

# The Tale of Stumpy

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live, a little duck was born that the humans named Stumpy.

On a farm not too far from where you

Stumpy wasn't his duck name - I can't pronounce that - but it sounds a little like if you put a clothespin on your tongue and said "choo choo train" while somebody hit you in the back of the head with a pillow.

Stumpy was like any other duck, except that he had a little more duck than the other ducks did.

While most little ducks had two legs, Stumpy was born with four.

On the first day that he could remember, Stumpy woke up in the duck hutch with a whole bunch of other little ducks that looked just like him, except with a little less duck.

Now, little ducks can be mean and they laughed at him

until one duck stepped forward and said, "what are those for?"

Stumpy looked down at his two extra legs and said "I don't know! I just have them!"

"Well, feet are for walking. Maybe you're a really good walker."

And Stumpy said "yeah, maybe I'm a really good walker!"

So all the little ducks, as little ducks do, lined up behind Stumpy and told him to walk. Stumpy took one step and then he took two, but his third and his fourth legs didn't seem like they knew what to do.

And he tripped and the second duck's face went right into his butt, and the third, and the fourth, it was face-butt, face-butt!

For the rest of the day the other ducks didn't talk to Stumpy. They were too busy grumbling and spitting out butt-feathers.

That night all the little ducks huddled around a candle that the farmer had put into a corner of the hutch to keep them warm. But Stumpy wasn't invited, and he sat shivering in a corner. Stumpy sat there and he watched the flame, and the flame watched him and Stumpy was glad that it didn't ask any questions.

And after all the other little ducks went to sleep, the flame started to dance. Stumpy was cold, and not knowing what else to do to keep himself warm, he started to dance with the flame. His little extra legs flopped around a bit and if anyone else had seen him they might have called him silly, but he kept dancing until he was warm enough to go to sleep.

On the second day the farmer took all the little ducks out of the hutch and to a small pond that's very close to where you live.

The same duck came up to Stumpy and said "feet are for swimming, maybe you're a really good swimmer!"

And Stumpy said "yeah! Maybe I'm a really good swimmer!"

But when he got in the water his two extra legs weren't strong enough to swim, and they were heavy and his little head got pulled under the water, and because of Stumpy the farmer had to take all the little ducks home early.

That night the candle was a little bit lower, and Stumpy danced to keep himself warm.

Now, the third day was flying day, and it was worse than both the other days combined. I won't even tell you what happened, but it involved a twig, a pylon, and a very sore duck. By this point, not even the friendly duck wanted to talk to Stumpy.

That night when they were in the middle of getting put back in the hutch, the farmer's wife called the farmer, and he forgot to close the door. The farmer may not have noticed, but something else had.

As the little ducks stared out into the barn, two little greasy eyes stared back at them.

It was the barn weasel! And as he approached, he licked his greasy lips.

All the little ducks huddled around the candle that was so low that it sputtered and fizzle.

"Do something!" they all yelled at each other. Stumpy looked around, and nobody was doing anything...except the flame, which was dancing like crazy.

So Stumpy did the only thing he knew he could do: he danced!

And as he danced, the low flame cast a giant shadow on the wall of the barn, and the weasel saw the giant shadow and became so scared he pooped his weasel pants!

And as he ran out of the barn he made so much noise that the farmer noticed, and came back and closed the hutch. That night, when the candle went out, Stumpy slept with all the other ducks. And kept them warm, hugging them with his extra pair of arms.

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