

The Real Story of Humpty Dumpty

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THE REAL STORY OF HUMPTY DUMPTY!!!

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The Real Story of Humpty Dumpty

By Tashie

Everybody knows the “censored” version of Humpty Dumpty. You know, the one Mother Goose told, and that one's all fine and dandy. But what makes me so mad is that she left out so many significant details about Humpty, that when I hear it said by a little kid I barely recognize it! And so I'm writing this: The Real Story of Humpty Dumpty.

One day, a farmer, Farmer Humpty Brown, was walking along the edge of his field, when he saw a huge cock picking at some of his wheat. Baffled by this amazing sight, he calls out his wife.

“Hey, Ma! Wuddya think that is?” he shouted to her as she walked toward him. When Ma looked to where the farmer was pointing and noticed the huge rooster, she stopped in her tracks.

“Why it looks like a giant rooster! Where'd it come from?” she exclaimed.

“I dunno, but I wanna catch I so I can try to win a prize at the county fair! Here, to get me a rope!”

After a wild chase around the field, the farmer was able to catch it. Not knowing exactly where to put it, he stuck it in the barn.

That night, somehow, the cock got out and found the chicken coup. And a few weeks later, one of the chickens died while popping out a huge egg. The farmer, being as curious as he is, kept the egg warm until it hatched.

Now, he was thinking that it might be a huge hen or rooster, but for some odd reason, it turned out to be an egg boy! Ma really didn't like this because she was thinking that maybe the farmer got drunk and did “something” with the chickens, but because she was unable to carry babies, she was grateful to have *something*. And the two named the egg boy after the farmer, Humpty Brown Jr.

When Humpty Jr. was old enough, the farmer and his wife enrolled him in school. Now, everyone knows how cruel kids can be in elementary school, and the first day Humpty Jr. went to school he received his nickname: Humpty Dumpty. This made him very sad because the kids would tease him about what he looked like. But there was one girl. One girl who had befriended him, who stuck with him through everything. Jessica. Humpty really liked Jessica; she would talk to him and help him with things like homework and family problems. The other kids didn't like Jessica because she had an accent and dressed funny, and she wasn't the prettiest flower either, so they were almost perfect for each other.

In high school, they became more than just friends. And toward the end of high school, Jessica started conforming. Conforming to the fashion world and wearing make-up. She was noticed by the “cool” guys and started becoming more and more popular. And even though Jessica and Humpty were still together, Jessica would sometimes act like they weren't. And sadly, it ended one day. Jessica took Humpty aside and told him that she had moved on and wasn't in love anymore.

“We can still be friends though, right?” Humpty pleaded, his eyes starting to water.

“Yeah sure! Of course, but I just don't want it to be awkward for you to see me going out with another guy. But you could find someone else!”

“Yeah... but... I got to go... somewhere... now. I'll talk to you later.” Humpty turned around, head down, and slowly walked away. He had lost the one love of his life.

It would be Humpty's twenty-second birthday in two weeks. So, obviously, he was able to drink.

Humpty couldn't see clearly through his teary vision while walking down to the pub. All he wanted was a drink. Some magic drink that could take away all his misery, and to Humpty, it was alcohol.

After a few hours at the pub, Humpty was very drunk, but still able to walk and, of course, climb a wall. He walked over to Jessica's house and climbed up onto her six-foot wall in front of her two story house.

“JESSICA!!!” he screamed. “I LOVE YOU, JESSICA!!!”

Jessica, hearing this, went to her window, opened it, and yelled at Humpty to get down.

“But I love you!” he replied.

“That's great! But you're going to fall and break open and die if you're not careful! And I don't want that!”

At that moment a horse reared its head in the air and neighed very loudly. In fact, it neighed so loudly that it scared the drunken Humpty off the wall back onto the street.

“What the...!?!” the driver of the carriage shouted as he pulled back on reins making the horse come to a fast halt.

Humpty's remains lay strewn over the street. Inside the cart, a head popped out of the window. It was the king!

“What happened? What's going on?” he demanded to know.

“A giant egg has fallen off of that wall right in front of us! What shall I do sire?” asked the driver.

“Oh posh! Just drive on! Who cares?” With that he brought his head back in the cart and they rode on.

Jessica came running outside just as they left. “OH MY GOSH!!!” she gasped, a look of terror came over her face. “NO! No! No, no, no, no, no! NO!!!” tears swelled in her eyes. She dropped to the ground

and wept for hours.

Jessica never got over that incident. Though now, she has a loving husband and two hell-raising kids, she still looks at a picture of her and Humpty together, happy, and a single tear rolls down her cheek.

You see! Mother Goose is a liar! The king, his men, and the horse didn't even try to help Humpty Brown Jr.! But now, I must leave you; let you ponder on what other stories Mother Goose has screwed up.

The End