



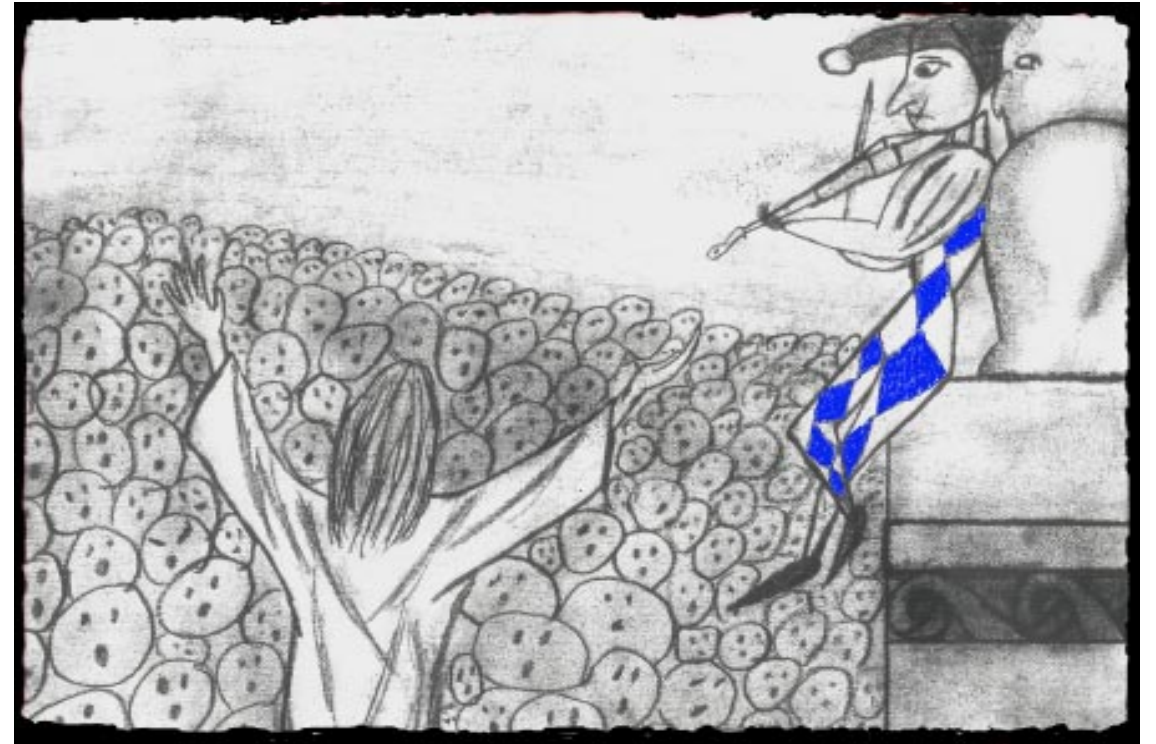
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The Blue Chequered Harlequin



Story and Illustrations

by

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There once was an outcast,
a bufoon, a clown,
An unusual undesirable
in a typical town.





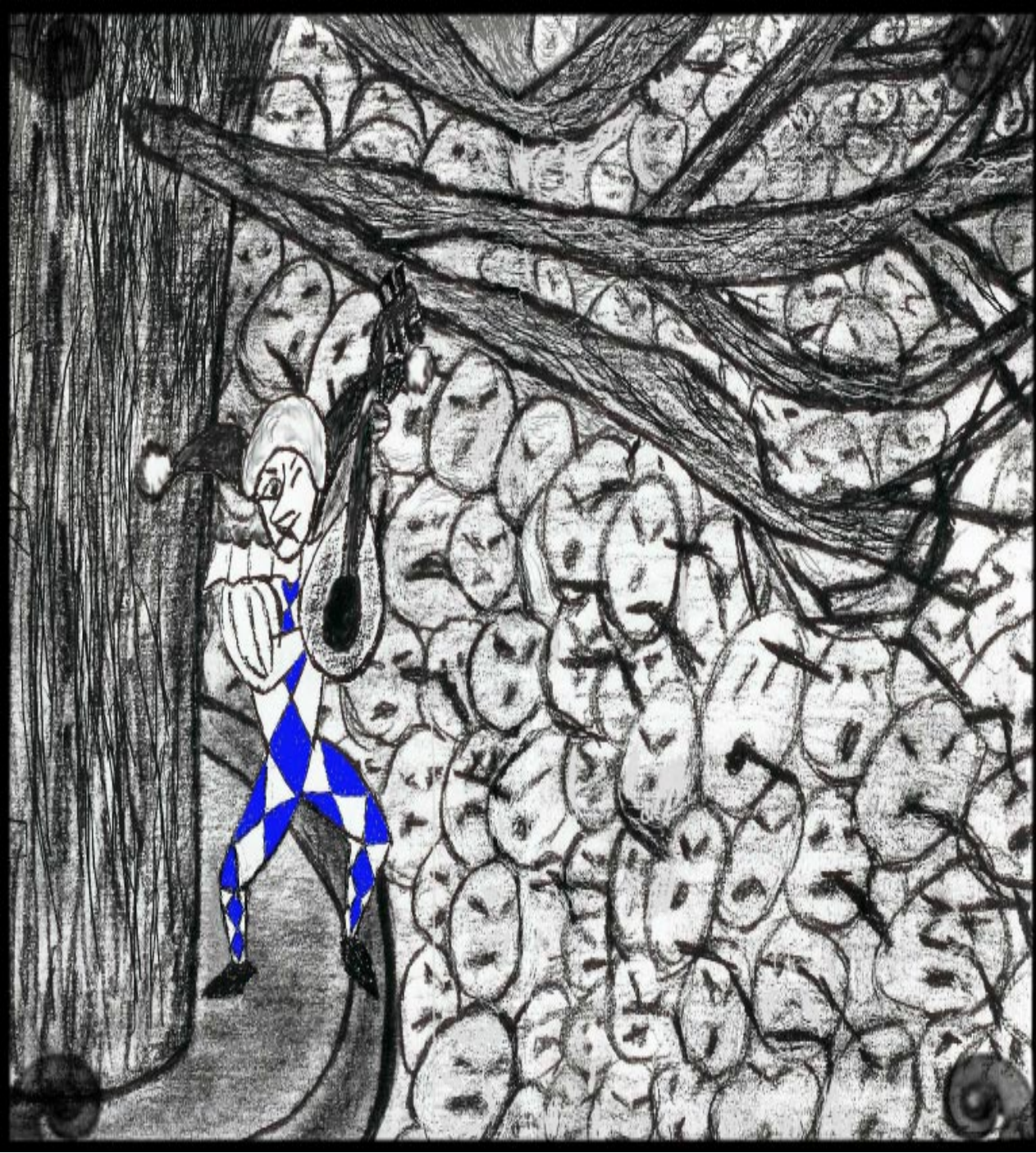
He was not well respected, and not very tall.
In fact, he was really nothing at all.
People would laugh, poke fun at him too.
He became a sad harlequin, all chequered in blue.
But he was a man of many talents,
This clown all chequered in blue.
He played many instruments,
The list is long, so I'll just name a few...

He played the, trombone,
the saxophone, xylophone,
drums, bass, guitar,
Pan pipe, bagpipes, banjo,
cello, harmonica, harp,
harpsichord, piano,

trumpet, French horn,
tin whistle, bassoon,
clarinet, coronet,
accordion, kazoo, ukulele,
fiddle, flute, lute, and
mandolin.



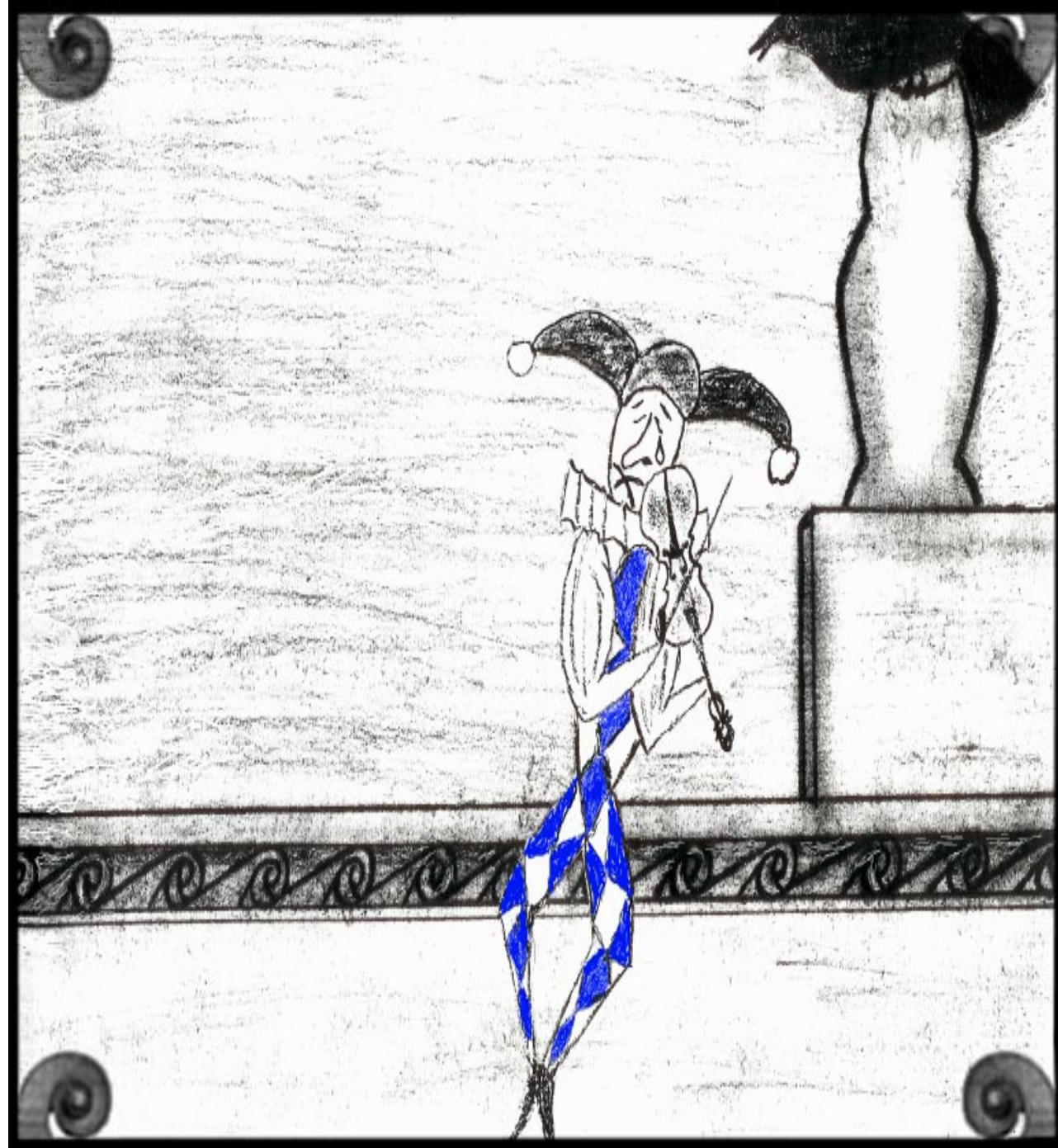
On a fine spring day,
The first day of May,
He played a tune on the fiddle
As he stood in the middle
Of the little country town.
Then he put his fiddle down,
And played a flute with soft sound
As people gathered around.



Next, on that fine day in the spring,
He played a tune on the lute.
The people asked, "Why don't you sing?"
He couldn't sing, for you see, he was a mute.

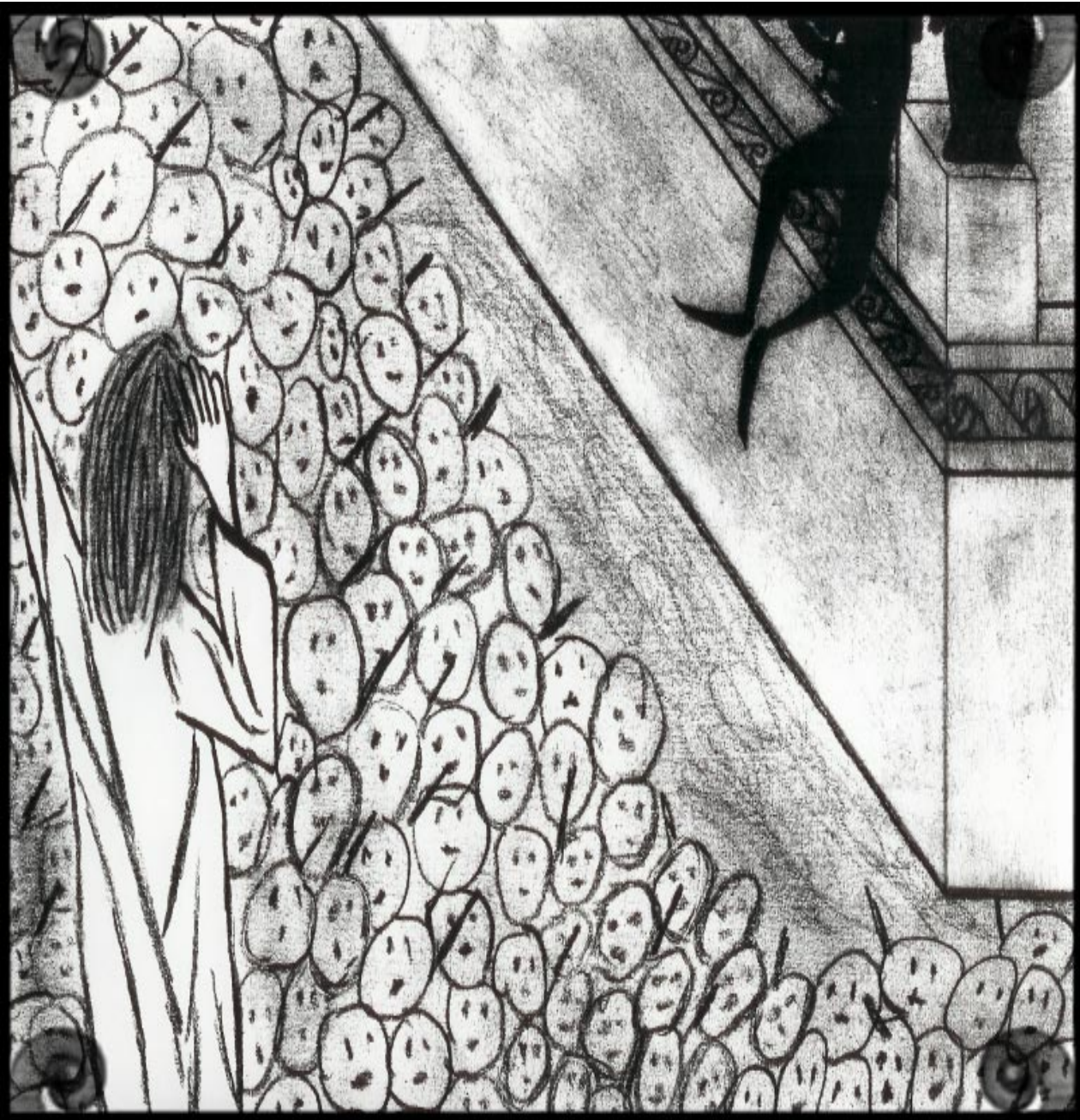
All he could do was to stand there silent.
The crowd began to hiss, and boo.
They cried, "Answer, or we'll be violent,
And we'll throw stones and things at you!"

Thus they mocked the chequered elf,
They made him feel weak and meek.
The poor Harlequin could not defend himself,
For not a word could he speak.
It seemed he was really nothing at all
So he sadly played as he sat on the wall.

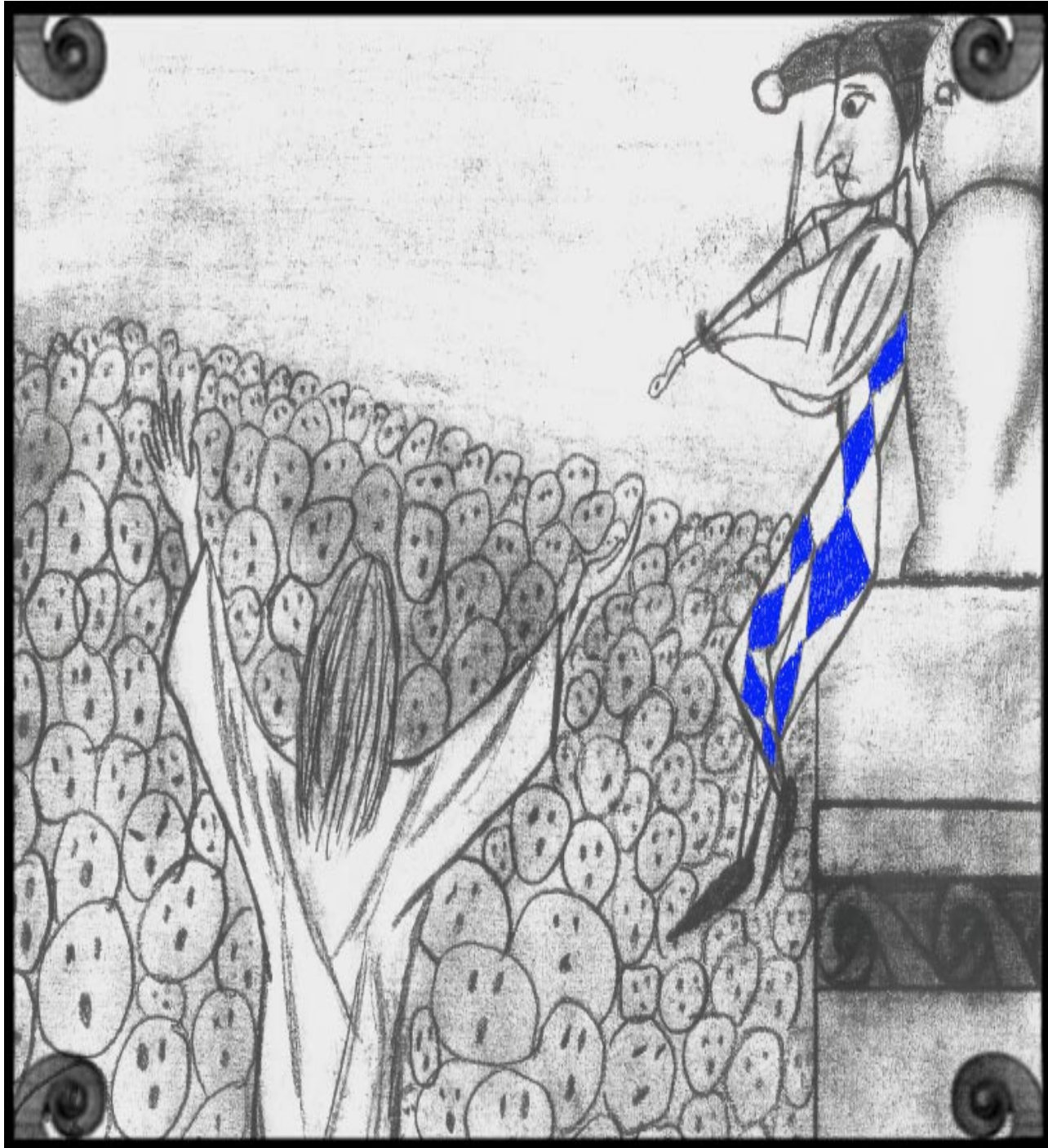


But then one day there came their way
A man who needed a place to stay.
This man who was travelling the world 'round,
Decided to stop in this town he had found.
A learned man, noble and wise,
He could see through any disguise.
He soon replaced their smiles and cheers,
With gaping jaws and open ears.
Amazed by his words of wisdom,
They did sit and listen.





The Wise Man paused and turned his tired ear.
He said, "What is that I hear?!"
Attention shifted of to the side
After a moment, the people replied,
"Oh, you mean that violin?
That's the Blue-chequered Harlequin.
He is really nothing at all
He just sits and plays on the wall."



He was amazed by what he had heard,
A beautiful sound without a word.
Straight to the Harlequin the Wise Man went.
He exclaimed, "Why this musician is magnificent!!"

The people didn't get it.
The Harlequin had no credit.
They said, "He's so worthless and weak...
He's just a mute, a clown, a freak!!!"

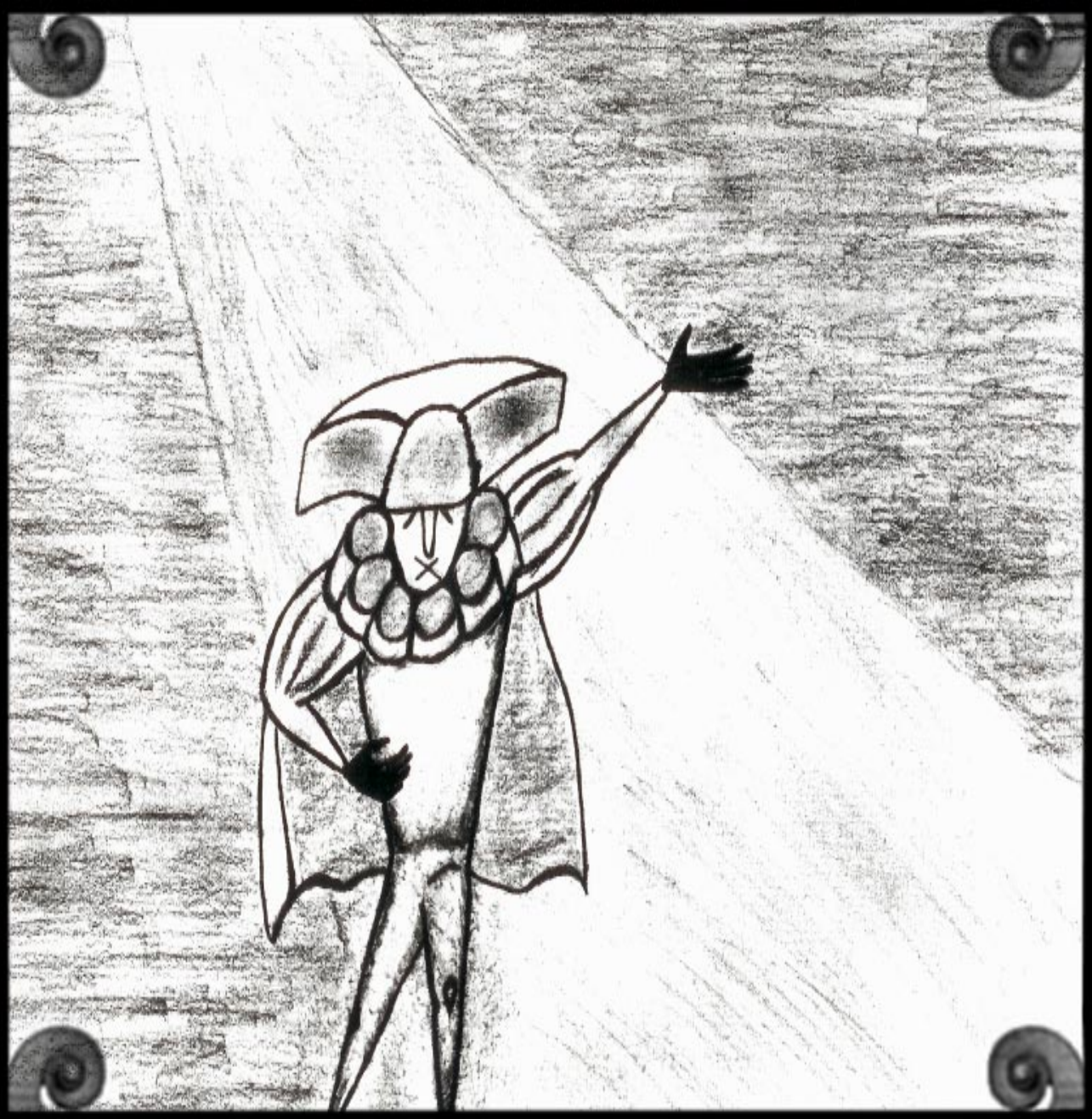
The Wise Man just stood and sighed,
He looked at them and replied,
"Why...because he cannot verbally speak?
This is a man of great technique!"



“He is a man, still, and one of great skill!
If no one else will admit it, then I certainly will!”
The people stood stupified,
After a pause...they replied,
“We refused to let him in,
This Blue-chequered Harlequin...
We thought he was weird so off he was sent.
He does seem to have tremendous talent.
We used to think he was nothing at all,
But he is really something after all!”



And so the people gathered 'round
As the Wise Man left the town.
The people couldn't help but grin.
They now loved the Harlequin.
He no longer felt sad and blue,
And the people finally got a clue
As they finally seemed to see the light.
The chequers faded from the Harlequin's tights.



And so a new career would begin
For the Blue-chequered Harlequin.

So for if for these words you have a sight,
I will end this story right.

From that day on he was was hight
The Marvelous,
Magnificent,
Musician in White.

The End