

The Invisible Lord Flowers Near a Continuous Moron.

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In Lower Muldavia there is a verbal expression that means nothing to anyone who does not live there. This expression, of course, might reference their close neighbor Upper Muldavia... or not. In the upper province, it is exactly the same. The expression has been researched full heartedly, and quite heatedly by the former King of both, and others who are directly in charge of each Province. Towards this point a complete ban upon even whispering the words was issued... which are still whispered none the less.

Once upon a time, Maldavia was a good and peaceful place to live. This all changed, of course, and yet, how it changed, and who changed it, is still not exactly clear. Some say it was 'The Invisible Lord'. Those who believe this, are generally referred to as 'Moron' and held in continuous disdain by the very few non-morons among the populace.

And yet, everyone involved, being gullible souls, had been taken as fools, and rightfully so, being there is no such thing as an Invisible Lord, except in the spirit of things. There are but gullible souls perceived as continuous morons, living within both Upper and Lower Muldavia.

There was a puppeteer who pushed his puppet cart from Upper Muldavia, to Lower Muldavia, and back again on a regular and daily basis. He was paid little attention and was skinny thin due to his poverty. Near penniless and reduced to drinking fermented grain water in the lowest of taverns when he had a penny to spare, he was in a desperate state. No one knew he was the puppeteer, because during the performance of his puppets, he was never seen. His puppets were the performers, and he remained within his cart, his physical size and shape enabling him to better stay hidden.

There was also a truly ugly flower vendor, living where she could in the Upper and Lower of both Provinces. She was a lass deformed at birth, rejected by her parents because of this, and left on her own to survive or die. The hills around where she survived were filled with beautiful wild flowers, and these she would pick, bringing her basket to the public squares, seeking a few pennies towards her sustenance and lodging. She too would drink of the fermented grain waters at the same tavern as the puppeteer.

Over this drink, they found each other. Also, over this drink, they hatched a plan. Both had something that cost nothing to produce, and yet, if they combined both, and worked together, they had the thought they could enough in pennies to ensure a better life for both.

The puppeteer then created a new puppet named King Moron whom the other puppets could mock and towards hi Highness show total disdain; but they would only do this when someone would purchase flowers from their cart. To the purchaser, with a wink and a nod from the puppet currently blathering on about nothing, they would then give him what he requested.

The flower vendor would do as she always did, picking the wild flowers and bringing them to the Provinces. Joining the invisible puppeteer, she would dress herself in the guise of a fairy princess, and not move an inch unless one of the local people paid for her flowers, thus bringing forth the puppet King Moron. To the amusement of those watching, these puppets would loudly make fun of the King, shaking their little fists and throwing things such as wilted cabbages and spoiled potatoes. King Moron would act outraged, and call insults upon whomever he pleased, and then disappear in a huff until another bunch of flowers were purchased.

At the end of their first day together, the pair had gained enough pennies to purchase a real meal at the tavern, accompanied by a cheap wine. They were very happy.

The following day, they did the same thing, pushing their cart from Upper to Lower to Upper, and back again to Lower.

They were 'great entertainment', and became very popular.

And so... the invisible puppeteer and his fairy damsel did, indeed, flower in the presence of the 'continuous morons'. The pair became very rich, and during one of their meals together at the tavern, became very drunk on the 'good drink', whereupon the truth was blurted out, but only fell upon golden coin deafened ears. These ears heard the truth, but did not speak; though they did whisper it among themselves. Thereby, the actual expression was born, whispered, and giggled about by those who learned how to share in the gold earned by doing next to nothing but whispering repeated lies.

The good and fair King of both Upper and Lower Muldavia was eventually ousted amidst thrown and very rotten vegetables because of the pair.

Apon this happenstance, the Provincial Burgermeisters, duly elected by the morons, began continual finger pointing arguments using such words as to cause true hatred among these morons, who continued to buy more and more flowers from the Invisible Lord and Fairy Princess of Flowers.

The pair became very rich indeed, as did so many others.

*The good puppet King Moron bows to an empty courtyard at the end of his tale, and sighs to no one's hearing. His message of truth totally ignored by all the angry faces now seeking to overthrow what is left of the kingdom that was once fair to everyone.