

Dear friends of mischief. This is the tale of two rascals and a terrible misunderstanding.

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Widow Tibbets has barely recovered from Max and Maurice's first trick, when the second trick is on its way.

Her beloved hens: dead. No more scratching, no more clucking. Gone are all the jovial chickens. Now plucked and lifeless before her. Still.

Max and Maurice are to blame! Scoundrels! Miscreants! Darn...#\$\$%@(beep)

Widow Tibbets wonders what to do.
How to pay her last respects?

Of course! Eat them! That's what she'll do!
Like that roasted chicken she once had in Innsbruck. Sensational! That's how it should taste. Stove on, pan on, add the butter and whatever there is in the kitchen. Just not too much of anything.

Her dog, a Spitz, stands beside the stove, vigorously wagging his tail. Drool runs from his snout. What a smell! Up on the roof, two boys appear – and a fishing rod. Max and Moritz! The rod, no name. They have smelled the roast too!

They've come up with another plan. A wicked plan.

Widow Tibbets is unaware. She has gone to the cellar, where she keeps her sauerkraut. Because roasted chicken with sauerkraut – that is truly a worthy farewell to her beloved chickens.

Max and Maurice have waited for this opportunity. No one is in the kitchen. The fishing line is thrown, the hook goes down the chimney and lands directly in the pan. Pull in the line and -Schnuppdwup – there goes the first hen.

There's number two.
And three, and four.



The dog tries to alert his owner. Quick! Come here! There are thieves at work. But the rascals are long gone.

Widow Tibbets, comes from the cellar, sees the empty pan, stops – Shock! Double shock! Two times lost, her beloved hens. Who could that have been? Of course! Who else? That beast! The dog! “Spitz,” she screams, “Spitz”. The dog, wondering what's going on, “I just wanted...” Widow Tibbets swings her heavy ladle and runs after him. Both first through, then out of the house. Screaming, whining. Terrifying.

But the boys are out there snoring. Their mouths smeared with chicken fat. A smile on their face. Not a trace of guilt to spot. And of that great hen-feast now, each has but a leg to show.

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