

A fairy story

Once upon a time there was a poor wood chopper and his wife who lived in a little hut in the middle of the eastern part of Germany. ~

They both worked very, very hard and loved each other very, very much - and so – they were overjoyed when they heard they were going to have a baby. ~

*Now, around about the same time there was a King and Queen of a land called Dahme Mark who did **not** work very hard but they also loved each other very, very much. And they too were very very happy when they found out they were also going to have a baby ~*

*Sure enough, a few months later, on November 6th 1953 the wood chopper's wife gave birth to a **beauuuuuutiful** bouncing baby - although it did have a bit of yellow fever and had to be kept in the hospital for a few days. ~*

*Now, the 'King, had forgotten to keep up his private health insurance payments, and so the royal baby had to be born in the town hospital on that very same day. It too, was a **beauuuuuuuuuutiful** bouncing baby but also had yellow fever (although the king preferred to call it gold fever) - and as a result, had to be also kept in the hospital for a few days. ~*

Now it just so happens that there was a nurse at that hospital called Sister **Chatalot**. Everyone loved her because she was always kind to the patients and looked after all their needs. It must be said however, that she did talk a lot, and when I say a lot, I mean, **a lot!** ~

Whenever there was another nurse around, she would talk about what the neighbours were up to, what was available at the fashion outlet that month or discuss what she had seen on Instagram that day - they would go on for hours and hours - it was lots of fun! ~

But not to worry, she could easily talk and work at the same time so the day was certainly not wasted - except - there was one day when things did not go so well...

Now by a strange coincidence, that fateful day was exactly Nov 8th 70 years ago. ~

*Both babies were now 2 days old and as usual, Sister Chatalot gave the **beauuuuutiful** babies a bath. She was chattering away quite happily when away she noticed again how almost identical the woodcutter's baby and the royal baby were. It was quite **remarkable***
~

That is just what she was thinking when she was powdering their bottoms and placed them back in their cots to have a little nap. ~

Suddenly her heart began to race - and a most terrible thought crossed her mind. Had she put these almost identical babies back in the correct cot??? ~

She calmed herself down by remembering that only one of them had a pimple on the right buttock and immediately went to check that no mix up had occurred ~

She wept bitterly when, to her horror, she discovered that the other baby had also developed a pimple in exactly - the - same – position... ~

Now, the woodcutter named his baby Birgit - and she grew up to be beautiful and healthy – but - spent the whole of her life, wondering why she felt like a princess but nobody treated her like one. ~

It was a strange feeling and she was determined to do something about it. She spent many a long hour staring out of the window watching the horizon where she knew that - one day - her prince would appear and whisk her away to the life she so obviously deserved. ~

And she only had to wait 24 years and appear he did! - not on the horizon - but - Birgit took a boat across the ocean, far away to another country called England. ~

And it was there, in England - she could hardly believe her eyes - there he was - her prince - in a Morris 1000 station wagon car with rust all over it and green moss growing out of the beautiful woodwork on the vehicle. ~

There he was, reading a newspaper about the sudden death of Elvis Presley when he looked up into her eyes and the rest — as you know - is history ~

& oh yes, they did live very, very, happily ever after.