

A RE-TOLD TALE -
ROBINSON CRUSOE, FRIDAY AND A
SLEEPING BEAUTY

GARY FIELD
BETWEEN
THE BIRDS
.ORG
7/30/12

(1-5)

ROBINSON CRUSOE AWOKES WITH A GROAN,
ANOTHER DAY SPENT ALONE ON THE ISLE.
HE SCRATCHED HIS BEARD, AMAZED AT HOW IT'D GROWN.
HE HADN'T BATHED OR SHAVED IN QUITE A WHILE

FRIDAY AVOIDED HIM FOR A SEASON,
HE HAD TO CLEAR HIS HEAD, TAKE TIME TO THINK,
TRY TO WRAP HIS MIND AROUND A REASON,
BUT SOMETHING LIVING CARRIED SUCH A STINK.

SLEEPING BEAUTY WAS STILL UNDER A SPELL,
THOUGH SHE COULDN'T MOVE, HER MIND WAS INTACT.
SHE HAD BEEN LEFT HIDDEN THERE IN THAT CLEFT -
WHEN SHE AWOKES, SHE'D HAVE THAT OLD WITCH WHACKED

FRIDAY AND CRUSOE WENT TO PICK SOME FRUIT,
AND UNEXPECTEDLY CAME FACE TO FACE.
THEY BOTH AWOKE THERE, DEAF, DUMB, FUNKY AND MUTE
AS TIME STOOD STILL, THEIR HEARTS BEGAN TO RACE

A BIRD CHIRPED, CRUSOE GURPED, AND FRIDAY SNIORTED,
EVEN SLEEPING BEAUTY LET OUT A SNEEZE.
THEY BOTH SAW HER THERE AND WERE TRANSPORTED,
BY THEIR OWN RAPSIDIC REVELRIES.

"I SAW HER FIRST, SHE'S MINE!" SAID ROBINSON,
FRIDAY SAID, "YOU MUST HAVE LOST YOUR MIND.
SHE'S FROZEN STIFF AS A MANNEQUIN,
BUT I MUST ADMIT, SHE'S MIGHTY FINE."

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(2-5)

SLEEPING BEAUTY HEARD THE ARGUMENT,
AND SHE COULDN'T HELP BUT GET EXCITED
BUT ONE OF THEM COULD USE DEODORANT,
OR HIS 'LOVE' WOULD WIND UP UNREQUITED.

"WELL - WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FIGURE SOMETHING OUT
SAID ROBINSON, SLYLY STROKING HIS BEARD.
"A CONTEST, ONE WINNER - WOULD LEAVE NO DOUBT
LET THE BEST MAN WIN." HE SAID AS HE SNEERED

FRIDAY WAS YOUNG, BUT HE WAS NOBODY'S FOOL,
THE OLD MAN LOOKED TO BE PRETTY SHREWD.
SLY AS A FOX, AND LUNKY AS A MULE,
HE'D HAVE TO THINK QUICK TO OUTDO HIS DADA

"THAT WHIPPERSNAPPER DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE,"
THOUGHT CRUSOE AS HE PLOTTED AND SCHEMED.
THIS DAY WILL END WITH A CRUSOE ROMANCE,
AND FRIDAY NIGHTS LIKE THE ONES HE HAD DREAMED

THE BEAUTY LAY THERE WITH MIXED EMOTIONS,
SHE HAD FIGURED OUT THE CAUSE OF THAT SMELL.
CRUSOE HAD OLD ENGLISH GATHING NOTIONS -
WITH HIM AS 'PRINCE' LIFE WOULD BE LIVING HELL.

"LET'S JUST HAVE A RACE AROUND THE ISLE -
THE FIRST ONE BACK GETS TO KISS THE BEAUTY"
SAID CRUSOE, TRYING HARD NOT TO SMILE.
HIS SCHEMING WOULD WIN THAT SWEET FATOOTIE.

(3-5)

WELL, HE WAS BORN AT NIGHT, BUT NOT LAST NIGHT
AND FRIDAY SENSED THAT IT WAS PART OF A TRICK,
BUT HE WOULDN'T BE RUDE OR IMPOLITE;
THOUGH FUNKY, HAIRY DUDE WAS PRETTY SLICK.

"HOW WOULD I KNOW THAT YOU WENT ALL AROUND?
ASKED FRIDAY, LOOKING HIM RIGHT IN THE EYES.
"WHY, AS AN ENGLISHMAN, I'M HONOR BOUND.
I'M NOT SOME 'PAGAN NATIVE' THAT TELLS LIES.

NOW - OF COURSE FRIDAY FELT INSULTED,
BUT HE BIT HIS TONGUE AND SHOWED SOME RESPECT.
HE KNEW NOTHING GOOD WOULD HAVE RESULTED,
FROM TRADING BARBS WITH THAT OLD DEREGOT.

"WELL IF YOU SET OUT IN ONE DIRECTION,
THEN I WOULD HAVE TO RUN THE OTHER WAY.
WE'LL CROSS PATHS, SO THERE'LL BE NO OBJECTION,
THAT WOULD ASSURE THAT THERE'LL BE NO FOUL PLAY."

FRIDAY SAW THE LOGIC - BUT WAS IT ~~THE~~ FAIR?
IT ALMOST GUARANTEED THAT HE WOULD WIN.
CRUSOE WAS READY FOR A ROCKING CHAIR
HE COULDN'T WAIT FOR THE RACE TO BEGIN.

THE LOVELY LADY LAID THERE QUITE AWARE,
THAT CRUSOE MUST HAVE HAD SOME KIND OF PLAN.
THE THOUGHT OF HIM WINNING GAVE HER A SCARE,
A SOUL FUNK WAS RISING FROM THAT MAN.

(4-5)

"OKAY, WE'LL START OFF ON THE COUNT OF THREE. THE FIRST ONE BACK GETS TO KISS THE BEAUTY. THE BEST MAN WILL WIN - I'M SURE YOU AGREE - TO THE VICTOR GOES THE 'SPOILS AND BOOTY'."

AT THE COUNT OF 3, FRIDAY HIT THE BEACH. - HE WAS DETERMINED HE WOULD WIN THE PRIZE. HE WOULD REFUSE TO LOSE TO THAT OLD LEECH, SO HE TOOK OFF JUST LIKE THE EAGLE FLIES.

CRUSOE TOOK A FEW STEPS - THEN STOPPED AND LAUGHED. THINGS WERE GOING JUST AS HE'D PLANNED. THAT WHIPPERSNAPPER WAS PLUMB DUMB AND DRAFT, NOT FLEET OF FOOT - HE'D KEPT THE UPPER HAND.

CRUSOE APPROACHED THE SLEEPING CUTIE, AND SAW AN APPLE - STILL CLUTCHED IN HER HAND. BRIGHT RED AND DELICIOUS, A REAL RIPE BEAUTY, THE FAIREST APPLE IN ALL THE LAND.

HE PUT THE APPLE IN HIS POCKET. LATER ON, HE'D HAVE TIME FOR A SNACK. FRIDAY HAD TAKEN OFF LIKE A ROCKET, BUT HE'D BE WAITING THERE WHEN HE GOT BACK.

HE TOOK HIS SECRET TRAIL ACROSS THE ISLE, AND WAITED THERE AT THE HALFWAY MARK. BEFORE FRIDAY SHOWED IT WOULD BE A WHILE. HE'D HAVE THAT BEAUTY BEFORE IT GOT DARK.

(5-5)

FRIDAY WAS MAKING GOOD TIME ON THE BEACH. HE THOUGHT THE RACE WAS AS GOOD AS WON. THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS WOULD SOON BE IN REACH. SOON FRIDAY'S BEST NIGHT WOULD HAVE BEGUN.

CRUSOE KNEW SO SURELY THAT HE HAD WON, THAT HE KICKED BACK TO HAVE HIS LITTLE SNAKE. SOON HIS ISLE WOULD BE ELYSIUM. HE PICTURED 'BEAUTY' GRACING HIS OLD SHACK.

HE SAW THE APPLE WAS MISSING A BITE, BUT HE HAD NO IDEA ABOUT THE CURSE - WHEN HE BIT IT, HE WAS OUT LIKE A LIGHT... WHICH IS GOOD BECAUSE IT RHYMES WITH THIS VERSE.

WHEN FRIDAY PASSED HIM, HE WAS JUST ASLEEP, WITH THE APPLE NOW CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND. IT SERVED HIM RIGHT FOR BEING SUCH A CREEP, HE'D HAVE THE 'UPPER-HAND' IN LA-LA LAND.

WHEN FRIDAY MADE HIS WAY BACK TO THE DELL, SLEEPING BEAUTY LAID THERE HOLDING HER BREATH. IF IT WERE CRUSOE, SHE DREADED THE SMELL, A KISS FROM HIM WOULD BE THE KISS OF DEATH.

BUT...

BEAUTY WAS IN FOR A PLEASANT SURPRISE, BECAUSE OF WHO IT WAS ON THAT BY-WAY. A TENDER KISS AND SHE OPENED HER EYES, LOOKED UP AND SAID, "PHEW! THANK GOD - IT'S FRIDAY!"
AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.