## Musik: Arne Dich

Tekst: Jesper Klein

## A Gruesome Story

En uhyggelig Historie

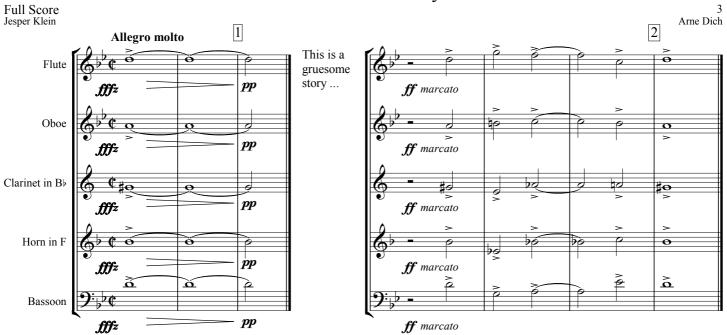
for WindQuintet and Reader

Listen to a PC-mp3 of this sad story here: www.dichmusik.dk/Quintet.html

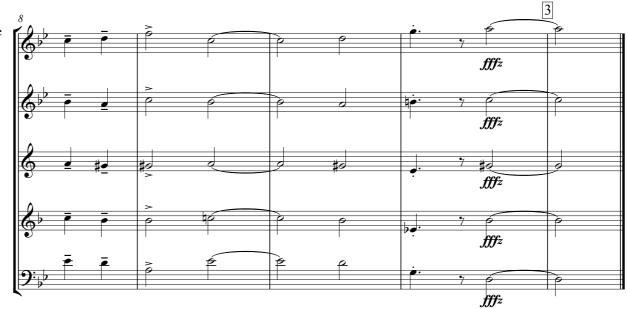
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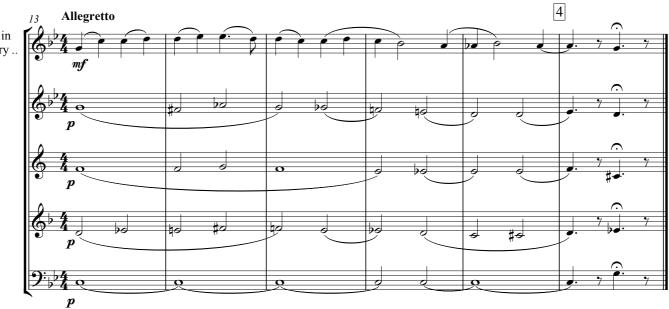
## A Gruesome Story

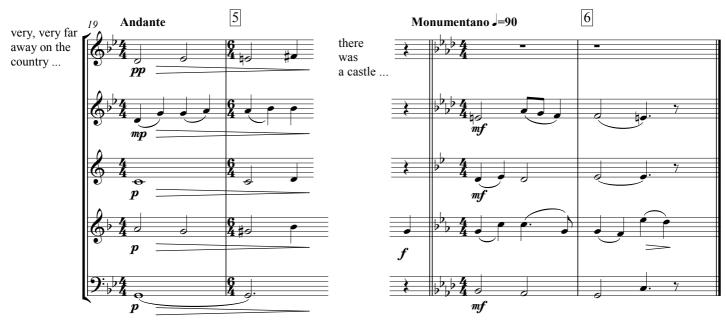


Not just a gruesome story, it's a very gruesome history ...

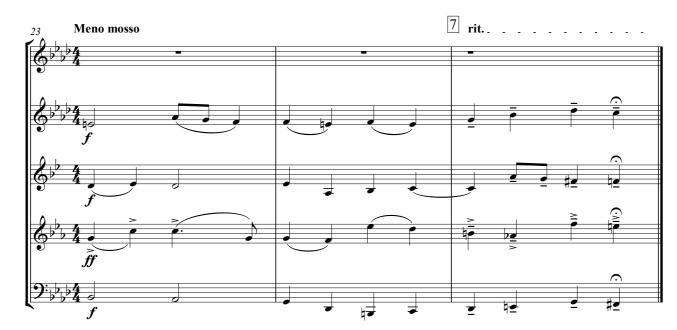




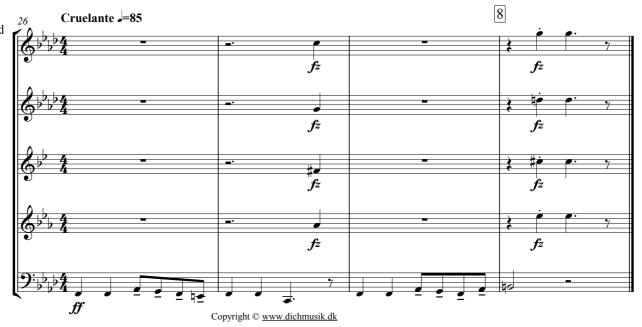






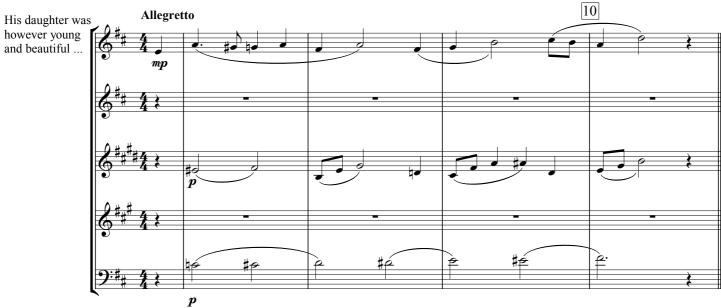


Here lived an old count with his daughter ...



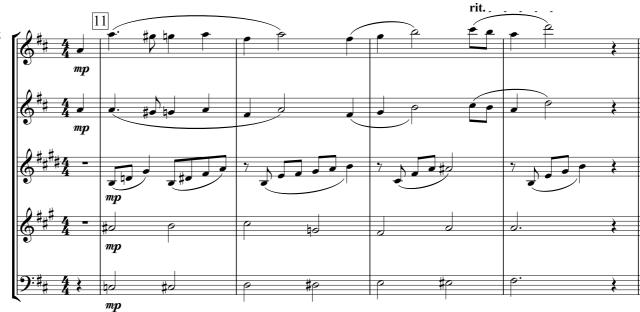






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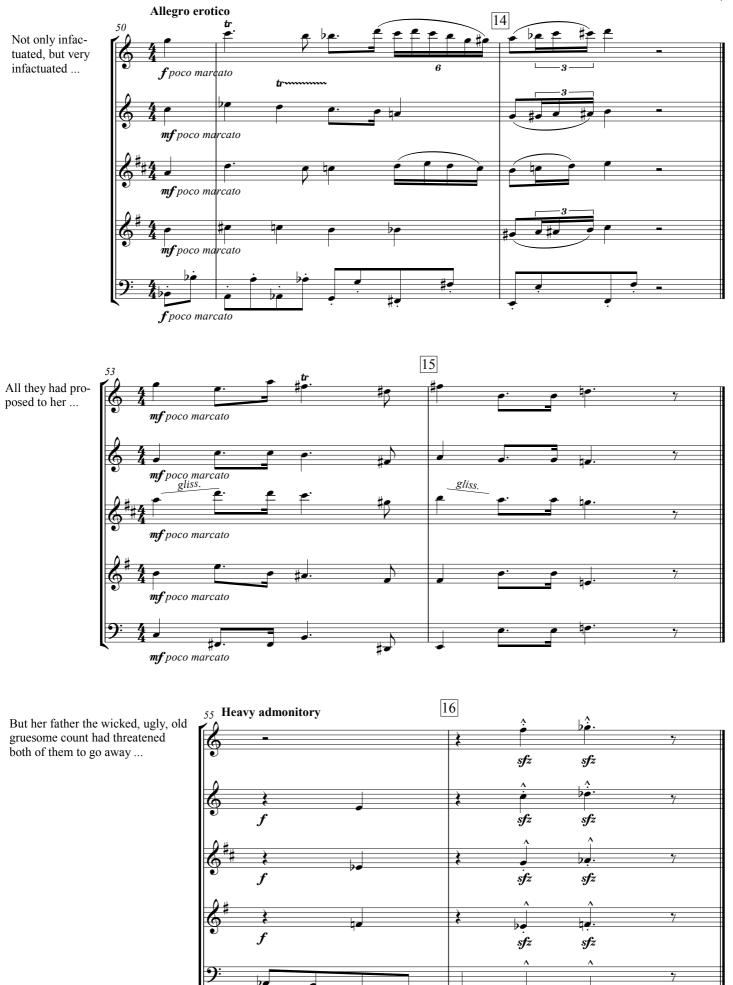


So beautiful was she, that every time she passed a mirror it crashed ...



All the youngsters were infactuated with her ....



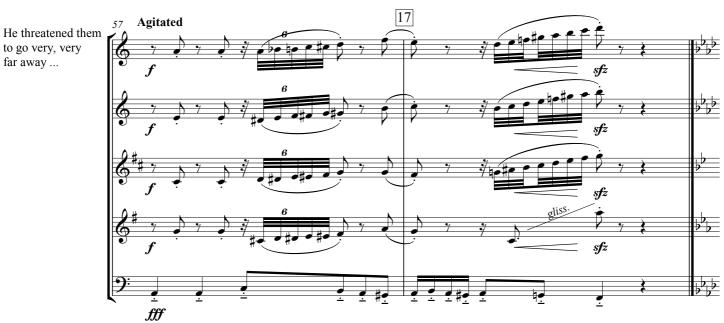


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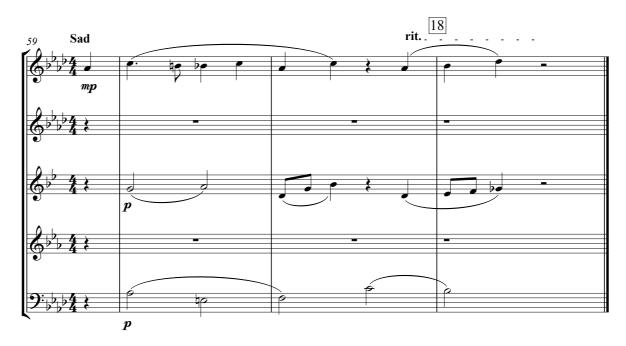
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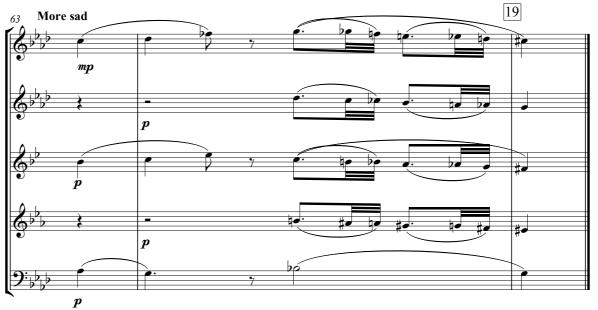
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The young, beautiful daughter sighed deep over her fate ...

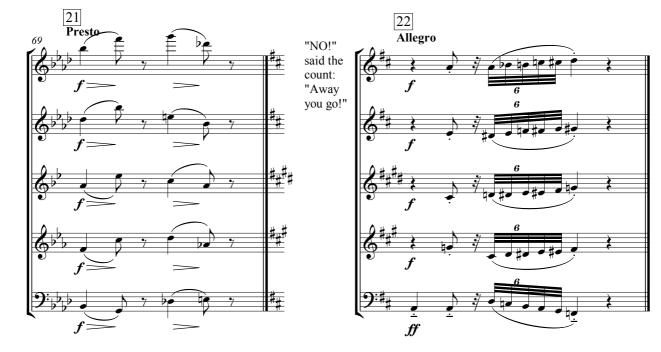


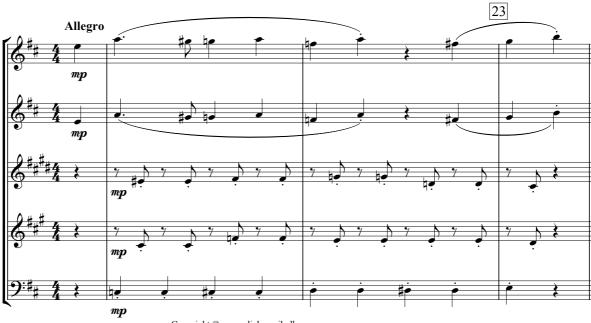
Nobody seemed to like her, so she sighed deep in her breast .....





One for each suitor, but it didn't help ...

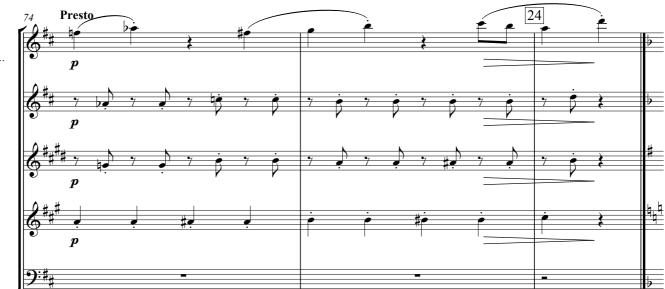




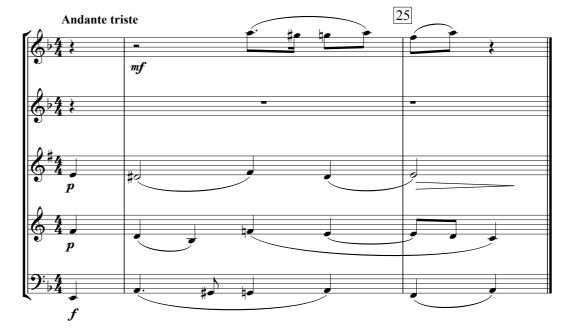
But then one day the beautiful daughter ran away ...

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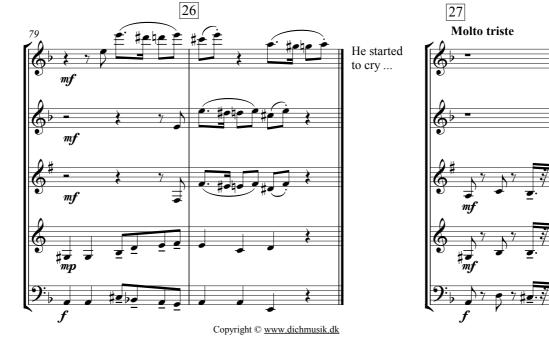


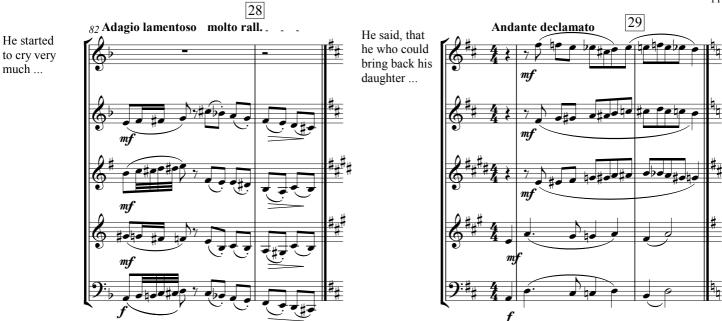


That made the wicked, ugly, old, gruesome count very sorry. He was after all very fond of his beautiful daughter ...



Very, very fond of her ...





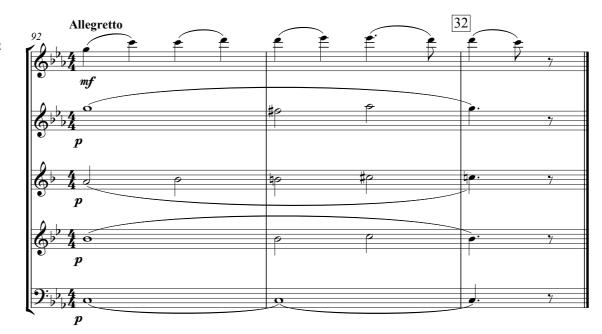
... his very beautiful daughter back, would have the pleasure of marrying her ...



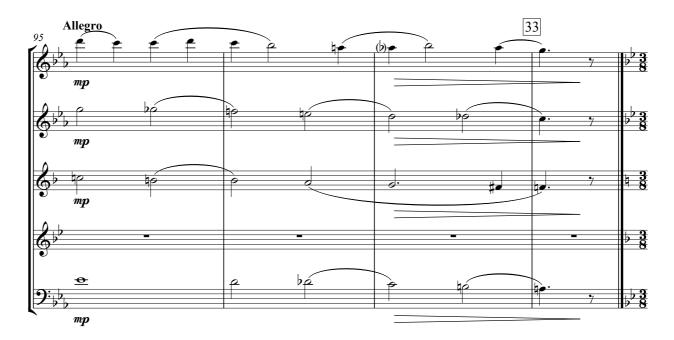
Not only marry her. He should have the pleasure to marry her very much ...



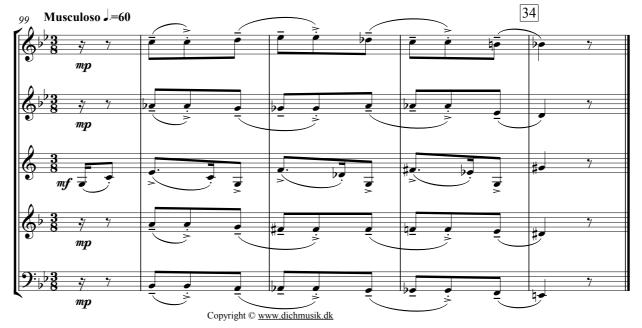
The fact was actually that there was but two suitors in the little village ...

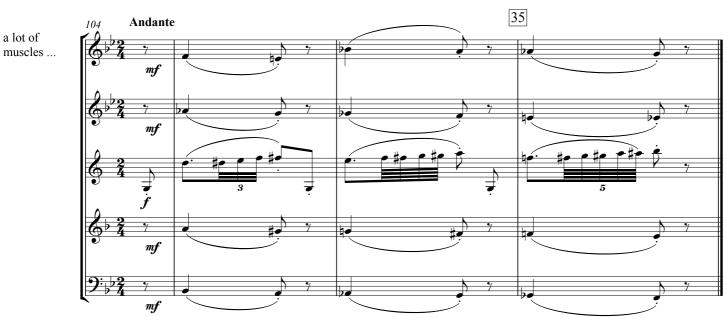


the very little village ...

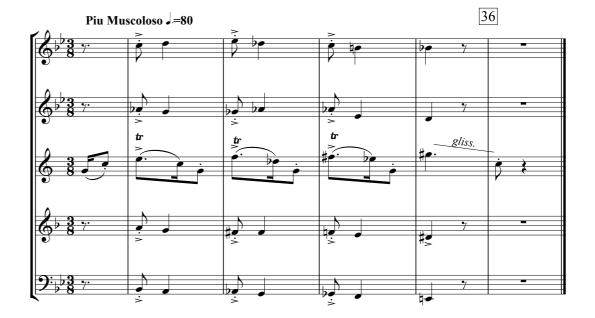


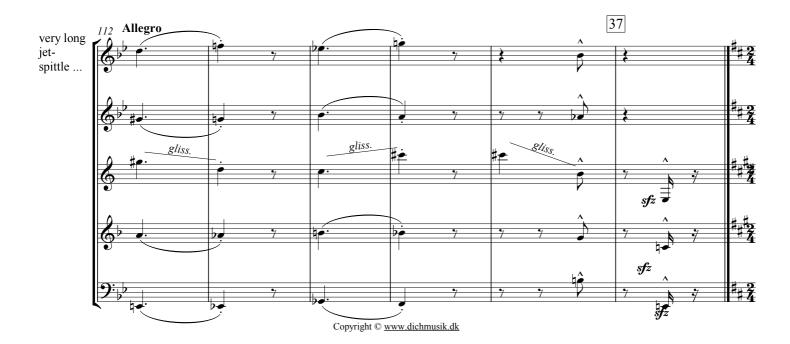
One was tall and handsome with many muscles ...

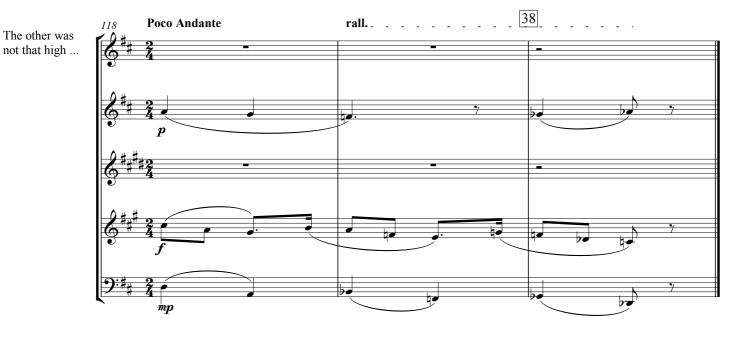


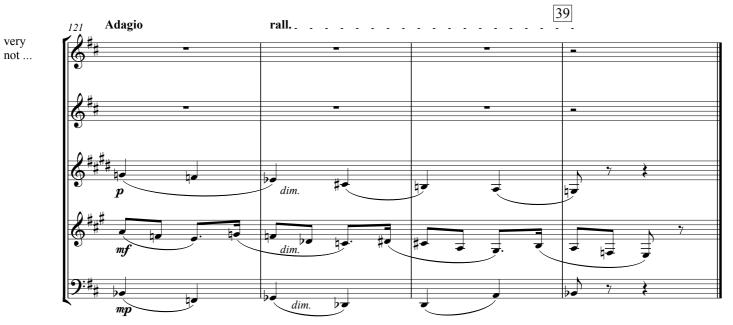


He was the master of flip-flap and summersault, and he had won gold in jetspittle ...

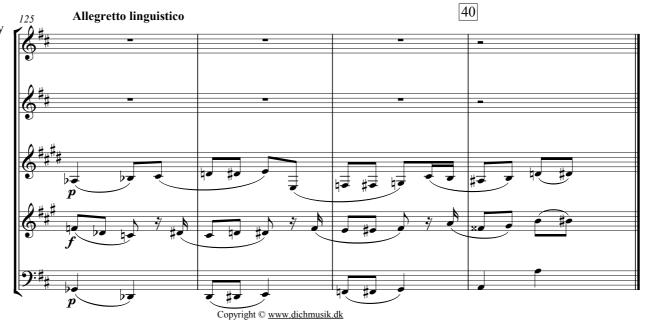


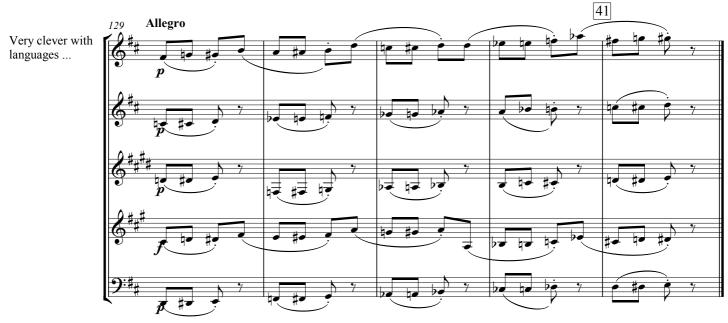




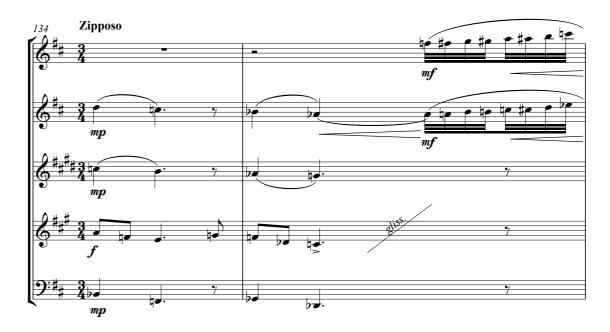


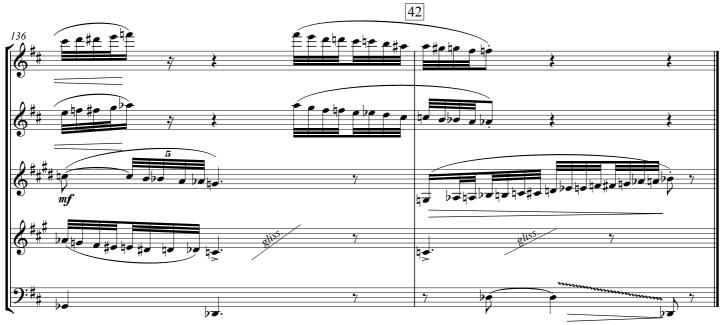
But he was very clever with languages ...



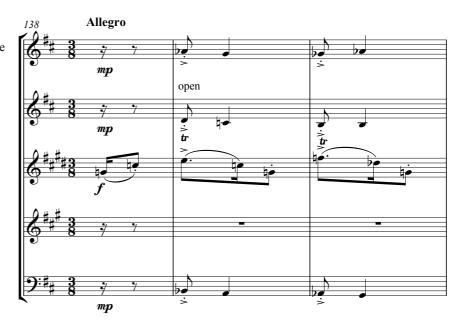


and he was an expert with zippers, wether they were stuck or kept falling off ...



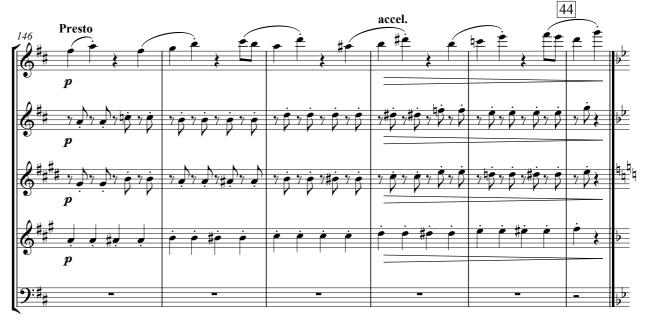


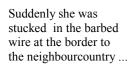
While one of the suitors jumped and flip-flopped, the other one sat down talking to zippers wether they were finnish, dutch or from Timbuktu, and opened and closed them ... the counts beautiful daughter ...





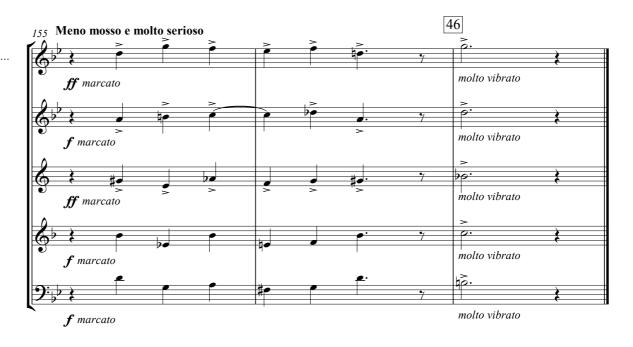
... very beautiful daughter ran far, far away ...







She was very stuck in all that barbed wire ...



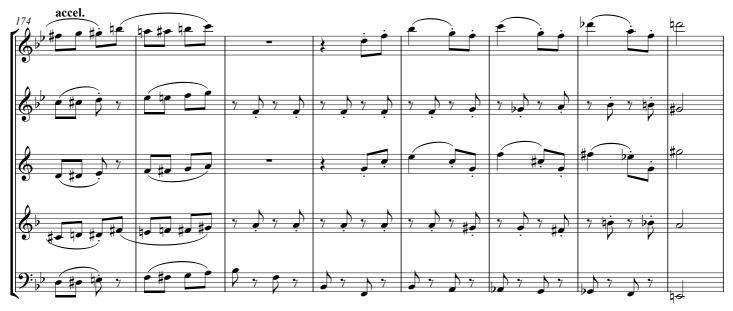
The two suitors, who in the meantime had run after her, were still far away ...





But when they thought of the wicked, nasty old counts promises of marriage, they ran so fast, that they soon were near the border, where the counts daughter hang in the barbed wire ... they shouted to her. but she didn't hear them ... she did not at all hear then ...

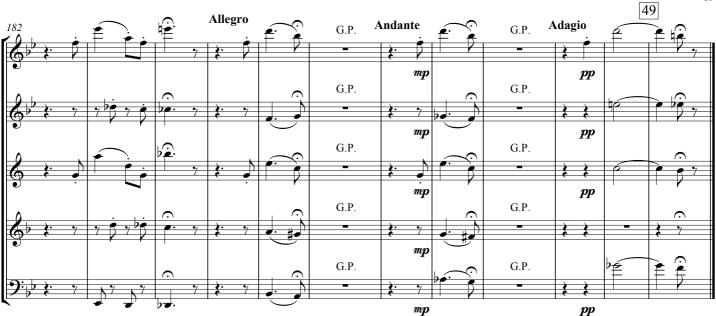




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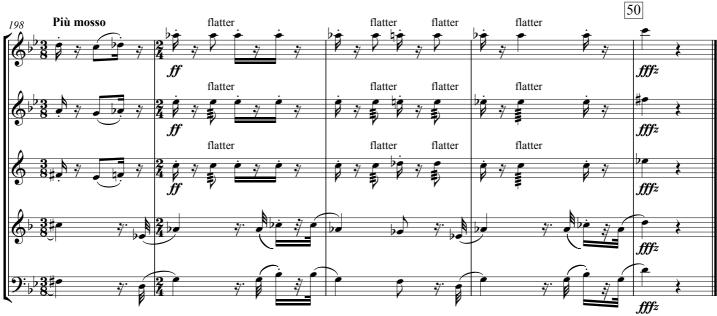
Very, very

far away ...

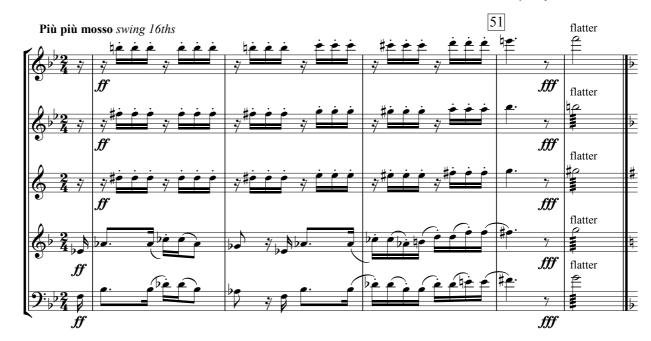


she did not at all hear then ... The frontierguards came running from the other side. Now it was really alarming ....

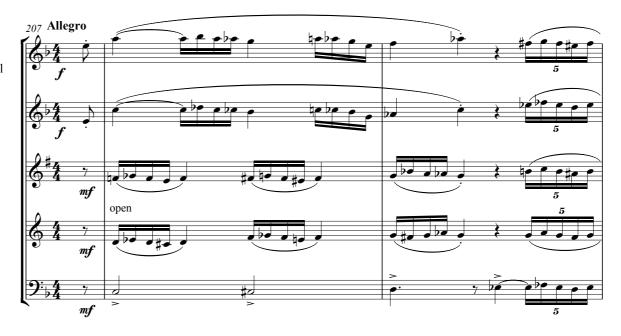




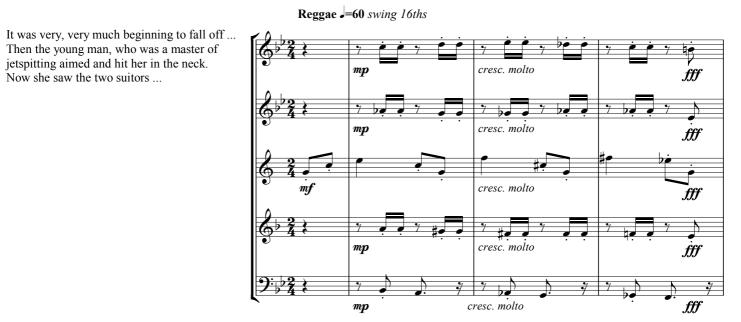


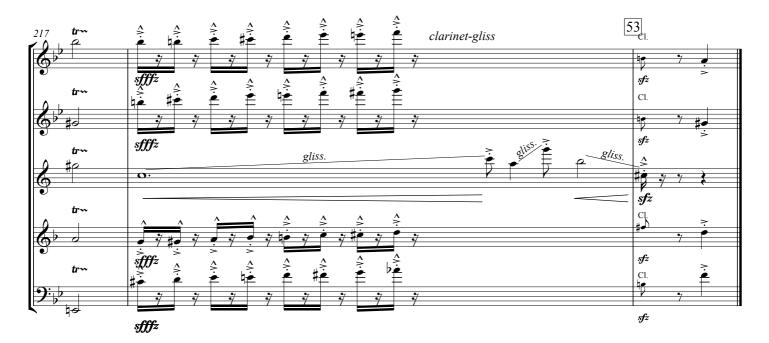


The counts daughters dress was beginning to to fall off hanging in all that wire ...

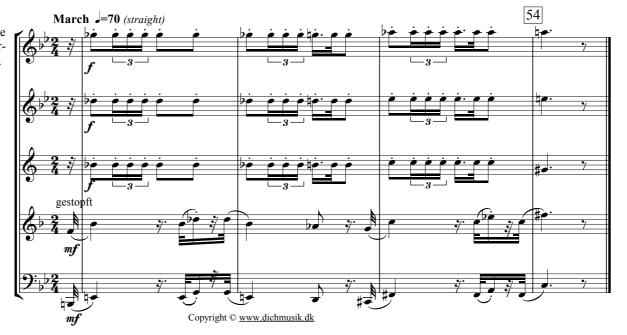








WHAT!!!??? ... at the same time the frontierguards came nearer ...







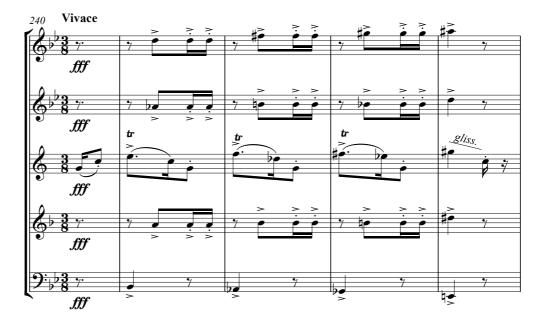
Allegro molto (straight)

The youngster who knew all about zippers, zipped her up in the back, so she came free of the barbed wire ...



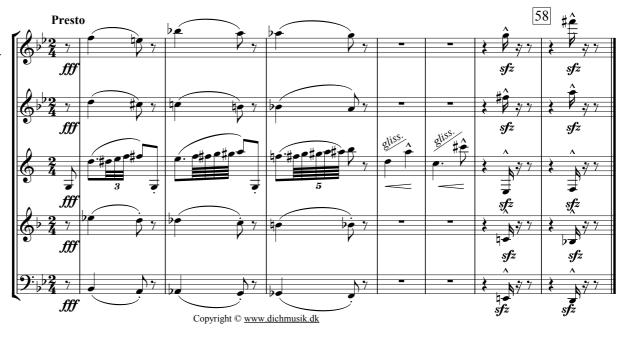


The young suitor who could flip-flap jumped about the guards, while he spit in their eyes ...

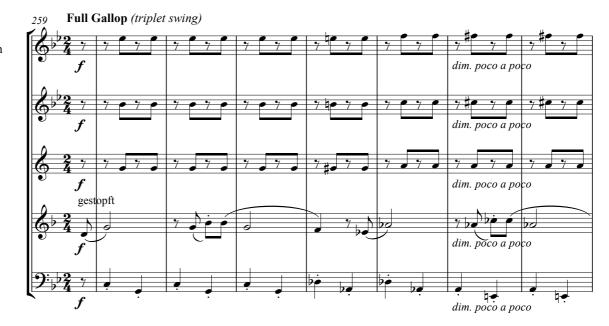


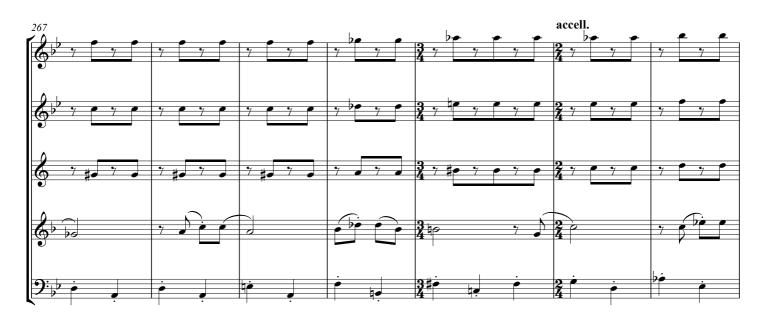


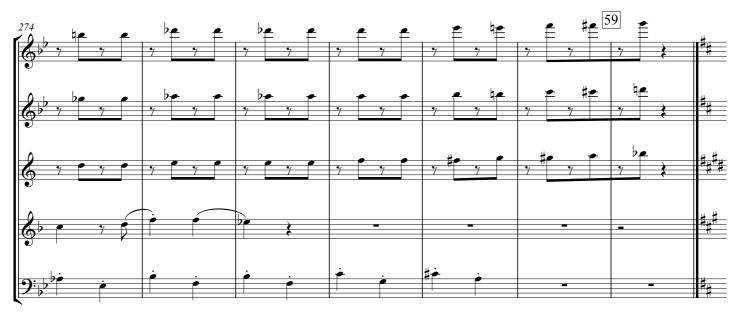
He spit then so very much in their eyes ...



... that they all ran away. They ran and ran and ran away ...

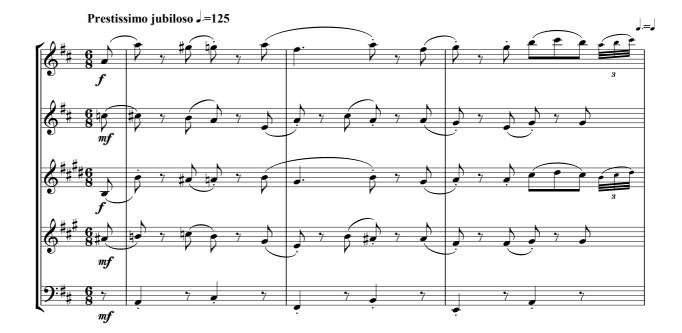


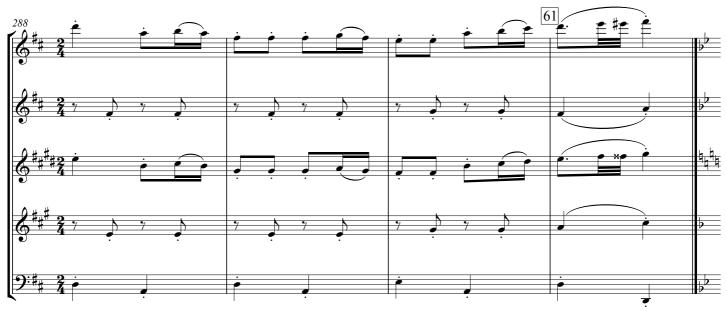




She was very, very glad ....

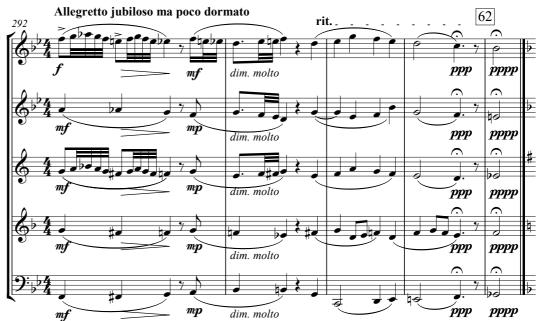




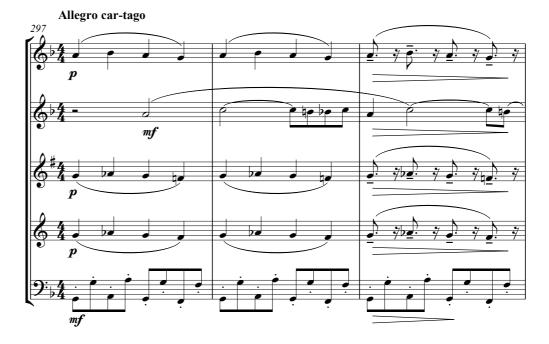


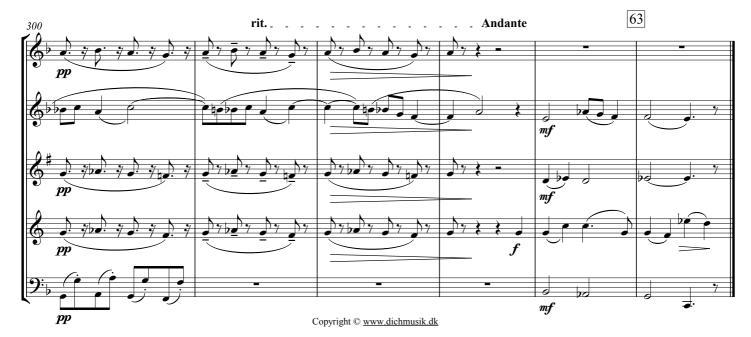
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When the guards had left, the counts beautiful daughter fell in the arms of the suitors. One of each ...



She was so tired that the two suitors got a taxi to drive her home to the old counts dreadfull, scaring castle ...



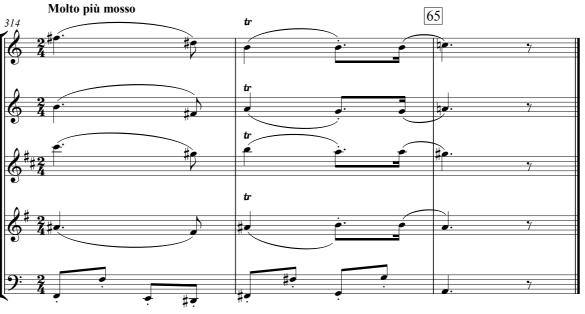


When the count saw his daughter he was so enjoyed, that he claimed the taxidriver to be her husband ...





Not only husband, but very, very husband ...

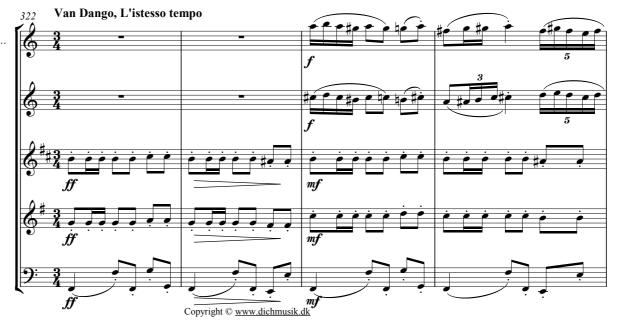


It was after all him, who had brought her home.... At that very moment the beautiful daughter fell in love with the taxidriver ...



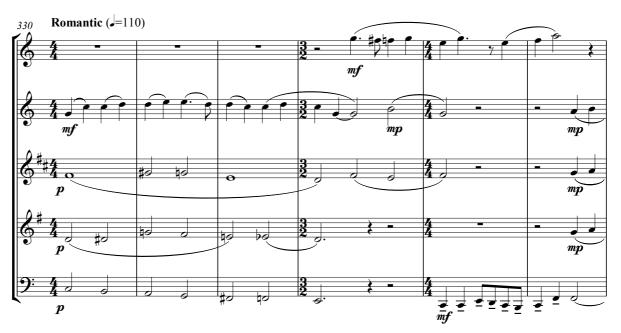


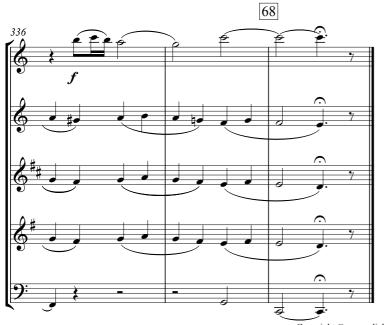
She not only fell. She fell very deeply ...

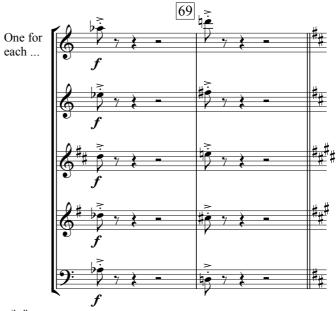




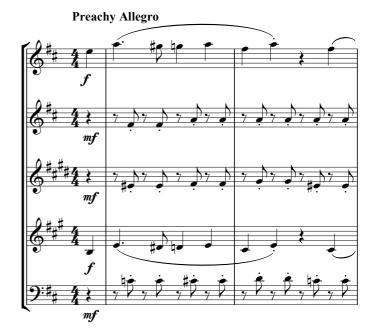
Now they should live happily ever after ... to their last day ...



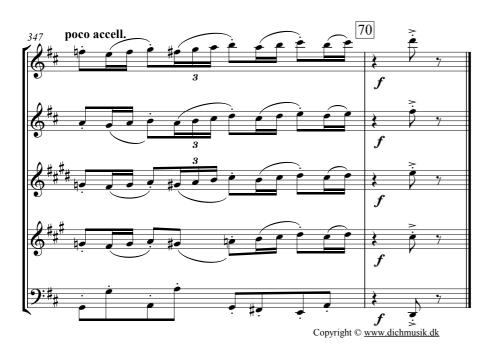




From that we can learn, that it is useless to spend the time hopping and jumping or open and close zippers. No, you have to be at the right place on the right time to marry a beautiful daughter ...







---- It's a strange story ... ... a very strange story ... and it's not even true ......