

SONIA



By Adam Wallace

Sonia - a Feeble Fable

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Email: wally@adam-wallace-books.com or visit
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the toilet. Seriously, stop doing the wee wee dance and go!

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Do not use this ebook to wipe your nose.
This book is not a cheese toastie or a skull necklace.

AUTHOR NOTE

So, I love horror movies. Always have, always will. I've never been scared by one either ... no nightmares, no screams, nothing ... in fact, I find them **funny!**

Especially the old school ones.

In fact, I love horror movies so much I named my dog Krueger!

I also love Roald Dahl stories, and I love the Grimm Fairytales. I don't mind the bad people getting their come-uppance at the end of a book.

Consequences, people. Consequences!

Anyways, that's where the Feeble Fables come from, a love of all things horror and Dahl and Grimm.

Oh! And Cautionary Tales by Hilaire Belloc. Especially Jim. It's awesome.

So read on, if you dare. The following short story does not, I repeat, **NOT** have a happy ending.

For Sonia at least ...

Sonia was very special for two reasons.

The first was that she **HATED** doing chores, and wanted everyone else to do her work for her.

The second was that every time she learnt something new, she would forget something old ... **but she could choose what she forgot!**

So when she learnt algebra, she forgot how to clean her room.

When she learnt how to spell rhinoceros, she forgot how to make her bed.

When she learnt all the words to *Mama Needs a New Dress* - which was her favourite song - she forgot how to put away the dishes.

And when she learnt how to rub her tummy and pat her head at the same time, she forgot how to wash the dog.

One day, while her mum was putting away the dishes, cleaning Sonia's room, making the beds and washing the dog, Sonia had a **BRILLIANT** idea.

'If I learn **LOTS** of new things,' she thought, 'even if they're useless, I'll forget how to do **ALL** my chores and I'll **NEVER** have to work again.'

It was genius.

Sonia got to work.

In no time at all, she discovered her great-great-great-grandfather's middle name (*Mildred*), the capital city of Kazakhstan (*Astana*), and how many grapes, on average, are in a 1 kilogram bag (123).

At the same time, she forgot how to tie her shoelaces, how to brush her teeth, and how to make toast.

'This is **AMAZING!**' Sonia thought. 'Soon I won't have to do **ANYTHING!**'

She worked even harder.

In fact, she'd never worked so hard in her life.

She learnt how far a tiger can jump (*five metres*), how long a piece of string is (*97 centimetres*), and what makes her sister scream (*a mouse in her bed*).

She forgot how to vacuum the lounge, how to wash her hair, and how to flush the toilet.

She was **SO** happy.

Then Sonia had another thought.

'All this learning is actually hard work. Maybe I can forget something **WITHOUT** having to learn something else first.'

She scrunched her eyes, clenched her fists, and pushed.

And pushed.

And pushed.

POP!

Sonia went to put her hair into a ponytail but she had no idea what to do!

IT HAD WORKED!

Sonia **pushed** and **forgot** and **pushed** and **forgot** and **pushed** and **forgot**.

But then she went too far.

She stopped pushing, but she kept forgetting.

Everything she knew, every memory, good and bad, flowed out of her until ... there was nothing left.

Sonia was very special for two reasons.

If only she could remember what they were.

MORAL

*If avoiding work is your lifetime aim,
I'm afraid you might destroy your brain.*

THE END

What?

I told you it was a short story.