“Seven in one blow” The Brave Little Tailor Reimagined

Word Count: 997

Once upon a time, in the fair land of England there was a hero - Talor Dragon Scourge.

He was a hunter of trolls and giants, a slayer of ogres and dragons. Being a professional, he

never bungled a single quest. As he brazenly strolled down the path, he bore on his helm the

hideous head of a terrible troll, around his shoulders was draped a dragon skin of scarlet, and at

his belt hung many famous swords. He was on his way now to a remote village to accept the

challenge to conquer seven beasts. Talor was well pleased with the prospect of fighting seven

beasts – he assumed by the desperate tone of the messenger that they must be giants. To tell you

the truth he had grown restless in the quiet district in which he had been placed. He had also

heard that these beasts had cost the town many a pie - this petty atrocity infuriated him more than

any other depredation the vermin could possibly commit.

As Talor strolled into the village, he marked the great sorrow on the people’s woebegone

faces. “I have come to vanquish your cruel oppressors!” he announced confidently. The people

looked irritatingly unconvinced. “Take me to them!” howled Talor at piercing volume. One of the

peasants pointed vaguely at a heap of manure. There was an irritable buzzing noise coming from

that area. “Ahhhaa-ha-ha-ha!” Talor positively roared with contemptuous laughter, for the beasts

were so small they were hardly worth bothering about. At that moment, one of the minuscule

monsters alighted on his nose, buzzing impudently. The people’s dull expressions slowly began

to shift to those of amusement. “Aaaahhuhh!” came an earsplitting, glass breaking, shriek of pain

and fury. It was of course, Talor. He had amateurly slapped his nose. He had been aiming for the

wretched fly but had only succeeded in bruising his nose and his temper. It was also

embarrassing how high-pitched his scream had sounded. Nothing was going according to plan.

 The next day, the mayor called upon Talor to fulfill his oath to deliver the village. The

mayor could not have chosen a more opportune moment to make this declaration. Talor had

spent a sleepless night pondering the situation and finally concluded that not by force could these

monsters be conquered. It would require tact and cunning. Aroused from his slumber, he came

forth boldly, ready to fight. As he stepped onto the village green, he was smartly saluted by a

chorus of yells and shouts.

“Today is the last day the vile flies shall occupy your fair city!” Talor bellowed. This was

met with shouts of approval and satisfaction. Talor strolled grimly back to the village - he was

ready to lay his trap. It was relatively simple, consisting of a pile of old food and manure. A fly

came to the pile, followed by another, until all seven were festering on the oozing pile of rubbish.

Talor raised his mace, ready at a single moment to bring it down with enough force to cave in a

dragon skull.

“Crash!” Pieces of spiked mace flew everywhere. It was a sound unlike anything the

stupefied peasants had ever thought a mortal man could make. It was the sound of a spiked mace

splintering a vast slab of stone, accompanied by a cry of terrible fury emitted from the gurgling

throat of Talor. “Aaarrghhh!” Some of the women fainted, and seven fat flies flew cockily away,

throwing back fly-insults at Talor. He turned a delicate shade of pink that slowly grew darker in

his mortal rage. He was not accustomed to failure. In his state of inconceivable fury, he made a

rash promise. He would hunt down every fly on earth until not one buzzed free to float on the

wind! This of course was ridiculous, but people can do foolish things in anger.

The mayor wisely granted him considerable time and distance to collect his wits. When

this was accomplished, Talor set about having a light snack to refresh his spirits. Taking two

slabs of bread, he added honey to one and was about to slap both pieces together, when a

luckless fly buzzed lazily up to the bread. Before it knew what had happened, it found that it was

ensnared in the sticky honey! At first the miserable creature buzzed in alarm but soon it settled

down and began to accept its lot in life. Talor was immensely disgusted - just as any reasonable

person would be if they had a fly trapped in their honey sandwich. But wait - it was not one fly

but four! Nay ‘twas not four but seven! “Well fancy that!” exclaimed Talor in amazed disgust. “I

have apparently just caught all the rats in one trap!” His voice had changed from that of disgust

to one of amusement.

In no great time at all a small party of peasants had gathered around him in shock. “He

did it!” gasped one. “He is a real hero after all!” whispered another. Talor puffed out his broad

chest in self-importance. “It was nothing, really!” grinned Talor proudly. By this time Talor had

utterly forgotten his vow to hunt the flies to extinction.

“‘Twas but a trifle”, continued Talor, beginning to enjoy his sandwich. His glee in

defeating the flies, caused him to forget another critical detail. “Ugh!” grimaced Talor in

embarrassment, as it suddenly dawned on him that the large bite of sandwich filling his mouth

was laden with flies.

Later that day, as he laid himself down to rest, it was obvious that great change had come

over him. He was no longer a self-important hero. Nay! He was now a grim and sober man who

had learned a great lesson in humility. From now till he became an old man he had many more

adventures, but none so memorable as the battle with the seven flies which became known in

merry England as “Seven in One Blow”!