

Humpty-Dumpty:

A

Fractured Tale

By

Michele L. Hinton

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By: Michele L. Hinton

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~FEAR~

“There is a time to take counsel of your fears, and there is a time to never listen to any fear.” ~**George S. Patton**

“Keep your fears to yourself but share your courage with others.” ~**Robert Louis Stevenson**

“Only thing we have to fear is fear itself.” ~**Franklin D. Roosevelt**

~Courage~

“Courage is not the absence of fear, but rather the judgment that something else is more important than fear.” ~**Meg Cabot**

“Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear - not absence of fear.” ~**Mark Twain**

“Believe you can and you’re halfway there.” ~**Theodore Roosevelt**

Fear and courage walk hand in hand. Let fear keep you cautious of your surrounding, let courage take the lead when there is nothing to fear or something or someone to protect!

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This story is told in two different ways.
Choose which version you want to read
first.

Read one or both!

VERSION 1:
The Short Story

VERSION 2:
The Poem

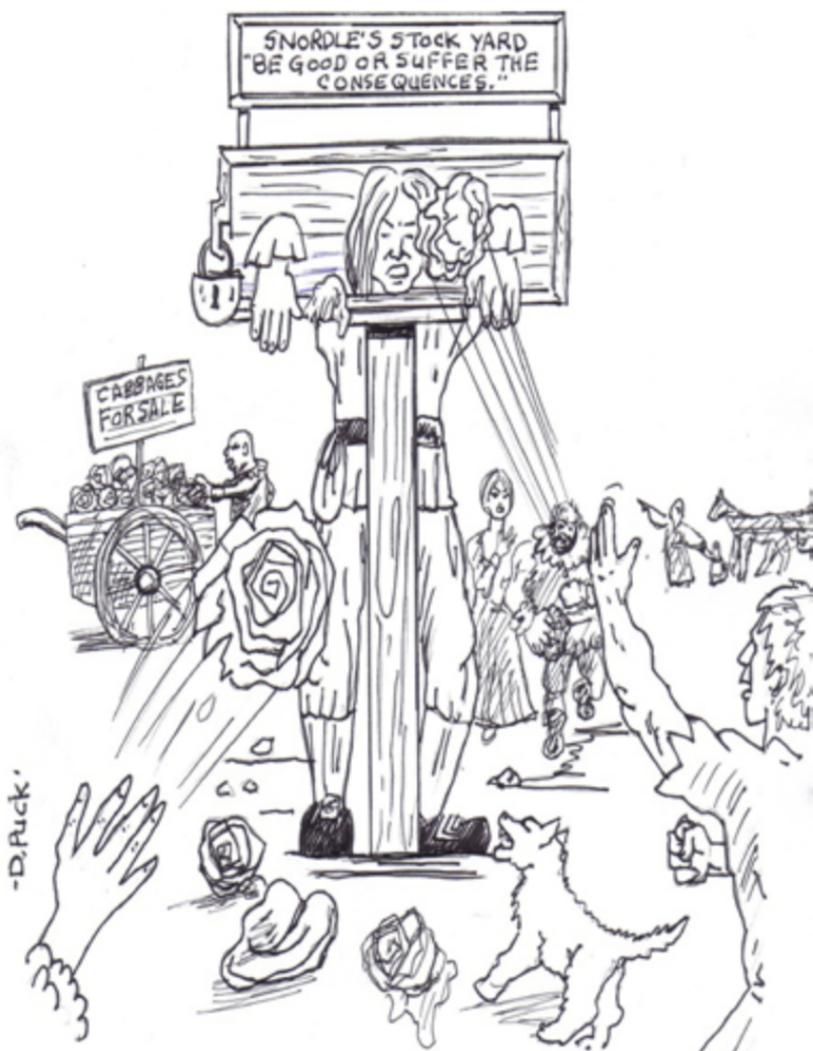
From one of my favorite childhood memories:

Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.

All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

By:
Mother Goose



I was put in the stocks for a few days with the good citizens throwing cabbage heads, rotten tomatoes and a few other vile things at me.

Introduction

Greetings and felicitations to all! The nursery rhyme, Humpty-Dumpty, I'm sure, is known by practically everyone. But as fairy tales and nursery rhymes go, there is generally something that inspired the author to write it. What I am about to reveal is that inspiration for the Humpty-Dumpty rhyme — more or less.

For the sake of protecting the identities of those involved in this story, me in particular, I have changed the names. Why me, you may ask? Because the last time I wrote a story that was printed, it was about the magistrate of my small town. I was put in the stocks¹ for a few days with the good citizens throwing cabbage heads, rotten

1 Stocks - a device used in which a persons' feet or head and hands are immobilized in a public square for punishment and humiliation.

tomatoes and a few other vile things at me that I won't mention. Believe me, it wasn't pleasant. But that's another tale.

This story you are about to read was written by me long ago. I didn't have it published for fear of another trip to the stocks. So I passed the story down to my descendants with explicit instructions not to have it published for at least 100 years or more (including this introduction, which I also wrote in anticipation of such an event). If you are reading this, one of my future relations decided it was print worthy and published it. My bones have long since turned to dust. Who am I? I have always been partial to the name John. That's as good a name as any. So I hereby relinquish all rights to the brave soul who decided to send it to print! Now as all stories begin:

ONCE UPON A TIME...

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Prose Version

Chapter 1

One day, I was walking along the stone wall that circled the township of Snordle. It was a bright and sunny day and everything seemed to be right with my world — for a change.

In the distance, I saw my friend Humpty Dumpty. He was sitting on the wall — his usual haunt — enjoying the fresh air and sunshine as well. Why he liked to sit there, I haven't a clue. Personally, don't think the wall is a very comfortable place to relax, but — each to his own.

As I neared, I raised my hand to wave hello. “Greetings, Humpty!” I shouted. But when



A hand, attached to someone on the other side of the wall, pushed Humpty....

he looked toward me, I noticed the serious expression on his face. I knew something must be wrong. Humpty was rarely without a smile on his face or a song in his heart.

I quickened my pace, but I wasn't swift enough. A hand, attached to someone on the other side of the wall, pushed Humpty and he crashed to the ground.

When I finally reached his side, I looked over the wall and saw his foe running passed the old well. I couldn't make out the culprit as his back was turned, so my attentions were turned back to my friend.

I shook my head. "Poor Humpty, he was a good egg," I said to myself. I just knew he was dead. He cracked his bald head on a rock when he landed.

Suddenly he grabbed my leg. He practically scared me to death, but I was also relieved he was still alive. Startled as I was, I did have the

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presence of mind to take my handkerchief to try and staunch the fluid oozing from his fractured skull.

“Who did this to you?” I asked.

“It was the Boogieman.” His voice was laced with pain. “He’s going after my wife, Bumpty! Please, John, save my Bumpty!”

With those words, Humpty released me and his eyes closed. I checked his breath to make sure he still lived and sighed with relief. He was just unconscious.

I stood and was about to go find help for my friend, when I heard a girl scream, “You’ve killed Humpty Dumpty!”

“I didn’t do it! Humpty still lives!” I shouted back. “He said the Boogieman did it!”

The girl came closer and sighed. “I thought you did it and raised an alarm. Someone has gone for the king’s men. You had better go or they’ll throw you in jail.”