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Scholastic Art & Writing  
12/1/2018  
Gold Key Winner

### **A Modern Fable**

Once upon a time there lived a young princess, who was growing up in the castle with the queen and the king. Soon, however, along came the socialist revolution that kicked the “royal” family and what they would call “their” knight-in-training out of the castle (although kicking out the knight was largely unnecessary, as he was largely incompetent and unknowledgeable, which wasn’t helped by the fact that he hit his head on the way out). The people involved in the revolution, being people of above average levels of compassion, decided to kick the family out of the castle and make them live how they did for a change.

Not long after, the ex-queen passed on due to the culture shock of living like the normal populace. Her husband was so brokenhearted that, neglecting the wellbeing of his own daughter, married another woman almost immediately. Not very soon after that, the ex-king died of a broken heart, because his decision to marry this new woman was just a wee bit rash and he missed his old wife (this is not to say she was age enhanced, just his original wife).

As the young princess grew older, she viewed her stepmother in a worse and worse light. Now, her stepmother wasn’t mean or evil or even cruel, simply misunderstood. Soon, the young princess, who some uneducated people might call foolish, decided to run away to the forest, thinking she could fend for herself. She stumbled onto a small cottage that used the native soil as walls and, being unskilled in the ways of the world, decided to just barge on into the house.

In it, she found seven little bowls of extra fibrous, boosted vitamins, non GMO oatmeal with prunes, however she believed that three were too hot, and three were too cold. One she found to be “just right,” temperature wise, although others might not agree with this statement. She did find the nutritious food to be less than delicious, however.

After she ate the oatmeal, she felt full, so she went into the next room and came upon seven small chairs. Again, three were too hard, three were too soft, but one was “just right.” She promptly sat down, although the chair soon broke under her above average but beautifully normal weight. Not wanting to be caught at the scene of the crime, she decided to go on to the next room.

In this room there were seven completely equal piles of straw on the floor, which she presumed served as these primitive creatures’ bedding. Her assumption that these beings were primitive was a rash one, and if she was better schooled in the ways of the world she wouldn’t make such presumptuous and arrogant statements. She found that all seven of these natural beds paled in comparison to the perceived “comfort” of the castle beds, although she was able to fall into a restless sleep in the last one.

When the owners of this house came back, they first noticed the missing oatmeal.

“Someone’s been eating my extra fibrous, boosted vitamins, non GMO oatmeal with prunes!” one said.

“Someone’s been eating MY extra fibrous, boosted vitamins, non GMO oatmeal with prunes!” another interjected.

“Mine too!” one replied.

“Me too!” another suggested.

“Same with me!” one of the men exclaimed.

“My bowl hath been eaten out of!” one of them uttered.

“Someone ate out of mine, and now it’s all gone!” the littlest of stature nearly whispered, followed by a loud gasp of all of the others. Disrupting their equality was the highest crime in their micro, but still fully functioning, society.

While some of the men readied themselves to take revenge, gathering all the pens and paper necessary to write a sufficiently long strongly worded letter, the rest went into the next room and saw their chairs. They could only prove that someone sat in one of their chairs—the broken one—but each secretly thought that their own chair was sat in as well, although none would say it out loud, for fear of becoming a pariah due to a false accusation.

After the letter was readied, both groups converged in the last room, and all parties checked in their bed, each saying that their sheets looked ruffled. When they turned to the littlest-but-still-beautiful man, he said “Someone’s been sleeping in my bed, and they’re still here!”

When the princess came to, she found seven small men looking down at her. Her immediate reaction was disgust at their untamed hair and short stature, which was an extremely mess-ist and height-ist thought. She recoiled, and so did the men. They apologized for their appalling behavior and invasion of her personal space, then told their story.

They explained their lifestyle, then expounded on what happened upon finding it was interrupted. After finding the princess in one of their beds, they waited, wanting to give her sufficient time to rest, under the possibility of her not getting enough at home. Being good, upstanding citizens of their self-governed commune, they offered to incorporate her into their micro-society. She was originally naïvely opposed to the idea, until the little men showed her their presentation on socialist micro-societies. She promptly fell asleep, which the little men took as a “yes.”

When she awoke, the princess found that the little men had built her a room of her own. She had warmed up to this lifestyle, and soon enough she grew to like it. The little men skilled her in what you should and shouldn’t say, who to vote for, and the other ways of the world.

The princess soon grew up to be a beautiful, but mostly strong and independent, woman, but the men of the kingdom focused on the first adjective. Many men came to try to take away her freedom, including the original royal family’s idiotic knight, but she always remained free, and even managed to talk them into taking her money to buy themselves healthcare.

One day, when the princess was out on a leisurely stroll to become one with the universe, she noticed what looked like an innocent creature in trouble. After trying to help it, she realized that it was in fact a large dragon. This dragon caught her up in one of its claws, and whisked her away to a tower, where she was promptly dropped. This dragon was not wrong in doing this, because the reason it did this was largely because of its upbringing.

The dragon was catching small creatures for her to eat in the beginning, but this was a horrendous thing to do, because the princess was a devout vegan. After much humble asking, the dragon eventually started growing a garden and gave it to the princess. Again, she wasn't happy, because the dragon used pesticides, but she did have to eat.

Back in the commune, the little men were getting worried when the princess wasn't coming home. Believe me, they trusted in her ability to provide for herself as a strong independent woman, but after two weeks they began to wonder. They got out their pens and paper to write a strongly worded letter, but then wondered, "Who can we possibly write to?"

They discovered that they had to leave their commune to investigate.

Shortly after, the knight was skulking at the edge of the city, mad at everyone for rightfully shunning him. When he heard that the north tower was being occupied by a dragon, he decided that this was his time to shine

He was about to investigate.

At roughly the same time, seven small men and a very large, but rather incompetent and uncouth knight showed up at the north tower, for entirely different reasons. The little men had heard the princess singing, and were just getting ready to write a strongly worded letter to the "owner" of the tower, when the knight came up and was putting on his leather climbing gloves, just like a true predator. The little men, righteously enraged, lectured the knight on the evils of the cattle industry, then tried to burn his gloves. The knight shook them off and, like a true predator, threatened them with his sword.

After the little men begrudgingly backed up, the knight started to climb the tower. When he got to the top he promptly killed the dragon, then was ready for the fair maiden to—stereotypically—fall into his arms, however, much to his surprise, she slapped him.

"You are a true predator! What has this dragon ever done to you?" she cried.

"I was rescuing you!" the knight retorted.

"Well I say! I am a strong independent woman, and I do NOT need your help! That dragon was completely innocent, as him victimizing me was largely a result of his upbringing!"

"But... he kidnapped you!" the knight retorted.

“That’s it! I’m taking you to court!” the princess sobbed, which is perfectly okay, as she had a good reason.

“For what?” inquired the stupid knight angrily.

“Oh, I don’t know, MURDER?” answered the princess with perverse relish. She wasn’t wrong in doing this, as the knight’s idiocy and the grief of the dragon—an innocent creature—dying naturally clouded her judgement.

BANG BANG BANG

“Order in the court,” came a wheezing old voice. “Now, will the prosecutor bring the charges to the table?”

“This man should be locked up for killing the dragon!” answered the princess.

“I trust you wholeheartedly,” stated the wheezing old judge.

“What about my side of the story? What about bringing witnesses to the stand?” exclaimed the knight very rudely.

“ORDER IN THE COURT!” bellowed the wheezing judge. “For that, I’m making your cellmate a bed-wetter.”

“But that’s a cruel and unusual punishment! And what about due process?” exclaimed the wrongfully angry knight.

“You’re a cruel and unusual person,” wheezed the judge. “As for due process, it’s unnecessary for someone as obviously guilty as you. Now, without further objection...”

“Yes, there is an objection, your honor!” came a voice from one of the little men from the jury.

The other little men chorused their agreement.

“Shouldn’t our society be based on equal representation, no matter what, despite the atrocious acts of the defendant?”

The moronic knight grumbled quietly, but was ignored.

“Furthermore, shouldn’t we welcome anyone, even if they’re a threat or a hindrance, with open arms and giving them as much or more than the already wealthy?”

Six hours passed, then...

“Which is why we should welcome the knight, feeble minded as he may be, back into our society. Everyone is a winner!”

Everyone clapped except the dim-witted knight, who had fallen asleep.

“I wholeheartedly agree,” said the princess, “and I’m sorry, knight, that I ever got so angry at you, even though I had cause for it, and you are so very dense.”

“Yes. I think we can all agree that we should now present the knight a choice: give up his predatorial lifestyle and join us in perfect harmony in nature, or face multiple lifetimes in prison. What do you say, knight?”

What do you think the knight would have said?

We’ll always be wondering, as the knight was struck down by lightning before he had a chance to answer—evidently because of his idiocy.

Everyone rejoiced, because they guessed what the knight would have said, and they didn’t want to give him out his punishment.

In this, everyone lived equally happily ever after.

Moral: Don’t be stupid like the knight, and you will always succeed, no matter what.