

Fables

“Run run run as fast as you can
You can’t catch me I’m the Gingerbread Man!”

He said with smile, with a smirk, and a sneer, this cocky confection did jovially jeer

As he pelted past pensioners and porcines alike, past equines and bovines in search of a bite

Before a river arrival stopped him dead in his tracks, where a helpful, young fox let him climb on his back

As he swam the Fox said “Oh do move lower please, as my back is encumbered, surely you would agree?”

“Sure! What’s the worst that can happen?” The ginger gent replied,
As a bird bit his head off and cast it aside

Wait a minute, that doesn’t sound right, let me try that again...

“Sure! What’s the worst that can happen?” The ginger gent replied,
As a bird bit his head off... and cast it aside...

Then suddenly without reprieve the bird let out a squawking scream, as a buckshot blast caught it up the arse and in a flurry of feathers it fled the scene, the hunter that tore the bird asunder wondered where his fallen plunder might have lumbered but before he had the chance to advance he was attacked in the back by a Satyr wielding a golden axe, then with a rough, tough, shove the two were broken from their scuff as they were knocked into the river by three billy goats gruff as a big bad beast blew a trumpet to the east signaling sixty savage serpents to attack a gaggle of gaudy geese!

Meanwhile the Fox, left perplexed at this peculiar procession of events, clambered out to face a ten-foot troll arm-wrestling an ent

As an itsy bitsy battalion of armed, irate, arachnids went, to join the fray but were waylaid when a hail of sapient rain washed them away and foiled their ill-fated attempt

Up above the geese gangs soured and strafed avoiding shots from the squads of soldier snakes as a headless horseman hurtled through the fray slashing at any artillery ophidians in his way!

The Fox... was lost for words and scampered to the safety of the river

When suddenly, from the shore a fearful score of forty-four seahorses wrought a battle horn whose fearsome roars shook the cunning canine to his core

Leaving the Fox no other possible, reasonable recourse than to cry wolf and let slip the galvanic gods of war...

My apologies ladies and gentlemen, I got hopelessly muddled there, little bit carried away (laughs nervously), the moral of the story is...

The worth of material wealth is how you use it? No, Follow your dreams! No it’s never that one... never trust a bunny?

No, no, no it's not that either...

Oh wait! I think I have it!

Looks can be deceiving if you're trusting and believing, but if a woolly wolf's a reaving you should probably be leaving

Honesty's the greatest policy when cultivating cogency, but making mergers with the mighty makes a meal of any certainty

And if you judge books by their covers, frogs may never find their lovers,
as royal arrangements rarely work when one's revolting to the other

Taking credit for undue merit never works out for the best, as when you least expect, a tuneful bone is bound to sound your death

Don't worship greed and deadly desire! We're heading out of the frying pan into the FIRE in the mountain, run boys run!
Make a deal with the devil and the damage is done

I'm a little teapot short and stout, safety's preferable to opulence just ask the Country Mouse

If you're a drab, despondent duckling with a fowl, un-fancy face
Then never fear! Your vile visage will soon imbue with poise and grace

So soldier on and see your worth!
Pursue your dreams with all due haste
Ignore the naive knave that's stating
"Slow and Steady Wins the Race"

Oh what's the point honestly?

So many myths, so many morals, one must wonder if we won't all go insane with all these lessons searing their way into our brains

All these fantabulistic fables make you wonder if we're able, as a species to discern right from wrong without enabling

These tales that vilify injustice to replace our moral compass, teaching kids if they're uncertain, then we've all these aesops in abundance!

Like,

The Crow and the Snake, The Snake and the Crab, The Bear and the Bees, The Fly and the Ant,
The Ant and the Grasshopper, The Fly in the Soup, The Snake in the Thorn Bush, The Swan and the Goose

Monkeys, misers, mice, millers, milk maids, pots, pigs, pigeons, pitchers

All saying the same in a different way, be kind, be smart, be nice, be brave

If you need to read six tales of an ass to know not to be crass, then how could you ever conceivably grasp such concepts as complex as morals and ethics, without having to relate them to a Bird or a Bass?

(Pauses for a moment in contemplation)

But... mayhaps I am mistaken, maybe fables have their place, after all what truer expression of humanity is there than concocting creative chronicles to try and curtail our inherently insidious ways?

Perhaps we should not follow merely the morals of these legends to the letter

Perhaps we should just appreciate the imaginative ways these works attempt to make us... better?

So I thank you, all for experiencing this sincerely surreal session,
And I hope that you all come away from it having learnt a valuable life lesson

The End

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