

Excerpt from *The Tragical Life of Cheeseboy*, written by Finegan Kruckemeyer.
Not to be presented without official licensing. To enquire, please go to:
finegankruckemeyer.com

Available for reading in English, German and Spanish.

Chapter Two: a boy and a boat and a whole new world.

STORYTELLER: One falls, until they stop.

Cheeseboy's boat floats through the air. And so gently, it lands, on our world. Our hero wakes. He has dreamt of tigers and the taste of bark – dreams do not always make sense.

And what is laid before him? The biggest, longest stretch of nothing – only waves lapping at waves, as far as his wee cheesey eyes can see. He drops his hand over the side of his small red boat and... ah, water. If you felt this, you would be reminded of beach towels and fishing and floatation devices and summer days and mackerel and salmon and bass. But Cheeseboy does not know water, and he does not understand this rocking of the boat. And most of all, he does not know how that most fearsome form of magic has occurred – when you fall asleep in one world, and wake in another. This is a frightful thing, a 'shake in your boots' thing... imagine it.

He sits in the middle of his craft, and holds his knees, and stares out at the great sea. And it stares back.

*[He sings] There are seven seas,
Each will sink you.
Only salty breeze,
You can cling to.
If a voyage is what you need,
The waves will bring you.
There are seven seas,
For us to sing to.*

*Sing of wind and sing of rain,
Sing of Greece and Spain.
Sing of cold and sing of hot,
Sings the sailor:
'Please forget me not'.*

*In the middle of the water,
Sits a boat.
In the middle of the boat,
There sits a boy.*

*In the midst of his dreams,
He wakes and finds,
He is in a new place,
And he cries:*

*'I sing to wind and sing to rain,
Sing to shores I cannot name.
Sing to cold and sing to hot.
I'm alone and want my home,
I am alone.
Please forget me...*

Please forget me not'.

Cheeseboy uses one oar and rows in a circle.

STORYTELLER: The wind, friend to every nautical traveller, every Argonaut, takes our hero in arms and slowly, gently, carries him to shore.

His boat is blown to land.

STORYTELLER: Cheeseboy is a boy. And when boys find beaches, they build castles, made of sand – they build sandcastles. When his parents find him, they will surely wish for a place to live. So he builds a great one, full of turrets and strong walls. And now darkness falls. Our tired worker sleeps.

The tide takes the castle.

STORYTELLER: It is the next day. Cheeseboy sees his work destroyed. A battle begins. He makes a greater structure, and around it, clever man that he is, he builds a wall. No bullying waves shall take this creation! Night. He sleeps.

The tide takes the castle.

STORYTELLER: It eats the castle whole. Satisfied, it retreats.

Morning. Cheeseboy throws stones at the water and kicks the foam around his feet. He sets to work. His castle is a monster. This palace shall live forever. Around it, a wall. Behind that – and here we roar approval, he is so clever – a moat. Night. He snores, proud of his labours.

But this sea – it will take no prisoners. It throws its shoulder to the wall. It falls into the moat – a trap! But it will not be stopped. It rolls upon the sides of our hero's efforts.

The tide takes the castle.

STORYTELLER: It takes what it came for. The morning comes slowly. The light is embarrassed by what it must illuminate.