

Cook me Up a Fairy Tale!

by Majda Koren

Honey Bunny was very hard to please with his meals. Broths were always too watery, potatoes too salty and salads too green.

»Honey Bunny, what shall I make you for dinner?« asked his mother who was getting desperate, not knowing what to cook for him.

The boy stepped to the middle of the kitchen, stood there arms akimbo and firmly pronounced his decision: »Cook me up a fairy tale!«

His mother set about satisfying his desire. She chose a pink pot with green dots, filled it with water and put it on the stove. When the water boiled, she put in a pinch of salt, two potatoes, a teaspoon of snake tooth powder and three teaspoons of laughter. Then she started stirring the broth with the biggest ladle she could find. The mixture in the pot was bubbling and smoking curiously.

When the fairy tale was done the mother turned off the stove. She poured three ladlefuls on Honey Bunny's plate.

»The fairy tale is done!« she called out and set the plate on the table.

Honey Bunny left his marbles game and came running from the living-room to sit down and eat.

He scooped up a bit of the fairy tale with his spoon and brought it to his mouth.

»Oh!« he exclaimed. He jumped on his chair with surprise when he noticed his spoon held a small pink dragon strewn with tiny green dots and with a blue tuft of hair on its head.

»What do you mean, oh? That's all you have to say? Aren't you afraid of me at all? Won't you scream with dread? I am a frightful dragon! So frightful that I can bite off your nose or pull your ears!« strutted the little dragon on the spoon.

»Mummy!« cried out Honey Bunny and dipped the spoon back into the fairy tale.

»What is it, Honey Bunny?«

»I don't like this fairy tale!« he said. No sooner did he say it that the little pink dragon with tiny green dots and a blue tuft of hair on its head snorted with anger, whizzed its tiny wings and flew out of the window.

»Don't eat it then!« said the boy's mother.

And so Honey Bunny didn't get his dinner.

Next day the boy's mother asked him again:

»Honey Bunny, what shall I make you for dinner?«

»Cook me up a fairy tale! But be sure to make a different one, not at all like the one you made yesterday!« said Honey Bunny firmly.

His mother set to work. She chose a green pot with blue dots, filled it with water and set it on the stove. When the water boiled she put in three carrots, two, turnips, a pinch of dried nettles and a tablespoon of green horror.

Then she started stirring the broth with the biggest ladle she could find. The mixture in the pot was bubbling and smoking frightfully.

When the fairy tale was done, the boy's mother turned off the stove. She poured three ladlefuls on Honey Bunny's plate.

»The fairy tale is done!« she called out and set the plate on the table.

Honey Bunny left the cubes he was stacking up in the living-room and came running to sit down and eat.

He scooped up a bit of the fairy tale with his spoon and brought it to his mouth.

»Whoa!« he exclaimed and almost fell off his chair with surprise when he saw his spoon contained a slimy green monster with big blue eyes and tiny black claws on its paws.

»Whoa? Don't you dare whoa me! Show a little more respect, if you please! Aren't you afraid of me at all? I could twist off your head or gobble up your leg, and all you can say is whoa?«

»Mummy!« cried out Honey Bunny and dipped the spoon back into the fairy tale.

»What is it, Honey Bunny?«

»I don't like this fairy tale!« he said. No sooner did he say it that the green monster with big blue eyes and tiny black claws on its paws trudged out the door, its vanity deeply wounded.

»Don't eat it then!« said the boy's mother.

And so Honey Bunny didn't get his dinner.

On the third day the boy's mother asked him again:

»Honey Bunny, what shall I make you for dinner?«

»Cook me up a fairy tale! But be sure to make a different one, not at all like the one you made yesterday or the day before!« said Honey Bunny firmly..

His mother set to work. She chose a red pot with no dots on it, filled it with water and set it on the stove. When the water boiled she put in three beaten egg whites, a slice of beetroot, a pinch of cunning and the same amount of salt.

Then she started stirring the broth with the biggest ladle she could find. The mixture in the pot was bubbling and smoking cheerfully.

When the fairy tale was done, the boy's mother turned off the stove. She put three ladlefuls on Honey Bunny's plate.

»The fairy tale is done!« she called out and set the plate on the table.

Honey Bunny stopped doing somersaults on the rug in the living-room and came running to sit down and eat.

He scooped up a bit of the fairy tale and brought it to his mouth.

»Bother!« he exclaimed with surprise when in his spoon he noticed a little girl with a red hat on her head and a basket in her hand. »Who are you?«

»I'm Fannie,« replied the little girl.

»No, you're not Fannie! You're the Little Red Riding Hood!«

»Why are you asking me then if you already know who I am!« the girl in the spoon said cheekily.

»Never mind. What's that in your basket?« asked Honey Bunny.

»You know what it is! It's a cake, right? A cake for my granny!«

»Oh, that's right,« said Honey Bunny, considered her reply and then he asked:

»But where are the wolf, the granny and the hunter?«

»Where do you think they are? In the fairy tale, of course! On your plate!«

»Do you mind?« said Honey Bunny and transferred the Little Red Riding Hood from the spoon onto the table.

Then he stirred the fairy tale on his plate to see what was in it; he finished by scooping up the granny, the hunter and the wolf and arranging them beside the Little Red Riding Hood.

While he was slurping the remaining fairy tale on the plate, the hunter, the Little Red Riding Hood, the granny and the wolf chattered among themselves. The granny was the first to speak:

»You know, my dear Little Red Riding Hood, you should tell your mother that I'm sick and tired of her cakes! Ask her to fry donuts for me next time. And the wine is sour. She'd better send me some strawberry juice!«

»All right, granny, I'll tell her that!«

»And I hate to gobble you up time and time again. I'm fed up with you!« added the wolf.

The hunter then came up with an idea: »Next time let's have a picnic in the woods instead. How about it?«

»That's great!« exclaimed the granny, »Red, you'll bring donuts and some juice. Wolf, you'll bring some potatoes. Hunter, you'll make a fire so that we can bake the potatoes. Is it a deal?«

»It's a deal!« everybody said at the same time and clapped their hands – precisely when Honey Bunny scraped the last remains of the fairy tale from the plate and put the spoon in his mouth. At that moment both Red, her granny, the hunter and the wolf disappeared into thin air.

Honey Bunny was left sitting at the table, holding his spoon.

His mother peeked from the living-room:

»Honey Bunny, how did you like the fairy tale?«

»I liked it a lot, mummy. Will you make it for me again some time?«

»You know I will, my dear Honey Bunny!«

From then on, Honey Bunny's mother only cooked fairy tales for him in the red pot without any dots. When he stirred the broth well he found the granny with a red riding hood on her head or the wolf holding a basket. The fairy tale was a little bit different with every day, but it was always so tasty that Honey Bunny ate it all up in a jiffy. And that made his mother very happy.

Translated by Dušanka Zabukovec