

Herbert and the Magic Eggs

a UEB braille story

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Once upon a time, there was a young mouse whose name was Herbert. One day, Herbert, who always thought about wanting to go off by himself for the afternoon, declared that today would be different. According to Herbert, he needed to be quick to get across the road to his favorite hiding spot. Rather than risking all the people driving along the highway, he had a brilliant idea. He decided to tunnel beneath the road in order to reach the place where his friend would meet him. She called herself Spirit Stella, and she was Herbert's best friend. When they played together, as children do, they imagined all sorts of strange sounds, deceiving themselves into believing that beyond the distant mountains, a voice said, "Lord Herbert, you are just a little bit behind your part in receiving quite enough questions. Your knowledge is not already so great that you cannot arrive between the hills to the magic castle!"

Herbert immediately sat down beside Stella, but before he could begin to cry, she said, "You know, Herbert, you are still a child. Your mother will work with you every day so you receive everything you need to reach the castle: science, either geography or geometry; also, although they should teach beyond the letters that seem useless, they do know as much as myself about so many other things! Don't deceive yourself, Herbert, you're already almost through those subjects that you need for your quest."

Herbert (against his conscience) replied to Stella, "It's useless. My father was even declaring, 'my son can do no good unless he reaches the castle, collects the magic eggs, and does the rejoicing dance tomorrow.' So, I will have to go out tonight into the world. This is the only right way that the magic will renew itself. Perhaps you would come with me?"

"I'd like that, Herbert," said Stella, after some thought. We should do whatever is necessary, and afterward, we'll come altogether again from the wonderful castle to your house, although by the time we arrive under

the cover of darkness, **neither** of **us** will be able to see; we'll be so **blind** we **must** find our way by **braille!**"

"**Shall** we **depart**, then?" asked Herbert, and Stella nodded. **This** is the way **their** path **led**: **first**, **below** the **forest**, **under** tall trees, then **above** these crazy large boulders **such** as did not even have a **name**. Stella herself, **because** she had **more words** than Herbert, could **conceive** of a compliment to be **paid** to the boulders, but Herbert, was only **perceiving** the rumble in his tummy.

"We need a **ration** given to **us**," he complained. "One which we **ourselves** can **affect** to eat as we walk. That would at least accomplish **its** purpose **here.**"

Stella replied to **him**, "It's a **pity** your **character** is so weak that you're thinking more about your stomach than **conceiving** a name for these rocks! One should tell **oneself**, or maybe **thymself** that it's no **illusion** we **were here**—wait!"

"What?" asked a bewildered Herbert.

"I **perceive** that these enormous rocks, which you would have passed, are really our castle! We have arrived!"

"Oh, let's **rejoice!**" **bubbled** Herbert. "You get the magic eggs, and I'll get some eggs for eating."

So they did and ran **joyfully** back home to Herbert's dad with the magic eggs.

The end.

*Note: all UEB contractions were used, **in Bold**, but not all punctuation or numbers were used.*

