

The Puppy, The Baby and a Potato (a semi-modern fairy tale)

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Once upon a time, in a little white castle in the midst of the Snowy Kingdom there lived a baby and her friend, the puppy. The baby was a cunning baby. She could solve minorly complex situations and had a very long memory for a baby so small. The puppy was kind and brave, sharing his bones and ice cubes with the baby at her request.

Early one afternoon, after the baby's nap, she decided to go on a treasure hunt. She started by pulling off all of the glittering gold and gems off of the Fir Tree of Happy Memories that stood in the throne room, but those treasures couldn't satisfy her. She toddled into the Icy Cold Toilet Room and contemplated fishing for gold in the royal toilet, but rejected that idea when her mother led her bodily from the room. No, the baby required a greater treasure. Something more than the ordinary. The baby toddled off into the bright kitchen, where the Queen was up to her elbows in tepid dishwater (having given the maid the day off). The baby peeked into the Big Wooden Heirloom and pondered opening the lid to the Great Trash Receptacle, when she found the treasure she sought. A small, oblong ball that must contain magical powers. The baby could not contain her joy! An unexpected treasure. How perfect! She hurried quickly to her mother to show her the Small Oblong Ball of Great Magical Powers. "That's a potato!", her mother exclaimed. The baby showed the potato her mother, holding it firmly unwilling to relinquish it before she had solved its magical powers. The puppy, however, had been put on Ye Olde Low-Calorie kibble due to his ever expanding waistline and he found his hunger sometimes roared out of him like a big old dragon. The baby, his dearest friend, would share her lunch and sippie cups and cereal bars with him and he was forever grateful, but on this day the hunger dragon was roaring out of his belly and the baby had eaten all of her lunch herself, leaving the puppy to ponder the possibilities of the potato. The baby showed him the potato with glee and then hurried back to show her mother, the Queen, her treasure. The puppy, overcome by hunger, followed her. The baby, in her joy, dropped the potato to the ground where it bounced once, tantalizingly like a ball and the puppy could not wait. He snatched the potato off of the floor and did his happy run gallop away, figuring worst case scenario, he had found a ball and best case scenario, he had found a snack.

The baby was distressed. She had yet to puzzle out the magic that existed in the potato. She toddled off of the royal throne room, past the Fir Tree of Happy Memories and retrieved the potato from the puppy. It was now the puppy's turn to be distressed. At the very least, he had lost a ball and the only thing worse than losing a ball, is losing a snack. He had no choice, but to follow the baby to the kitchen and take back his ball or snack at the next possible opportunity. His opportunity came quickly because it's hard for a small baby to hold a spitty potato and once again, the potato bounced onto the floor and the puppy ran away with it, glee in his heart. The baby had no choice but to, again, retrieve her treasure so she could quiz the Queen about its magical properties. When the baby passed the Fir Tree of Happy Memories, she found not one potato, but many potato pieces as the puppy had happily discovered that this was not a ball, but, indeed, a snack. The baby grabbed as many spitty potato pieces as she could carry so she could share them with her mother, the Queen, to determine if any potatoey magic still existed inside the pieces. The puppy chased her down and ate the pieces, leaving the baby with no treasure and spitty hands.

The moral of the story is, never toss a potato to a puppy who wants a snack or a ball OR figure out the potato magic before you show the treasure to your puppy OR don't share treasures with your puppy... This fairy tale brought to you by my new D-40. ;o)