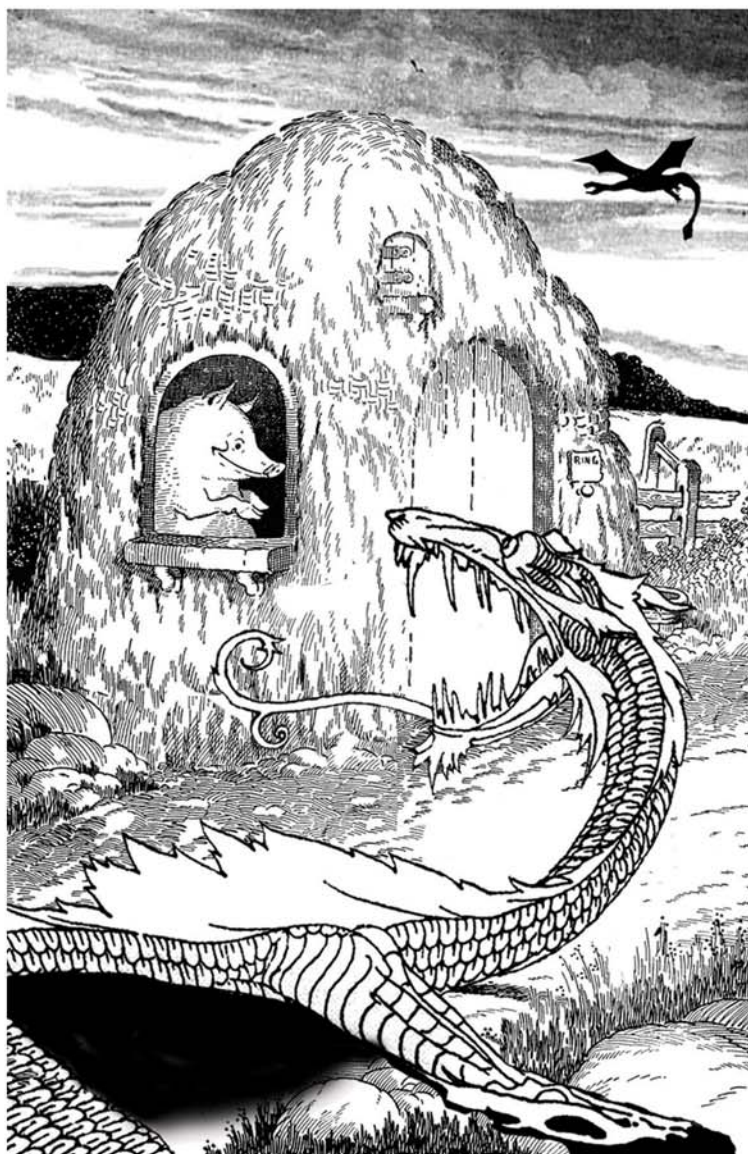


# CHRISTIAN FAIRY TALES



JOHN ARGUBRIGHT

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*Christian Fairy Tales - Biblically Based Fairy Tales*  
by John Argubright

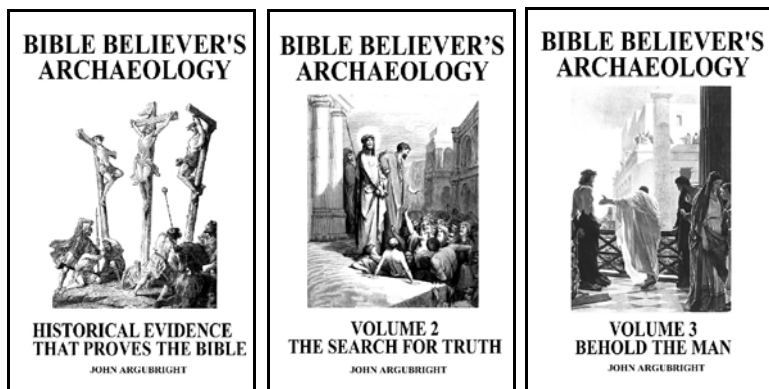
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### **The Three Little Pigs & Three Little Dragons**

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I remember once, while on a Christian Internet blog, an atheist as well as a Muslim came into the discussion and began calling the story of Christ just a myth. The atheist said the Gospel message was just like a bedtime story his mother used to tell him called; "The three little dragons."

Since I had never heard of this story before, and being curious as to what it was all about, I began scouring the Internet. After searching for many hours, I wasn't able to find that story anywhere, so I decided to write my own.

I later replied to the atheist and said; "Hey, I heard the one about the three little dragons. That's a good one. Doesn't it go like this?":

Once upon a time there were three little pigs and three little dragons.

Now the first little pig was an atheist swine and he decided to build his house out of straw.

Then one day a little dragon came by and said; "Open up or I will huff and puff and burn your house down."

And the little pig yelled out; "Oh shut up out there! Don't you know that I am an atheist swine? I don't even believe in stupid little dragons."

So the little dragon just laughed, and he huffed and puffed and he burned his house down. Then he sat down and had pork chops for lunch.

The second little pig's name was Mohammed, and he also decided to build a house for himself. But he was a little bit more spiritual then the first little pig. So he went out and found some old copies of the Koran and began ripping out all the pages from those books. And so he built his house completely from the pages of the Koran.

Then a little dragon came by and said; "Open up or I will huff and puff and burn your house down."

And the little pig yelled out; "You will never harm my little chinney chin chin. Allah is protecting me. Besides, everyone knows that the great dragon is America and Israel, so keep it down out there."

The little dragon just laughed, and he huffed and he puffed and he burned his house down. Then he sat down and read from some burnt pages of the Koran while he had pork sausage for lunch.

The third little pig was quite a filthy little swine, but he decided to let his Father build a house for him to live in. So his Father built him a house completely out of solid Rock, and the pig went in and there he lived.

Then a little dragon came by and said; "Open up or I will huff and puff and burn your house down."

And the little pig yelled out; "You will never harm my little chinney chin chin. My house is built on the Rock from my Father."

So the little dragon just laughed, and he huffed and puffed, but he couldn't burn his house down. He tried over and over, but all was for not.

So the little dragon, being frustrated, went back and got his daddy to come and help. His name was Lucifer. And when the big dragon got there he said; "I know you are a filthy little swine, so open up or I will huff and puff and burn your house down."

So the little pig opened up the door and went outside. He had been totally washed clean and he was carrying a big wooden Cross. The little swine said; "My Father has washed me clean." Then he raised the Cross over his head and brought it down with full force upon the great Dragons head, crushing the fiery serpent's little chinney chin chin.

Then the little pig went back inside the house his Father had built for him. And there he lived happily ever after, forever and ever. The End!

The atheist, whose Internet screen name was 'Celtic Witch', then replied; "I guess the moral of the story is that any filthy swine can be a good Christian if he has a rich father."

To which I replied; "I agree with the statement; "Any filthy swine can be a good Christian if he has a rich Father," except for the word "good." For there is no one good except God. He is our rich Father, He created and owns the entire universe, and it is He who picks us filthy little swine out of the miry pigpen of sin in which we are all rolling around in. And it is our rich Father that holds us and lovingly washes away the muck of sin."

"Do not be deceived. Neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor homosexuals, nor sodomites, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners will inherit the kingdom of God. And such were some of you. But you were washed, but you were sanctified, but you were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus." 1 Corinthians 6:9-11

"Jesus Christ, the faithful witness, the firstborn from the dead, and the ruler over the kings of the earth. To Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

Revelation 1:5

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**Little Red Riding Hood**

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"Once upon a time, In a forest far far away, a little girl named Little Red Riding Hood set out on a journey to find herself a new church, which happened to be in another village.

As she was going through the woods, she met a wolf, who had a very great mind to eat her up, but he dared not to, for he feared some of the Lord's servants might be nearby. He asked her where she was going. The poor child, who did not know that it was dangerous to stay and talk to a wolf, said to him, "I am going to see a preacher, who will teach me the way."

"Does he live far off?" said the wolf.

"Oh I say," answered Little Red Riding Hood; "It is beyond that mill you see there, at the first steeple in the village."

"Well," said the wolf, "I'll go and see him too. I'll go this way and you go that way, and we shall see who will arrive first."

The wolf ran as fast as he could, taking the shortest path. But the little girl took a roundabout way, entertaining herself by stopping at the local Christian book store and picking up some of her favorite Christian Romance novels and all sorts of religious trinkets.



It was not long afterwards that the wolf arrived at the preacher's church. He knocked at the door: tap, tap, tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

"A fellow servant of the Lord," replied the wolf, counterfeiting his voice; "I have brought you some new world order translation Bibles, ahhhh, I mean some good old fashioned fundamentalist King James Bibles."

The good preacher, who was in the pulpit, because he was practicing his preaching, cried out, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

The wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door opened, and then he immediately fell upon the good preacher and ate him up in a moment, for it



had been more than three days since he had eaten. He then shut the door and got into the preachers' clothes expecting Little Red Riding Hood, who came some time afterwards and knocked at the door: tap, tap, tap, tap.

"Who's there?" answered the wolf in a growling voice.

On hearing the big voice of the wolf, Little Red Riding Hood was at first afraid; but believing the preacher had a cold and was hoarse, answered, "It is one of the Lord's adopted children, Little Red Riding Hood, who has brought you a tithe and an offering sent by the hand of my mother."

The wolf chopping at his lips at the thought of her having money cried out to her, softening his voice as much as he could, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

Little Red Riding Hood pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.

The wolf, hiding himself behind the pulpit, seeing her come in said to her, "Put the tithe and offering upon the table, and come sit down in the pew closest to me."

Little Red Riding Hood took off her coat and sat down. She was greatly amazed to see how the preacher looked, and she said to him, "Preacher, what big arms you have!"

"All the better to hug your money, ahhh, I mean hug you with, my dear."

"Preacher, what big legs you have!"

"All the better to stomp on you, ahhhh, I mean run with the Gospel, my child."

"Preacher, what big ears you have!"

"All the better to hear only God's blessings and to filter out that repentance stuff, my child."

"Preacher, what big eyes you have!"

"All the better to see the church finances with, my child."

"Preacher, what big teeth you have!"

"All the better to eat you up, ahhh, I mean smile at you with, my child."

And, saying these words, this wicked wolf fell upon Little Red Riding Hood with all his nasty preaching, and fed her with all the prosperity false gospel she could handle, and knowing that her mother had large purse strings at home, he decided not to eat her up after all. But sent her home with an invitation for her mother to join with him in Wolfship, ahhhh, I mean Worship next week.

"For I know this, that after my departure savage wolves will come in among you, not sparing the flock. Also from among yourselves men will rise up, speaking perverse things, to draw away the disciples after themselves." Acts 20:29-30

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**Animal Farm**

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Once upon a time, there was a great Lord ruling over His kingdom who decided to make for Himself a grand farm to be the envy of all. So He picked out a parcel of land, and there He placed all sorts of animals. There were pigs, goats, sheep, cattle, and chickens of all sorts. And He put them out to pasture. The great Lord then needed someone to watch over all His creation, so He sent his Son to do so.

Then one day the great Lord decided that He would take some of these animals and set them apart to be a part of a special flock, that would be dedicated only for use by the King. So He sent word to His Son, and His Son then went out to the pasture and called out to the animals to follow Him. All the animals looked up, but only the sheep stopped grazing and began walking toward the great Lord's Son.

One of the sheep, seeing that he was now part of God's special flock, said to the others proudly, I am a sheep because I choose to be a sheep. The other sheep just chuckled and cried out, Baaahhd doctrine, Baaahhd doctrine.

"For whom He foreknew, He also predestined to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the firstborn among many brethren. And whom He predestined, these He also called; whom He called, these He also justified; and whom He justified, these He also glorified." Romans 8:29

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**Old Mother Hubbard**

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Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone;  
But when she got there,  
The cupboard was bare,  
So she didn't know what to do.

She called Pastor Hinny Binny  
He was drivin in his Limee,  
Who said "Gimmee your money,  
And you'll be God's honey,  
And your dog will have plenty of bones."

And so she did,  
Sending him all her tids.  
Yet her poor dog died,  
So she wept and she cried,  
For Hinny Binny had dog gone lied.

"If anyone teaches otherwise and does not consent to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which accords with godliness, he is proud, knowing nothing, but is obsessed with disputes and arguments over words, from which come envy, strife, reviling, evil suspicions, useless wranglings of men of corrupt minds and destitute of the truth, who suppose that godliness is a means of gain. From such withdraw yourself." 1 Timothy 6:3-5

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**The Troll and the Three Billy Goats**

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Once upon a time there were three billy goats. One was named Gruffy, the other Muffy, and the last was named Buffy. They were on their way to graze on the Lord's hillside, but in order to get there, they had to cross a bridge. And under that bridge lived a terrible troll, with eyes as big as basketballs, and a nose as long as a fishing pole.

The first goat over the bridge was the youngest Billy Goat named Gruffy. "Trip, trap, trip, trap!" he walked across the bridge.

"Who's that tripping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"I am the smallest Billy Goat, Gruffy is my name, and I'm going up to the hillside to make myself fat and live in green pastures," said the billy goat, with a tiny voice.

"I'm coming to gobble you up," said the troll.

"Oh, no! Please don't eat me. I'm too little!" said the billy goat. "Wait for the second Billy Goat named Muffy. She's much bigger."



"A goat is a goat," said the troll. "Only sheep are allowed to graze in the green pastures belonging to the Lord of the Hills." So the troll reached up over the bridge and grabbed onto little Gruffy and dragged him down into his deep dark pit to be devoured.

A little while later, the second Billy Goat named Muffy crossed the bridge. "Trip, trap, trip, trap, trip, trap," went the bridge.

"Who's that tripping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"I am the second Billy Goat, named Muffy, and I'm going up to the hillside to make myself fat," said the billy goat, with a medium voice.

"I'm coming to gobble you up," said the troll.

"Oh, no! Please don't eat me. Wait for the last Billy Goat named Buffy. She's much bigger than I."

Now Muffy said this because she knew that her sister Buffy had a much better chance of defeating the troll, for Buffy was well known for being a famous vampire slayer.

"A goat is a goat," said the troll. "Only sheep are allowed to graze in the green pastures belonging to the Lord of the Hills." So the troll reached up over the bridge and grabbed onto Muffy and dragged her down into the darkness of his pit.

Next, the big Billy Goat named Buffy crossed the bridge. "Trip, trap, trip, trap, trip, trap!" went the bridge. This billy goat was heavy and the bridge creaked and groaned under her.

"Who's that tramping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"I am the big Billy Goat, Buffy the Vampire slayer," said the billy goat, with a big ugly voice.

"I'm coming to gobble you up," roared the troll.

"No, you're not!" said the biggest Billy Goat Buffy. "I am bigger than you and I could crush you into bits and bones. Besides, I have this big silver cross hanging around my neck, and not even the vampires have been able to kill me."

And when the troll saw how big the metal cross was, he said:

"Many a goat both large and small, and everywhere in between have tried to cross my bridge. Some even dare to wear the medallion of the king thinking that it will somehow protect them from me."

"But a goat is a goat, and only sheep are allowed to graze in the green pastures belonging to the Lord of the Hills." So the troll reached up over the bridge and grabbed onto Buffy the vampire slaying goat and dragged her down kicking and screaming into his deep dark pit.

Snip, snap, snout. This tale of the troll named Death is all told out.

"When the Son of Man comes in His glory . . . He will set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left. Then the King will say to those on His right hand, 'Come, you blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'" Matthew 25:31-34

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## Yoga the Bear

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Once upon a time there lived a bear, who to be kind, was not as smart as your average cookie. His name was Yoga the bear, named that way because he practiced new age meditation techniques which the Bible condemns.

Along with his sidekick "Boo Hoo," who always seemed to be crying about something, they daily strolled the grounds of Bellystone National Park.

Bellystone was a famous camping spot well known to gluttons all over the world. There they would gather yearly to hold some of the most extravagant picnics that you have ever seen.





"Hey, ahhh Boo Hoo, did ya see how I scared that lady trying to take pictures of me this morning. I hate always being followed by the paparazzi," smirked Yoga.

"Yes Yoga, she sure ran off in a hurry," replied Boo Hoo.

"Hey, lookey over there Boo, she left a lonely picnic basket full of food behind." said Yoga.

"Now Yoga, you know mister park ranger told us that it's not right to steal." replied Boo Hoo.

"Nonsense, Boo Hoo my boy. We aren't stealing, we are just going to borrow it for a while, we'll give the basket back later, less a few little goodies inside that get lost along the way of course." said Yoga.

"But Yoga, it doesn't belong to us." said Boo Hoo.

"Nonsense Boo Hoo, we can't allow people to leave their picnic baskets sitting out in the open polluting the environment all day can we? Just think of this as our recycling effort and doing our part to save the planet. Besides nobody is watching Boo Hoo my boy." said Yoga.

"But Yoga, mister park ranger said God sees everything even though people aren't watching," replied Boo Hoo.

"Now don't be getting religious on me Boo Hoo. Don't you know we are bears, and we have a natural tendency towards stealing picnic baskets," said Yoga.

"Yes, I know Yoga," replied Boo. "Mister park ranger calls that our sin nature. And he said ever since Adam the bear and his wife Eve stole that apple from the picnic basket in the campground of Eden along time ago, all bears have a tendency to steal."

"Nonsense Boo Hoo," replied Yoga. "Everybody knows that bears evolved from chimps millions of eons ago. And that out of what they call 'survival of the fittest,' bears have been stealing picnic baskets in order to survive ever since."

"But Yoga, Mister park ranger said the Ten Commandments tell us not to steal." said Boo Hoo.

"Boo Hoo, you know I'm not a Bible Thumper." replied Yoga. "I believe that God is in everything around us, and I want to become one with nature and with that apple pie sitting in that picnic basket."

Then Yoga sat down in his Yen position and began to Meditate, letting his mind wander, chanting away and disregarding anything Boo Hoo said to him.

Boo Hoo shook his head and left his long-time friend alone.

Yoga then began to implement his recycling program, and one by one picnic baskets began disappearing from the park. Therefore traffic into the park began to wane and all the gluttons began to complain to the authorities that their food was being stolen.

Now mister park ranger had to do his duty, He set out a large bear trap baited with a picnic basket and finally captured Yoga who couldn't resist becoming one with the food.

Yoga was then sent up the river to the city zoo, where he spent the rest of his years behind bars. Whereas Boo Hoo cried for his friend and then went out and lived peacefully in the park the rest of his life, content with eating salmon and berries and thanking God for what He had provided.

This story is over, even though it bearily got started.

“Till I come, give attention to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Do not neglect the gift that is in you, . . . Meditate on these things; give yourself entirely to them, that your progress may be evident to all. Take heed to yourself and to the doctrine. Continue in them, for in doing this you will save both yourself and those who hear you.” 1 Timothy 4:13-16

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**The King's Invitation**

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Once upon a time there was a great king who sat on a throne overlooking His kingdom, and He decided to throw a great party for those He ruled over. So He came up with a list of certain people in His kingdom that He wanted to send out invitations to. But instead of sending them out all at once, He choose to send just a few out every day over a period of many years.

He told them in the letter to drop all that they were doing and to assemble at the great palace hall and to await for the others to arrive. He told them they might have to wait for quite along period of time for the others to arrive, but not to worry since the King would make sure all their needs would be met.

Now as time went by, people began to arrive one by one at the great hall. And many of them began to make friends with the others, and they began forming friendship groups with their favorites. But the groups soon began separating themselves from the other groups that were invited, and they formed into little cliques and they began keeping to themselves in separate rooms in the great Palace hall.

And it came to pass one day, that a very poor resident of the kingdom received an invitation from the King. The man was filled with great excitement, he dropped everything at once and ran to the great hall. And as he opened the door he saw all these groups of people staring at him in his

very humble clothing. All of the groups looked him up and down, judging him on his outward appearance so as to ascertain what type of fellow he might be.

Some of the impolite groups in the hall just turned their backs on him not realizing he was one of those who had been invited by the King.

But somebody in one of the groups finally cried out, "Hey, over here!", While someone in another group yelled out, "Stay away from them friend, come on over here, we're the ones who really have our act together!" But the man decided to go over to the group that invited him first, out of respect.

The men in that group then began to question him about why he had come, and he told them that he had been invited by the great King. Some in the group said they had been invited by the King as well, but many others just said they had been invited by others in the group to join for socializing purposes. Others said that although they had not received invitations from the King himself, they were invited by family members who had received invitations and they were sure that the King would not object to their presence as well.

The man was amazed that there were so many in the group who were there without an invitation. So he began to speak out to the group and tell them that only those who had been chosen to receive invitations from the King Himself would be welcomed by the King when He arrived.

On hearing this many in the group dissociated themselves from the man calling him a

troublemaker and for being not tolerant toward others.

So being rejected by the group, the man went and joined in fellowship with another group. But to his amazement, there were men there who also had not received an invitation from the King. Many of them remarkably were in leadership positions. So the man once again spoke out that the King would only welcome those to His feast whom He had chosen to receive invitations, all the others would be cast out.

Many in this group rebuked him, but said they would tolerate him as long as he wasn't allowed to teach or to be in any type of leadership position.

So the man left, not understanding why others would not accept the fact that he had received an invitation from the King, and that he had every right to be there.

As he went from group to group, this same scenario played out time and time again.

Then one day the King finally entered into the great hallway for His feast. All the groups looked upon the majesty of the King. The King noticed the humble man standing by himself outside apart from the other groups and asked why he wasn't joining in with the others.

The man then informed the King of how the groups had treated him and that there were non invited guests at His feast. As the King looked around, He noticed that there were many people there that He had not sent out invitations to. So He called His servants to go throughout all in the

crowd to check their invitations. Then He called upon the bouncers to throw out all who tried to crash His party.

The King then went over to the groups one by one and began rebuking their leaders for not respecting those whom He had truly sent invitations to, in favor of those who were not invited. And the King told them that their services as leaders over the others would no longer be required, since He would be taking over as the only leader His invitees would require.

After the celebration and the great feast, the King made an announcement that He was now adopting each and every one of them as His own sons and daughters. And would allow all of them to rule alongside Him by making them rulers over specific cities in His kingdom.

And a great cry went up from the crowd. "You are the Kings of Kings and Lord of Lords."

"And they sang a new song, saying: "You are worthy to take the scroll, And to open its seals; For You were slain, And have redeemed us to God by Your blood Out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation, And have made us kings and priests to our God; And we shall reign on the earth."

Revelation 5:9-10

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### Popcorn Preachers

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Once upon a time, In the land of Redenbockers, founded by a man named Orvall, there were five popcorn preachers.

The first was a Cheese flavored popcorn preacher. His sermons really held no substance whatsoever. They were, as you say, just cheesy.

The second man was a Butter-covered popcorn preacher. Men have to make sure they hold onto their wallets in his congregation. For the preacher had greasy little hands. Many people also had their hearts clogged and turned cold from hearing too much of his preaching.

The third was a Carmel-covered popcorn preacher. He sugar coated his messages to always make them taste sweet and never bitter. But the messages he gave always got stuck between your teeth and they never made it into your heart.

The fourth man was a Chocolate-covered popcorn preacher. His sermons got really messy, especially on warm days. Chocolate being the color of brown, the same color of something you step in once in a while out in the yard. His theology just really stunk.

Then finally, the fifth man was a good old-fashioned popcorn preacher. His sermons had just the right amount of salt to salt the earth with. And those be the type of popcorn preachers you want popping up.

"You are the salt of the earth; but if the salt loses its flavor, how shall it be seasoned? It is then good for nothing but to be thrown out and trampled underfoot by men." Matthew 5:13



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**Snow Eve and the Seven Dwarves**

---

Once upon a time there was a fairy princess named Snow Eve, who everybody just called Snow. She was named that way because people thought her soul was the purest that anyone had ever seen. Just like a landscape looks after a freshly fallen snow.

Now in the garden where she lived, there also resided a group of scraggly old dwarves who always had mischief on their minds. These dwarves lived together in a large apple tree in the middle of the Garden, right next door to the elves named the Keeblures, who were famous throughout the kingdom for their bakery goods.

Now the names of the dwarves were Grumpy, Dumpy, Slumpy, Clumpy, Bumpy, Jumpy and Donald. (Donald was adopted.)

Now the dwarves knew that if anyone ate the apples from the tree in which they lived, they would be blinded for an eternity. So being jealous of all the attention that Snow Eve was receiving from all the inhabitants of the garden, they all got together and decided to play a prank on poor Snow.

They picked some of the apples from their tree, and went next door to the Keeblure's. There they requested that a grand apple pie be made in honor of princess Snow. And since the apples looked delicious, and not knowing where the apples had come from, the Keeblure elves were all the eager to use their talents in order to make a tasty gift for the princess.

The elves worked all throughout the day, and in the evening they delivered the pie to the dwarves.

Since nightfall was a common time that the dwarves used to conduct their mischief. They all got dressed in their Scraggly best and headed over to Snow's palace. On greeting the princess, they told her that they had commissioned a special pie to be made by the world famous Keeblure elves and wanted to present it to her as a gift.



They also told her that they picked the apples themselves from a distant land. And that a rumor in that land held that if anyone ate these special apples, their minds would be totally enlightened and they would see things in a new perspective as if seeing all things through rose colored glasses.

Now Snow wasn't so sure about this whole situation. The dwarves had never treated her kindly before and this was the first time that they had paid her a visit. She was also well aware that the dwarves were always up to no good.

But since Snow had been feeling down for the last few days, she thought about how wonderful

it would be to be able to see everything through rose colored glasses. So she threw all caution to the wind and gladly accepted the pie from the dwarves. And not being able to resist, she dug right in and scarfed down the pie in no time.

But all of a sudden, everything turned black. She cried out that she was now blind. To which the dwarves replied, not to worry princess, its just nighttime and somebody must have turned all the lights out. Just lay down and go to sleep and in the morning everything will be just rosy.



And so the dwarves left her presence and chuckled amongst themselves at the prank they had played. But from that time forward, poor Snow was blind. And not her only, but all the children she bore, and their children and their children after them. A wretched curse these dwarves did pull.

But after many years, a Valiant prince was born who's throne was in the heavens. And word was sent forth to all the inhabitants of the garden, that all those who would follow this Prince would have their eyesight restored.

Now the dwarves, fearing that their power would be diminished because of this new prince, put out the word that this report was just a hoax, that nobody could open the eyes of the blind. So many just regarded this prince and his story as just a myth, so they continued in their blindness.

But the dwarves themselves became frightened, for they had ruled over all the garden's kingdoms ever since all the children of Snow were cursed with blindness. But now they began to notice that some of Snow's descendants, one by one, had begun opening their eyes. For some of them had put their trust in this valiant prince.

"Then Jesus spoke to them again, saying, "I am the light of the world. He who follows Me shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life." John 8:12

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**Hickory, Dickory, Dock**

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Hickory, Dickory, Dock  
The Lord went up for the flock  
The clock struck three  
The Lord went down for the flock  
Hickory, Dickory, Dock



“But God demonstrates His own love toward us, in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us.” Romans 5:8

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## Humpty Dumpty

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Once upon a time there was an egg head known as Humpty Dumpty.

He earned his living as a comedian and was always known for cracking yokes.

Every day he would climb up on an old crumbling brick wall, in order to gather a crowd, and then he would let loose with one of his yokes, drawing chuckles from the crowd. He seemed to be always cracking somebody up which wasn't exactly a pretty picture since all the residents of the town were eggs.

One day, as the king was passing by, he saw Humpty Dumpty on top of the old brick wall and became concerned for his safety. So he called for an evangelist to be sent to Humpty to warn him of the danger he was in.

Now the evangelist was dispatched and warned Humpty Dumpty about the dangers of a fall from walking along the crooked brick wall. The evangelist told him about another wall that was the safest one that had ever been created. It was made out of solid rock and was fashioned by the king himself. It was straight as an arrow, and he told him he should come down and seek that wall out.

But Humpty Dumpty just laughed and mocked the messenger. And he cracked a yoke about the evangelist, saying to the crowd.

"Ever hear the one about the evangelist and the preacher?"

"An evangelist and a pastor decided to go

hiking, when suddenly out of nowhere, a pack of wolves confronts them. They both turned around, and as fast as they can make a beeline back to their little church in the woods.

The evangelist gets there first and he pulls open the door. The pastor, following right on his tail goes hurtling inside the church with the wolves right behind him, whereas the evangelist slams the door shut from the outside. The Pastor, now locked inside with the wolves, cries out to the evangelist, "What are you doing?" To which the evangelist replies. "I just bring them in the door. Now it's your responsibility to disciple them."

Once again, this cracked up many of the eggs in the crowd who were all keeling over and rolling on the ground laughing. Humpty himself was not even able to contain himself and began crack-ing up so violently he fell from the crumbling wall.

He landed with a great thud onto the sizzling hot pavement below.

On seeing this, the evangelist immediately called for the king's servants to see if they could help poor Humpty. But it was too late, for all the king's horses and all the king's men could not put Humpty Dumpty back together again.

For Humpty had not heeded the message sent forth from the king that would have saved him from being fried on the hot pavement below.

"For the message of cross is foolishness to those who are perishing, but to us who are saved it is the power of God."

1 Corinthians 1:18

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**God and the Historian**

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God said "In six days I did create,"  
The Historian said "No way, Six billion years did it take."

God said "The Historian did I create,"  
The Historian said "No way, from a chimp did it take."

God said "History is the story that I create,"  
The Historian said "No way, man his own destiny does he make."

God said "My prophets did I create,"  
The Historian said "No way, a made up story did you make."

God said "Jesus never sinned but all historians do,"  
The Historian thought and finally said: "I cannot tell a lie, I do, I do, I do."

The Historian then said, these lies I did create.  
I guess you exposed me as a fake.

"For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God."

Romans 3:23



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**Norton Hears a Pooh!**

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Once upon a time in the village of Poohville there came a new resident to the town. His name was Norton and he pulled into town carrying his large trunk that was as big as an elephant.

Now on the first night of Norton's stay in his new home, as he was trying to get some sleep, his ears perked up for he thought he had heard the faint noise of barking coming from somewhere outside his window. Curious as to where this noise was coming from, he got out of bed and strolled over to the window. On putting his big floppy ears to the glass, he heard the noise ever more clearly.

So not being able fall asleep, Norton decided to get up and go outside to investigate this strange noise. Now being that it was night, Norton grabbed his flashlight and went out into the flower patch that surrounded his house. There he sat down in his lawn chair awaiting patiently for the noise to continue.

And sure enough, he heard a "woof woof" in the distance. Then this was proceeded by different "woofs" coming from some place even closer. Then another "woof" came, and it was even louder. The noise kept getting louder and louder, until it seemed like the whole land was covered by the continual noise of "woofs."

So Norton decided to take action, He picked up his iphone and made a call, and then he began to speak:

"Is this the poohville police department?"

"Yes sir," replied the police officer.

"I want to report my neighbors for disturbing the peace." Said Norton.

"On what grounds," replied the officer.

"They are all making this loud barking noise and I can't sleep." responded Norton.

"Oh that's just their pets," replied the officer. "They all have them here. They are furry little creatures whom they call their pooh-poohs. You'll get used to their noise," laughed the officer.

"No I wont," replied Norton, "I have these huge ears that pick up everything."

"Sorry Sir," replied the officer. "But the village is named after these creatures, and we have laws in our town against anyone speaking evil of the pooh-poohs."

"Do you mean to tell me these creatures have more rights then we residents do? I am a taxpayer!" cried out Norton.

"Sorry Sir," replied the officer. "There is nothing I can do about the pooh."

Now the next morning, after hearing of Norton's Hubalooh over the pooh and his police complaints, the other residents of Poohville began to make snoddy little comments behind Norton's back.

"Watch out for him, he's one of those intolerant PoohPhobic people," said Sandy Pooh.

"Yeah what's the deal with this new guy, he's

nothing but one of those Pooh-Pooh Phobe's," replied Randy Pooh.

"He must be one of those religious guys, they all have Pooh-Pooh Phobia," said Dandy Pooh.

Norton just shrugged these comments off. But he became very curious about his new neighbors. So he decided to study the habits of the Poohville's residents, whom he now called a bunch of Pooh-Pooh Lovers. So Norton got out his big magnifying glass, which he had used previously for his coin collection, and began to play Shirlock Holmes, keeping an eye on his neighbors every move.

The first thing he noticed was that every morning, whether it be rain or shine, hot or cold, Sandy Pooh would be dragged all around town by her pooh-pooh. Typically stopping at a red fire hydrant to rest along their journey. He also noticed Sandy Pooh carrying a plastic bag, that although he didn't know what it was for, it spelled very horrid to Norton. Norton just could not understand how anyone would want to carry such a thing, or how anyone would have their lives dictated each morning by their pooh-pooh's.

Next, Norton began to investigate Randy Pooh. Now Randy also followed Sandy Pooh's routine each morning, and then would head off to work. After putting in a hard day's work at the shop, Randy Pooh would then stop by the supermarket and buy all sorts of food and treats for his little pooh-pooh's. But what was strange was that this left Randy Pooh with very little money to buy food for himself and his family. Yet day after day off he went to work, not realizing he was working mostly for his pooh-pooh's.

Now Norton then went on to see what Dandy Pooh was up to. Now Dandy was quite a Dandy indeed. He followed the same routine as Sandy Pooh every morning, except to Norton's relief Dandy didn't carry that plastic bag with him, But for some reason this made his neighbors extremely upset with Dandy.

He also noticed that all the mailmen in town all rode bicycles. This was because none of the residents would keep their pooh-poohs on a lease. So all the mailmen feared for their lives in Poohville.



Finally, after watching them day after day and night after night, Norton concluded that the residents of Poohville cared more for their pooh-pooh's then they did for one another.

Now the next day, being that it was Sunday, Norton decided to attend a church service. And as he walked into the church he was surprised to find Sandy, Randy, and Dandy, all sitting in a pew staring back at him.

"There's that Pooh-Pooh phobe," whispered Sandy to the others.

Now what Norton hadn't realized was that he had stumbled into a Muttheran church, founded by Martin Mutter way back during medieval times. His Dogma included Solo Petto, the dogma that man is saved by his pet loving alone.

That was the last straw for Norton, He cried out.

"Hey people, God created man in his own image. He didn't create pooh-pooh's in His own image!"

The crowd gasped!

Norton continued "Didn't you read in your Bibles, in Genesis 9:3, where God said: "Every moving thing that lives shall be food for you. Just as I gave you the green plants, I now give you everything." Why are you worshiping your pooh-poohs? They are animals that can be eaten!"

"Blasphemy!" cried out Dandy Pooh.

"He speaks against our Muttheran traditions!" yelled Randy Pooh.

"Pooh-Pooh Phobe!" cried out Sandy Pooh.

So the pastor called the poohville police department who promptly came and arrested poor old Norton.

There Norton sat in jail behind bars, in the place they called the dog house, because the residents of Poohville, although they professed to be wise, they became fools, and they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the image made like corruptible man - and birds and four footed pooh-poohs. Romans 1:22-23

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**Dirty Hairy Tick**

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Once upon a time in the forests of the witch of Endor, there lived little creatures known as "Hairy Ticks."

These Hairy-ticks could best be described as small parasites that hid themselves in the undergrowth of the forest. There they kept still and awaited to ambush any unsuspecting hunter who might pass their way.

Once they found their victim, they would then secretly attach themselves to their prey in order that they might suck the life-giving blood out of that individual.

The Hairy-ticks were also known for their great imaginations and for making up great fanciful tales. And while attached to their prey they would begin to transfer these imaginations into their victims minds.

Many a hunter who ventured into the forest unexpectedly became victims of these scrupulous little devils.

After having been bitten by this parasite, many of the hunters often came down with a lime colored disease called liberalism, which began to affect their hearts.

After many years of being in the forest these creatures began to multiply and their disease began to spread throughout the entire land, affecting the hunters in such a manner that they could no longer shoot straight.

Some of the infected hunters began bowing themselves down before the trees of the forest and started talking to them as if they were gods. Others bowed down before the animals of the forest and began worshiping them. Some even began crying

out "We now worship our great Mother Nature and the forest."

Others with the disease began making statues of the great king, which looked nothing like the king whatsoever, yet they told everyone that this was exactly what the king looked like. And unfortunately, many, who did not realize these men had been bitten by the parasite, began to believe their lies, and they began teaching their children that the statues actually portrayed the Great king.

This disease pleased the Witch of Endor greatly, because she despised the hunters who thought they could enter her dark forests at will without there being any consequences. For unknownst to the hunters, the witch had placed these parasites throughout all her lands, as well as the lands of the great king whom she despised.

Now those hunters who had not been bitten by the parasite knew something was wrong, so they set out to work diligently to find the cause.

One day on a hunting expedition, one of the parasites had been uncovered hiding in the bushes awaiting to ambush the party.

The hunter who had uncovered it realized that he had the creature cornered. When the creature appeared as if it was about to strike, the hunter drew out his large 44 magnum rifle, made by the King James armory and said to the Dirty Hairy-tick:

"Go ahead, Make the Lord's Millennium."

The parasite coiled back in fear and was then surrounded by the rest of the hunting party and taken in for interrogation.

On asking its name the parasite responded in a strange dialect saying, "My name is Hairy-tick."

The parasite's answer baffled the hunters for they had never heard the name of this creature uttered before.

But after some thought one of the hunters stepped forward and said, "I believe, because of the dialect of this parasite, we seem to be suffering from translation deficit disorder. For in some parts of the world there is a disgusting creature known as a Heretic, very similar in pronunciation to the name of this vile creature."

So the hunters hurried back to the castle of the great king and opened up the King's great book, which had all the answers to life's questions. There they searched day and night through its pages diligently.

Then finally one of them came across the following words found in this Holy book.

"If the hairy tick has bitten you, pluck it off and withdraw from areas where they reside, and immediately seek help from the Great physician."

"For the disease it carries is that of liberalism of which there is only one known cure. Repent and turn to the Great physician who is revealed in the pages of this Book. And then flee from the gods of the Hairy-tick's imagination which has infected your minds."

So the order was given, and was sent throughout all the kingdoms, that hunters need to always be on the lookout and check themselves for Hairy-ticks after being in the forests of the witch of Endor.

Warnings were then posted in the king's churches, for from time to time a Hairy-tick would crawl its way under the door and try to find a hiding spot within the congregations walls.

Their favorite hiding spot seemed to be under the pulpit, for it was not unusual for a preacher to be infected with this hideous disease.



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**Blah Blah Black Sheep**

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Once upon a time there was a white sheep who decided to join a flock at a Pentecostal church.

Now, at the church, there was a preacher sheep who was dressed in black robes. And he always began his sermon with the words; "Blah Blah, Blah Blah Blah, Blah Blah."

The white sheep couldn't understand a single word that the 'Blah Blah Black Sheep' was saying. So he turned to the sheep sitting next to him and whispered; "What's up with this guy? Is he drunk or something?"

"No," replied the sheep. "He's one of those 'Blah Blah Black Sheep.' They always speak in sheep's tongues."

The sheep then heard the creak of the door opening behind him. So he turned around and saw the Brownie family entering in.

The Brownie family were first timers to the church, and they walked in late to the service. There was Charlie, his sister Lucy, along with their dog Snewpy.

Dogs weren't normally allowed in the worship service, but they had mistakenly heard that the church was having a special, 'Bring Your Pet to the Service Day.' And since Charlie was quite a dog lover, he thought that this was such a grand idea.

Evidently, at the previous week's service, the preacher cracked a joke that you could bring your dog or cat next week to the worship service, because he said they were thinking about reinstating the animal sacrificial system. So evidently someone pulled a joke on poor old Charlie Brownie and invited him to church and told him to bring Snewpy along as well.

The preacher continued; "Blah Blah, Blah Blah Blah, Blah Blah."

Charlie turned to Lucy and said; "Hey, that guy sounds a lot like our teacher. I wonder if this is her husband."

After listening to the preacher for some time, Snewpy began howling like a coyote with a loud; "Ohwwoooo! Ohwwoooo!"

"Excuse me, Pastor Sir," said Charlie Brownie. "But me and my sister haven't a clue as to what you are saying. And even my dog is having a hard time getting through it."

"My sister Lucy really needs to get saved, so I was wondering if you could speak in English so we could understand God's message."

The flock gasped. They had never heard the sheep in black robes ever preach in English before. So they were all wondering what was going to happen next.

But the Black sheep just continued his; "Blah Blah, Blah Blah Blah, Blah Blah" rant. And Snewpy continued his occasional howl to the embarrassment of poor old Charlie Brownie.

At the end of the service, while on their way out, the Pastor stopped the Brownies, and to their surprise he began speaking to them in English. The Pastor said that he had heard Snewpy making some very loud and strange noises during the service.

Charlie Brownie said; "Oh, I apologize for my dog, Sir."

"Not at all," said Blah Blah Black Sheep. "Your dog was speaking in tongues and that is evidence that he has now been truly saved. I was wondering if you could bring your dog in to be baptized next week?"

Snewpy began howling once again.

"Well, Sir," said Charlie Brownie. "If that's speaking in tongues, then my dog has been Spirit

filled ever since he was born."

"Well, hope to see you next week then, and don't forget to show love to your family today," replied the Pastor.

On hearing this, Snewpy then snuck up behind Lucy, maneuvered in front of her, and planted a big kiss onto her lips. Lucy fell backwards onto the floor crying out; "Aghhhhh!, I've been dog licked!"

Seeing Lucy on the floor shaking wildly and crying out; "Aghhhhhh!", the Pastor exclaimed to everyone that Lucy had just received the Anointing and proclaimed that she was now born again.

"Oh, Good grief," declared Charlie.

'Hey, Blockhead," said Lucy, staring at her brother. "Is it ok if we come back next week so that me and Snewpy can get baptized?"

To which Charlie Brownie just replied; "Aghhhhhh!"

Lucy replied, "Hey, that's it Charlie Brownie. Now your speaking in tongues as well. Congratulations, the 'Blah Blah Black Sheep' said you're really saved now too."

"Isn't it wonderful? Our whole family got saved today."

Charlie Brownie just mumbled; "Oh brother."

"So likewise you, unless you utter by the tongue words easy to understand, how will it be known what is spoken? For you will be speaking into the air." 1 Corinthians 14:9

"In the church I would rather speak five words with my understanding, that I may teach others also, than ten thousand words in a tongue." 1 Corinthians 14:19

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**Chicken Little**

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Once upon a time there was a little chicken named Harold.

Harold was always getting cramps in his drumsticks from pecking about looking for juicy little morsels to devour. So, at a young age, all his friends decided to nickname him Harold Cramping.

Now Harold was a quite a small little rooster in stature, but he had a tremendous voice. So as Harold matured he decided to use his natural skills for the benefit of all Chickendom. Harold began his own radio station named Family Chicken Radio.

Since Harold was quite a devout chicken, it became a very popular radio station among the religious faithful.

One day while Harold was doing his daily feeding devotionals, he spotted some worms by a nearby walnut tree. So Harold decided to go over and check them out.

Now the day happened to be quite blustery, and Harold had a terrible time walking into the head wind just to get there. His feathers kept getting ruffled, but he finally made it to the spot.

Now it came to pass, that as Harold had his head down near the ground, not carefully watching the rest of his surroundings, a large wind gust rustled through the trees dislodging one of the walnuts from its place. The nut fell from the tree and smacked poor old Harold right on the top of his head.

Harold was dazed and confused for many days afterward, and the doctor diagnosed Harold with a traumatic head injury. But Harold refused to believe the doctor. He believed that this occurrence was a sign from God, and that he had now received a special enlightenment from the Almighty.

Harold began to proclaim over the airwaves; "The Nuts are falling! The Nuts are falling!"

Soon afterwards Harold began to teach that God had given him a warning from the sky, showing him that all Chickendom would soon be raptured. Harold also stated, that since Bible prophecy clearly taught that before the Lord's return the stars would fall from the sky, that this Scripture applied to nuts as well.

Of course, since many orthodox preachers taught the rapture, most of the chickens that listened to Harold's radio station put their full faith in what Harold was telling them. But many called the radio station wanting to know the exact date that all faithful chickens would fly up into the great beyond. That way they could make plans accordingly.

Harold was stumped and didn't know what to say to his followers. So he began searching his Bible for clues, but he came up empty. He couldn't even find one passage that gave the exact date, and to the contrary, he found where it was taught that no chicken would know the hour or the day of the Lord's return.

But Harold believed that this passage must have been directed at the chickens in the original first century chicken coop age and that God would surely tell the chickens in the last generation when it would occur.

So Harold decided to spend the rest of his life dedicated to finding out the exact date of the rapture.

He decided to make a trip to the walnut tree once again. The place where his original enlightenment began. For he thought to himself; "Maybe God will give me some additional revelation."

Upon looking at the tree, he thought to himself; "Maybe the number of the walnuts on the tree represent the number of days before the rapture." But then he thought to himself; "That's just silly."

At that very moment a strong wind gust appeared out of nowhere, and a walnut dropped from up above and fell down upon poor old Harold hitting him in the exact spot of his previous revelation.

Dazed, but excited, Harold began counting the walnuts on the tree. He counted 490 nuts.

He returned to the airwaves and once again proclaimed; "The Nuts are falling! The Nuts are falling!"

"There will be 490 days until the rapture. This is a fulfillment of Daniel's seventy times seven prophecy as mentioned in the Old Testament."

His listeners were amazed and a little scared, but Harold reassured them that paradise is nothing to be feared. He also told his listeners that they should sell all that they have and send it to the radio station, so that his revelation could be spread across the world in order that all Chickendom would be warned.

Many of his listeners did so, figuring that Harold was a chicken of God and would never lead any of them astray. Besides, they thought, all orthodox Bible preaching chickens taught that the rapture would one day take place and they squawked about it from their pulpits all the time. So his listeners went out and sold all their nest eggs and sent the money to Harold, to his delight.

Now the time of the prophecy date came and went without any occurrence. And some of his listeners began to squawk, while all the rest of Chickendom began mocking Harold for his errors in interpreting God's Word.

Harold finally had to admit that he had miscalculated. But deep down inside, in his chicken liver, he felt that God had given him this enlightenment for a reason. He thought to himself; "Maybe I miscounted."

"No, that can't be. I counted the walnuts over and over and I know there were exactly 490 nuts."

"I got to figure this one out."

So Harold began his life long quest to determine where he went wrong.

In the meantime, Harold, not liking that he had his feathers ruffled by the rest of the religious leaders in Chickendom, out of revenge he began proclaiming over the airwaves that the Chicken coop age was over. Therefore he taught that all chickens were now free to roam about as they desired. No longer was there a need to attend Chicken coops of worship. All that chickens needed to do was to listen to Family Chicken Radio for all their needs to be met.

And he also warned that all the chicken coops were full of leaders who were like foxes in the hen house.

Now as the years passed and Harold became elderly, he cringed at the idea of dying and being remembered by all Chickendom for having his feathers ruffled and giving a false date for the rapture. So he decided he needed to return just one last time to the walnut tree. But this time he wanted to make sure he counted correctly.

He put out the word over the airwaves; "We are making a pilgrimage to the promised land and to the tree of enlightenment. And we are asking our faithful listeners to join us for a non-expense-paid trip of a lifetime."

So Harold gathered his large flock and off they went to visit the tree of good and senile.

Now on arriving at the site, he stood before the tree and recounted his story of many years earlier. And he told the crowd that it was imperative that he figure out the meaning of the nuts before he died. So they all began counting, and to his surprise they all came up with 490, the exact number that he had calculated originally.

This perplexed Harold. He was right about the

number all along. Then he reasoned to himself; "Maybe I misread the prophecy."

Harold read the prophecy of Daniel again, and again. Then a light bulb clicked on inside of Harold's head.

"I was wrong!" declared Harold. "It's not 490 days, it's seventy times seven weeks!"

"Don't you see? We have only 490 weeks until the rapture."

"Oh, how could I have been so foolish as to not read my Bible carefully?" exclaimed Harold to the crowd.

Now Harold's voice roared so loudly that a walnut shook loose from its place on the tree and fell down cracking open upon Harold's forehead below.

The crowd gasped, and were all worried that their favorite Bible clucker was now seriously injured.

But on regaining consciousness, Harold exclaimed; "Thank you Lord for confirming your sign!"

The next day Harold got on the airwaves and exclaimed to his listeners once again; "The Nuts are falling! The Nuts are falling!"

Now many of his listeners were relatively new to his program. Many were young and were unaware that Harold had made a false prophecy concerning the nuts in the past. So as they listened to Harold, they bought his story, hook, line, and sinker.

Just as in the past, when the day grew closer to the prophecy date, Harold made an announcement that all his followers should sell all their nest eggs and send it to his ministry.

This time, being 100 percent sure he was correct, a week before the prophecy was to be fulfilled, he made his predictions known to all the major news agencies. CBS (the Chicken Broadcasting Service) was the first to get the chicken scoop. And the news got clucked all around the globe.

But many protests were organized by anti



chicken groups mocking Harold Cramping's prediction. One popular group, the ACLU (Anti Chicken Liberty Union) held rallies mocking poor old Harold.

Another group, who believed it was ok for strange chickens to nest with one another, also took the opportunity to be in the limelight to protest against Harold's past righteous comments that roosters shouldn't be nesting with other roosters.

The group also didn't like the fact that Harold had spoken out against the use of the newly released 'Queen James Version' of the Bible that was being used by certain liberal chicken coops.

Now when the prophecy didn't occur, these unbelieving chickens heckled Harold saying; "Where is the Lord's coming?" Which eerily seemed to fulfill the Bible passage found in 2 Peter 3 verses 3-4.

Later that day, Harold was mockingly asked by a reporter; "Hey Harold, what are you still doing here? I thought you were supposed to be raptured."

Harold replied; "I used to be a Pre-Tribulationist. But now I can see I was wrong. I have now converted to the Post Tribulationist position. And luckily for us, for God has given to us seven more years to prepare before we are raptured."

"What happens if it doesn't occur then?", asked the reporter.

"Well," said Harold. "If it doesn't happen then, the Lord says in His Word that a day is like a thousand years. So I calculate 7 years x 1000 years x 365 days, and I come up with the rapture occurring 2,555,000 days from now."

Harold clucked; "It's just a matter of how one interprets the data. But in the end, You will see that the Nut vision was correct."

To which the reporter responded; "I think you counted wrong."

"You counted only 490 nuts. I count 491."

"But of that day and hour no one knows, not even the angels of heaven, but My Father only. "But as the days of Noah were, so also will the coming of the Son of Man be. "For as in the days before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered the ark, "and did not know until the flood came and took them all away, so also will the coming of the Son of Man be. "Then two men will be in the field: one will be taken and the other left. "Two women will be grinding at the mill: one will be taken and the other left.

"Watch therefore, for you do not know what hour your Lord is coming. "But know this, that if the master of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched and not allowed his house to be broken into. "Therefore you also be ready, for the Son of Man is coming at an hour you do not expect.

"Who then is a faithful and wise servant, whom his master made ruler over his household, to give them food in due season? "Blessed is that servant whom his master, when he comes, will find so doing. "Assuredly, I say to you that he will make him ruler over all his goods. "But if that evil servant says in his heart, 'My master is delaying his coming,' "and begins to beat his fellow servants, and to eat and drink with the drunkards, "the master of that servant will come on a day when he is not looking for him and at an hour that he is not aware of, "and will cut him in two and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Matthew 24:36-51

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### **The Tortoise and the Hare**

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Once upon a time there lived a speedy little rabbit and a very down to earth little turtle.

The hare, who had just finished taking a speed reading course in the Evalon Woods, decided he would make a wager with the tortoise. He boasted that he could easily finish reading an entire book faster than anyone else. So the turtle, being quite the intellect said, "I bet you can't, you little hare brain"

So the contest began. But before they got started, they had to pick a book to read that they both could agree upon. Since they both were very fond of the tales of Mother Goose, they decided to pay her a visit to see if she had written anything new lately.

Upon asking, they were told that she had indeed written some new tales, but since she had so many beaks in her household to feed, they would need to provide her family with some food.

Being that it was deer season, she requested that they go and hunt down a buck and bring it back to her.

They both agreed that this was a fair price for the book. So they hurried off to the local WalrusMart, and there they ordered two hunting rifles. But because they were both cartoon characters and they looked suspicious, they had to undergo background checks just to make sure they weren't Looney Tunes.

In two days they both returned to the store hoping to pick up their rifles. The Tortoise got his right away, and slowly rushed out the door towards the woods to start hunting.

But when the rabbit went to get his rifle he was told that he had to wait a few more days. Evidently someone in the government thought he might

fit the profile of being one of those animals who had a hare trigger.

Now in the mean time the tortoise, who had taken all day just to make it to the woods, lucked out. While crossing the road to get to the forest, a driver had swerved to miss him and his car went off into the woods. The car then struck a large buck who was grazing nearby.

Without even a shot, and with just a little luck, he had bagged his first buck. Now dragging it to Mother Goose was another problem. But seeing that the driver had called for a tow truck, he waited for its arrival. When the truck arrived, he told the tow truck operator his situation, and since he was a member of the Triple G rated racing club, he got priority over the driver of the car, who's insurance didn't cover damage for avoiding a fairy tale character anyhow.

So the buck was delivered to Mother Goose who promptly handed the book over to the tortoise.

Now on hearing this, the hare began to sweat it a little. But knowing that the turtle was a very slow reader, he put his mind to rest.



Finally after his two day waiting period, the hare finally got his rifle. And away he went into the woods.

Now the rabbit had a little more difficulty than the tortoise, for he hadn't realized that along with it being deer season, rabbit season had just opened as well.

While in the woods he had the feeling he was always being followed and he kept hearing the words: "Oh wabbit, Oh wabbit! Where are you, you wille wittle wabbit?" "Sssshhhh, I'm hunting wabbit."

But after dodging shotgun blast all day long, the hare finally came across the biggest buck he had ever seen and he nailed it on his first shot.

Now the rabbit, facing the same dilemma as the tortoise, said to himself. "How am I going to get this massive beast back to Mother Goose?" But then the rabbit's ears stood up as he heard the rustling waters of a river. Looking up he noticed the Amazon River flowing nearby. So he gathered all his strength and was able to drag the buck to the water's edge. There, smelling the fresh blood from the buck, a piranha popped its head out of the water and greeted the rabbit, and with a big grin asked.

"Do you need any help with that buck?"

The rabbit replied, "Yes, I was wondering if you could float this buck down the river for me and deliver it to Mother Goose who lives a few miles down stream."

"I would be glad to," replied the piranha. "Me and my associates in the Amazon River make our living from hauling bucks down river in exchange for Mother Goose's books."

So a deal was struck and the buck was quickly delivered to Mother Goose.

She was so excited on seeing the buck, for she now had two sales of her books in one day. And when the hare arrived she quickly handed over her manuscript and thanked him for his readership.

Now the hare was off to the races, and because of his speed reading course the rabbit was done with the book in a matter of minutes, although he hadn't a clue as to what he had just read. For he hadn't spent any time at all contemplating the words and wisdom of Mother Goose.

Now although he knew he had beaten the tortoise, who was still mulling over chapter 1, He became very upset while looking over at the tortoise because he noticed that he seemed to be enjoying the stories.

So he blurted out, "Why is it taking you so long? The book is only a few chapters in length. A matter of fact, it was so short that I am going back to Mother Goose and complain and let her know that this wasn't worth all this effort she put me through."

But the Tortoise just said, "Man, I always hunt down a buck every time I download my favorite songs, and they only last a couple of minutes each, and they contain way fewer words. And you are complaining about this book?"

"This book even has pictures in it, unlike most others, and I happen to thoroughly enjoy Mother Goose's writings."

But the hare would have none of it, and responded, "Nobody should be selling any of these religious books anyhow. If Mother Goose was really Godly she would be giving away all her books for free."

And so he confronted poor old Mother Goose and demanded his buck back.

Mother Goose pointed over at the buck lying on the ground and said in a disappointing voice:

"Go ahead, take it back."

Now as the rabbit looked over at the buck, he noticed that only the hind quarters of the buck were lying on the ground. It looked as if two thirds of the deer had already been eaten.

So the rabbit asked. "Hey, where's the rest of my buck?"

Mother Goose replied. "When the piranhas deliver the bucks from the Amazon, they always take their cut and they only give me a third of a buck to live on. So you will have to hop on over to the Amazon and ask the piranhas for the rest of your buck back."

Then Mother Goose knelt down and prayed that the other books she had written would begin to sell and touch the hearts of other turtles and hares. For she had just spent many years, with much time and effort, writing a new three volume book series entitled, "Bible Believer's Archaeology - Historical Evidence That Proves the Bible," which she authored using the assumed pen name of "John Argubright."

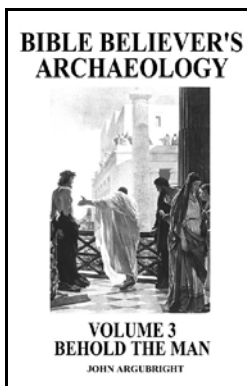
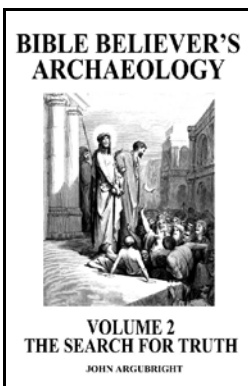
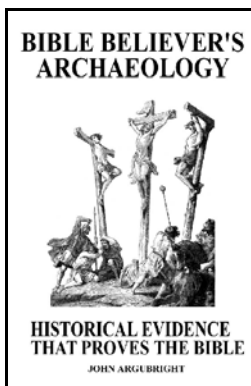
She used a pen name because she didn't want people associating her new books with fairy tales.

So if you can hunt down a few more bucks, Mother Goose would appreciate them in exchange for more of her books that glorify the Lord.

"Let him who is taught the word share in all good things with him who teaches." Galatians 6:6

"Do you not know that those who minister the holy things eat of the things of the temple, and those who serve at the altar partake of the offerings of the altar? "Even so the Lord has commanded that those who preach the gospel should live from the gospel."

1 Corinthians 9:13-14



This book, as well as our three volume series, "Bible Believer's Archaeology," may be ordered at BibleHistory.net as well as from other major online book distributors.



If you have enjoyed this book, please pass our website address along to a friend. Jesus said "Freely you have received, freely give."

May the Grace and Peace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you.





## SOURCES:

### THE HOLY BIBLE, AUTHOR: THE LORD GOD

Scripture taken from the New King James Version unless noted.

**The author and publisher gratefully acknowledges the following resources used in compiling illustrations for this publication.**

**FRONT COVER:** Artwork combining the partial reproduction of “the little pig in his house of hay.” Illustration from The Editorial Board of the University Boys and Girls Bookshelf, Publisher: The University Society, NY, NY (1920) and the dragon illustration from: “The Adventures of Perseus.” illustrated in “The Treasure Chest of My Bookhouse,” by Olive Beaupre Miller, Publisher: The Bookhouse for Children, Chicago (1920)

Chapter 2: Partial illustration of wolf running, Illustrated in the book “Animal Treasure” (1937) Author: Ivan T, Sanderson, Publisher: Viking Press

Chapter 5: Illustration of Billy Goat, illustrated in the book “Ageless Story” (1939) Author: Lauren Ford. Publisher: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Chapter 6: Illustration of Yoga the Bear Chasing a lady. Illustrated in the book “Ali, the Camel. (1936), Publisher: DoubleDay, Doran and Company. Author: Rhea Wells

Chapter 9: Partial Illustration of Dwarf holding an apple pie, Illustrated in the book “Grimm’s Fairy Tales (1917) - Illustrator: Louis Rhead. Illustration was modified with elf holding an apple pie.

Chapter 9: illustration of Dwarves Looking upon Snow Eve, Illustrated in the book “Grimm’s Fairy Tales (1917) - Illustrator: Louis Rhead.

Chapter 10: Art: Partial reproduction of “Christ Crucified,” by Artist Diego Velzquez (1632), Illustrated in the book “Australia, A Pictorial Pageant of the Country and its People.” (1945) Publisher, The Australia Story Trust

Chapter 13: Partial Illustration of Mailman on a bike being chased by dogs, Illustrated in the book “Punch, or the London Charivari” (1904)

Chapter 17: Partial Illustration of Tortoise and the Hare, Illustrated in the book “Arthur Mee and Holland Thompson, eds The book of Knowledge” (1912) Publisher: The Grolier Society.

Book Order Page: Art: “The face of Jesus”  
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**REAR COVER:** Illustration: Partial reproduction of the crucifixion from Rembrandt’s “The two criminals” Artist: Rembrandt.