

# *What really happened in the Gorgeous Garden*

*~ or ~*

## *How that pesky mosquito, Little Sword, caused the Fall of Man*

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### *A Note to Readers who unwittingly happened upon this Tale without first reading the Book*

Dear Reader, you have unwittingly happened upon a tale which is the final one in a series. The first adventures of Little Sword are found in the excellent book, *The Midsummer Mouse: Midsummer Tales of Tiptoes Lightly and the Summer Queen*, a book you are now obliged, indeed honor bound, to purchase for a small and reasonable sum. Not because it would contribute to my income, oh no, but because to read a tale without the head and trunk is completely scandalous.

However, before you read the tale to children *you must* read the book's epilogue, printed below. Herewith, in the name of childhood:

## **You Have Been PG'd!**

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## *Epilogue (as found in The Midsummer Mouse)*

Dear Parent, Babysitter, Grandparent, Aunt, Uncle, Distant Cousin, Best Friend, et al, etc.,

The strangest thing happened. After this book was finished I needed to go to the store to buy mosquito repellent. However, as I left my mansion (all writers are rich, as you know) I saw on the doorstep a green book with gold patterns around the edge.

‘How odd,’ I thought. ‘That looks like the book Farmer John found on his deck.’

I opened it, and it was the same book. I leafed through the pages and came to the end—but it wasn’t the end, there was a new chapter. What a surprise!

Of course, I read it immediately ... but didn’t know what to think. I knew that some parents would love this chapter and happily read it to their children. But, at the same time, I knew that other parents might not like their children reading such a story.

Oh, I was confused. This was too much for my brain (if I have one—some people don’t, you know, and that’s medical fact). What was I to do? Should I hide this chapter away? Should I add it to the book? In the end I felt sure my own children, when they were in grade two or three or four, would have laughed their heads off (well, maybe giggled now and then). So I posted it on my website (*www.tiptoes-lightly.net*), on the ‘Complete Stories’ page. But remember, I did not write it. The style is completely different from mine, so don’t blame me.

Reg Down

Somewhere of no address.

*~ and now, without more ado ~*

## *What really happened in the Gorgeous Garden or How that pesky mosquito, Little Sword, caused the Fall of Man*

We have seen how the World Cow, the Great Moother Earth, was slapped by The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named and made to gallop around the sun. But we haven’t seen everything that happened to that pesky mosquito, Little Sword; we haven’t seen all the fuss he caused, oh no, not by a long shot!

Here are the facts: we know that Little Sword flew into a thousand pieces when he was slapped by You-Know-Who after he landed on the juicy flanks of the World Cow. And we know that afterwards he reappeared in a thousand places and pestered the Holy World Cow even more. Then the poor Moother Earth Cow was slapped three more times—but Little-Sword-of-a-Thousand Places only became Little-Sword-of-Ten-Thousand-Places. This much is known. What is not known is the following:

When The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named saw that Little Sword had reappeared in ten thousand places, oh, He was angry. He fumed. He made thunder and lightning and hail storms. Finally, He



became wise(r). He thought: ‘One of Me—many of him. Many of Me will take care of many of him. That’s what I’ll do.’

What did he do? O, dear Children, what did He do?

The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named took mud from between the Holy Cow’s feet and made a being. He didn’t have a name for him at first, but The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named gave him a head and a heart and four limbs—two to walk on, and two to slap that pesky mosquito, Little Sword. He called him, ‘The Man’—which wasn’t a terribly good name. It was plain as plain and had nothing poetic or musical about it, but The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named was too distracted to come up with a better one. He put the Man in a Gorgeous Garden that He made grow upon the flanks of the Great Moother Earth.

The Man ran about and slapped Little Sword whenever he could—which was often because there were ten thousand pesky Little Swords zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzing, zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzing, zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzing about all the time. The Man quickly got tired of slapping Little Sword, and cried: ‘O, One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named: You who made me. I am all alone. Help!’

The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named heard his plea. He had to admit that the Man was right. He pondered what to do. The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named was so tired of that pesky mosquito, Little Sword. He didn’t want anything more to do with him—but He also didn’t want to make ten thousand more Mans. The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named knew they’d be a lot of trouble to make, because each Man had to be different from all the others in a thousand ways, and yet they all had to be the same. They all had to be the same-but-different because they were made in the image of The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named. That’s why The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named cannot be named—every time you look at Him, or think of Him, He is completely different, and yet He is always the same. It is a mystery—and so is He.

‘Aha!’ cried The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named, hitting on a plan. He carefully crafted a new Man being, one who was just like the first Man, but also completely, utterly, totally different.

‘Oh, I am so clever,’ laughed The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named as he crafted the new Man. ‘This is the best idea in the world!’

What did The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named do? He crafted the new Man in such a clever way—far more clever than the first model. This new Man could make new baby Mans all by herself (with a little help from the first Man, of course).

‘What a great idea!’ said The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named, dancing about. ‘Now I won’t have to make any more Mans—they’ll make themselves! Then all the Mans will take care of that pesky mosquito, Little Sword.’

As the The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named finished crafting the new Man he made sure to give her a big heart, just as big as the first Man, but also completely different. That way they’d fall in love with each other easily and be so happy.

‘All done,’ said The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named, finishing her up. ‘I shall call her ‘Woe-To-That-Pesky-Mosquito-Little-Sword-Man’ for she is the one who will bring woe to that buzzer.’

Then He took a deep breath, a deep, deep breath, and breathed life into His new creation—and she lived!

‘I don’t like my name,’ said the new Man on her first out-breath.

The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named was taken aback and wondered what He had created.

‘I won’t be called Woe-To-That-Pesky-Mosquito-Little-Sword-Man. It’s a silly name. I’m calling myself Woe-Man plain and simple and don’t contradict me.’



The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named, well, His eyes opened wide. What a power He had made! But He was pleased. Oh, yes, He was delighted. That pesky mosquito, Little Sword, had better watch out!

The Man and the Woe-Man lived in the Gorgeous Garden. They were happy. They had big hearts. There was lots to eat and drink and the sun was always shining. All they had to do was reach up and pick a fruit when they were hungry, or lie down on sweet moss when they were tired, or swim in perfectly warm water when they needed to be refreshed. And it wasn't long—less than a minute, some say—before the Man and the Woe-Man fell in love. But every time they thought about having babies along came that pesky mosquito, Little Sword.

'Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzing, zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzing, zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzing!' sang Little Sword, hovering over their flanks and looking for a place to land. 'Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzing, zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzing, zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzing!'

Then up the Man and Woe-Man jumped and chased Little Sword round and round the Gorgeous Garden. But whenever they got him—Slap!—there was another pesky mosquito waiting his turn.

‘This is impossible,’ declared the Woe-Man to The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named. ‘Do something.’

So The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named made animals. He made lots of animals. First He made cows, lots of cows. Then He made hedgehogs and sheep and donkeys and frogs and birds and caterpillars. It took a while for He didn't dare disappoint the Woe-Man.

Little Sword, was delighted with all the animals. Now he had lots of places to land and use his little sword—which he did, over and over and over again, and the animals were terribly annoyed. In fact, Little Sword was so happy, he thought to himself: ‘Now that there are lots of animals in the Gorgeous Garden there is also room for more of me. I saw what The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named did with the new Woe-to-me-Man (for that’s what Little Sword called her). I shall copy him.’

And that's what Little Sword did—he made a same-but-completely-different copy of himself and soon there were so many Little Swords in the Gorgeous Garden that the Man and Woe-Man were swatting themselves continually and had no time to do anything about having children.

‘This is even more impossible,’ declared the Woe-Man. ‘How are we going to get rid of that pesky mosquito, Little Sword?’ She was in the middle of pondering what to do when she came across an apple tree. It was the Tree of Knowing Things and The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named had said they were not to eat from it. He had said it was forbidden. ‘But how can I know how to defeat that pesky mosquito, Little Sword, if I don’t know what to do?’ said the Woe-Man to herself. ‘This intelligent looking fruit is just what I need.’

She reached up and plucked an apple.

‘No, no, no,’ cried the Man. ‘The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named said we couldn’t eat from that tree.’

Just then the pesky mosquito, Little Sword, came buzzing along.

'Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzing, zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzing, zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzing!' sang Little Sword in his annoying, I'm-always-hungry voice. 'Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzing, zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzing, zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzing!'

‘See, there he is again,’ said the Woe-Man, trying to slap him. ‘How can we get rid of this pest unless we can know how to get rid of him?’

'I don't know,' said the Man, shrugging his shoulders.

'My point entirely,' said the Woe-Man, and she took a big, crunchy, delicious bite of the apple.



The Woe-Man's face lit up with enlightenment. Her jaw dropped with astonishment. She shook her head in wonder. Then she began to frown. For the first time she really began to frown.

Just then The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named turned up.

'You have disobeyed Me!' said The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named in a deep, echoing voice.

'It was that pesky mosquito, Little Sword's fault,' said the Man, cowering on the ground. 'He tempted us.'

But the Woe-Man didn't cower on the ground. She put her hands on her hips and pointed at The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named.

'You don't know!' she said. 'You don't know how to get rid of that pesky mosquito, Little Sword, either. Do you? That's why you didn't want us eating from The Tree of Knowing Things.'

'Well, let's say it's a mystery,' said The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named, spreading his hands and wondering, yet again, just what it was He had made when He created the Woe-Man.

And this really was the best reason He could give—how else could He explain how the pesky mosquito, Little Sword, had been around from the beginning of time? How else could The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named explain that He was the EVERYTHING, and yet Little Sword was there too, buzzing around and annoying Him? It really was a Mystery, a big Mystery.

'And besides,' said The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named, trying to change the subject, 'there are things that are better not to know.'

'Like what?' demanded the Woe-Man.

'Like you're naked,' said The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named.

'Oh ... my ... One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named!' exclaimed the Woe-Man, looking at herself. 'We ARE naked! How embarrassing. No wonder that pesky mosquito, Little Sword, kept pestering us. How are we supposed to get rid of him if we are such juicy targets?'

'I hadn't thought of that,' admitted The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named. 'You do have a point. From now on, you'll prefer to wear clothes, no doubt.'

'Of course,' said the Woe-Man. 'Clothes will allow us to defend ourselves properly from Little Sword. That makes sense. Why didn't you think of that before?'

'Umm ... umm,' said The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named, unused to such close questioning. 'I don't know. I just made you in My image.'

'So You don't have any clothes either!' said the Woe-Man, wagging her finger at Him. 'Do You?'

But The-One-Who-Cannot-Be-Named had vanished. For the first time ever He could not be easily seen or spoken to, and would only turn up in emergencies—and even then not all the time. The Man thought it was because they'd been bad, but the Woe-Man was certain it was because she had discovered what was really going on. That's what the Woe-Man thought, and I think she might be right.

*The Real End  
of  
The Midsummer Mouse*