



Aftermath of luckless

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Fable

Chp.1 The “Computer”

It all begins in the life of three mystical beasts named Peter, Panter, Penter and it's definitely hats off to them for being the only trio to invent

‘A computer.’

But it isn't the typical everyday one you see around.

Does it talk? Does it fly? Can it swim?

The dragons will proudly have their pens ready to tick whatever you say.

In fact, golly goodness readers but this will be the most outstanding technological device you ‘might be’ destined to ever meet.

But the ‘A Computer’ has a key problem; it isn't the price, the quality, the speed it can run, or anything at that level.

Apparently, let not be surprised but it is the inability of having the potential to remember any data, and need I not say but the three fiery beasts know that deep in their hearts.

Why? It's just to reduce the production cost...

Chp.2 The announcement

The next snowy summer day, Peter, Panter and Penter each decisively hug humongous boxes full of their custom made computers down to the local city.

The trio drops a plummeting weight of heavy material down on a spot they deem lucky and with the help of a branch stick, composes a table from thin air.

“Hey, everybody! Come and purchase our latest computer for only \$10 dollars, refunds accepted!” echoed Peter the dragon

The echoing phenomenal sounds travel and fades into the busy crowd of the city and soon, fairies dressed in grey army patterned attires surrounds the magical table, walking fishes twists their neck up to the best of their potential for a quick glance, and all indeed are lusted by the beautiful price tag associated with the item.

“Must you demonstrate just how good it is in order to succeed and persuade our suspicious minds,” jeered the commotional crowd who thinks the three sellers and its bargaining \$10 ‘fairy pounds’ are nothing but a delusional delusion.

Thus as others repetitively requests, the three fire breathers, Peter, Panter and Penter each with big wry smile and blossomed cheeks magically busts the card box open with their twig and tests all the features but nothing of the memory itself.

Chp.3 Success?

Very shortly indeed, the trio successfully convinces the crowd and their ‘thin air made’ table of what meant to be stacks and stacks of computers are nothing but baskets and baskets of \$10 ‘fairy pounds.’

Had they never been so proud of themselves after that!

The trio then teleports to the local bank and deposit their admirable wagons of treasury for safekeeping.

But don’t worry readers; they are as intelligent as the calculator itself and here’s why.

The three dragons know that many ‘Wanted Posters’ will appear any sooner or longer displaying their act of deception and not only can they speak; but attached on as an additional ‘capturing attention’ aid are wings that help those flash and soar!

They aren’t the ones you see sticking on a post!

Panter deposited it to his mother’s account so having to avoid those hovering dangers, avoid the intimidating side walkers whilst tip toeing like an ant to the bank themselves is thankfully the last thing on their own bucket

list.

Protests about the memory of the computer they fantasise not, but how to fix the solution?

That night, after the big money jackpot, they dig and dig under the shadows, making a glamorous basement indeed.

And let me tell you this – dang has there never been a basement built so low that even Mount Everest itself cannot imagine.

Chp.4 Serendipity not?

The dragons halted with the selling the next night and that's hats off to the bathtubs of complaints and hatred they gained worldwide.

Even all the sand grains of the planet are no competition to the abundant and superabundant amounts of publicly released talking newspaper, featuring nothing but Peter, Panter and Penter themselves.

On top of that and on top of everything else, the numbers of 'wanted posters' have really been around on their wings lately and indeed begin to circumnavigate the world.

The threesome, among all those 'global attention,' is stuck with nothing but shivers, hyperventilation, and worldwide hatred.

Confidences, they gather none. Scared indeed, they gather some...

...

Delighted with their efforts at least, the trio hides inside their homemade basement and decisively rattles an email with their last unsold computer to Panter's mother.

Obviously requesting her to pick up the money!

After all, what can possibly be suspicious and turn against their way than money that is rightfully in no wanted dragons bank account but 'innocent' mam.

Mother dragon did as the three requests and ecstatically dashes out of the front doorsteps, bringing with her a big black dollar-signed plastic bubbly bag.

She, let me tell you, is trying intensively hard to keep the war of excitement inside her pumping heart, whilst

removing any opportunities to release the slightest shadow of hints between Panter and her relation, an officially wanted dragon to a mother...

Without at all any weird looks from pedestrians throughout her entire 'dash', she triumphantly enters the empty queue of the local bank and ask the cashier, who happens to be a fairy, dressed in grey army patterned attire. For all that is in 'her' bank account.

But the fairy with the grey army patterned attire replies,

"I can't return your money,

I purchased a computer just a day back from three dragons and placing records of bills inside it definitely is a breeze.

Everything actually works perfectly.

But the memory, it's faulty"...

Mother dragon cannot believe her ears, she remained silent for what else can she do!

'Since you placed your 'salaries' seconds after I bought it, I haven't yet enough time to realise its malfunction'.

Very soon after you deposit the cash, I realise it and shuts the bank.

Luckily, this is an urgent issue and no one but you have money inside."

Mam remained calm and understandable on the outside, but inside her scaly skin, she realises that everything is just luckless.

The fairy in the grey army patterned attire currently serving her purchased a computer from Panter who later deposited the bucket of bills.

The fairy placed all their money inside the newly bought device.

Obviously, if every penny they earn is inside the computer and the memory of the faulty technology is planned to not work, then all money they 'earned' is...

Lost...

"If you happen to see these three despicable dragons that look just like the picture on these flying wanted posters, scouting around town, arrest them! Don't let them flee from you!"

"Actually, you do remind me of these three ugly monsters..."

Anyhow, mother dragon, taking your money I dream not, but a solution like this will sadly be a must. I apologise for the inconvenience.”

The deep disappointment in mother’s heart is luckily not as wide as a truck and not as deep as a trench yet it is enough for her to leave the scene, weeping...

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