

Breathe Hot, Breathe Cold

Adapted by Mistress Dervila ni Leanon

Considerably modified and expanded from Aesop's fable "The Man and the Satyr". I don't know where exactly I got this.

Ancient Greek

Time: About 3:01

Once there was a traveler in the southern lands who became lost in the woods on a rainy night. Cold and drenched, he wandered on until he saw a fire in the distance. He rushed towards it, and found that it was in a cave. He stood there a moment, dazzled by the light, and then called out

"Ho the fire! May I join you?"

[gruff voice] "Yes, yes, come in, and out of the rain and cold!" So the man entered eagerly. He had just gotten up to the fire when he saw that the other man had only one eye, and that was in the middle of his - by all the gods, it was a man-eating Cyclops!

"Ahhh! A monster!"

"Where?!" *[cyclops looks over shoulder, leaps up, and hits head on low cave roof]* "OW!"

"You!" *[man points at cyclops]*

"ME?! You think *I'm* a monster! I am a very civilized Cyclops! I wouldn't hurt a fly. Now, use the sense the gods gave a chicken and come sit down by the fire! I've just made some porridge, and you're welcome to have some"

Well, the man *was* cold, and soaked to the skin, so he crouched down by the fire - not too close to the Cyclops, just in case - and watched his companion very closely *[man crouches over fire, rubbing hands and blowing on them]* The Cyclops, who was eating his porridge with great gusto, looked up and said *[quite calmly and conversationally, but a little puzzled]*

"Why are you blowing on your hands like that?"

[jump a little] "Huh? Oh - my hands are *freezing*, and I'm trying to warm them up."

"Oh." The traveller watched the Cyclops finish the bowl of porridge with great relish. Perhaps, he thought, this Cyclops really won't hurt me. "Um - about that porridge..."

"Yes, yes, help yourself. Do you need a bowl or - oh, good. Have as much as you like, I can always make more." And now it was the Cyclops' turn to watch the man eat. "How is it?"

"Oh, it's good, very good, but - ouch! - a little too hot." *[man starts blowing on the spoonful of porridge]*

[really puzzled now] "But why are you blowing on it?"

"I'm trying to cool it off, of course!" *[duh!]*

[Cyclops' eyes get big as saucers, and he starts to get up] "What - what kind of creature are you that can blow both hot and cold? You must be some sort of - MONSTER! AAAHHHHH!" And with that the Cyclops fled screaming out of the cave, leaving the traveller, puzzled and bemused, staring out into the night.

Full bibliography of source:

None

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