

How wart-hog became ugly.

Long long ago, My Best Beloved on the habited sand on lake Tana there was a man, an Ethiopian man. My Best Beloved, this was a man whose teeth shone gloriously from the sun's oriental rays. He was making a fire, being joyful. Now this man was a man of quick-thinking and sagacity. The man said, "Let me dance!" So he danced.

The next day, a haughty, cocky, vain, arrogant and impudent warthog came, My Best Beloved and repeated the following sloka which I will proceed to tell you. I am going to wreck leaving the disgusting deck. Oh look over there it's a fire, my oh my a, what fun I am going to find have! "Now this wart-hog was extremely hand-some and even had a beauty routine. If, My Best Beloved, he had just left the fire alone, the man wouldn't have been angry but he poured water and ~~was~~ upset ~~the~~ the fire. The man got angry. The next day wart-hog proudly sashayed into the village. He was going to get gaju berries for his beauty routine. Man had an idea as well as by buying pots, pans, cans and fans.

Over Six weeks, Wart-hog, My Best Beloved, was preparing his beauty potion for the next Monday. Although he used it every day he didn't use it that day as it was too cold. He decided to go out to get the ingredients whilst practicing his cat-walk. That's when man with teeth that shone gloriously from the Sun's oriental rays thought it was about time to visit the wise, old porcupine. The porcupine told him to take some of her quills to put in the potion, My Best Beloved. Man did it and he snapped it and he cracked it and he mushed it and he washed it and he stirred it and he whirred and he mixed it where he shouldn't until the quills were seen no more.

On the Monday, My Best Beloved, when the stormy sky looked threatening, the haughty, cocky, vain, arrogant and impudent Wart-hog who now loved to cat-walk and boast went to get and put on the potion. he gave a loud "Yelp!" He felt all prickly so he pulled and pulled and pulled but that didn't help him at all. ~~Now~~ Now, My Best Beloved, the man with teeth that shone gloriously from the sun's oriental was looking gleeful. Then the cowardly smothered all the por-potion on him while walking more and more and more, not knowing that there were quills from the wise, old porcupine mixed in it. So he scratched and scratched and scratched until he was swollen ~~over~~ all over. This was a very stupid thing to do as it would just make it worse. The Wart-hog decided to go to the other animals for help but they said, "No!"

So he had to ~~go~~ remove the quills by himself. The man with teeth that shone gloriously from the sun's Oriental rays looked down at the window. So now the swollen wart-hog was no more haughty, nor was he cocky or vain and neither was he arrogant or impudent but became mean and bad-tempered and in billion, trillions and millions of years, never repeated the sloka.

In the end, the man went back to the habited sand of Lake Tana happily. The wart-hog became ugly. He was never ~~and~~ ever a show off again and every time an animal was being cocky he would say ~~to~~ "Don't do that!" ~~That~~ That is the end of this tale.

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