

If At First You Don't Succeed

"Eureka!" Sam excitedly exclaimed. "I've done it! I'm set for life and my happiness is assured. With this new invention I'll be honored for my brilliance, and I might even win the nobel prize!" he chirped ecstatically.

Sam was a chicken, the great great great grandson of the Not-So-Great Chixken Little, who, in case the reader is ignorant, was the chick who thought the sky was falling and got everyone eaten by a crafty old fox [SIC]. Sam was a well built chicken, quite muscular in fact, and extremely inventive, but, unfortunately, he had no brains when it came to reality. His motto was: " If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," and he would never give up even if there was no way he could win. To this very day he still has an annual football game against a childhood friend, Bono, who is a prize winning, full grown bull. (In case the reader hasn't discovered it, after every game, Sam has a visit to the hospital where he is an infamous character, continually joked about by the nurses and doctors who work there.)

"You may see Mr. Monty now, sir," the secretary informed Sam. He nervously eyed the door in front of him. The big, bold lettering stated:

MR. JP MONTY
EXECUTIVE PRESIDENT

Doubts about his ability to make a good impression entered his mind, but Sam immediatly gathered himself together, glanced back at the sheep secretary, and entered the room. THE stately pig sat behind a magnificently carved oak desk in the most luxurious office Sam had ever seen.

A plush oriental rug covered the floor from wall to wall, and paintings, pictures, and diplomas adorned the brightly colored walls. Extremely expensive ornaments were conspicuously displayed, spreading a DO-Not-Touch atmosphere around the room. But the room was nothing compared to the pig

lounged in the sleek, black, leather chair. He was not fat, he was immense, he had one of those stomachs that literally hung over his waistband. His four chins wiggled like Jell-O as he turned his chubby head to face Sam.

"Yees," Mr. JP Monty stated suggestively.

" Sir, this is your lucky day! I am the esteemed architect of the greatest invention of all time, and I have picked you, to invest in it. This will certainly earn you enormous profits in the public gets ahold of my wonderful creation. What do you say sir? Are you with me or not? I know that if you decide to endorse my idea, then you will be greatly rewarded in the future, " Sam stopped, out of breath as he waited for an answer.

" Well it might be helpful to know what I've invested in before I risk unknown numbers of bushals of grain to produce the afore-mentioned product."

" Oh it will definitely be worth it Mr. Monty, sir, it will, it will, it will!" Sam quickly and enthusiastically informed the famous business man before him. A silence that seemed to last forever to the amateur inventor enveloped the room.

"Well, what is it young man?" JP inquired impatiently.

" What is what?" Sam asked.

" Your supposedly great invention." The pig shot back, obviously annoyed.

"Oh, yessir, I'm sorry sir," stuttered Sam, " I'll tell you now sir. It is artificially flavored grass... you know, for cattle."

" Artificially flavored GRASS!?!?"

"Yessir. It comes in cherry, lime, apple, chocolate, and raspberry. It's actually quite tasty. Even I, enjoy the vast array of flavors. Also, there is no end to the possibility of expansion of the product. We could always produce low-fat, more fiber, and more flavors. Isn't it an incredible idea sir? I have some here if..." Sam's voice trailed off, and his face fell as he peered at Mr. Monty. " Are you all right sir?" The pig sat absolutely still and silent, as if in serious shock. "Sir, is my idea bad?"

Mr. Monty's expression suddenly changed to an animated happiness Sam had never seen before. " No, no my boy! It's a stupendous idea!" He pressed a button on his desk. " Miss Steward, notify my managers immediatly. I want them here precisely when the first star appears in the sky, not a moment later or they know the consequences.

Type it up and relay the information instantly. Go!" His hoof left the button and he turned to Sam again. "My boy, you've got yourself one enthusiastic endorser. By the way, what is your name boy?"

"Little, sir, Sam Little."

Sam leaned against the chair's back, in his office and sighed. It had been one of the most tiresome and busy months of his life. Everyone wanted artificial grass. It was a fad among the calves. The adults enjoyed it too. Orders poured in like rain during a monsson, and his new company, Arto-Grass was thriving. But Sam was not happy. He had thought the bushals of grain would be enough to satisfy him, but he didn't want to deal with the responsibility of owning a company.

"I'm too young to be stuck in an office already." He said to himself.

"You are precisely right, Mr. Little, Preeecisely right." A low smooth voice agreed.

" Who are you?" Sam curiously inquired of the fox that stood before him.

" My name is E.Q. Exon Esq., but my friends call me Esquire. I will consider you a friend , so please, call me Esquire." The fox turned his head slightly to the right and seemed to be studying Sam for his reaction to the introduction.

"Okay, Esquire. What did you come to see me for?" Sam's curiosity about the walking mystery before him was aroused, and he wanted to know as much as possible about the only interesting thing that had happened to him all month.

" Since you are my friend, Mr. Little, I came to warn you. I have heard, from sources that I'm afraid are not at my disposal to reveal, so don't ask, that your company

is going to suddenly turn around and go down the tube. Once the new idea has soaked in., the cattle are going to lose interest, and are already losing interest in Arto-Grass. Again, since I am your friend, I decided to buy the company for four bushals of grain, a bargain for a company that is about to go bankrupt. I'll give you until this time tomorrow to decide. I warn you- this company is not worth one bushal, let alone four. I'm only offering that much because you are my friend. Goodbye." Esquire turned away and slowly and deliberately left the room.

" Esquire, wait!" Sam declared. " I don't want to lose everything I have earned. Please take my business. I'll sign it over to you right now if you want?" Sam took out a piece of paper and quickly scribbled something down and signed it. " Here Esquire, sign this too and we've got a deal."

The fox took the paper and signed it. A malicious grin flashed across his face and Sam cowered beneath his stare. " YOU fool," laughed the fox, " You imbecile! Now I own the fastest growing company known to all of Animalkingdom. Now get out of here before I eat you for dinner !

Sam ran, half-flying, from the room with terror. Mr. E.Q. Exon EsQ's thundering laughter pursued him to the street. Tears pured down Sam's face as he realized what he had done.

A few weeks later, Sam smiled. He had it this time. Baths for cats. Just

what society would want. He would rise in fame , once again. Ha, ha! Nothing could stop Sam! After all, "If at first you fon't succeed..."

Moral of the story: " If at first you don't succeed... "
can be carried too far.