



# *The Broken King*

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Retold Fairy Tales

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Here is a story of corruption, deceit, and the hatching of a plot.

Back to the longest of ago, there was a cruel king. Beneath an ever-cracking shell, his fury would boil until it was hard and almost impenetrable. It was a fury that made his subjects scramble to their work, whitened with the fear of being fried by its unforgiving gaze. Poaching unfortunates from the townsfolk for even a whisper of critique, the king was a power-mad paranoid with an oozing yellow heart. Indeed, King Humptous Dumptous was a bad egg.

This was all until General Toast of the King's Men Battalion spoke more than just a whisper. To many, his position in the Dumptous hierarchy would seem one of advantage. However, the truth was that Toast had been burnt by the King's cruelty more than most. At the mercy of Dumptous, Toast was left feeling nothing but a crust of who he once was. Toast was truly done. Some would even say overdone. Yet, for an uncountable age, he kept this suffering jarred up; Toast could not afford to have it spread across his face.

However, that all changed on one momentous day. It all started in the morning, when Toast popped up with an idea. An idea that would truly crack the foundations of his society. As ambitious as it was, Toast didn't hesitate to spill the beans on his soldiers. He trusted them dearly. Though their rank was a quarter of Toast's, the soldiers were his loyal friends.

There and then, the plot was hatched. The plot that would see the fall of Humptous Dumptous...

At dawn, the King would wake and walk along the grand palace wall to watch the sunrise. A daily routine, Humptous always found that seeing the sunny side up would ready him for breakfast. However, unfortunately for Dumptous, a routine is defined by its repetition and repetition can become predictable. And such predictable repetition meant that Toast and indeed the soldiers of Toast knew exactly how they'd find their egg in the morning.

From the far end of the palace, they spied Humptous Dumptous sat on the wall. A shared gritting of teeth was felt with them all. Years of oppression since they were in cots, and now the rotter responsible was in a free-range shot.

The task was raised to Toast to take down the crown. And the crown he did take, with a blow to the head. And straight through it went.

Now, this is where plot comes into play. For the wound was clear and Humptous' head was now a cracking. Surely Toast was toast. Yet, this crack merely incited the cracking to come. For the palace's wall was so great and high. And surely a great wall could only mean a great fall.

And a great fall it was. For seconds, the late Humptous flipped in the air. Until the ground broke the fall and the fall broke him. In many pieces, King Dumptous did lay. The perfect assassination, wouldn't you say? For, what appeared simply a great fall, had in fact covered up a great shot.

They broke that king, did all the King's Men. And ensured they couldn't put Humptous together again.

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