

## Of Princes, Princesses, and Other Creatures

By Paola Izquierdo

*Translated from Spanish by Susana Cook*

### I. The Princess

*Enter the Princess dressed in a big ball gown completed with an exaggerated bridal veil.*

*Once upon a dream (Song from the Sleeping Beauty)*

*"I know you  
I walked with you once upon a dream.  
I know you  
The gleam in your eyes is so familiar a gleam  
Yes, I know it's true  
that visions are seldom all they seem  
But if I know you, I know what you'll do  
You'll love me at once  
the way you did once upon a dream"*

Good evening. I'm looking for a frog. It ran away, how *awful*... I'm doing fieldwork on this *amazing* research project about the reproductive habits of amphibians... I'm a biologist, with a Masters in handling wild fauna, and this is my doctoral thesis project. (in a British accent) *At Oxford University in London, the same school where my father got his Master's and his PhD.* Oh, I'm sorry, it just comes out. Well, the point is, I absolutely *must* find this little frog for my research.

Ok, I'll give you a brief summary of my project: Once upon a time, in a far, faraway kingdom, a long, long time ago, in a very remote and happy era called the Paleozoic, some cute little life forms made their appearance. The first land vertebrates to flourish in evolutionary history were the *labyrinthodonts*, uber charming, totally sweet and clumsy amphibians, with a short neck; who, in spite of being quite ugly got married, lived happily ever after, and gave birth to many other cute little creatures. Very sweet and primitive amphibians and reptiles that evolved to become the modern salamanders, frogs, toads, and other such creatures.

Anyway, my research focuses only on one species: the *regularis frogus* and its various subspecies. There's a hypothesis I'm still working on that suggests that a minor modification in the genetic code induced by the female of the species via pheromone receptors, makes possible to induce the transformation of the *Joe Schmoesfrogus* into *princepus charmingus*. But... God, I lost the specimen I was working on.

I was in the royal laboratory, examining a sub-species called *spoiled-uptightus frogus*, a super polite species, but not suitable for transmutation into *principus charmingus*, because it has a hormonal deficiency that makes it expel some kind of soporific vapor (that puts you to sleep). Then suddenly a *philosopherus frogus* scurried by. I've come across this species before... not a good idea. It belongs to the family of the *misunderstood artistae frogus* and the *the cultivated frogus*. It is useless to attempt the total transformation. You see, they go effortlessly from being *intellectualis frogus* to *erectus frogus*. At that moment they suffer a molecular change and then they disappear. Something very similar happens with the *Im-not-readyus frogus* and the *Im-afraid-of-commmitmentus frogus*.

But this *philosopherus frogus* for whom I immediately dropped my work on *spoiled-uptight frogus*, was apparently very different. He had a pocket watch in his hand, not a typical characteristic of his species. When he walked by me he told me, "I am late, I am late for a very important date". I understood right away that he needed me. So I ran after him. I followed him through the frog hole and I fell.....

I landed in this very narrow room with very high walls, with a little table in the middle. On top of the table there was a bottle labeled *drink me* and a cookie labeled *eat me*. Oh, what to do? Cookie, drink, cookie, drink... My decision was obviously based on the nutritional content specified on the labels – not only the amount, but also the kind of calories, of course. I picked the cookie. It was a high-fiber and sugar-free cookie. Besides... I don't drink. I must say that I was born in a kingdom with strict dictates that you have to obey or risk being fed to the crocodiles.

Anyway, my father, the king, is a generous but very strict man. He made sure, of course, that each of his children would become like him, a model human being: respectable, decent, capitalist, androcentric, ethnocentric, northcentric, adultcentric, heterocentric, a member of the National Patriotic Patriarchal Family Association, of the National Executive Committee of the Extremely Righteous God Fearing Morally Superior Fundamentalist Patriotic Party, pro-life, phallocratic, and fascist. Heil Daddy! He taught me that any beauty outside our realm is just an illusion, a momentary pleasure that will never equal the benefits of belonging to our family. From him I learned that appearances, reputation, achievements, and family status are fundamental values. He is a man with impeccable double standards. So I don't drink (no), Or swear (no), I don't rat my hair (eew), I get ill from one cigarette (cough, cough, cough)"

I took a bite out of the cookie. It had chocolate chips. Low fat, no cholesterol, sweetened with aspartame. And bingo! I forgot my sadness and my quest for the frog, thanks to the chocolate phenyl-ethyl-amine, and to the release of serotonin and endorphins induced by the consumption of carbohydrates.

Please, you must not confuse the chocolate's *phenyl-ethyl-amine*, which is the same substance the brain produces when someone is in love, with the *phenylalanine*, the substance that is used to make aspartame. You might remember the old legend our grandmothers used to tell us - it went "*Warning Phenylketonurics: Contains phenylalanine. The End.*" But not because it's dangerous. In fact, we've seen some cases of mood swings, headaches, and convulsive crises produced by the overdose of phenylalanine, and that's why it is not recommended for phenylketonuric patients or pregnant women. But I don't suffer from any of those illnesses. And, well, it's such an exaggeration, but they say it's even linked to depression.

Anyway, I ate the cookie, I calmed down and I started looking for an exit from that room de merde. And right next to the little door through which the beloved froggie of my sufferings had escaped, I discovered a secret door. I opened it. It was a food cabinet full of boxes of the magic cookies. I ate them all. Absolutely all of them. Well, you see, I have this deficiency in the dopamine and endorphin receptors in my hypothalamus,

The part of the brain that distinguishes between hunger and satisfaction. I can't tell the difference... hunger-satisfaction-hunger-satisfaction.

So you see, I forgot to take my Anphebutamone pill that day. That's what happens, I forget things some mornings, I wake up a bit drowsy because of the Alprazolam and the Midazolam that I take at night when I can't sleep because of the Anphebutamone that was prescribed to me to normalize the levels of beta endorphins that rise during periods of food deprivation, and then drop down to the lowest levels, and then almost disappear because I've developed a tolerance to Bensedrine, which was prescribed to me by a nutritionist because I couldn't lose weight even with Maltodextrine or chromium polynicotinate.

What? These therapeutic treatments are very common in the kingdom. The Queen takes Zoloft and the King, Prozac. It would be terrible if smoking or drinking or the morning-after pill were allowed in the palace. Yucky. But that doesn't happen in my father's kingdom. We've always denied the existence of those substances and of anything else that could jeopardize the moral integrity of any of the members of the royal household. The king says that bad things happen only in extremely permissive kingdoms with poor discipline and communication problems. That's why nobody's allowed to say a word about it in our palace. Heil Daddy!

So I ate the cookies. All of them. And I started crying and crying. Crying doesn't solve anything, I know, but I promised to stop using laxatives and to stop throwing up. What do you guys do to forget your pain? Ah, I just remembered what my Aunt Snow White always says:

**SONG** (*Of Snow White*)

*With a smile and a song, Life is just a bright sunny day, Your cares fade away, And your heart is young, With a smile and a song, All the world seems to waken anew, Rejoicing with you As the song is sung  
There's no use in grumbling, When the raindrops come tumbling, Remember, you're the one, Who can fill the world with sunshine, When you smile and you sing, Everything is in tune and it's spring And life flows along With a smile and a song)*

I feel happy now, I have nothing to fear. But at that moment I didn't remember these wise words so I kept crying. I cried so much that I flooded the room. Then I became small, very small, so small that I almost drowned in my own tears. Luckily another frog showed up and I grabbed it. It was a *shoulderi- to-cry- on frogus*, a very dangerous species, because very quickly it becomes *suffocatum frogus* (*She pretends to be suffocated by the frog*) Ha, ha, just friends. Then many other frogs from other species showed up swimming in my tears. Yes, I did cry that much...! Two subspecies of *hornyus toadus*, swam right up to me: one was a *smalldick complexa frogus* and the other one, the infamous *frogus interruptus*. Neither of them was a candidate to become *principus charmingus*, of course, but they saved me from drowning. Caution, caution to all the beautiful princesses in the room... uh... yes, you too, you could use my advice... Attention princesses: any frog that doesn't turn into *principus charmingus* shall be forgotten. He never existed.

So anyway, I swam to a very high shelf on the food cabinet. I think I was helped by a *athleticus frogus*, who later fell in love with his own reflection in the water and drowned. The shelf was very dirty and full of spider webs. There were some cans of food... I got hungry, well, you know I can't tell the difference... hunger-satisfaction-hunger-satisfaction. So I took a can of apple sauce, and suddenly I remembered what my mother told me about apples -- "An apple a day" -- No, not that one, the apple, the prince, the princess... Oh, Auntie Snow White! So I took the dusty can. It was apple sauce. I crossed my fingers, I rubbed it, and a genie appeared! He offered to grant me three wishes. I thought about it carefully. What did I really wish for?

I wish, I wish for the gifts of grace, beauty and a melodious voice. Nah. I have that already. I wish, I wish for education, opportunities and to be treated with dignity? Ah, no! It had to be something important. Respect for my rights, freedom of choice over my body, the end of violence? No! Something useful! I know, I know! A castle, a carriage, and the American Express Gold Card. Mmmm.... Nah, I would have all that when I found my *Principus Charmingus*! Oh, so I should wish to find my *principus*

*charmingus!* Nah, not for now. I was tired of the many failed attempts of the past, so many frogs and toads that... never existed! Of course (*wink*). I thought, what do I really want? I wish, I wish for... something I never had in my life and I desire with all my soul... I wish, I wish for... (*The following lines in French are performed with orgasmic sounds*) *Mmm... Va, oui, oui, comme ça. C'est merveilleux . No, attendre arrête. No, suivre, suivre. Oui, oui. Comme ça. Quelle merveille, mon Dieu. ¡Mon Dieu! Ou est-que tu ave ete tout ma vie?*<sup>1</sup> That, exactly that, and I used my three wishes all at once! Wow! That was it. Those were the only three times in my life.

Then I was a bit happier, but I was still trapped in the same place and I was the size of a Barbie. Just height-wise. And everything for my stupid quest for *principus charmingus* among the *regularis frogus*. It doesn't make any sense to try to transform any frog, I thought. I must admit that for a second I even thought about dropping my research and picking a less ambitious topic for my dissertation, even if it was less important for the kingdom... I don't know, the genomic sequencing of the T5H9 virus to prevent the transmission of avian flu to humans, or the substrate optimization for industrial synthesis of AZT to lower its costs and make it accessible to HIV-infected patients of any socioeconomic status. Something like that. Less complicated. But I kind of totally knew what was expected of me at the palace, I couldn't disappoint them. They'd invested so much money and so much time on my education... I could change the methodology.... Right! Like the fairies Flora, Fauna and Merryweather would say: You are a very educated woman. Why did you study for so many years? Use everything you know for the only useful thing: Find yourself a good husband.

I was thinking about that when I heard somebody yelling outside, Who's been painting my roses red? Off with their heads! \_Off with their heads! "What a relief, finally a friendly voice! My aunt, the Queen of Hearts.\_ How can I get to where she is? I suddenly felt something moving under my feet on the shelf. It was a little flying doily

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<sup>1</sup> Author's note: Come, yes, yes, like this. It's marvelous. No, wait, wait. No, go on, continue. Yes, yes, this is great. My God, my God! Where have you been my whole life?

exactly like the one my grandma, the Queen Mother, taught me to crochet when I was a kid. It lifted me up and flew me right out an open window, leaving that room de merde behind at last, We arrived at the gardens where my aunt was. She was still yelling, “Off with their heads!” My mother says that that’s what it’s like to be an emancipated woman.

She was very happy to see me. She exclaimed, Dawn Dewdrop! That’s my name. How rude, oh my god, I didn’t introduce myself, my name is Dawn Dewdrop Clairie of the White Flower of the Enchanted Prairie of the Love Fields of the Green Faerie Filled with Sunshine of the Forest of Park Avenue. My dear girl! How are you doing on your major? My *PhD* is going well, auntie, I’m actually working on my dissertation... I mean you are in a major race against time, sweetheart!! Your biological clock is ticking: tick-tack-tick-tack. How old are you now? And you got nobody to look after you! When are you going to give us a little prince?

Well auntie, I don’t have time right now, I am in the middle of my field work. And when I’m done looking for the *principus charmingus*, which is what my father wants so badly, I’ll embark on a personal project. Ah, yes! I heard you’re planning to lose weight. No, yes, well, besides that. I mean a professional project, I haven’t told anybody... - Better that way! Don’t do it. Don’t tell anybody. Don’t talk... and pay attention...

**SONG** (From Úrsula in *The Little Mermaid*)

*The men up there don't like a lot of blabber  
They think a girl who gossips is a bore  
Yes, on land it's much preferred  
For ladies not to say a word  
And after all, dear, what is idle prattle for?*

*Come on, they're not all that impressed with conversation  
True gentlemen avoid it when they can  
But they dote and swoon and fawn  
On a lady who's withdrawn  
It's she who holds her tongue who gets her man*

*¿Non ti ha insegnato niente la tua mamma? Ed'ora di dimenticare i tuoi libri ed il tuo laboratorio e fare piu attenzione a le coze que sono veramente importanti. Vai in cucina, impara a fare cualquosa. Dai. Sai fare il profiterol o la pasta?*<sup>2</sup>

No, Auntie. What's your obsession with studying so much if you're not ugly? Listen! I have a brilliant idea. Do you remember your cousin Jack of Hearts? You used to get along so well when you were kids. My aunt, the Queen of Hearts, always trying to fix up her son, the Jack...ass. We are cousins auntie are you crazy? Then she looked at me with the fiery eyes of a ferocious, hungry, evil dragon. When was the last time you asked the mirror who's the fairest one of all? Then she whipped out the magic mirror out of nowhere, literally, and put it right in front of my face. Noooo! Oh my god! It's true, my 30s are already showing, I mean my 25s, 24s. And I still haven't found a prince or even a frog to turn into a prince. Who cares! I yelled. I don't want to be a domesticated frog, I don't want to! I have many things to do, I want to work, learn, travel, do research, see new places... A Lesbian! Off with her head!

Oh my god, I ran away terrified and I got lost in a dark and mysterious forest. Smile and sing, smile and sing, I was saying, overflowing with youth because I knew how to smile and sing! I want to get out of here! At a crossroad I found a giant mushroom and on top of it a frog smoking from a strange pipe. A *stonerus frogus!* And I thought they didn't exist! What's up little queen? What are you doing so late and so lonely? You could turn into a pumpkin...Please little frog, help me. I need to get out of here. Show me the right way. The right way. The right way. What did you ask me? The right way. The right way. It depends where you want to go, my little queen...Save your philosophical bullshit for someone else, man. Tell me how the fuck to get out of here! And don't call me little queen, I am a little princess! – Dude, chillax, chillax... Hakuna matata.

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<sup>2</sup> Author's note: Did your mother teach you anything? It's time to forget your books and your lab and to put more attention on the things that are really important. Go to the kitchen, learn how to cook something. Do you know how to make profiteroles or pasta?

**SONG** (of Aladdin)

(Aladdin:) I can show you the world  
Shining shimmering splendid  
Tell me, princess, now when did  
you last let your heart decide

(Aladdin:) I can open your eyes  
Take you wonder by wonder  
Over, sideways, and under  
On a magic carpet ride

(Aladdin:) A whole new world  
A new fantastic point of view  
No one to tell us no  
Or where to go  
Or say we're only dreaming

(Jasmine:) A whole new world  
A dazzling place i never knew  
But when I'm way up here  
It's crystal clear  
That now i'm in a whole new world  
With you  
(Aladdin:) Now im in a whole new world with you

Well, gimme some of your psilocybin mushrooms or some of your cannabis so I can relax. I mean, if I was already stuck with the *stonerus frogus*, I might as well have a good time right?. What? Mushrooms and cannabis are natural products. Besides, I made sure that they were organic vegan, free of fertilizers, insecticides, pesticides and artificial flavors. Totally Kosher.

I took a bite out of the mushroom and poof! I grew to normal size. I almost stepped on *stonerus frogus* by mistake. Suddenly another toad with a watch walked by. I think it belonged to the rapidly spreading breed of *yuppius gentrificata*, judging by the brand of his watch. Now *that's* a frog I could bring home to His Royal Majesty! I'll follow him. No. My *stonerus frogus* was still there, and we'd had such a good time together after all. I remembered my father, His Honorable Excellency, and all his years of investment and all the hopes he'd calculated upon me. And my *stonerus frogus*. He was like so attractive. And my daddy, and my little frog, and my daddy and my little

frog...I'm sorry, little green legs, I have to leave you. *Ueyi tlayocolli mahua nu il na miquiztli. Uan nimo ita uel zan kexki ehécatl izhuatl. Ni choka nekiskiya, ni mik nekiskiya tlayococolli.*<sup>3</sup> Word. I only ask that you remember one thing, big princess: If you grab a prickly fruit and it pricks your veins, then you pricked yourself in vain, dude... Word up. And he looked at me with watery eyes. I never knew if he was crying or if he was just really high still. But in any case I couldn't leave him like that. So I crushed him with my foot. And I ate him. Ah, no, the other way around. I ate him and then I crushed him. Unintentionally, but, whatever...

Ok, so I ran. I still had time to catch the *yuppius gentrificata*. through the whole neighborhood, past the overpriced health food store, past Starbucks, the last standing bodega, and as I looked up at all the new construction sites, I got distracted and lost him as he darted into his converted live-work space. I followed him and I fell, I fell, I fell and I landed here, 55<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> Avenue, The Lark. And I'm still looking for him. For strictly professional purposes. It's about a job offer with a contract for life...and to live happily ever after. I'm not sure if he's hiding around here...Are you the *principus charmingus* I've always dreamed of? Ah, it's you! Your eyes looked at me with tender love. Is it you maybe? Yes?! Wow. Did you bring a bank statement? Is it you? Do you have a gold card? Can you show it to me? Oh, how sad!

The fact is, after all the pitfalls in my endless search for my *principus charmingus*, I've learned something very important: I know I will succeed one day, despite myself, despite my ideas of personal and professional development, because I was born and reared exclusively for this quest. This is my mission in life. My only purpose. And the most important thing: Prickly fruits with your bare hands you must not pick— instead of your hand, you must always use a stick.

## **SONG** (Of the Little Mermaid)

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<sup>3</sup> Author's note: Immense nostalgia invades my thought, and to the sight of me, so lonely and sad as a leaf in the wind, I would like to cry, I would like to die, of sadness" (*Excerpt from the song "La canción mixteca"*)

*What would I give to live where you are?  
What would I pay to stay here beside you?*

*What would I do to see you smiling at me?*

*Where would we walk?  
Where would we run?  
If we could stay all day in the sun  
Just you and me, and I could be  
Part of your world*

*I don't know when, I don't know how  
But I know something's starting right now  
Watch and you'll see, someday I'll be  
**Part of your world***

## II. The Prince

*Enter The Prince, a street kid dressed as The Little Prince.*

Yo, check it out, I got stories, I got dreams, stories, stories, I tell stories, come on, I sell dreams...Okay everyone, sorry for the interruption, I'm not here to rob you, I don't want to bother you, I'm just axing for your kind attention to this story, this story that's not for real, it's pure fiction and fantasy, yeah check it out, I'm going to tell you a story of love and dreams. Come on, the story's about to begin! Ladies and gentlemen, here it is, the one and only sensational story of the flying girl...

Oh, hold on, I apologize to the children for dedicating this story to grownups. I have a reason for that. Grownups don't smile very often. "*Liar, liar, pants on fire...*" Yo, kids know how to laugh at simple things. Children even know how to take simple things very seriously. But you need to explain the simplicity of serious things to grownups. And now, yes, ladies and gentlemen, here it is, the one and only sensational story of the flying girl...

Allow me to *reemphasize* that this story is merely fiction, in no way similar to any event in everyday life, at least not on this planet. I also *likewise* need to clarify *as well* that maybe in some faraway galaxy, these kinds of things do happen. And in fact it's highly *probably* that that's the case. I don't mean to insinuate I'm in touch with alien intelligence from faraway places in the universe, no. It's just a... statistic.

Ladies and gentlemen, here it is, the one and only sensational story of the flying girl. Everything started with a little girl, a normal human being, who was born, bred babies, and croaked – but not yet. This girl had a creature at her side – the little girl she gave birth to when she was 15 years old. And it's precisely this girl who is our true heroine: the true flying girl, who's flying right down the same path as her mother, and who also has another creature at her side: her mama's new husband, big and gray like an elephant, who's always beside her, and on top of her, and behind her. One day the

mama finds out, realizes the little girl's grown up so much, so much, so much that she doesn't fit in the house anymore, and then she sends her away flying. And here it is, when the one and only sensational story of the flying girl begins. The flying girl flew through many planets...

It is *moreoverly* fitting to mention here that I met the flying girl during one of her trips. When she stopped by asteroid B-612, my home planet. It's in the murky way galaxy right by the East River constellation. She and her mother had to crash for a few days on D-301, their uncles' planet, in Section 8, because they'd been evicted from their room in East-East-East Williamsburg. I dare to tell you her story – not her real story of course. As I said before, this is a *plethoric narration of fantasy*. But the flying girl did exist; and I venture to tell you this fable of mine about her, which of course was filtered through my imagination, my genius...and the glue, because I have her explicit *consentment* for that. And in fact I have her special request that *her story of hers* be heard in every corner of the earth and other planets, planetoids, underworlds, and asteroids exposed to similar mishaps.

Anyways, my attentive audience, we left the story at the moment the flying girl was sent away flying and she *embarked* on her adventure: She learned how to fly in a flash, with gaggles of birds who were ready and willing to serve her some thinner...for dinner. And she flew to the farthest confines. She found an ideal world filled with fountains and bliss, but she went somewhere else to get her fix, because the water stank too much of *piss*. And on a barren planetoid, she was grabbed by her uncle Lloyd, a scrawny guy with a huge beer belly, very dangerous and smelly, especially when unemployed. This snaky uncle stole her innocence – her spiritual innocence, that is, 'cause her physical one was nixed at age seven. So this snaky jerk swallowed her innocence... So this dirty snaky *jerk* / went and swallowed her *inno-cence* / then an elephant put her to *work* / 'cause she already had *experi-ence*.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, at this very precise moment... I plead for your first preliminary contribution, because if I keep telling and telling the story, then that's the story, and I'm sorry but there'd be no point in me telling the story. To the ones

interested in helping, God bless them, and to the ones who are not, well, God bless them not. And regarding this particular issue I would like to ask you, in advance, for your patience and understanding and your consent, if you consent to consent me your consent, for me to exercise my freedom to express and manifest my ideas and my right to a dignified, respectable, and well-paid job without any detriment to the individual rights of third parties, which in this case would be you. For example, your right to freedom of movement, your right to education, or your right to get a pizza delivered in 30 minutes or it's free – to mention only a few— which may or may not *maybe* be affected by this humble attempt.

So this is how I earn my living. I mean, since I had nothing to eat, and no money to buy anything to eat, and nothing to sell to get money to buy something to eat...well, I already told you I live by the East River, right? Well, *irregardless*, I don't live in an apartment by the River. I wish, but no, I live right there, on the river itself, under a bridge, with some other kids. With Hairy, Messy, Rasta, and Stoney, who's a tiny little frog this big. And he's always stoned, that fucker. He's always making up lies about dating a princess, and who knows what. That crazy nut, god knows what shit he's on. And well, they call me the Little Prince, because I'm always flyin' high and seeing stars. C'mon! There's no point in telling you how I ended up in the streets, or why, or if I was abandoned, neglected, abused, or something like that. Nah. What for? I can't even remember how long I've been there...with a dog. With a doggone empty stomach I only forget when something else hurts even worse. Or when I start wandering in the labyrinths of thinner and glue. So that's why, 'cause I was hungry, I decided – well, I was kind of forced, unfortunately, like so many children in this country – to sell the only thing I had, the most intimate, private, and sacred part of myself: my imagination. So I started my storytelling business.

And so I make a living selling stories. No, I ain't no presidential candidate. The thing is, I like stories very much because I can imagine that I'm many things. Like a hunter of snakes and elephants, for example. My company is an international success: I already have my own storytelling hotline, my storytelling website, *which to this day of today* has

had almost 200,000 hits from children all over the world, who tell me that they *identify* with my stories. Boys and girls from faraway countries like Guatemala, Nicaragua, Bolivia, Namibia, Algeria, Afghanistan, Uzbekistan, Tajikistan, Albania, Armenia, My Mania, Loisaída, Dominican Republic, Washington Heights and the Bronx.<sup>4</sup> My cyber fans have already created video games, cartoons, and comic books out of my stories, and even a ringtone with my voice saying, “*Yeah, check out the stooooories!*”

My success is *basically based* on the fact that I try to stay current and well-informed about the latest developments in the science of storytelling: *storyology*, which shouldn't be confused with Scientology, which is much more hallucinatory... those guys are high man.

For me, storytelling is more than a profession – it's a way of life. My success lies in my ability to understand that storytelling is a national need, even *moreoverly*, a human need. Yo, everyday I observe the great maestros of the art of storytelling, the actors...Schwarzenegger, Reagan, Fred Thompson, so I can learn from them and perfect my technique. And I also observe all the people in the streets, for sure, I collect all kinds of stories and legends, little white lies created not to deceive or abuse anyone, but fundamentally to help maintain a democratic and organized society, where the danger of conflict is forever eliminated. Or at least swept under the rug.

What was I telling you? Goddammit. Gimme a second. Where was I? Ah, yes, Uncle Snake and his brother-in-law, the elephant. Do you remember the elephant right? The stepfather, the elephant who put the flying girl to work... Well, he sure flew *that* kite all over town. That's what they called her, the kite, 'cause she was paper thin. But one

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<sup>4</sup> Author's note: The names of specific places can be substituted by local references, and the characters, institutions, slogans or events, can be updated based on current news. They can also be omitted.

day, the girl rebelled against him. 'Cause everything that goes up must come down, or in other words, a pecker in hand is worth two in the bush twins, and if life gives you lemons, you're screwed. So anyway, the very same day that the girl rebelled against him, she started flying again. What's that? A bird? No! A plane? No! It's the flying girl!

What was I telling you? Sorry, I've got distracted. I better go back to the principal part of my story, The Little Prince. A.K.A., me. When the flying girl met me and fell crazy in love with my skinny bones. The skinny bones I had left over from a chicken that someone gave me. She jumped my bones, in the heat of the moment. At the very moment I yelled "scoooooore!!" Cause I was playing football with my homies on the bridge, I got distracted, and the fast girl flew off with what was left of my chicken wings. So I flew off after her.

I lost sight of her because she was very fast. So I *endeavored* myself to the task of finding her. I went to the nearest *circumneighboring* planets. First I went to asteroid C-805 where, I knew she made frequent stops. It was a dark and dirty planet. Its one inhabitant had very big teeth like a rat and long nasty whiskers like a rat. He looked pretty much like a rat. I asked him if he knew where the flying girl was. Yes, he tells me. I say, where. And then he tells me he won't tell me. Tell me, I tell him. What do I get if I tell you, he tells me. I don't know, I tell him. I told ya, he tells me. I tell him, Okay, so tell me. And he tells me he'll help me find the flying girl if I do a little job for him. I say What job? He says that Dick is hungry and I should give Dick his food. Dick? I say. Dick, the Baldy, he says. Dick the Baldy? I say. He says, yes. I say, Oh! Ooohhh! I get it now. Dick is the bald guy who works at the hardware store. I'll fly over there and feed Mr. Dick and come right back.

I left at full speed and I *headed myself* to the hardware store in search of Mr. Dick, a.k.a Richard. I stopped right outside his hardware store. Oh, damn. There's something very fishy about this, I thought. What would that gentleman like to eat? And where will I get the green to buy something for him? If only I wasn't chasing that chick. Well, yeah, just out of anger. She keeps flying high, that miserable flying girl. At that point I heard a metallic voice talking to me from inside the aforementioned hardware

store, saying, Hey, hey, we don't give thinner out on credit, kid. Do you have a screw loose or what? How many times have I told you to stop monkeywrenching my life? It was his wife, Mrs. Dick, speaking from the hardware store. A very big woman, an older woman, she looked more or less like a bear... an older mama bear. I heard you guys were hungry, I say. Whaddya know, she says, you finally got the idea. I say, Pssh, I'm just sayin'. She says, aieeee, looks good, this way I can even give you some glue for free. Come dip your little brush in my carpenter's glue, screw your bolt into the little hole on my wall, stick your cock in my cogwheel. So I stand there thinking and I say, Wait, what? -Weren't you gonna feed me, kid? So then glaze my cookie, she says. Oh, I get it now! And I flew off at full speed to The Moon, a bakery down in the West Village. I'm going to the Moon for your sweet bread and I'll be right back.

I got to the place. The man in The Moon was behind the counter with his round white face. Shoot. How could I steal a pastry now? I went in casually, like I was just passing by. But he was watching me like a hawk. If he catches me he'll lock me up, I thought. I heard that guy's very shady. I was still playing dumb as I wandered through the aisles, rolling around. As he looked away, I grabbed a baguette and quickly I *headed* to the door, I *headed-ed* to the door. Yo!, where do you think you're going?, The Moon guy tells me, I caught you red-handed. You don't have any dough, right? Answer me, he says, I got no time for this. I just wanted a little breadstick for mamma bear, I say. Ah, well, you should have said so, he says. I can even give you a free muffin if you wet your whiskers in my milk and then beat it till it explodes. Come on, he says, gimme your loaf, I'm a whipped cream volcano! So I stand there thinking, and then I fly out of there! I didn't get it, but volcanoes do scare me. So, anyway, I fly out of The Moon and then I crash into a comet.

Oh no, it's Officer Halley. He was on his beat. I am not sure why they call him Halley, maybe because he passes by only once every 72 hours, or because they say that he drags a long dirty tail.

Officer Halley says, where are you going so fast. I say I'm looking for the flying girl. Oh yeah, I know her, he says. I have to eat a chicken with that chick. What? I say, listen, that's not *just justice*. What about me? That little chicken's mine, and I want a piece at least. Listen kid, he says. If I help you find the girl, and you eat the chicken together, will you let me watch? So I stand there thinking and say, I think so, sure. He says, Aww yeah, boy! And I'll take some photos, and I'll sell them, and I'll upload them to the internet and I'll become a millionaire, while I ram my... Halley! Somebody yelled out. A voice I didn't recognize was talking to him on his radio of his. Come quick, partner, said the voice, we got a 2-48 with a 5-30 in the middle of a 69. A good chance to take our sticks out for air, partner. Or at least get a nice payoff, partner. Run, partner, run, says the unfamiliar voice. I think it was his partner. So I took that opportunity to rush out.

Jesus, what's up with everyone going apeshit today? I don't get it. Hey! There goes the flying girl. She's going in through the back door of the church. Oh no, I can't go in there. The last time I went, the priest asked me to play his huge organ. Damn. It's so hard to catch the flying girl. And today everybody was so kind and cooperative. Now that I think about it, it's really strange. One guy offered me a job, another one was gonna give me glue for free, then some sweetbread and milk, the cop was gonna help me get my chicken back, and if I had listened to the priest maybe I would've even learned how to play with the organ. No, I really don't get why everybody's so nice to me today if usually they treat me so bad.

#### SONG

He's got no change  
She is afraid of my face  
There might even be one thinking  
What a filthy stinking  
Better just go kick 'im  
I don't get nothing but pity  
And spite and yelling  
And an empty belly  
Everybody runs away

But today it feels so different  
Cause today they treat me nice

I just never thought  
someone one day would listen  
And would care about me  
and about my feelings  
I just never thought  
Someone would ever love me  
What is going on?

This is chilling  
What if I'm just dreaming  
What if everybody's lying  
If I don't have nothing  
What would they want from me?  
What's the price of being happy?  
I've just got one soul  
And one single body  
Could these be what they are wanting?

Would I be willing  
To exchange one little bit  
Of care and affection  
For this thing, my body  
In which I feel nothing  
Due to cold and hunger  
Due to fear and punches  
Due to unfair nonsense  
And also the Glue!

Before selling myself  
I'd rather wish for death  
Not my death but theirs  
Death to child molesters  
Pedophiles in Congress  
Perverts at the office  
INS, coyotes  
And the NYPD  
Nazi high school teachers  
To dissembling preachers  
To the nurse, the doctor  
And the high school proctor  
To molesting chickens  
Big fat politicians  
And to Michael Jackson  
With his wealth and bison  
To unpunished felons  
With their big fat pay-offs

To the priest, the mayor  
To the cop, the baker  
And the boss's takers  
All those friendly fakers  
Bunch of assholes fuckers  
Fucking mother fuckers  
All those who abused me