Narrator: Once upon a time, there lived a king in a faraway land. He had one daughter, a lovely young princess. He decided to throw her a feast for her tenth birthday. It was a wonderful feast, and he invited all the good fairies from the surrounding woodlands.

Each good fairy cast a different spell on the young princess. One spell made her sweet. Another spell made her smart. Another spell made her pretty. But there was one particular fairy—a Wicked Fairy—who had not been invited to the feast. The Wicked Fairy grew angry and cast a curse on the Princess.

Wicked Fairy: Zarsasee Zorsesee Zizzle and Zoup. Your manners will be frightful. You’ll slurp up your soup.

Narrator: The King was horrified. He immediately issued a proclamation to try to keep the curse against his daughter from coming true.
King: All spoons throughout the kingdom must be destroyed at once. Citizens of the land, gather up any and all bowls. Take them to the royal dump immediately. From this point forward, soup is outlawed in my kingdom. No more clam chowder, no more chicken and stars. Hear me, hear me, by royal proclamation, there is to be no more soup.

Narrator: A few years later, the Princess had her sixteenth birthday. The King arranged a huge feast. Prince Charming, from a neighboring land, was to be the guest of honor. He was famous the whole world over for his fine breeding. The King had even hired a new cook specifically for the occasion.

Prince Charming (snobbily): I would like to say a few words to the lovely Princess. If her manners are anything like my manners—ahem, ahem—I am sure we will get along quite splendidly.

Narrator: The waiters began to serve the meal. To the King’s horror, they set down bowls of soup. The King had completely forgotten to tell the new cook that soup was forbidden throughout the land.

Slurping Beauty: I’ve never tasted such a delight before. What is this fine food?

Prince Charming: Why, it’s soup, of course.

King: Oh, no. It’s soup!


Prince Charming: Well, I never. I believe that I must be going at once. I have a previous engagement that completely slipped my mind. King, thank you for a most charming evening. Your daughter is a most... interesting young lady.

Narrator: The King was furious that the feast had gone so badly. The Wicked Fairy’s curse had taken hold. Slurping Beauty had scared off Prince Charming with her terrible manners. Sure, Prince Charming was something of a snob. But what about the next young man who came to dinner? What if Slurping Beauty scared him off, too?

The King decided he would fire the new cook at once. But Slurping Beauty begged him not to. Until now, she had never tasted soup. And she loved it.

Slurping Beauty: Please, Daddy. Don’t fire the cook. Have him make more soup. I love it. Slurp, slurp, slurp.
Narrator: The King could not deny his daughter. And so began a period of Slurping Beauty trying all the soup she’d missed out on throughout her childhood. Night after night, meal after meal, she tried different soups—split pea, chicken noodle, beef and barley. She loved them all. And she slurped them all up.

The old King was terribly upset. If his daughter kept behaving this way, she might never find a husband. It so happened that another prince was passing through the land. The King had no choice but to invite Prince Alarming to dinner.

Soup was served as usual. The King expected that it was going to be a very embarrassing evening.

Prince Alarming: I would like to tell a riddle to the lovely Princess. What did the flower say to the bee? Buzz off! Get it? Buzz off!

Narrator: The Princess began to laugh. And then Prince Alarming began to laugh. He had a goofy high-pitched laugh that sounded like this:

Prince Alarming: Hee-har, hee-har, hee-har.

Slurping Beauty: Slurp, slurp, slurp.

Prince Alarming: Knock, knock


Prince Alarming: Lettuce.


Prince Alarming: Let us alone! Get it? Let us alone!!

Narrator: Slurping Beauty laughed so hard that soup came out her nose. That made Prince Alarming laugh even harder: hee-har, hee-har, hee-har.

Slurping Beauty didn’t mind Prince Alarming’s goofy laugh. In fact, she thought it was cute. Prince Alarming didn’t mind the way Slurping Beauty ate her soup. "She has a healthy appetite," he would say, always with a hearty laugh: "Hee-har, hee-har, hee-har."

The two rather enjoyed one another’s funny habits. They fell in love and lived happily ever after.

*the end*