

Rumpelstiltskin Revisited

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Rated: G

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Summary: Rumpelstiltskin a la Lois and Clark; a response to the Fairy Tale Fiction Challenge.

Comments and constructive feedback welcome, but be gentle, please.

Semi-standard disclaimers apply: The only thing I own in this story is my warped sense of humour.

Once upon a time, in a very alternate universe, the evil Chief Perry captured the fair damsel Lois and demanded that she spin a heap of unrelated facts into a golden article by deadline or else she would be fired. She sat down and started to cry, when in swooped a handsome man dressed in funny blue, red, and yellow attire. He told her that he could achieve this seemingly impossible task for her, but it would cost her her first-won Pulitzer.

Now, she had never yet achieved the Pulitzer and did not know whether she ever would; but she knew that without her job, she certainly did not have a chance at such an award. She therefore gave the man permission to write the article for her. His fingers flew over her keyboard so fast that they appeared to move by magic; and in no time at all, the story was written.

The months passed, as they will always do, and before she realized it, it was time for the Pulitzer winners to be announced. When she found out that she was, in fact, a winner, she jumped up and down and shouted with joy. Her joy turned to despair, however, when the handsome man once again swooped down before her. He demanded that she hand over the Pulitzer. When she protested, he came up with a compromise. He said that she could keep the prize if, and only if, she could guess his real name. He would come back to her the next night, and she would have three chances to guess it.

The next morning, she asked Jimmy to look up everything he could find on the strange swooping man; but to no avail. Her own research proved equally futile. In misery, she sank down onto her office chair. Just then, another man who was also dressed in odd clothing and who was carrying a pocket watch came up to her and whispered the name of the swooping man in her ear.

That very night, the swooping man came back to her to demand she fulfill her end of the bargain. Lois reminded him that under the terms of the agreement, she would be allowed three guesses at his name.

She took her first guess, "Is your name 'Herbert'?"

"Not even close."

"Then how about 'Swooperman'?"

"Nope. You only have one guess left."

"Then your name must surely be Kalelclarkkent."

When the man realized that his name had truly been uttered, he flew into a rage and out of the building, never to be seen or heard from again. And Lois got to keep her Pulitzer and she lived happily ever after.

THE END