

Lonny Longfoot

*By Marilyn Reeves*

Once upon a time, the evil Queen Wickedeade had her heart set on having Sir Harry Longfoot as her Consort, as he was the handsomest and bravest knight in all the land. But on the day she invited him to tea and told him of her plan, Sir Harry said humbly, "I beg pardon, Ma'am, but I cannot marry thee. For I am already wed to the fair-haired Junalee."

"What?" screeched the queen. "How dare you defy me? I am your Monarch, and you must obey me!"

"A thousand pardons, Your Highness, but you see, my fair Junalee is with child already. She soon will give birth to our very first baby."

"Well, we'll just see about that, won't we?" said the queen with a treacherous grin. "You are dismissed for now, but you haven't heard the last from me."

After he left, the queen brewed up a potion, with spiders and snakes and a long-footed frog, and let it all steep for a while. Then she poured the broth into an old wine bottle and set out on her journey, wearing an evil smile.

She told her carriage driver to take her to the home of Sir Harry Longfoot and his fair-haired Junalee. They traveled o'er hill and dale till they came to the village where the Longfoots lived in their cottage. She got out of the carriage, carrying the bottle with its poisonous potion inside. The queen rapped on the door until Junalee appeared, and indeed she was great with child.

"How do, my dear?" said the queen, pasting on her most benevolent smile. "Although you don't know me, I'm a friend of your husband, Sir Harry. He tells me you'll soon have a son, and I have brought you something to help you along. Drink a dram of this potion along with each meal until you have drunk it all gone."

"Oh, thank you, my lady, but won't you come in and sit down?"

"No, dearie, I must be going. I have an appointment in a neighboring town."

Junalee gave birth to an odd looking son. He looked normal in every way, except that his feet were quite long. In fact, the length of his feet and the length of his legs were the same!

"I guess that's where the name Longfoot must come from," said Junalee.

"Perhaps, but his feet are like nothing I've seen!" cried Harry.

They did their best to hide their son's deformity, although it was quite difficult to hide such an enormity. But they loved him anyway, and decided to call him Lonny.

When he reached his full height poor Lonny was only five feet tall, and his feet were so long that they flopped out in front of him. But when he stood on tiptoe, those feet were like stilts and he towered over all those around him.

Then one day he encountered the queen. "Ah, I see you're the son of Harry Longfoot. It must be hard for you, being so short," said she, as she cackled with malevolent glee. Lonnie stood on his toes and she got such a start that her heart gave a jolt and she died right there on the spot.

When word got around that the queen had died without leaving an heir, Sir Harry Longfoot was given the crown. The people rejoiced as the kingdom was ruled by his benevolent hand from the moment he sat on the throne.

And the curse was lifted and Lonny's feet shrunk to normal, now that the mean queen was gone.