shall now tell,
now please don't yell.

Little Red Riding hood,
she wasn't all that good.
It started as the youth did say,
the grandma the basket of food the wolf along the way.
But this is kinda where the story and truth stray.
The wolf was off the path,
with a female wolf having a bit of a laugh.
For they were playing hide and seek.
The girl saw the wolf all crafty and sleek.

She feared the worse,
and made a solemn curse.
The curse she made you see,
was to get the best of him before tea.

As Lil Red walked along the path,
she planned her aftermath.
She decided that this really would be quite a laugh.

When she reached Granny's house,

nothing was stirring not even a mouse.
Entered Lil Red, went up to the bed,
there was a lump in the middle,
but here was a riddle,
no head,
at the top of the bed.

Fearing foul play,
feeling rather grey,
gently the covers Lil Red pulled back,
not grey but all black!
For granny had gone to bed with her boots on still.

Suddenly a voice rough and shrill,
"For crying out loud shut the door,
I ain't some young chick I'm seventy four. Shut the
ruddy door!"

Lil Red tells granny who she is,
then the pair get down to biz.
Lil Red tells of her 'bring the wolf down' plan.
Granny picks her way through but becomes a fan.
Quick lunch and Lil Red leaves Granny in bed, she's
singing "Bring it on big bad wolf this Granny you
can't shred."

Lil Red lays the trail so crude,
though her plan is rather skewed,
she's convinced the wolf will be attracted by the
food.
Having left a scarce but good trail,
she must make sure this plan will not fail.

The woodsman she next looks for.
He must not know the score.
Soon the sound of wood chopping,
gets Lil Red a stopping.

She retraces her path,
smiles at thoughts of the bloodbath.
Lil Red waits in the bushes for the wolf a
watching,
no room in this plan for botching.
In the distance along the trail,
a rather distinctive tail.
Not to react too early,
na that would be too girlie.

The wolf reaches Red's target spot,
right Mr Wolf it's jackpot!
Lil Red quietly retreats,
to where the woodsman greets.

Lil Red looking all helpless,
as she plays her game of chess.
The woodsman buys her story,
well at only £2 it's a glory.

Meanwhile back at Grannies place,
the wolf has spied Grannies face.
At first prepared to dash,
but Granny tells him some trash.
The wolf buys into Granny's aim,
just to play this little game.
She says she wants to fool Lil Red,
so the wolf dresses up and climbs into bed.
The poor wolf doesn't realise the trick,
is not on Lil Red and the pair are very sick.

Granny hides in a cupboard,
whilst the wolf imagines his reward.
Lil Red the first to reach Grannies bed, notices
grannies head.

Oh what big eyes she has,
and all that razzmatazz.

The wolf leaps out of bed,
the word in his head.
But before he has a chance to announce "surprise";
The woodsman cries,
"Try this on for size!"
You should have seen the wolf's eyes!
As the axe swings up.
You know the story they used as a cover-up.

So now you know the story true,
I hope it didn't make you feel blue!

Lucy in Marveland

Background: Dedicated to Debbie's Granddaughter Lucy. Also to Lewis Carroll originator of Alice in Wonderland.

Lazy summer days,
feeling more than just a phase,
as if it could last forever.
The start of which was never.
Butterfly at the same time fascinating and annoying.
Eyelids fluttered whilst toying;
with the idea of sleep,
but taking every opportunity to peep.
Butterfly now gone, a glance at the swan.
Neck long and graceful.
Suddenly distracted by the pull,
a pull on her dress.
The feeling Lucy must confess,
She did not like the feeling one bit.
Yet she had nothing with which she could hit.

"Stop, stop this minute!"
Lucy's voice sounding resolute.
Instead of the experience stopping,
whatever the cause was aiming at a record dropping.
As towards a large hole she sped.
Like she had fallen onto an uncontrolled sled.
Over the edge Lucy tumbled.
Whilst something below her grumbled,

"Stop messing about, you clumsy lout!
We are late I tell you,
much trouble will ensue!"
Lucy more concerned about continuing to fall,
worried that she is about to smash into the wall.
Whatever was below her away did scurry,
and she need not worry;
For she landed on something soft,
it was bouncy, sending Lucy aloft.
On the third bounce, Lucy heard the familiar voice say,
"Stop messing around we haven't got time to play."
Bouncing stopped, Lucy runs after the figure fleeting.
Wondering all the time with whom they were meeting.
Head turns,
face of concerns.
The short rather tubby man,
walking really fast or is that ran?
His long hair flipping from side to side.
Lucy wonders what made her decide,
to follow fleet of foot,
this mystery an end to put.
Momentarily the fellow stopped.
Out a circular pocket watch popped.

"Look to put it in as serious a tone as I can,
without seeming like a totally ridiculous man;
We are so so very late, can you never keep a date?
You had prior warning!
At least since 14 days dawning!

Come along my dear,
or I will get another thick ear."
Lucy tells the man in fact she insists that he stop,
"I would just like to know for whom
you are going over the top!"
"Over the top of what?"
the small man inserts his pocket watch into a slot.
Carefully turning it three times.
On the last turn something chimes.
A door slides to reveal,
a small room with no appeal.

"Well in with you girl!
Or the Queen will turn you into a pearl!"
"Queen, Queen, what Queen?"
Lucy's response almost obscene.
"Your language leaves a lot to be desired,
your tutors all should be fired!
The question is not what but which Queen.
Tis the Queen of diamonds that I mean."
Lucy finds herself pushed with ease,
whilst the small man easy to appease.
The door closes and the small room rises,
maybe soon Lucy's curiosity will be awarded prizes.
By the pair the lift is soon alighted,
had there been stairs they would have been many flighted.

A large room greets the pair,
and Lucy cannot help but stare.
Marble, gold and diamonds are the materials of the day,
the effect it would be difficult to downplay.
The little man all excited,
waves at Lucy to be reunited.
Purposefully they stride ahead,
though Lucy is filled with dread!

The Queen and throne getting ever nearer.
The Queen's kind face getting ever clearer.
Her robes diamond encrusted,
easy to see why this Queen could be entrusted.
The little man,
at last his plan,
fulfilled to its expected measure,
much to his obvious pleasure.
Steps forward and announces,
not by mere grams and ounces,
but by kilos and pounds he pounces.
"Your Majesty I bring to your palace,
the one and only.... Alice!"
Then Lucy protests,
or more like does confess,
"Sorry but Alice I am not,
haven't been even as a tot.
I think you may mean my Mother,
or it could be someone other."

The Queen smiles and replies,
"Ah how time flies, why did we expect Alice to remain a child?
For that we shall be easily reconciled,
to accept you my dear child.
I hope our task is not too wild."
Lucy quite taken by the warmth of the greeting,
yet the task brought forward thoughts of retreating.
Remembering her Mother's strength,
and her adventures of length,
Lucy decides she is fit,
to do her own bit.
Lucy replies " How can I daughter of Alice,
assist you and your palace?"
"We are now ruled by a tyrant,
who's aims are aspirant.
known the King of Spades,
more like one who tirades."

Lucy rather confused,
"So this palace is no longer used,
though incredibly grand,
to rule this land?"

The Queen smiles "Exactly the case,
I do hope you can embrace,
the challenge to transpose,
this king to depose."

"But your Majesty I am a mere child,
not a knight for a task so wild.

Have you not your own army?"

"My child I am a mere detainee,
held captive in my own Palace,
hence my call for Alice."

"I do not see what I can do to change things here."

"Are you truly the daughter of Alice my dear?"

"Yes I am but what can one girl do on her own?"

"Alice made many friends and with that loyalty was sewn.

Through her courage she lead her friends to victory.

I am sure that a daughter of Alice

would not be contradictory."

"I know no-one here so how would I even start?"

"Neither did Alice but laid out her heart.

"I will provide this sword as substantiation,
of my authority to carry for the duration."

The sword bright and shiny,
the scabbard encrusted with jewels so tiny.

Lucy accepts the gift,
it certainly gives her a lift.

The Queen then does stand,
looking rather grand.

"Oh mighty Lucy go forth with my blessings and support.

Let no-one from your task you to distort."

Queen head bowed hand outstretched pointing to a door.

Lucy curtsies head bowed towards the floor.

The little man deftly leads the way.
Lucy follows afraid to disobey.
The real extent of lack of control,
obvious when outside the palace and
able to view it as a whole.
The paving all uneven in the courtyard,
the walls no longer steadfast and hard.
Plants growing randomly covering patches of the walls.
The little man Lucy marshals,
through a plant covered gate,
past fearsome guards onto the estate.

The guards stare at Lucy, as if boring holes through her;
Perhaps feeling they failed, in strangers entry, to deter.

Lucy feeling much lighter,
to be out in the open so much brighter.
Before them lay fields of flowers,
of such beauty that Lucy felt she could enjoy for hours.

Then reminded of her daunting task,
such a terrible thing of the Queen to ask,
Lucy marches on,
the palace soon gone.

Strange towers could be seen in the tree lined field edges.
After several such encounters to enquire Lucy pledges.
The little man explains,
that it's something to do with drains.
The towers have things sticking out at various angles,
the whole looking like a mass of tangles.
Whilst off to the right,
like the darkness of night,
is a forest of trees,
and soon Lucy and the man are into these.

Suddenly they have a fright,
as there in height,
are two circles of light,
that are very bright.

A voice velvety and deep,
like someone awoken from sleep.
It asks "Who, who disturbs my wood at this time of day?
Good, good reason have you I pray!"
Lucy replies "Sorry I did not know that this was your wood."
"Then, then at navigation you are no good.
For, for does not everyone know,
that where the trees grow,
is the domain of the wise owl,
not a place for you to prowl."
"We are sorry to disturb you,
my navigation is poor that is true.

We are in search of an army."

"Here, here are you barmy?

For, for here live the forest folk,
they will not be a part of your army yoke."

"We need your help to defeat the force of evil."

"Speak, speak you of the weevil?"

"No kind and wise owl I speak of the Black King."

"Ah, ah now that name enters my head with a ring.
Quite what has this evil ruler done?"

"He has confined the Queen to her palace and
removed her sun.

He is known the King of Spades,
but is more like one who tirades."

"Spades, Tirades, that does not sound good,
especially for the trees of the wood.

They need their sun,
without which they would be undone.

We must join in your fight,
and resist his might.

I will pass on the word."

"Thank you oh such majestic bird."

"Where shall we meet?"

The little man replies "At Ahorts seat."

The plan is happily agreed,
driven by their mutual need.

Lucy and the man press on through the wood,
emerging at a place where farming is the livelihood.
There could be seen,
fields of green,
strange animals grazing,
the whole quite amazing.

In the distance can be seen more of the strange towers,
along with a field of odd looking sunflowers.
For instead of being yellow,
they are a purple rather mellow.
Ahead lies a group of dull black shapes,
looking like someone had just dropped some drapes.
The little man heads straight for the group.
As they get closer something smells really good like soup.

Lucy sees a sign slightly hidden to the right that reads,
'You have come to the right place if you have needs'.
Below this it says 'Cefa / Poshe / Edes/ Ca-dive,
we have all to make you thrive, strive and survive.'

Lucy says "Quite a community and a claim."
"Ah yes quite a considerable aim."
The buildings are even more fascinating close to.
Dull black yet so clean and looking new.
Curious Lucy tries to look in through a window or two,
but nothing can be seen not even a hue.

The path is long and winding.
As if the buildings it is binding.
The gorgeous smell getting ever closer.
It's mellow tones like delivered by a classical composer.
Ahead lie tables and chairs,
the tables in ones the chairs in pairs.

On arriving at the doorway,
a lady asks "Here for toupee Tuesday?"
Lucy asks "Sorry here for which?"
"Yes we had events to switch.
So you came for ballet Tuesday ?
Nice dress but the shoes are rather an underplay.
At least you had a crack,
most are far too slack.

Ah you sir have come for the right event,
your intent to win is clear.
Come take a seat,
I'll find you both a treat."
At her companion Lucy looks,
he wears the most sinister of looks.
With this the lady departs,
mumbling something about tarts.
The ruffles of her dress flouncing,
whilst her apron prevents bouncing.

Lucy whispers, "She means well."
This however, his mood does not dispel.
The silence is telling,
Lucy feels like yelling.

Instead she assures that it will be good to blending in,
rather than to make a fuss and an embarrassing din.
"We may meet people who can help us with our task,
for which it will not hurt much for us to put on this mask."
The little man says "looks like we arrived on time."
He nods at what looks like the approaching cast of a pantomime.

Lucy is relieved to see,
that some appear to be,
dressed as ballerinas.
The group laughing like hyenas.
"You cannot sit there!
For that is the chairman's chair."
Exclaims the first person to arrive.
The little man knows not what excuse to contrive.
Lucy comes to his rescue,
she knows what to do.
It is our honour to warm his seat,
and keep his table looking neat."

A distinguished gent steps forth,
"Ah our guests have arrived from the North.
Most kind, you have such a noble mind."
The little man steps aside, with a smile and a look of pride.

The distinguished gent takes his seat,
"Ah yes my table does look neat.
Plus your arse is fat and wide,
for which you can take much pride.
For my chair is nice and warm,
like visited by a firestorm.

They are shown to fresh seats,
and the cafe lady arrives with their treats.
She is delighted at the turn out.
She issues forth a greeting so stout.
The mass throng dive in to grab a treat.
The chairman tells them not to behave like an invading fleet.
He reminds them that guests should have first pick.
At which one of the party declares that this makes him sick.
The objector says that regulars should be first,
For their infinite loyalty to be reimbursed.

"Order, order!" The chairman says in a clear tone.
At which some unseen party goer has a moan.
"There is a clear point of order of the highest level,
we cannot have such a disorganised dishevel.
The honourable member to my left has raised a good point,
to be addressed immediately, otherwise we have a disjoint.
The policy should be clear.
Do I have a motion proposal volunteer?"
The objector says "Mouth".
The chairman says, "We have a North do we have a South?"

A woman in pink sparkly dress and impressive tiara calls "South!"
The chairman says "Very well all votes for Mouth."
At which most of the people started hopping.
The chairman held a hand aloft at which
the hoppers started stopping.
Swap of hands and the hopping does recommence.
The voting makes absolutely no sense,
as most of the people hop again.
The chairman says "I declare a nor-a-twain."

Lucy asks "Sorry but what just happened here."
"Most were undecided so the decision is clear.
Hence I declare nor-a-twain,
the status quo rules again.
Guests to have first pick,
if I were you I'd get in really quick."
The little man got stuck in as fast as he can.
Whilst Lucy rather innately,
is much more sedately.
The treats followed by more,
so much food galore.
Lucy wonders why there was so much fuss,
the voting now seems superfluous.

The chairman chats with Lucy,
about one of the items so juicy.
Then the talk turns to the reason for her dropping by.
Lucy tells the Chairman of the tyrant black King and her reason why.

The chairman sits and listens,
then Lucy's stance he commends.
He promises the support of the community,
in order to make the most of this noble opportunity.
They arrange to meet at Ahort's seat.
The Chairman declares the plan as complete.

The remainder of the meal is immense fun,
speeches of thanks and promises to return are done.
Lucy and the little man set off their journey to resume.
Their mission's feel no longer one of gloom.
Instead filled with knowledge of support.
Lucy believes she can now lead this battle of retort.
Lucy asks, "So where to next?"
"Not to give you reason to vex,
we are now going to Ahort's seat,
the place where the groups will meet,
but here is the very thing,
there we will be closest to the King.
Know not I what allegiance they sing,
whether for Queen or King."
They continue to walk in silence.
Then as if in defiance,
Lucy says, "We will just have to win them over.
We knew this wouldn't be like a roll in clover."
"A what?" The little man questions.
"It's just one of those expressions,
it means would not be easy."
"This task makes me queasy."

"We have come this far,
without gaining a scar.
We must succeed,
It is for the Queens need."
The road is long and tough,
often the surface really rough.
The incline rising all the way,
taking the night and the next day.

Finally at the top of the hill,
like a beacon,
the seat of the deacon,
a sight faith to instil.
"Ahort's seat." The little man professes.
The distance to travel Lucy assesses.
"Behind the trees are the dwellings of the local folk."
Sure enough rising are wisps of light grey smoke.
☑ Lucy prepares herself for her familiar patter.
Trying to make it feel like it really does matter.
The hill seems to be even more steep.
As their pace they try to keep.

Finally at the hilltop they arrive.
Glad that the hill climb they did survive.
The view of the city below is amazing,
the black King's castle impressive and phasing.
There below all sorts of building shapes and size.
Interspersed with squares and towers the intellect to tantalise.

A mass of activity taking place,
no ability to make out a face.
Lucy's attention brought back to their current spot,
the land below is quickly forgot.
Four quite well dressed people are heading towards the pair.
Lucy sets herself the task to prepare.
She runs through in her mind what she wants to say. Delivery of the
message is rather like a ballet.
Or a game of chess with move and counter move.
Lucy just hopes that she can keep it smooth.
The group of four have arrived,
the meeting doesn't feel contrived.
As they are in a jolly mood, offering hospitality and food.
They are smiling and pleased to meet,
keen to make feel at home and greet.
Lucy and her friend are escorted back behind the trees.
To where there is a square with a large fire and many attendees.
A large pot sits upon the fire.
There is a tower from which it does transpire,
that ingredients are launched into the pot,
which judging by the steam looks rather hot.

The leader of the escort group explains,
Lucy and her friend have joined at a celebration that maintains,
an important link with their ancient past,
the time of the celebration of a short is approaching fast.
Lucy feeling that their timing couldn't be worse,
decides to park her speech as it could be adverse.

She decides instead to join these people and their commemorations.
Despite the timing and any such linked temptations.

A tour of the village embarks,

Lucy and her friend only pass on good remarks.

Their praise has the desired effect, commanding nothing but the
greatest respect.

As the day progresses, there are mounting excesses. As more food is
brought out,

and strange costumes appear throughout.

Then at dusk all is let loose,

music, dancing and good so diffuse.

It is as if all order has been dropped.

All the rules have been stopped.

Exhausted with the dancing and eating,

Lucy and her friend have collapsed their energy fleeting.

Six black figures wearing masks draw nigh.

Their intent mischievous and that no-one could deny. Anyone with
interest watching would be alarmed.

For one moment innocence unharmed;

the next the pair are no longer there.

The shadowy figures gone without a stare.

The party continues at a pace,

with no loss of face. No-one aware,

no-one shows a care.

Lucy and her friend whisked away before they could object.

No actions could they take for themselves to protect.

Taken deep into the wood, these people dressed in black up to no good.

The journey takes a while,
the whole seems quite a trial.

At last into a clearing the group enters,
one edge of the circle opens and upon a new individual it centres.

Also dressed in black,
but this one a face doesn't lack.

There is no apparent disguise,
it appears to be old & wise.
He speaks with matching voice,
words spoken slowly as if with choice.

I have heard,
from a wise bird,
that you would call,
to talk us into a brawl,
with none other than the Black King.
Why I cannot understand and that is the thing.
Perhaps your reason you could allude,
not that I in this matter want to be rude.
I had you brought here I conclude,
to ensure my people you do not delude."

Silence befalls the solemn gathering.
Lucy feels so scared and disarmed she can't say anything.
The silence continues with the pressure building.
The man speaks to add a further sting.
"Have you nothing to say?"

Lucy's plan has gone so astray.
The Queen's future rests upon Lucy's reaction.
Wanting time Lucy creates a distraction.
"I must object at this appalling method of dealing.
To bring visitors to the forest with force is not appealing.
As for us being here to delude,
surely your people are more shrewd.
We only bring the truth."
"Maybe that of youth."

I actually support your right to speak to the King.
Though this may not be actually the done thing.
But to entice my own folk,
that right I do hereby revoke.
you may pick your own fights,
whilst in my wisdom I pick your rights."
Lucy says "I respect your wisdom sir,
and regards your people I will obey as you refer."

"Then it is with respect that we all depart,
and I trust the truth will out from the heart.
My faithful followers will escort you to your meeting place,
may you go forth without loss of faith or face.
I wish you well with your mission,
for is this not our tradition,
not to follow those with a task,
or to wear their mask."

The black cloaked ones gather round again,
escorting like a restrictive membrane.
Worrying the path they take,
as the original they forsake.
For the direction anew.
Appear not be heading for the rendezvous.
Heading not up but down,
presumably to avoid the town.

The journey leading further away,
much to Lucy's dismay.
After some time voices can be heard.
Lucy and her companion are spurred.
Ahead it also seems to be getting lighter.
Strange as this journey doesn't seem like an overnigher.
Mystery solved as the group emerge into another clearing,
the escorts part and the assembled masses are cheering.
In the centre a large fire burning,
for it's warmth Lucy and her companion now yearning.

The Chairman and wise owl,
not looking like they are ready to throw in the towel.
They rush forth for Lucy and her companion to greet.
Keen still as if this gathering were a treat.
Instead a pre-battle assembly.
Like football supporters going to Wembley.
Now that the cloaked escorts have totally withdrawn,
Lucy can see that before her is a massive spawn;

of the forest and country folk.

Lucy is tempted a speech to invoke.

Instead she addresses her thoughts to the two leaders,
hoping they will be the motivators and feeders.

"I welcome you to this place,
at which some truths we must face.
In an effort such as this trust,
is an essential must.
It was with concern,
that I did learn,
that the leader at Ahort's seat,
had been told of my visit and deceit.
If either of you do not believe in our task,
then of you honesty I ask."

The wise owl says "I fear that a misunderstanding has evolved,
and that it's mystery is easily to be solved.
For we forest folk arrived first,
and with diplomacy I am not versed.
When challenged as to our meeting,
rather than a customary greeting,
I found myself blurting,
and the responses rather hurting.
I fear my oration,
was cause for this frustration. ☒
I assure you of our devotion,
of defection we have no notion."

"I thank you wise owl,
I have no reason to scowl.
It is good to have the air cleared,
although our original plans veered,
of this I can impart,
we will battle on in mighty heart.
When daylight comes around,
we can set off for our battleground."

The chairman asks, "Do you think there will be much resistance?"

"Of soldiers I know there is existence,
but as to numbers I have no knowledge."

The Owl asks "Surely you went to college?"

"No wise sir perhaps your wisdom you can impart."

"Well I must say that is not a very good start.

Still we will cope, for I am no misanthrope.

This mis-happenstance,
is just part of life's dance.

Think hard of a number that would just tip you from confidence to
fear.

Times the result by three divide that by two add fifty now I hope that
was clear.

The mathematical odds are high, that the figure you now have is
nigh."

"Sorry but I have not a clue, that all seems like a ballyhoo.

With your approach I must disagree,

I think our focus should be,

a peaceful resolution,
to bring forth a solution."

The chairman says, "Much reassured I am to hear you say so.
Whilst I have little fear I understand why we must go.
Today it is the queen,
treated so obscene.
Next it could be us!
What a dreadful fuss."

Lucy decides that she should her supporters meet.
Some of the forest folk for battle looked too sweet.
All were gracious and sure,
that a glorious success to procure.
These keen fighters range from large and frightful,
to cute fluffy and little more than a pocketful.
If it comes to actual battle,
this whole army could be nowt than a noisy rattle.
Having come all this way,
nothing now Lucy could sway,
she has to defend the queen's right,
and go through with the fight.

At daylight after a simple breakfast,
the massive group moves off at last.
They head down towards the shiny city,
still looking rather sleepy and pretty.
After walking for an hour and a half,
they enter the city that looks like a photograph.
Ahead the castle towers above,
dark foreboding and looking like it lacks any love.

Amazingly the castle entrance reached,
with no barriers to be breeched.
The gateway open wide,
revealing the fascinating sight inside.
Well dressed guards stood smartly in rows,
above each one branches upon which sat black crows.
Each bird sang out a number,
then seemed to return to slumber.
At the sounding of one hundred and forty four,
the birds fell down as one and hit the floor!
The guards raised and played bugles by the score,
yes you heard me right there were one hundred and forty four!
The crows returning to their lofty perches.
The whole scene like some crazy clockwork found on churches.

Our motley crew parade up the line.
The guards to challenge they decline.
A most strange thing indeed,
Lucy feels even more confident to succeed.

Ahead lay steps leading to an impressive entrance.
confidently up the steps they advance.
The doors swing open as they approach,
then the interior they encroach.
Far off in the distance,
could with some assistance,
be seen the king and throne,
there existing all alone.

King all dressed in black,
all charm he seems to lack.
His crown the only thing with colour.
He couldn't look any duller.

Stepped forward a tall grey rabbit,
with the rather strange habit,
of dressing in a black smock,
on which was printed a large clock.
Upon his head,
looking rather dead,
was a strange looking wig like skin,
it was difficult to tell what originally fitted within.

A third person emerges from behind the throne.
Wow these people are really in the black zone.
For the 3rd person also dressed in black,
apart from the rabbit all character they lack.

It takes some considerable time for Lucy and the two leaders,
to get to the throne as they dare not be speeders.
Instead taking a sedate and cautious pace,
not wanting to lose any respect or face.

As finally arrive the party of three,
the rabbit added to its idiosyncrasy,
by announcing in a loud but nervous voice,
as if he were trying to rejoice,

"His Royal dark tech exaltedness,
wishes to grant your visit a great success."

Lucy says, "His exalted Majesty should be careful what he wishes for,
we are here on behalf of the Red Queen and know the score.
What you have done to her is a disgrace,
for her freedoms and quality of life you debase."

The Black King raises his right hand before the rabbit speaks.
"Whilst you are welcome to your opinion and critique,
perhaps I could be permitted to speak,
for her red majesty was living a life so chic;
Whilst her citizens were so very poor.
I expect she never told you that score.
Upon this land mass I happened along,
I soon had the citizens singing a much better song.
The swamp land we soon drained,
and the poverty we contained.
With the rich soil of the reclaimed land,
our people could grow plenty of food that was grand.
The Queen whose banners and clothes were red,
still kept the people living closest un-fed.
Her army caused much trouble to the rest of the land,
so we decided that we needed to take things into firm hand.
Castle and throne given me by the people in grateful thanks,
in my kingdom you you will find no armies or tanks.
The gates are open as you found,
I welcome visitors for my hospitality I am renowned."

Lucy says "You say you have no armies and you lie,
what about all the soldiers that we passed by?"

The King laughs and replies,

"I tell you no falsities or lies.

Those are just machines,
just running the same routines.

They could not fight,
they are not very bright.

They only exist for our amusement.

I know it's rather decadent.

Please come join me as I have received something today,
which I am sure you will want to see and play."

The King stands and walk to Lucy taking her by the arm.

Lucy follows his lead as she cannot see any harm.

The other two leaders follow the Royal party,
through an archway that looks rather arty.

Soon the gift comes into view,
oh wow what a fantastical to do.

It is the most magical carousel,
with all sorts of creatures including a gazelle.

Beautiful colours mirrors and lights,
all sorts of vehicles including ones that can make flights.

Such a magnificent carousel you have never seen.

Better than any at a fairground or shopping mall mezzanine.

The group have much fun and many a ride,
then Lucy remembers the others waiting outside.

The king instructs Lucy to bring them all through.

Soon there is formed a very excited but orderly queue.
The King suggests they have a banquet in honour of their guests.
Many volunteer to help and soon there's food to impress.
Lucy and the King discuss the fate of the Red Queen.
They come up with an excellent idea to end her quarantine.
The leaders and their people love the plan,
of the Black King they are now all a big fan.

The rabbit suggests that Lucy follow him to a special room.
Lucy is rather reluctant to enter the dark gloom,
The Rabbit assures her that it is free from danger,
and it is time for her to use place exchanger.
Lucy says goodbye and steps inside,
she is taken on an ascending ride. Heading up towards a light,
her legs kicking in flight.
Soon finding herself at the entrance to the hole at which this all
began.
Of such travel Lucy could become an avid fan.

I hope you enjoyed joining Lucy on her adventure,
maybe you could join her again should she take on another
debenture.

Through these words I can show,
Of this I already know,
The Grand-daughter for whom this story I devote,
already likes what I have wrote.