

The Story of Little Green Elf

(translated from the forsooth for easy reading by non-gentles)

Once upon a time there was a little fantasy character, and his name was Little Green Elf.

And his mother was called Lady Downe.

And his father was called Lord Protectus.

And Lady Downe made him a beautiful little Red Tabard, and a pair of beautiful little lycra tights.

And Lord Protectus went to the Faire, and bought him a beautiful Black Banner, and a lovely little Pair of Bike Boots with Rubber Soles and Silver Buckles.

And then wasn't Little Green Elf grand?

So he put on all his Fine Clothes, and went out for a walk in the Town.

And by and by he met an Evil Routier. And the Evil Routier said to him, "Little Green Elf, I'm going to sing songs about you!"

And Little Green Elf said, "Oh! Please Mr. Routier, don't sing songs about me, and I'll give you my beautiful little Red Tabard."

So the Evil Routier said, "Very well, I won't sing songs this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Red Tabard."

So the Evil Routier got poor Little Green Elf's beautiful little Red Tabard, and went away saying, "Now I'm the silliest Routier in the Town."

And Little Green Elf went on, and by and by he met another Evil Routier, and it said to him, "Little Green Elf, I'm going to sing songs about you!"

And Little Green Elf said, "Oh! Please Mr. Routier, don't sing songs about me, and I'll give you my beautiful little Lycra tights."

So the Evil Routier said, "Very well, I won't sing songs this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Lycra tights."

So the Evil Routier got poor Little Green Elf's beautiful little Lycra tights, and went away saying, "Now I'M the silliest Routier in the Town."

And Little Green Elf went on, and by and by he met another Evil Routier, and it said to him, "Little Green Elf, I'm going to sing songs about you!"

And Little Green Elf said, "Oh! Please Mr. Routier, don't sing songs about me, and I'll give you my beautiful little Bike Boots with Rubber Soles and Silver Buckles."

But the Evil Routier said, "What use would your boots be to me? I'm not an officer; you haven't got a promotion for me."

But Little Green Elf said, "You could bribe your captayne with them."

"So I could," said the Evil Routier: "that's a very good idea. Give them to me, and I won't sing songs this time."

So the Evil Routier got poor Little Green Elf's beautiful little Bike Boots with Rubber Soles and Silver Buckles, and went away saying, "Now I'M the silliest Routier in the Town."

And by and by Little Green Elf met another Evil Routier, and it said to him, "Little Green Elf, I'm going to sing songs about you!"

And Little Green Elf said, "Oh! Please Mr. Routier, don't sing songs about me, and I'll give you my beautiful Black Banner."

But the Evil Routier said, "How can I carry an banner, when I'm not the Ensign?"

"You could use it as a sash and carry it that way," said Little Green Elf.

"So I could," said the Evil Routier. "Give it to me, and I won't sing songs this time."

So he got poor Little Green Elf's beautiful Black banner, and went away saying, "Now I'M the silliest Routier in the Town."

And poor Little Green Elf went away crying, because the cruel Routiers had taken all his fine clothes.

Presently he heard a horrible noise that sounded like "Th-i-i-ng!," and it got louder and louder.

"Oh! dear!" said Little Green Elf, "there are all the Evil Routiers coming back to sing songs about me! What shall I do?"

So he ran quickly to a oak-tree, and peeped round it to see what the matter was.

And there he saw all the Routiers fighting, and disputing which of them was the silliest.

And at last they all got so angry that they jumped up and took off all the fine clothes, and began to tear each other's feathers out, and hit each other with their dangerous metal rapiers.

And they came, rolling and tumbling right to the foot of the very tree where Little Green Elf was hiding, but he jumped quickly in behind the banner.

And the Routiers all caught hold of each other's rapiers, as they wrangled and scrambled, and so they found themselves in a ring round the tree.

Then, when the Evil Routiers were very wee and very far away, Little Green Elf jumped up, and called out, "Oh! My Lords! why have you taken off all your nice clothes? Don't you want them any more?"

But the Evil Routiers only answered, "Th-i-i-ing! Th-i-i-ng!"

Then Little Green Elf said, "If you want them, say so, or I'll take them away." But the Evil Routiers would not let go of each other's rapiers, and could only say "Th-i-i-ing! Th-i-i-ng"

So Little Green Elf put on all his fine clothes again and walked off.

And the Evil Routiers were very, very angry, but still they would not let go of each other's rapiers. And they were so angry, that they ran round the tree, singing songs about each other, and they ran faster and faster, till they were whirling round so fast that you couldn't see their legs at all.

And they still ran faster and faster and faster, till they all just melted away, and there was nothing left but a great big pool of melted lard round the foot of the tree.

Now Lord Protectus was just coming home from the lists, with a great big plastic barrel in his arms, and when he saw what was left of all the Evil Routiers he said, "Oh! what lovely melted lard! I'll take that home to Lady Downe for her to cook with."

So he put it all into the great big plastic barrel, and took it home to Lady Downe to cook with.

When Lady Downe saw the melted lard, wasn't she pleased! "Now," said she, "we'll all have pikelets for supper!"

So she got flour and eggs and milk and sugar and lard, and she made a huge big plate of most lovely pikelets. And she burned them in the melted lard which the Evil Routiers had made, and they were just as black and floppy as little Routiers.

And then they all sat down to supper. And Lady Downe ate Twenty-seven pikelets, and Lord Protectus ate Fifty-five but Little Green Elf ate a Hundred and Sixty-nine, because he was so hungry.

- THE END -

with apologies to Helen Bannerman