



Tales of King Ah-Who

Kelly Easter

Fable

Tales of King Ah-Who

By Kelly Easter

Do you believe in fairy tales, I surely hope that you do, for this is one of many tales about a boy and his rock, King Ah-Who.

The boy loved living with his grandma; sometimes they would play all day. Once they were playing in a large open field when the boy heard something say, “Hey little boy, please be my friend and I’ll tell you a story or two. I’m a small, blue rock that’s right by your foot, and my name is King Ah-Who.”

“Ah-What?” asked the boy as he looked at the ground and could not believe his ears. “It’s Ah-Who, pick me up quick, here comes your grandma and I am not for her to hear!”

The boy’s grandma’s ears, for an old lady were extremely keen. He knew that she’d heard him talking but he’d hoped that she hadn’t seen.

“What did you say my dear Sweet Pea? Did you find something you wished for me to see?” The boy hated lying to his grandma and he had to think and make it quick. For he’d just found a blue, talking rock, who’d believe such a thing, was it a trick?”

“No grandma, I have nothing, nothing at all to hide. If you don’t mind, we should go home now, I’d much rather be inside.”

The boy then shoved King Ah-Who into his pocket really quick, but his grandma knew that he’d told a lie. So, the time out chair is where the boy would sit, talking with his rock to make the time go by.

The boy sat in the corner on the hard wooden chair and whispered “King Ah-Who, are you there?” “Of course I

am boy, don't you see me? I know I'm just a rock, but I am also a King, and I'll tell you how I came to be."

"I was a boy King in a faraway land who had an old lady to tell me stories, it was her niche. But when her stories grew old and I added twists of my own, I found the lady to be a witch. She said that telling stories was her job and I'd better stop or it would be something to regret. I didn't believe her and told my stories anyway for I was King Ah-Who and I didn't believe her threat!

I woke up one morning and found myself floating in the middle of the sea. I'd been turned into a rock and cast into the ocean by the witch, poor me! Never again would I see my kingdom, my people, nor my family. Being shuffled from people's pockets to pockets seems to be my destiny."

"But King Ah-Who", asked the boy who was a bit confused. "If you were a King, you could have banished the witch and told her that her services you'd no longer use."

"Look kid, who's telling this story? I've got many more stories up my sleeve, but if you keep interrupting and asking silly questions, I won't say another word, and I'll just leave!"

"Were you really a King and if so, what land did you rule?" "Hey kid, I'm telling the stories around here, so be cool!"

The boy began to doubt King Ah-Who and for a rock, he was bold. How could a rock possibly speak, was he going crazy and what about the tales he told? The boy's grandma asked the boy who he was talking to. He lifted the rock he'd found in the field and said, "Grandma, meet King Ah-Who!"

"Ah-What?" asked grandma with a confused look on her face as she looked closely at the rock. "Ah-Who" said the boy, "and it can talk, watch, you're in for a shock!"

"Ah-Who, speak to me" said the boy, and he waited for a reply while the rock sat in the palm of his hand. But Ah-Who said nothing, and simply ignored the little boy's command. The boy's grandma smiled, patted his head, and told him his punishment was done. The boy jumped from the chair and ran outside to go sit on the porch in the sun.

"King Ah-Who, what's wrong with you? I thought you were my friend?"

"I've told you young boy that she's not to hear me, what part did you not understand? Though my name is truly King Ah-Who, a King I am not. I've not always been the color blue but I've always been a rock. I come from a long line of boulders, rocks, and stones but when my family realized I could only talk; by my family I was disowned."

“My brother and father could grant wishes and make people’s dreams come true, my mother told the future, but talking was all I could do. My father belonged to the king of the land and my mother to the queen, and for a short while I belonged to the prince who treated me really mean. He’d take me outside and toss me around and pounded me with sticks. He’d yell and scream at the top of his lungs “Be quiet dumb rock and do some tricks!” I tried and tried as hard as I could to grant a wish or two, but as my grandma Boulder use to always say, “To thine own self be true.” So, I stopped trying to impress the prince which caused quite a commotion. For all I could do was tell stories so he threw me into the ocean.”

The boy stared at the rock as the day turned to dusk which would bring on the evening slumber. He ate dinner with his grandma, got dressed for bed, and laid there and wondered. He wondered how such a beautiful, blue rock could come so far all alone. He imagined all of the cool stories he could tell, he thought himself lucky to have found such a stone.

“King Ah-Who, I love you, and I promise to never throw you away. I’ll keep you forever and take care of you if you promise to tell me a new story every day.”

The rock was so pleased to have finally found a home and someone to appreciate him telling a tale a day. He thanked the boy for promising to keep him and so he started his new story “Once upon a time, in a land far away...”

The End

Read more fairy tales on Fairytalez.com