

The Tale of Stick

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A stick was walking along a road (—click, clack, clunk—) when by and by it met a toad.
“Hello-hello,” said the stick. “Do you need me, toad so green?”
“Ribbet-dibbet-no-no,” said the toad, and hopped away.

By and by the stick met a cat.

“Hello-hello,” said the stick. “Do you need me, cat so purry?”

“Meowow-no-no,” said the cat, and slinked away.

By and by the stick met a dog.

“Hello-hello,” said the stick. “Do you need me, dog so growly?”

“Grrroof-bow-wow,” said the dog, and grabbed the stick and started chewing.

“No-no-no,” said the stick, hopping out of the dog’s mouth, “this is not for me!” and off it ran down the road—clickety, clackety, clunk.

By and by the stick met a farmer herding cows.

“Hello-hello,” said the stick. “Do you need me, farmer dour?”

“Moly-moly,” said the farmer, grabbing the stick and whacking a cow.

“Mooouch,” said the cow, bawling loudly.

“No-no-no,” said the stick, hopping out of the farmer’s hand, “this is not for me!” and it whacked the farmer on his sitting place and ran away—clickety-clackety-clunk—down the road.

By and by the stick met an old lady. She was bent over and had a black shawl.

“Hello-hello,” said the stick. “Do you need me, ancient dear?”

“Oh, yes! Good day! Fine day! Lucky day!” said the old lady, leaning on the stick to hobble clickety-clackety-clunk.

So the stick stayed and off they went down the road together, clickety-clackety-clunking.