

The Prodigal Prince Fred, (Tasmanian Fred, Royal Spoiled Brat)

This Free E-Book is brought to you by Natural-Aging.com.

100% Effective Natural Hormone Treatment
Menopause, Andropause And Other Hormone Imbalances
Impair Healthy Healing In People Over The Age Of 30!

The Prodigal Prince Fred, (Tasmanian Fred, Royal Spoiled Brat)

By Troy Nilsson

The Prodigal Prince Fred, (Tasmanian Fred, Royal Spoiled Brat) by Troy Nilsson

The Prodigal Prince Fred,
(Tasmanian Fred, Royal Spoiled Brat)

THE SETTING Luke 15:11 "There was a man who had two sons.

Far away, long before children had beds,
There lived a Tasmanian 'Devil' named "Fred"
Prince Frederick the Fifth, Son of Frederick the Fourth
Who ruled the Tasmanian Kingdom, of course.

King Frederick was noble and goodly and nice
The Tasmanians loved him- from mooses to mice
They also loved King Freddy's nicely son "Ned"
But oh how they hated that nasty Prince Fred.

Prince Freddy was snooty and cocky and smugly
He hung with his "gang", "The Tasmanian Thugglies"
They loved to break furniture, quarrel, and fight
And steal kiddies' candies on Halloween night.

They'd cruise through the countryside hooting and howling
Kicking the kangaroos, shooting and scowling
Scaring the children asleep in their beds
And thumping the night owls on top of their heads; they'd

throw rocks through windows and break into stores
They'd put piles of doo-doo by people's front doors
And laugh at the look in the nice people's eyes
When they stepped out and stepped in Fred's "poo-poo surprise."

The Prodigal Prince Fred, (Tasmanian Fred, Royal Spoiled Brat)

And the townspeople said, "For these prattles and pranks
We'll break out our paddles– PRINCE FRED NEEDS A SPANK!"

And oh how they spanked him– they swatted and popped him
But Prince Freddy liked the attention it got him –
His horrible habits would not go away
So he pranked every night and got spanked every day.

Luke 15:12

The younger one said to his father, 'Father, give me my share of the estate.' So he divided his property between them.

But what Fred only knew was that he had grown weary
Tasmanian teasing was boring and dreary
He'd broken or messed up most everything there
And he ached for a change– a breath of fresh air.

So he said "hey King Daddy–O, gimme my Money
I 'm sick and I'm tired of you, Neddy and Mummy
I'm gonna go where the grasses are greener
The girls are much cuter, the cows are much leaner
We'll conquer the world, my Thugglies and me
THEY'RE my real family– They love me, you'll see."

King Frederick wiped a big tear from his eye, said,
"Dear Son Freddy, please don't say goodbye"
The world is a jungle, cruel and abusing
You'll get bamboosled, you'll get a bad bruising.

But Freddy shouted, "Quiet, you looney old man
Just gimme my money, as fast as you can!"

King Frederick thought "I don't owe him a thing"
But I'll follow the counsel of Cousin King Sting
Who said "Sometimes love is to let people be"
for "If you love someone you must set them free."

King stood up and said, I'll give half of my kingdom
Then Fred will see just how much I love him
(But Freddy just stood looking bored and half–sick
And said "good enough, Daddy, –let's make it quite quick!").

Out came the servants with barrels and trunks
Silver by truckloads, Doubloons by the buckets
Deeds for the land, for the houses and castles

The Prodigal Prince Fred, (Tasmanian Fred, Royal Spoiled Brat)

Clothes with gold hats zippers and diamonds on tassles.

And when finally they'd loaded the loot and the booty
Prince Fred turned around with a shout super-snooty
"Good riddance, Good King, and Tasmania too
I'll conquer the world, just like I conquered YOU!

THE SQUANDERING

Luke 15:13 "Not long after that, the younger son got together all he had, set off for a distant country and there squandered his wealth in wild living."

So Fred bought a ship and a giant Jalope
The Thugglies and some of the girlies came hopping
They sailed off to Greece, to Italia and Thebes
Germania, San Pedro, the Isle of Saint Dweebes
Morocco, Swahili, Israeli, Bombay

Calcutta, Cape Cod, Albakerkie and Spain
The Thugglies all cheered "2,4,6, and 8
Freddie's the Thugguly we 'preciate
We really love you, not just for your money—
You're every boy's buddy, and every girl's honey.

They sailed to Cape horn where the Africans dance
Got drunk on bamboo juice and wet in their pants
(They drove the Jalope all through the Sahara
'til it broke down in the hot desert weatha')
They Flew on a flybird to HulaHuLoo
And swiggled and swayed like the hulahoo's doo
They took a fast train to Bermuda for fishing
And snork'ling and swimming and winnihee wishing
Then off to Arabia seeking the carpet—
The magic one— and when they found it Fred bought it
They rode like the wind on a magical flight
So close to the stars they could kiss them goodnight
And they laughed and they sang and they never once worried ...
Til they ran out of gas in Pougkipsee, Missouri
Starving and thirsting from singing and lauging
They searched out a truck stop for eating and gassing
They ordered hamburglers and ice cream and coke—
That's when Fred said with a gasp— "Friends, I'm broke!"

His 'friends' said, "Hey, Freddy—O, you must be jokin'"
Fred said "I'm not..." and they started to choke him
"Why have you brought us out here to Missouri?!"—

The Prodigal Prince Fred, (Tasmanian Fred, Royal Spoiled Brat)

they cried and they cried 'til their vision was blurry.

They beat Fred that night 'bout the head and the shoulders
Kicked him and pelted him hard with small boulders,
Then pooled every cent they'd embezzled from Fred
Hopped a bird home and left Fred for dead.

PIGS

Luke 15:14 After he had spent everything, there was a severe famine in that whole country, and he began to be in need.

When Fred awoke in the ditch the next tuesday,
Angry and dizzy and battered and bruisedy
Seeing he needed some doct'ring and nursing
He wobbled and bobbed back into Poughkipsee.

'These people will serve me as soon as they see
My royal credentials, my choice pedigree
I'm Frederick the Fifth, Son of Frederick The Fourth
Heir to the crown of Tasmania, of course!'

"Tasmania!", they laughed, "why it sounds to me
Like this boy's been eating the wackety weed!
He thinks he's a Prince, but it's clear, he's a fake (disgrace)
From the thuggardly look on his ugwardly face
He's nothing but trouble, repair bills, and grief
Poughkipsee has no need for this little thief!"

Luke 15:15 So he went and hired himself out to a citizen of that country, who sent him to his fields to feed pigs.

Luke 15:16 He longed to fill his stomach with the pods that the pigs were eating, but no one gave him anything.

So Fred limped down the road, saw a farmer named Rooflus
(fat, bald, and sweaty and dirty and toothless)
Who said, "You can feed all my piggies, you dooflus!"

So Fred slept in the barn with the hogs in Missouri
Where roachies and rats and reegreechies would scurry
So dark and so cold in the yuck and the storm
He'd hug to the hogs in the mud to keep warm.

And up with the sunrise Ol' Rooflus came screaming
"TIME TO SLOP HOGS– STOP YOUR SNORING AND DREAMING"
And oh– how Fred hated to wake up each day

The Prodigal Prince Fred, (Tasmanian Fred, Royal Spoiled Brat)

For he dreamed of his soft bed, back home, far away.

Then Rooflus would swat with his sluggardly–stick
Fred'd jump for the bucket of schloppetyschlick,
full of sloopage and scumdredge and leftover lardy,
rotten vomatoes and chunkies of barfy.

Fred got so hungry his tummy would gurgle
When he'd spy a bitey of uneaten burgle
Floating about in the schloppetyschlick
But Rooflus said "NO SIR, NOT ONE LITTLE BIT"
For hogs need to eat, they are useful and tasty
But you're good for nothing; you're stoopid and lazy .

And the only thing Fred was the Prince of was pigs
(But the pigs ate much better than Fred ever did!)

REPENTANCE

Luke 15:17 "When he came to his senses, he said, `How many of my father's hired men have food to spare, and here I am starving to death!

Luke 15:18 I will set out and go back to my father and say to him: Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you.

Luke 15:19 I am no longer worthy to be called your son; make me like one of your hired men.'

And slowly, sneaking as if by surprise

an idea began growing behind Freddy's eyes
'til one day he came to his senses and said,
"If I stay with these hogs pretty soon I'll be DEAD!"
The servants that work for my Dad eat like Kings
And all I can eat is regreechichies and squings
And moldy old swatches of schlochettyschlick
Left where the piggelet's tongues couldn't lick.

So I'll hike back to Father and beg for a job
'cause I've got experience slopping these hogs!
Of course he won't let me back into the house
Since I spent all his money out being a louse
I'm no longer worthy of being his son
But I'm great with the hogs– I can get the job done.

EATING HUMBLE PIE

Luke 15:20 So he got up and went to his father.

So Fred ran away from Pougkipsee and Rooflus

The Prodigal Prince Fred, (Tasmanian Fred, Royal Spoiled Brat)

Hitchedhiked a wildebeest down to San Lucas
Stowed away in the gut of a whale named Jonah
Til the whale barfed him out on the beach of Pomplona!
He ran in a rickshaw to Katmandudu
Nambibia, Naples and Kalamazoo.

After 7 long years of swimming and running
(It takes a long time without daddy-o's funding)
Fred saw the land he'd remembered in dreams—
The shores of Tasmania— sparkling and clean.

FATHER WELCOMES HIM:

"But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and was filled with compassion for him; he ran to his son, threw his arms around him and kissed him.

Now King Frederick feared that young Fred had died
But day after day, the King strained his old eyes
Peering through periscopes over the hills
Praying that Fred would come home to him still.

And that day, the greatest day, what did he see?
Floundering Freddy afloat on the sea
The King ran like an antelope, threw out a raft
Pulled Freddy onto the beach with a laugh.

Luke 15:21 "The son said to him, `Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you. I am no longer worthy to be called your son.

Freddy coughed up all the seaweed and water
said, please don't kill me, but hear me out, Father

I've sinned, I'm a joke, I'm a heel of a schmuck
I'm mother's worst nightmare— bait for bad luck, so
Just let me live in the shack with the peasants
Slopping the hogs, or dressing the pheasants
I'm no longer worthy to be called your son
But I've learned to slop hogs— I can get the job done!

Luke 15:22 "But the father said to his servants, `Quick! Bring the best robe and put it on him. Put a ring on his finger and sandals on his feet.

Luke 15:23 Bring the fattened calf and kill it. Let's have a feast and celebrate.

Luke 15:24 For this son of mine was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.' So they began to celebrate.

King said,

The Prodigal Prince Fred, (Tasmanian Fred, Royal Spoiled Brat)

"Son, we've no hogs, we're Tasmanian Jews
But you're home alive— That's the greatest of news!"
"So bring him my robe, put my ring on his hand
Let's throw a party all over the land
Strike up the band let the hoopla abound
For Prince Fred was lost; HOORAY, he's been found!"

OLDER SON GETS MAD:

Luke 15:25 "Meanwhile, the older son was in the field. When he came near the house, he heard music and dancing.

Luke 15:26 So he called one of the servants and asked him what was going on.

Luke 15:27 'Your brother has come,' he replied, 'and your father has killed the fattened calf because he has him back safe and sound.'

Luke 15:28 "The older brother became angry and refused to go in. So his father went out and pleaded with him.

Luke 15:29 But he answered his father, 'Look! All these years I've been slaving for you and never disobeyed your orders. Yet you never gave me even a young goat so I could celebrate with my friends.

Luke 15:30 But when this son of yours who has squandered your property with prostitutes comes home, you kill the fattened calf for him!"

But Fred's brother Ned wasn't dancing with glee
Ned sat there, lips pouting all pitifully Saying,
"Hey daddy—o — I'm as nice as can be—
But when did you throw a big party for ME?
I worked and I slaved and busted my buttocks
While that little twirp spent your loot like a dumb—ox.

FATHER GIVES MORAL

Luke 15:31 "'My son,' the father said, 'you are always with me, and everything I have is yours.

Luke 15:32 But we had to celebrate and be glad, because this brother of yours was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.'"

"But Ned", said the King, "You're already with me
What's mine is all yours, far as eagle eyes see
So come on! Let's party, let's rock & get down

'cause Fred, left for dead, is alive and in town!"

And this, goobs and gurls, is the way God loves you
Whatever you say, sin, bamboozle or do,
When you come running home with your arms open wide
God says, "Come on in, love! There's a party inside!"

© Copyright 1989 Troy Nilsson

You may reprint this story in whole or in part if you: 1) Notify Troy Nilsson of the use, 2) Prominently

include credit "© Troy Nilsson of NilssonMedia.org" with the used material.

See <http://www.troynilsson.com>

Stealing Lives

By Virginia Ramage Smith

Stealing Lives by Virginia Ramage Smith

Like a sneak thief, Alzheimer's disease comes quietly. Although it steals only a tiny bit at a time, it invades relentlessly. Gradually, the victim's losses — memory, self-awareness, dignity — become visible to the world. The losses of spouse and family are almost invisible. These may be the cruelest of all because these victims are fully aware.

Now that the ravages of Alzheimer's disease are so obvious in my husband Fred, I am continuously reminded of my own losses as well as his. Dear friends inquire often about Fred's condition, often expressing their dismay at what he has lost, at the disintegration of someone so involved in living. But, while they express concern for my health and my ability to meet his current needs, they never ask what I have lost. I'd like them to understand.

Conversation

During the busy period of our marriage, mealtime was the highlight of my day. Fred worked long hours as an aeronautical engineer, my days were full as a mother, student, homemaker, but at mealtimes we had time to talk, to discuss our needs and expectations. It was usually a time we exchanged ideas or perhaps plans for the next day. Now, mealtime is quiet because conversation has disappeared. There are no ideas to ponder, no plans to make, no opinions about politics, or neighbors. Good conversation was so ever present at our home that I took it for granted. Losing it has been painful.

Decision Making

I have also lost a partner in decision-making. There were always the big decisions - what house to buy, when to buy a new care, where to invest money, and where Phyllis should go to college. But the little decisions — what to have for supper, what movie we would see - these were the everyday decisions that made the day go well. Fred did not really care how we arranged the furniture or what flowers we planted outside, but he would offer opinions when asked. He would help if I needed it. Now, I must make every decision alone. I miss his voice deeply.

Travel

From the beginning of our life together, we agreed completely on the joy of traveling. For the first years there was no money for long or expensive trips, but we found ways to enjoy weekend jaunts and brief visits with our families. In time, we were able to save for specific targets - to Europe, cruises to the Caribbean area, even to the Orient - and there was always a plan in waiting for the next time. Now, for the past ten years, there have been no trips more than 30 miles from home. There are no plans in the future, and that is a great loss.

Handyman Help

I have lost my handyman. Fred was not always the best handyman I have known, but he was there. Now I must hire someone to do seemingly simple chores, like check the smoke alarms, turn over the king-size mattress, move a heavy piece of furniture, or repair a broken chair leg. My neighbor sets the sprinkler for me, and a yard man mows the lawn. Now when I have to change a lock on a door, I call

The Prodigal Prince Fred, (Tasmanian Fred, Royal Spoiled Brat)

for help. At this point, Fred is more likely to cause a problem inadvertently than to cure one, so I must be constantly vigilant. I miss having Fred's help.

Companionship

I miss the companionship shared at the close of a busy day, when we slowed down and talked about each other and what comes next. We took this time to go quietly about preparing for the next day, knowing that each of us would be there to help the other. Now, I am painfully aware that Fred does not

even recall those times. We can no longer enjoy remembering together the things that have made up our long lives. I miss my companion.

I express my loss not as a complaint but only to describe extent to which Alzheimer's disease affects those who care for the afflicted one. My life is altered irrevocably because I've lost the everyday ease once present when things were more normal. I have lost the freedom to do my own thing, to abandon Fred for awhile and be carefree. I am sometimes resentful and angry, sometime guilty and inadequate. Alzheimer's disease has stolen my husband. It has stolen my life as well.

Virginia Ramage Smith is the 82-year-old caregiver for her husband, a victim of Alzheimer's disease. She is also the chairman of the best is yet.net, Inc. Read more from her biweekly column at <http://www.thebestisyet.net>



This Free E-Book has been brought to you by Natural-Aging.com.



100% Effective Natural Hormone Treatment
Menopause, Andropause And Other Hormone Imbalances
Impair Healthy Healing In People Over The Age Of 30!