THE TROLL'S AWFUL CURSE

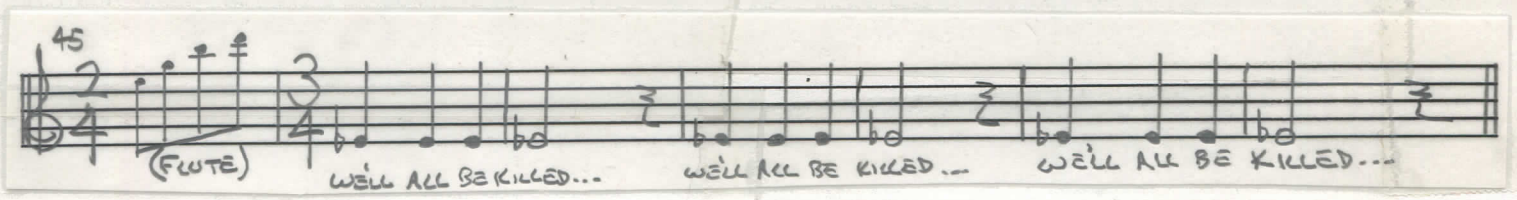
Narrator

(32 measure introduction)

Once upon a time in a far-off land, there were two witches and a troll who lived at the foot of a brown mountain next to a babbling brook.

(babbling brook music)

Now the troll couldn't tell time, but neither could one of the witches, while the other witch who COULD tell time, always sat staring up at the mountain mumbling:



They lived like that for some time -- although only the witch who sat gazing up at the mountain knew it because, you remember, she was the only one who could tell time, but she really didn't care, anyway -- and probably would have continued to live that way, maybe even happily ever after, except for one thing....

(piano arpeggio)

One day, a fairy godfather -- frosted hair, long curled eyelashes, pearl toenails, the whole bit -- stumbled upon the troll who was pretending to be a stepping stone across the babbling brook. "Thay, lithen here, whaddya think you are!" thaid ... I mean SAID the fairy godfather.

"A troll bridge!" said the troll and one of the witches collectively. "What's the password?"

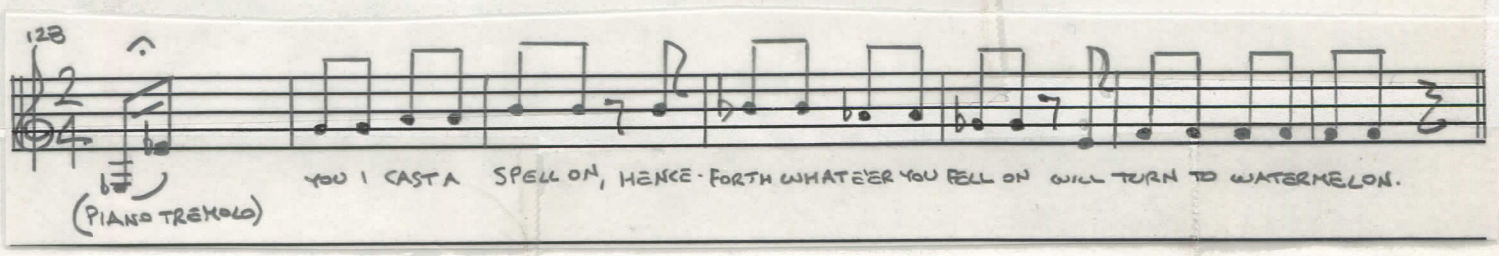
"Darned if I know. Say, what sort of crock is this, anyway?"

Well, since the troll had water in his ears -- babbling water at that -- he misunderstood him, thinking the fairy godfather had said "It's four o'clock in Poughkeepsie!"

(begin 5/8 time)

As you might expect, this upset the troll a whole lot because, you remember, he couldn't tell time. Perspiration -- or at least what passed for perspiration on trolls -- beaded upon his forehead as he got real, real mad, stood up on quivering toes, and uttered these prophetically awful words!

(piano tremolo)



Narrator

And with that, the troll sucked in a mouthful of babbling brook water and spat upon the fairy godfather. The startled simp turned to run, but one of his high heels stuck in the babbling brook mud, and he fell on the troll. In the twinkling of an ear the troll changed into a plump, juicy watermelon!

(4/4 time)

As if caught by surprise, the babbing brook suddenly ceased babbing. But then, I suppose, remembering its purpose in life -- and, more importantly, this story -- it resumed its babbling. And with a vengence! The fairy godfather was so distraught that HE began to babble, too. The two witches began to babble, the one sticking to her usual "We'll all be killed ...

... the other one ad libbing. Soon the babbling became contagious, spreading like wildfire. The trees began to babble. The chipmunks in the trees began to babble. The grass began to babble. The lilies of the valley began to babble. The clouds began to babble. The wildfire began to babble. The troll-turned-watermelon began to babble. The brown mountain began to bubble. The cute little robin redbreasts began to babble. The lions and tigers at the nearby zoo began to....

Wait a minute! Did I say the brown mountain began to bubble?

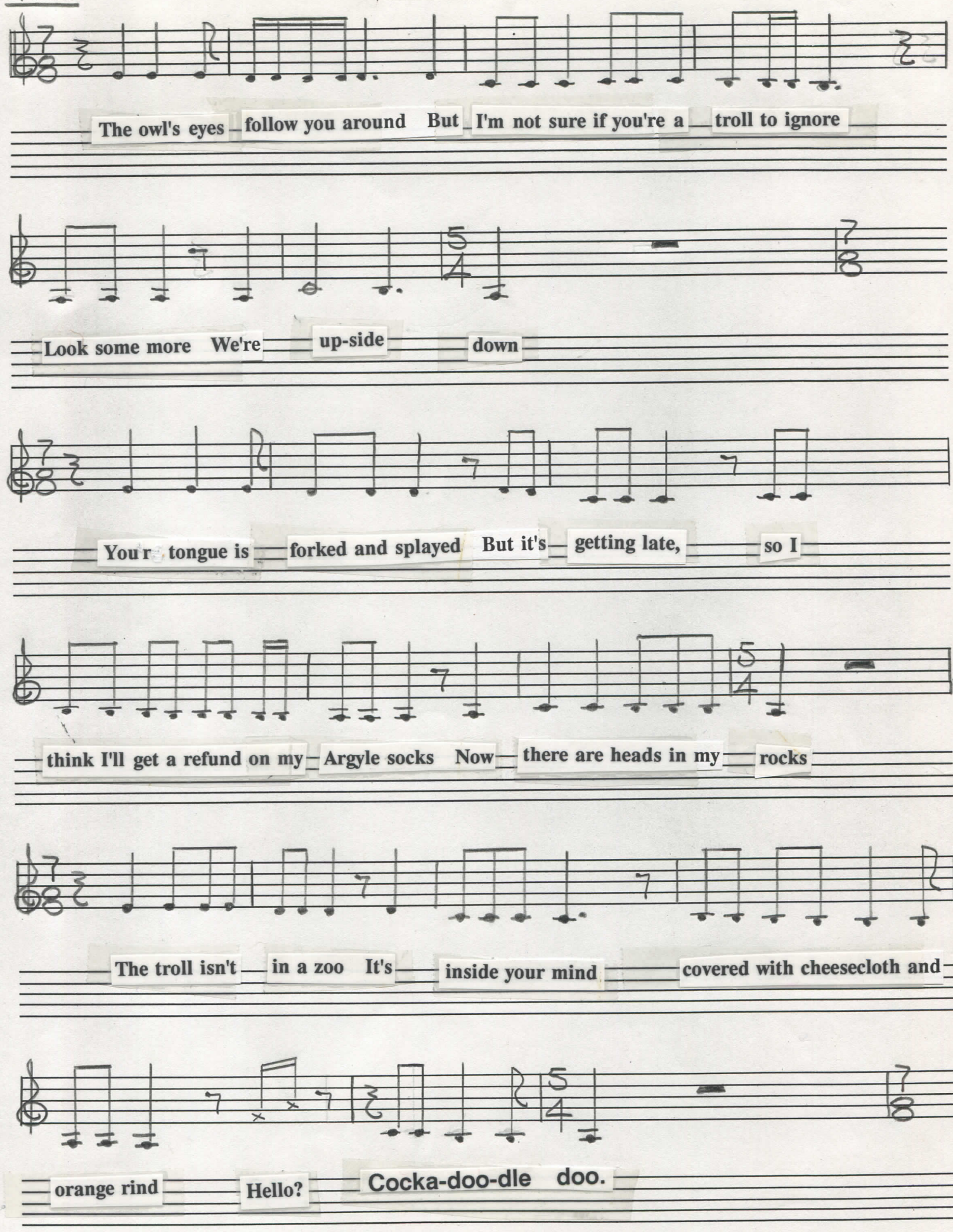
(5/4 time)

Sure enough, the mountain -- which was really a volcano in disguise -- had begun to bubble, unbeknownst to the trees, chipmunks, grass, lilies of the valley, clouds, wildfire, troll-turned-watermelon, cute little robin redbreasts, lions and tigers, not to mention the two witches, the fairy godfather, and the brook.

Suddenly, everything was oddly quiet as the owl, a newcomer to the forest, sang a song left over from a previous story.
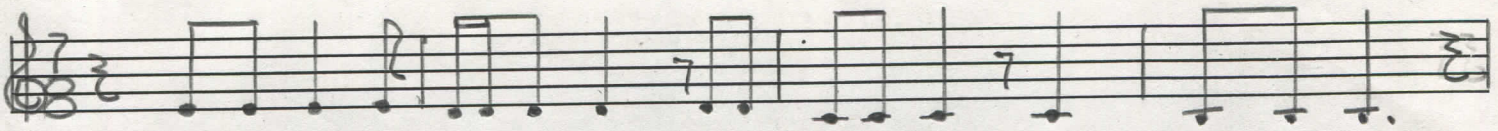
A Voice

OWL'S EYES

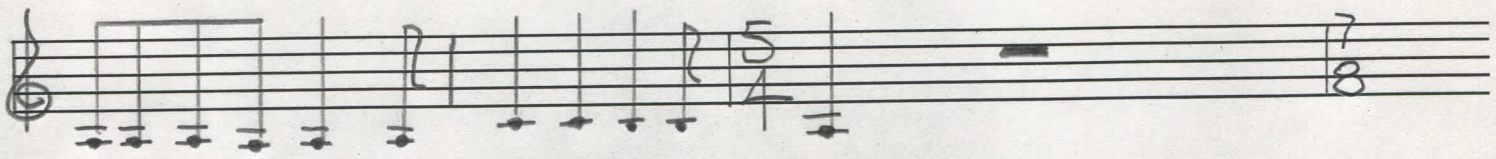


Passantino
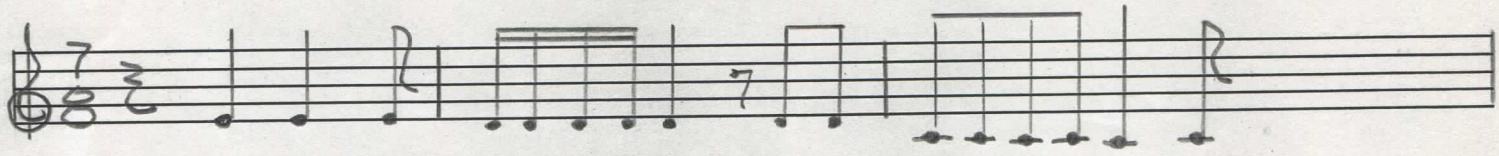
A Voice
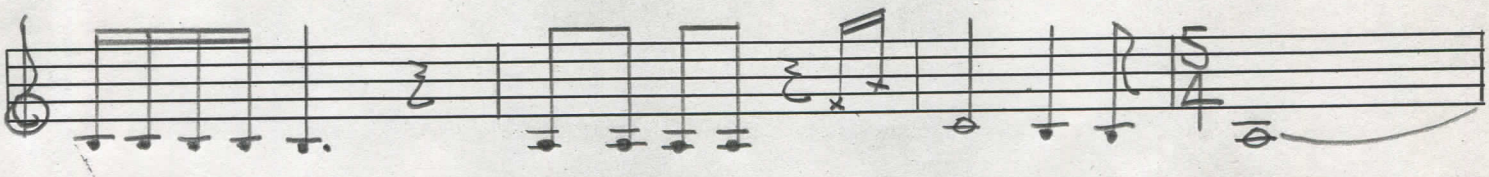


Run your fingers over your brain if it doesn't rain you're sane and sound



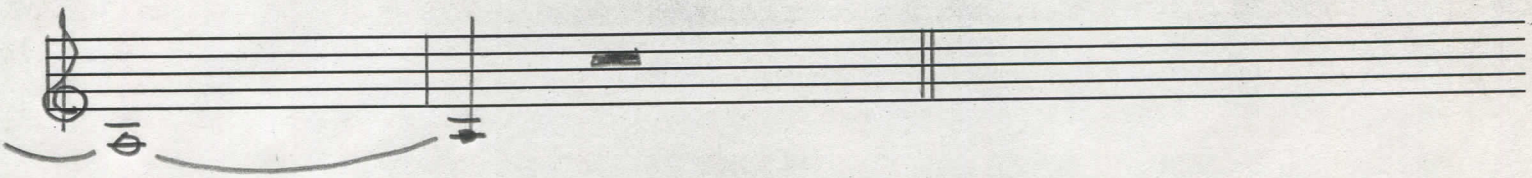
Even while the owl's eyes follow you a- round



The owl's eyes follow you around as you frolic on the codfish



romping in the ground How does it look? Hello? Troll in the brook.



Narrator

(piano tremolo)

Meanwhile, the whole earth shuddered as a gigantic tremor hit the volcano. And the volcano exploded, shooting tons of lava and kitty litter up up up into the air and down down down towards the babbling brook.

(12/8 time)

However, the witch who had made a career of mumbling "We'll all be killed" had forseen all of this, because she was really a soothsayer in disguise. In what under normal circumstances would have been the twinkling of an ear, she ripped off her witch costume so she could get to the prognostication amulets she wore underneath. But, a zipper jammed here, a button stuck there, and she was just having a heck of a time getting out of her get-up.

Finally, though, with the help of isometrics and the occaional bump and grind, she was able to doff the last of her occult raiment.

But -- oh no! Her charms were gone! And so were her clothes. She was naked!

(4/4 time)

The fairy godfather noticed this at once and, not wanting to wait around for an explanation, kicked off his high heels and fled towards the nearby forest. But in his hurry, he tripped and fell sprawling on the brown mountain-turned-volcano.

And you know what happened? Just like that, it turned into a gigantic watermelon! And at the same time, all the lava and kitty litter -- which was due to rain down upon the babbling brook at any second -- turned into watermelon seeds!
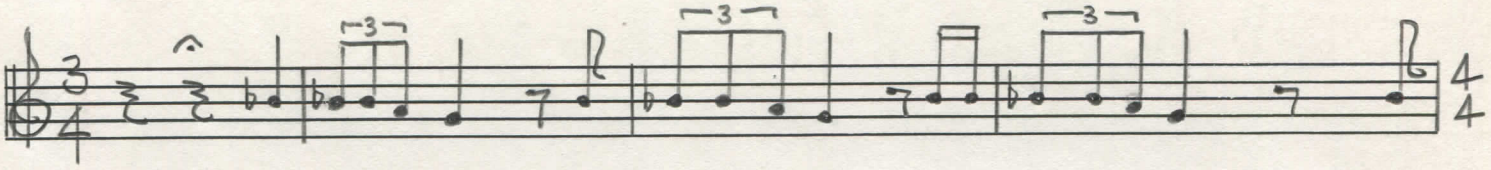
Inadvertantly, the fairy godfather had saved them all from a fate worse than death. Um, almost. You see, moments later, the whole area was troll-high in watermelon seeds. And shortly thereafter, the area was fairy godfather-high in watermelon seeds. And it wasn't very long before the whole area surrounding the babbling brook was completedly buried in watermelon seeds.

And then there was silence. Well, there was NEARLY silence. All those seeds sitting there were bound to make SOME noise. Let's just say it was pretty quiet.
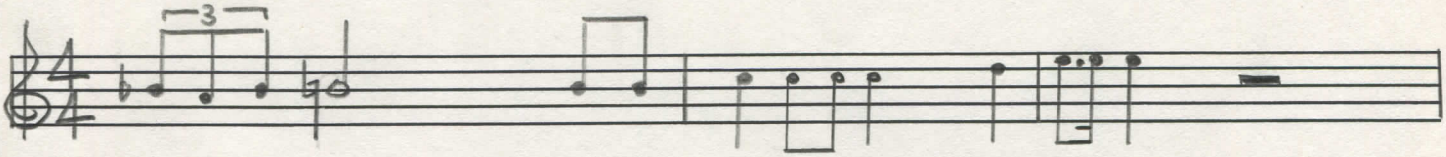
(piano arpeggio)

Suddenly, the pretty quiet was broken by a muffled cry by the fairy godfather from way underneath the watermelon seeds.

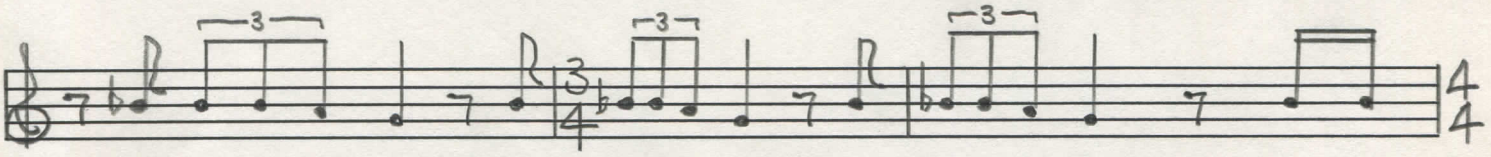
A VOICE
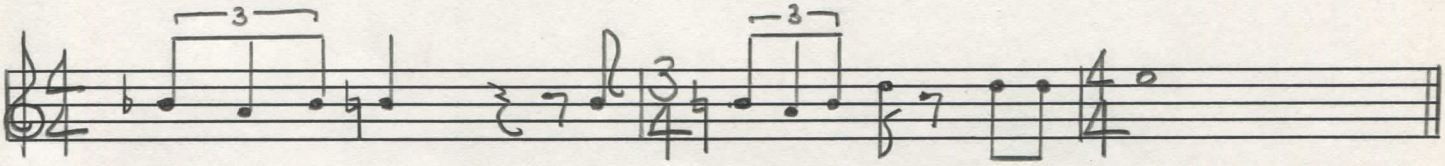


Let everyone fear — This day once a year — If he looks in a mirror — And



sees London Bridge — Or a — reasonable — facsimile



I'll make matters worse — For out of my purse — Will ascend the curse — Which that



damned half-deaf troll (gasp) I'm — losing control Stuck on me!

Narrator

Oh well, Shelley he wasn't. And then, abruptly, there was silence. Even the seeds piped down. Thank goodness.

Pageantino
NO. 1 MEDIUM 12 STAVE