

Quackling, the very small duck with the very loud quack

There was once a very small duck called Quackling who had a very loud "quack!" Quackling was a wise and clever duck and had saved up a lot of money. Now, there was king too, who was not wise and clever and had spent all his money on fine banquets and fighting silly wars. Hearing of the Duck's good fortune, the king decided to go to Quackling's village to borrow money from him. The Duck was very honoured and agreed to lend half his fortune to the king as long as the king promised to return it one year later. But after a year there was no word from the king. Another year passed, and then another and another with no sight nor sound of any money.

Quackling grew increasingly annoyed. He drew himself upto his full height (which wasn't very tall) and said, 'Quack, quack quack! I want my money back!' He got himself a very big sack and set off for the king's palace. As he passed through his village a ladder propped up against the wall called

"Where are you going little duck?" "Me?" replied the Duck. "I'm going to see the king because, Quack, quack, quack, I want my money back!" "Oh, that sounds wonderful!" said the ladder. "Can I come too?" "He looks very heavy," thought the duck, "but still, you can't have too many friends." He opened his sack and said, "Quack, quack, quack, ladder in my sack." And into the sack it went.

Quackling carried on his journey to see the king. Soon he found himself walking by a river. Surprisingly the river itself called out to him,

"Where are you going?" "Me?" replied the Duck. "I'm going to see the king because..."[repeat]

The duck carried on and soon found himself in a wood where he came across a hive of bees.

"Where are you going little duck?"...[repeat]

With *the ladder, the river and the bee hive in his sack, Quackling arrived at the palace and told a guard at the gate "I want to see the king because, 'Quack, quack, quack. I want my money back!'"The guard told the king and the king ordered that the Duck be thrown into a deep pit. The poor Duck was soon stuck at the bottom of a pit, but then he remembered the ladder. "Quack, quack, quack, ladder out of sack!" The ladder jumped out of the sack, leaned against the side of the pit and Quackling hopped out.

Back to the guard he went. "Quack, quack, quack. I want my money back."

This time the king demanded that the Duck be thrown into a pot and cooked. Inside the pot, the Duck remembered the river. "Quack, quack, quack. River out of sack."*The river flowed out of the sack, over the brim of the pot and put the fire out.

Quackling jumped out of the pot dodged past the guard and slipped into the king's chamber. He gave him a big shock when he said "Quack, quack, quack. I want my money back." The king fought him with a stick and Quackling thought he was done for, until he remembered the bee hive. "Quack, quack, quack. Bee hive out of sack." The bees were angry at being disturbed and stung the king everywhere! He ran through the door, out the gates, through the wood, passed the river and on through the village pursued by the angry bees and was never seen again.

The people decided that they needed a wise king and of course chose the very small duck with the very loud quack, who ruled happily and wisely for many years.

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