

# Margery the Llama Children's Story

Rebecca Creger

It was a hot summers day in the town of Greenville. On a hot summers day you would expect most children will be found at the park or the pool, sliding down the slides, having water fights and having a terrific time.

But the parks in Greenville were covered in litter and their play structures were old and broken. The pools in Greenville were dirty and full of croaking green frogs. Instead, the children stayed home. The parents of Greenville didn't want their noisy children in the house. They told them to go outside and find something fun to do. But there was nothing fun to do in Greenville, and the children were bored.



Henry, and his friends Lola, Nora and Eugene were playing dodge ball in Henry's backyard. Henry is a nice boy, but sometimes a little too adventurous.

Henry had a mean and ugly old neighbor next door. He lived in a big run-down spooky old house, whose windows were always shut tight. His name was Mr. Vegemeyer and he had a slight limp because one of his feet was bigger than the other. Local legend has it that Mr. Vegemeyer had a daughter he kept locked up in his house for 24 years. The children knew his daughter was a witch who cast spells upon naughty children, so they tried to stay away from the house. But naturally Henry and his

friends were very curious about Mr. Vegemeyere's daughter, who had never been outside her house in her life. They would ask their parents about Mr. Vegemeyers's daughter, but their parents told them to mind their own business.

Mr. Vegemeyer hated children, and yelled at them when they walked too close to his house or were too noisy in their backyards. If the children were playing with a ball or a Frisbee and it flew into Mr. Vegemeyer's yard, Mr. Vegemeyer got extremely aggravated. He would come charging outside, and pick up the ball or Frisbee. If it was a Frisbee he would break it in half. If it was a ball he would take a hammer and nail and pops it. The children in the neighborhood were scared of Mr. Vegemeyer.



Henry and his friends were trying not to be noisy as they played in his backyard, but it is hard to be quiet when you're playing dodge ball. Henry was it. He threw the ball hard at Nora. It bounced off Nora's back, ricocheted off Eugene's elbow, then rebounded off Lola's knee and soared over the fence into Mr. Vegemeyere's yard.

Brave Henry wasn't about to let Mr. Vegemeyer pop his nice red ball. But he knew the risks.

“If Mr. Vegemeyer catches me don’t come after me or he’ll get you guys too,” Henry warned Nora, Lola and Eugene. Henry climbed over the fence and saw his ball had rolled under Mr. Vegemeyer’s back porch. He crawled under, and just as he was about to come back out he heard Mr. Vegemeyer above him, walking across the porch.



“Why are you dumb kids looking over my fence?!” He yelled at Nora Lola, and Eugene, who were peeking over the fence, very concerned for Henry’s safety. “Why don’t you go back to your infernal games and mind your own business?!”

Henry was very scared. He waited for Mr. Vegemeyer to go inside so he could escape but Mr. Vegemeyer didn’t leave. He began to mow his lawn. He piled all the cut grass in one corner. When he was finished he watered the yard. Then he swept his back porch. Henry was trapped.

By the time Mr. Vegemeyer finished his yard work it was very late at night. Poor Henry had been waiting under the porch for so long that he had fallen asleep. When he woke up, it was very late at night and the whole neighborhood was asleep. Mr. Vegemeyer was nowhere to be seen. Henry started to creep out from under the porch. But then he heard the porch creak above him with many footsteps as

Mr. Vegemeyer came out again. A few moments later the grass started rustling as Mr. Vegemeyer stepped onto the lawn. But then Henry saw something very strange.

From his hiding place under the deck Henry saw Mr. Vegemeyer leading something toward the pile of cut grass. Something big, something with *four* legs! But then Henry heard a voice that certainly wasn't Mr. Vegemeyer's voice.



“Thanks for the grass clippings dad, they look really good.”

“They’re fresh too, I cut them myself this evening. And thank you for the cookies you made me, they were simply scrumptious.” Henry peeked out from under the porch. He could still see the four big furry legs, with *big* cloven hoofs. But then as the animal bent its head to eat the pile of cut grass he could see the head of a giant *Llama*!

Henry gasped. Mr. Vegemeyer and the enormous talking Llama heard him. Mr. Vegemeyer pulls the frightened Henry out from under the porch and yells,

“How dare you sneak into my yard and hide under my deck! How dare you scare my pet Llama!”

Henry is very scared, but he is not fooled. This was no ordinary Llama. She was about fifteen feet tall, and was wearing a hand knitted cap.

“I was trying to get my ball,” He shouts, twisting in Mr. Vegemeyer’s grip, “and that’s not you pet Llama, it’s you daughter you’ve locked up!”

The Giant Llama blushes, looking ashamed of her appearance. Besides being a llama her brown coat was tangled and full of burs. Plus, she smelled awful. Mr. Vegemeyer turns as red as a bell pepper. Then he shouted,

“I’m warning you, you better not tell *anyone* about my daughter’s condition, or you’ll regret it!”

The Llama speaks for the first time,

“Come on dad, let him go,” she said, and he does. Then he let the air out of Henry’s red ball and threw it in the trash. As soon as he was free Henry jumped over the fence in a flash, and sprinted home, terrified at what Mr. Vegemeyer might do to him to keep him quiet.

But Henry was still curious about the mystery behind Mr. Vegemeyer’s daughter’s appearance. He wondered where in the house Mr. Vegemeyer kept his daughter. In the basement? In the attic? Sometimes he could smell the scent of delicious baking wafting over from Mr. Vegemeyer’s house and knew that his daughter was probably baking some of her scrumptious cookies.

But one morning, he found a huge plate of cookies on his windowsill. He knew they were from Mr. Vegemeyer’s daughter. He shared them with his friends, who enjoyed them so much that he couldn’t help but tell them who had made them. They were very interested naturally, and wanted to see her for themselves, but were too scared of what Mr. Vegemeyer might do to them if they went near his house. But Henry wasn’t going to let Mr. Vegemeyer scare him for the rest of his life.

Henry waited until very late the next night. He sneaks into Mr. Vegemeyer’s house while Mr. Vegemeyer is sleeping. He meets the llama, whose name it turns out, is Margery. She explained, as they ate some fresh apple turnovers, and cried a little at the sad tale, blowing her nose on her apron.

“I used to be like any other girl until I was five, You see, when my father was twelve he was hanging out with his friends in the park one day. A green fairy girl appeared out of nowhere and asked my dad out. He said no because she was really unattractive, with braces, headgear and horrible acne. She

got so mad that she waved her wand so that he turned ugly and that his child would turn into a llama on his or her fifth birthday. She also cursed the park we were in and all the parks in town so that they were dirty and unsafe for children. Then she disappeared.” She blew her velvety nose on her apron and dried her eyes on the tablecloth.

“It was horrible to turn into a llama. My dad had to take me out of school forever. He hid me away from the world, so I wouldn’t have to face the shame and people laughing at me. I’ve tried to be as human as I can, learning how to bake, making my bed and cleaning, but as a llama I still have to eat hay and I can’t help spitting sometimes. I’m so embarrassed to be what I am!” Two fat tears leaked out from beneath her long eyelashes and dribbled down her fur.

“But you shouldn’t hide,” Henry protested, “I know lots of the kids in the neighborhood would like to know you!”

“But I couldn’t go out!” Margery cried, terrified, “People will make fun of me!” After arguing with her for a long time, Henry knew there was no use trying. He climbed over the fence before Mr. Vegemeyer could wake up.

But Henry wasn’t about to give up just yet. One morning, while Margery was up early making Belgium Waffles for her dad she heard a rustling noise down at the front gate. She peeked through the special telescope her dad had installed to keep a watch on passersby. Leaning up against the front fence were dozens and dozens of cards. Margery used the telescope to zoom in on the cards. One of them had a picture of a llama on it, which was sitting under a rainbow and eating a pink frosted cookie. Another showed a llama flying in the clouds with some children. Someone had even left a few bundles of alfalfa for her.

Then Margery heard the sound of dozens of feet walking towards the front gate. She tilted the telescope up and saw a crowd of children walking towards her, Henry in the front. They carried signs

with words like “I “Heart” Llamas” on them, or “We Like Margery.” Mr. Vegemeyer came running into the front room.

“What in tarnation is this?” He said angrily. But Margery was already at the front door, and though she’d never learned to open it because she had never gone outside and had no opposable thumbs, she got it after a few tries and poked her head out.

There was a huge cheer and Henry ran up and hugged her. Mr. Vegemeyer was too shocked to be angry. Naturally the children loved the idea of talking llama so much that Margery lost all fear of ridicule and shyly brought a huge basket of fresh Belgium Waffles out to share with all the children. All the children loved her.

But Margery wanted to do something for the children. She started a campaign to clean up all the parks and pools in Greenville. She and the children cleaned up all the litter in the parks. Mr. Vegemeyer, who was a very good carpenter, rebuilt the play structures. They scooped all the frogs out of the pools, cleaned them and filled them with clean, chlorinated water.

But Margery also needed to clean up her appearance. She couldn’t walk around in public with a dirty coat and tangled hair. But luckily, Nora and Lola in particular loved to brush her pretty chestnut coat, (they had to use rakes because she was so big) and make braids and tie bows in her hair. They would even paint the nails on her cloven hooves.

But their parents weren’t very enthusiastic about their children hanging out with a giant llama. The children loved her, and tried to convince their parents that she was safe, but their parents preferred to keep their children away from her as much as possible. They were a little disturbed by the idea of a giant talking lama. Margery’s feelings were a little hurt by the parents’ attitude, but that didn’t stop Henry and his friends from coming over to visit her. Henry and all his friends loved to play in the new parks and pools with Margery, and go exploring in the woods with her.

But the good times were not to last. One day Henry came to breakfast to see his mother reading the newspaper and looking very concerned, and not even noticing that she was burning the oatmeal.

“Oh this is just *awful* Henry, you have to read this,” she handed the paper to him:

*Mass evacuation in the neighboring town of Gremlin's Creek has started to take place. Most inhabitants haven't even bothered to pack any of their belongings; they're escaping in any available vehicle or fleeing on foot, from the terrible destructive wrath of the little green woman who calls herself the green fairy. "She's been furious since her boyfriend broke up with her," cries the town mayor, who has locked himself in the town hall, "She waved her wand and made all the rats in town grow one hundred feet! They've been running through town, wrecking everything, and knocking down buildings!!"* Henry stopped reading.

“Mom, are they going to come here?” he asked. But his mother was already loading supplies in the car, and was yelling at him to pack some supplies for the escape from town. But Henry didn't obey. He knew that Mr. Vegemeyer and Margery didn't get the newspaper. He had to warn them.

Mr. Vegemeyer and Margery were very frightened at the news.

“What if she comes back and curses me even more!!” wailed Mr. Vegemeyer, looking at his prematurely wrinkled old face in the mirror and starting the cry. But Margery had a different reaction.

“Enough is enough,” She said, “I'm putting my hooves own. We have to stop her! Henry, you can ride on my back.”

Henry was surprised, but he climbed up the cornrows his sisters had braided into Margery's chestnut fur to make a ladder to climb up to her back and held on tight as Margery galloped out the door and down the street towards Gremelin's Creek.

When they got there they found the green fairy perched up high in a tree, watching two giant rats smashing the ice cream shop to pieces. She was laughing so hard that she was crying.

““Stop wrecking the town!” Margery cried at the green fairy. The green fairy caught sight of the large llama and began to laugh even harder.

“Tell me Miss Margery the enormous llama, is your father still old and ugly and dateless? Serves him right! And you’re still a stupid ugly llama!” She laughed in a really mean way, and Henry got very angry.

“We like her as a llama! And now that we know her father, we know he’s really nice, and I’m sure it will only a be a matter of a time until he gets a date! Unlike you, I’m sure he’ll get plenty of dates. He doesn’t go around destroying towns or turning people into llamas!”

“You better be careful what you say to a powerful fairy like me!” screamed the fairy, “I could easily take their new “friends” away and make the curse even worse!”

She raised her wand, probably about to turn Henry into a giant toad, but Margery was too fast for her.

When aggravated llamas will spit, and Margery did just that, right at the green fairy. The resulting glob of spit was about as big as a small car. The smelly, slimy projectile hit the green fairy with a huge SPLAT! and she was completely covered in the stuff.

“WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME??!” she screeched, but it was too late, the cursed llama spit was reacting badly with her skin. Green smoke started pouring out of her ears with a whistling sound like a screaming teakettle. Then fire started coming out of her ears and sparks started shooting out of her mouth and nose. She was shaking violently, and started to swell like a toad. Then, POOF! She disappeared in a cloud of green smoke.

The rats shrank back to normal size, because her magic was broken, and the street was quiet again. But even though the green fairy was gone Mr. Vegemeyer was still old. And ugly. But he really was a nice guy, and was starting to visit the gym regularly, so he was doing pretty well for himself,

Margery was also still a llama. She was a bit sad about that, but everyone including the parents was so grateful that she had gotten rid of the green fairy that she was the best loved talking llama in the world and got a big shiny medal for bravery from the mayor. So, in the end, Margery lived a pretty happy life even though she was very furry and not able to help spitting sometimes.

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