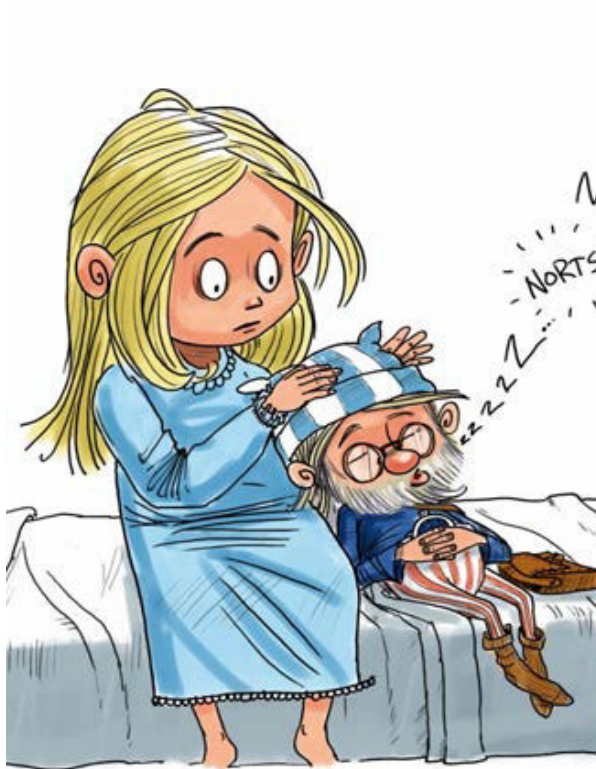


# Good Folk



This time the Sandman was as pleased as Punch. He had half of the tale figured out in his head already.

„Hi Marilyn!“

„Hello! Why are you so happy today?“

„You know, I’m beginning to feel like a real hotshot.“

„What does it mean?“ asked Marilyn.

„Well, it means that if I keep on messing around with you, I will be a proper writer soon enough.“

„Absolutely,“ Marilyn agreed. „Keep it coming!“

The Sandman put on an important face and kept silent for a while, just to look more important. Finally he began.

„Good folk are hard to find – like looking for a needle in a haystack,“ my Granny told me when I was still a child. „And the best of folk live in the countryside. Those city slickers have all gone too high and mighty.“

I was just a small Sandman and decided to go look for them, these good folk. I brought a box of matches with me as well.“

„What for?“ asked Marilyn.

„So that I could see the good folk, of course.

If they're has hard to find as a needle in a haystack, you need to light a match to see them if it happens to be dark.“

„True, that makes sense,“ Marilyn nodded.

„After walking for a long time, I reached farmhouse at the edge of the forest and knocked on the door. No one came to open. They must have been working in the field or somewhere. I thought that I would wait for them and decided to lie down in the haystack in the barn. I was thinking about this and that while smelling the hay and finally fell asleep.

Once I finally opened my eyes, everything was dark.

„Is it really night time already?“ I thought. I took the matches from my pocket and lit one. I couldn't see any needles or good folk, just hay. I strained my eyes and looked around me – there was nobody. The fire started burning my fingers and I had to throw away the match. It fell into the hay and, boy, was there a huge flame coming up! Holy cow! I ran away as fast as I could and couldn't stop until I had reached a safe distance from the farm.



Then I took a look over my shoulder, and what did I see – the barn had gone up in flames and the house was soon to be caught on fire.

Everything burnt down shockingly fast. I suppose the good folk must have burnt down with it.“

„That’s enough!“ Marilyn interrupted him angrily. „This is not a silly story or a bedtime story but starts to sound like a horror story!“

„Hold on,“ the Sandman tried to save the day. „I’m not finished yet!“

The Sandman tried very hard to come up with a happy ending to his story but this wasn’t easy at all.

„Well, I went back to see what had happened. I was just reaching the burnt house when I heard horrible shouting and screaming. And there they came, the entire family of good folk. They came closer, examined the house that had burnt down and examined me; then once again the house and then me.

And then it started! The father came up to me and threw a punch at me so hard that even the bad folk would have been green with envy.

Then the three sons stepped in and started whacking me!



I've never been beaten up so bad in my entire life, not beforehand or later.

I did try to explain that I was the Sandman and still young and stupid. But do you think they listened? In the end, the mother hit me hard with a tablecloth and I was left wondering how I was still alive after all this.“

Marilyn started to feel sorry for the Sandman and stroked his head very gently.

The Sandman was so into his story himself that he almost started sobbing.

„I will never go try and find any good folk with matches,“ he said decisively and snorted. „Sometimes also good folk can beat you up real good...“

There was no way Marilyn could fall asleep after hearing such tale so the Sandman had to sprinkle dream sand into her eyes once again.

„Sweet dreams, good girl.“ He stroked Marilyn's blonde hair and then fell asleep himself. In the end he was exhausted of making up all the stories.







**The End**