A painting of a tropical landscape. The background is a warm, orange-brown color. In the foreground, there are several palm trees with green fronds and brown trunks. The ground is a mix of brown and orange tones. At the bottom, there is a blue body of water with white foam. The text "Christian Sigmund" is written in a dark red, serif font at the top. The text "Another Kind of Fairy Tale" is written in a white, cursive font in the middle. The text "Stories" is written in a white, sans-serif font at the bottom right.

Christian Sigmund

Another  
Kind of Fairy Tale

Stories

## Another fairy tale story

Yes my friends.

You ask me:

-Why do we need a new fairy tale story?

I will give you the answer :

-The time has come...

You ask me:

-But why are there no fairies in this story or princess or white horses

I will reply:

-This is from another time

And you ask me again:

-Why is the story not written for kids?

And I will reply:



-This is a story for all.  
And you don't stop asking me  
Why doesn't the story teach any moral

And I will smile:  
-Moral can't be taught, moral is how you are...

Yes my dear friends  
Let us start with this tale  
Like every fairy tale

Once upon a time...

Stop!  
No, no, my friends  
This is a story of today  
Not of yesterday

It is a story about two ships

One is a steamer  
A large one, with a lot of power and weight  
Cruising the sea for a long time  
Slowly but constantly.

The other ship is a smaller one  
Slim and racy  
Beautiful and elegant  
Proudly crossing the ocean  
Fast but circulating.

Both take care of their crew and load  
They are the shelter and the guardians  
Fighting the storm and waves  
Finding the secure way to the destination  
Providing comfort if needed  
Bringing them home  
But never think of themselves  
Always on the duty of the community

Workings as they are orderd  
And are satisfied with it.

Sometimes both ships stay in the same harbour  
And sometimes they are lying in the same quay  
But the other ships were always too loud and too noisy  
So they do not notified each other  
Continue their sail.

But once,  
at one miracle day,  
on one intangible time,  
on a happy moment,  
They understand  
I am not allone  
There is somebody out there,  
A compassionate spirit,  
A kindred soul,  
A friend.

So they look around and don't see  
But there was an invisible line and they notice,  
There were some rustling and they hear,  
And there was a gentle touch and they feel,  
There were balmys in the air and they smell...

For one moment the world does not keep turning anymore  
One thought  
We know  
Now  
Forever  
Maybe far far in the future  
Or maybe in another life  
Definitely sometime  
We will meet in the open sea  
There is no crew and no load with us  
And no ships around us  
Side by side we drift on the water

No way to force us to go  
We Both  
The stars above us  
Moon glimmer between  
Infinite horizon  
Bright darkness  
The deep blue sea below  
Wale and dolphins dancing around us  
A sheen of jellyfish  
Deep look to the ground  
Unfathomable bliss and happiness.

Look, there will be one star in the million of stars  
A little be more shiny than the others  
An aura of harmony around  
Unique beauty of brilliance

They will understand  
This is our Star  
Because stars are living for millions of years  
So we can see it now

And they are looking at the sky  
And they are happy  
And continue their way on the  
oceans

Yes my friends  
This is the story of our 2 ships  
Maybe they are sailing still around  
the world  
Maybe they have found a hidden  
place  
Who knows

But my dear friends



If there is a starry night  
Look to the sky  
And if you are in a very good mood  
And only perhaps  
And only maybe  
You can see this star of our ships

And then my friends  
Think of your life and what you miss...

# *The Friendship Tale*

*Dear Friends*

It is nice to see you again

You ask me if I have a new Story

Yes. I have a new one with me

No. I am so sorry. Again no knights or princesses

Maybe next time. If you would like to hear

This time it is a fairy tale about a long forgotten land

Let this story begin:

Once upon a time

There was a small country called the monkey island.

Moreover, the habitants were monkeys.

This is not a real surprise yet.

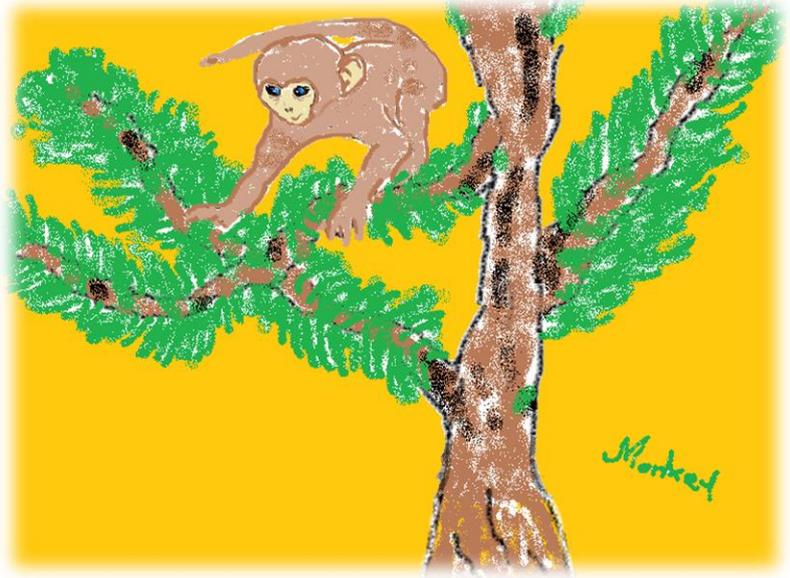
They were good-natured, playing all the day and they lived their lives.

One of them was a little bit nicer, smarter and cleverer.

Maybe it was the queen or the king of the troop. However, this was never written down.

Days come and go in a constant circle.

Years follow years.



Then one day something was different. Our hero was uneasy. Not knowing why. At the sunrise he was sitting on the top of the highest tree and looking around. Everything seemed the same as yesterday and the last days and every day before that. The mothers were taking care of their kids. Everybody was looking for the sweetest fruits. Some already prepared to go to sleep, but nevertheless ... His eyes were searching the horizon ... nothing

Stop

Far - far away. A dark point. Could be overseen. However, our hero has very sharp eyes. What is it? He was very confused. It was not identifiable for him. With a lot of irritating thoughts, he goes to sleep too.

In the next very early morning he climbed the tree again. Looking in the distance. Yes.

It was still there. A little bit bigger and darker

He continues this game for the next days. Climbing the tree in the morning and in the evening. Hoping it will go away. This does not happen. But quite the opposite way. It grew more and more.

Our hero was not a scared fellow. In addition, he has to shelter his troop. Therefore, he decides to leave his monkey island. To explore this strangeness

He will do this the next day. In the morning.

Dear friends,

Please note. The world in the former time was not so large as nowadays

Moreover, our hero was a very fast runner

Therefore, it took him only few hours to reach his destination

He was surprised of what he saw.

“Oh my goodness. It is only a stone” he sighted

“But how can a stone move” he asked in amazement

“May I should give him one of my Kung Fu kicks”

He does it in a different way. Very carefully, he knocked on the stone

“It does not sound like knocking on a stone”

He did it again. With more courage and power

“Ah?”

Our hero got a little bit afraid. Nevertheless, he did not lose his courage

He knocked again.

“What are you?”

“Aeh Aeh”. An answer came out of the stone.

“What are you? A living stone?”

Monkeys from the monkey island never saw another creature. Therefore, it is understandable that it must be a stone.

“A stone?” At this moment a head appears from under the panzer and four legs  
Our monkey is looking in the eyes of this head and once knew

“Apple?” He said

“What?” The short answer

“Apple” the monkey continue

“An apple is a sweet little fruit. Mostly round like a ball. With a colored shell and...”

“I know what an apple is” he interrupted

“Good” the monkey smiled. “Would you like one?”

“I am not hungry”

“Not hungry? Then you must be a stone”

Monkeys all over the world and at all times are hungry. He could not understand that a living being is not hungry.

“I am not a stone. I am an animal. Like you”

“I am not an animal, I am a monkey. But if you are not a stone you must be a monkey too”

“I am not a monkey. I am a turtle. Moreover, a turtle is an animal. Like monkeys are animals  
“

Our hero was thinking about this

“You are a very clever animal. Aren’t you?”

“I am not clever. I am busy”

The monkey looks at the turtle. His eyes searching around

“ Youuu are busy? How so?”

“I am busy with my business “

‘You are busy with your business. What does this mean?



I am also busy. Looking for the sweetest fruits. Making jokes with my friends. Dancing in the night. Climbing trees. Enjoy the sun. Like this?"

"I walk the line"

"You walk What?"

"I walk the line. This is what turtles are doing. Walk the line"

"But this is boring" the monkey cried

The turtle retreated his head, his legs and looked again like a stone  
Our hero shook his head and went back

"Walking the line," he muttered

The next days our hero stays in his monkey land  
Even he looked every day from his tree to the turtle

He decided to do another visit

He knocked on the shelf

“Turtle. Are you here?”

“Where should I be? This is my home”

“Turtle. I like this walk the line thing. It is so steady. So constantly, so solid, so straight so..

“Ah ha you like it? You know nothing about my business “

“But I can learn. Turtle. What is your name?”

“My name?”

What is your name“

„Oh. Me first. Okay. I am monkey

“I know you are a monkey. But what is your name?”

“My name is monkey and I am a monkey. Everybody in my troop has the name monkey.

“But how can you distinguish?”

“That is easy”. And he starts to hold a long speech “

The turtle was listening to this speech and even he did not understand much of it,  
he got more and more comfort.

After a while, he stops the monkey.

“Monkey hold on...”

“But I have just started with my explanation “

“Monkey. See. The night is falling down. The stars are already coming out. You have to go home”

Our hero was terrified. He has never spent a night out of his monkey country. Without a word he turns around and vanishes.

He hurried back to his country and climbed his trees.

“What has happened to me? “he thought by himself “He is not a monkey. But I like to talk with him”. Brooding these thoughts he fell asleep.

In the next very early morning he got up, ate quickly and ran back to his turtle.

“. Good morning, turtle. How are you? How was your night? Did you sleep well?

Apple? “

“Thank you very much. And you , did you sleep well too?”

“Oh not so bad. Some of my friends were too loud in the night. Therefore, I had to stand up and discuss with them. Nevertheless, they do not like to hear. They continue to struggle with me

But then...you know I am the boss ...”

„Turtle. I told you my name. What is yours?“

„My name?“

„Yes. What is your name?“



Our Hero is staring with Open mouth and Big Eyes to Turtle

„Your name is .....

„ Yes my Name is

Adalbert from under Water and son of Engelbert the giver of mud by the lake and grandson of Nickelhart the founder of the way to direction and grand grandson of Degenhart the last diver”

„Ah turtle. Is there are Short Form available?

Turtle indignantly

„ Of course not!!“

„Turtle?. Could we stick with turtle? I am monkey“

They were chatting all the day long in a very friendly way

Okay more like this. Monkey was chatting and turtle was listening

Both were really enjoying their conversation. In the evening monkey was leaving and was coming back in the morning. This continued for some days

One day, in the evening monkey was sitting in his tree as usual

He was looking at his friend. He was not far away from the horizon. Close to the monkey land. While they were talking, they forgot the time. But their walk continued

“I have to speak with him. Tomorrow morning

I think my friends you already know what has happened  
Tell me about

Yes, you are right  
This is how the Story goes on  
Monkey visits turtle again

“Turtle”

“Monkey”

“Your walk along the line thing”

“Yes?”

“Is there a curve foreseen?”

“A curve?”

“Yes. To turn left or to turn right”

“No. It is straight along the line”

“So no curve?”

“No”

“You are sure”

“Yes”

“Hmmm...

Turtle so we will be facing a problem”

“A problem?”

“Nobody. Ever. Was allowed to cross the border of the monkey land. We do not know what will happen. We are monkeys. Look. Monkey live their own way. My troop will be confused when you cross the border”

“Monkey. Maybe I do not understand but there are borders on my way?”

„Yes. Borders to my land. I guess every Land has a border“

Turtle thinks about this for a while

„ I See. Mmmm

Are there hills in front of your land?”

“No no. No hills”

“Are there walls in front of your land?”

“No walls”

“Is there a fence in front of your land?”

“No. No fence. We are not living in a prison”

“Okay okay but a gate”

“We do not need gates. We are living in the trees”

“But at least a line?”

“No line too”

The turtle starts to think for some minutes. Then he continues to ask our hero

“Monkey. How should I know when I cross the border?”

Now both are puzzled

They are thinking very hard what to do

To walk the line. To not take a curve. To not cross the border. To not take a curve. To walk the line

Dear friends

You can imagine what has happened

They thought and also walked

So suddenly, they recognized. Monkey recognized that they have already crossed the border

Nothing happened

“Turtle. We are now in my land”

Monkey was scared. He looked around. Nobody punished him

It was silent and peaceful. Some other monkeys were sitting in the trees. Looking at the two friends. Some were smiling, some were curious but most of them were not really interested.

They were sitting in their trees. Our friends were on the ground

Looking at each other in the eyes and were relieved

Due to the fact that they must not think anymore what could happen they get more and more relaxed

With a smile on their face, their eyes and their heart, they continue their way

Some happy days begins to start and some games also

Who is the better dancer?

Monkey is jumping around, climbing the tree hops from bough to bough

Moving like a devil or a wisp.

Turtle was dancing with his eyes

Who is the better singer?

Turtle twittering merry songs sometime wrong but every time very loud

Turtle contributed the bass drum

Who is the better thinker?

Monkey with his light thoughts

Turtle with his dark thoughts

After many funny days Monkey felt more and more sad

“Turtle”

“Yes monkey”

“This walk a line thing. Does this include a stop?”

“No my dear monkey. It does not include a stop”

Monkey feels more and more sad

He thought so too

“Turtle. We crossed the border again. Now we are out of my land.”

He continues crying.

“I cannot follow you. I have to stay with my family. With my troop. They need me and I need them too. I have to go back. Cannot see you anymore. No dancing no singing no walk a line stuff. It makes me so sad”

Turtle gives his answer in a very tender way

“Monkey my monkey. It makes me sad too. But listen.

For the very first time that

I recognized you looking at me

From your tree of your country

Do not look so surprised

I knew it

Nothing is forever.

We win friends.

We lose friends.

However, always keep them in your heart. Therefore, they will be with you. Forever. In addition, walking the line means to come back. The world is a globe“

Monkey understood. They were looking in their eyes for the last time. Saved their emotions deep in their soul

And continued their way...

.

Thas the story about our two friends

I do not know how the story continues. I searched in many libraries but I did not find any hint. Maybe monkey leaves his land or turtle stops his walk the line thing and goes back

Or. I do not know. Maybe you my friends?

And. Do not ask if there was a moral teaching

I cannot give you an answer

However, if you find out. Let me know  
Yes my friends  
I have to go now  
Oh  
You would like to hear another Story  
Not yet  
The Next time with knights and princesses  
Alternatively, a witch. Nevertheless, note. Only a good and beautiful one  
Of course with an old wise wizard with grey hair  
Or. Who knows?

Oh excuse me Kind Sir...a tinkling voice was heard from the back of the room ...excuse me...  
Yes please, I said searching with my sight for the voice  
I saw than a little girl coming in front with a miffed puzzled face. She looked at me with her sad brown eyes and whispered  
-I would like to say I do love your story but... I know it from somewhere, not sure from where... and for sure the ending was not like this.  
You are saying I'm lying?

No my dear Sir...but maybe....maybe you remember it differently.

Oh you think?

And may I ask how you remember it than?

And the little girl did not wait for another invitation and the story started pouring from her mouth as if she just lived it to see a few moments ago. And now she is quickly telling her memories desperate not to forget any detail.

...So Sir, you know, when the turtle left monkey and said nothing is forever and then he said that the world is a globe and went for his line...well Sir that's where the story starts!

Oh really and what do you know happens next...I said a bit impatient

Ok listen to this...monkey was watching the turtle as he was furthering away and turning into a dark point...just like when he first noticed it. He was making efforts to shrink his eyes and keep sight of the turtle as much as he could ...but the vision become blur and he couldn't hold on anymore, the little dot eventually disappeared.

Suddenly... his eyes turned moisty and little drops started rolling down his cheeks. He was curious what was this supposed to mean. Water drops from the sky. But now it is not raining. Where does this come from? He touched his face and eyes and at that moment he felt a strike

in his chest, like someone took all the air from his breath and put it some place else. He felt like hit by an illness and every day was harder and harder to breathe.

He than realized... he has to go get turtle back. It must be a connection between his disappearance and his strange illness.

He started running towards the horizon. His thoughts were coming one after another in his head. Turtle was saying something about the straight line.

Where is this line?

“I don’t see it.”

”Where was he when I last saw the dark point?”

He climbed trees and scattered the mountains but there was no trace of him anywhere. His breath was becoming shorter and shorter. And he was gone for a long time from home.

He was thinking that his troops were waiting for him to get back ...he was thinking that his illness will turn him into a useless member. He fall down and started crying ...he was lost between his two worlds and couldn’t find a way to head in any direction.

And at that moment when all seemed lost and without hope...monkey hears a sound. A strange sound . like a signal that becomes stronger and stronger. What could this be? He gets up and goes in that direction. It sounded like a ship signal...you know like the one a ship is making when docking in a harbor. He swiftly crosses a fence and there it was.... a huge

silent Sea with a round sun diving into flaming waters, with a big ship gliding heavily but steady and ...a turtle gazing at the sundown...

He found him! His heart was bumping like a drum in his chest, the salty air invaded his thirsty lungs, his hands opened and embraced the turtle like there was no tomorrow. He found him!

He was never going to let him leave. They remained like this for hours unend, resting in each others arms, not a word or a sound. It was like all they wanted to say to each other they understood. They had one thought and one soul...

The sun was nearly covered by the blue water...the two friends were seen heading back to the land happy and in peace with themselves...they found each other and found their way. And every day they keep coming back to the same beach and watch silently the Sea that brought them back together.

Now Kind Sir this is how I know it.

What do you think? Isn't it possible that this is the true end?

I looked smiling at the little girl and kissed her forehead. My dear, I will never disagree with a child's dream... they have the gift of fulfilling.





~2487~

~ 32 ~