

Little Blue Stockings  
by Horváth Imre Olivér (himself!)

Perhaps there once was, or maybe there was not, a progressively fatherless girl somewhere in a probably wooded area. Her mother was a horse. She wanted to breastfeed her little one under an oak tree but Little Blue Stockings (that was her name) wanted to do it in public. After seven years of arguing about the issue, the horse was exhausted and died miserably. Little Blue Stockings was so angry that she tore the bark off the oak tree and went to see the world, buy a small flat somewhere and get a job.

She walked and walked until she saw a fire. By the fire sat a hunter.

'Guten tag, Freulein!' said the hunter.

'Guten tag, Herrlein!' answered LBS.

'You passed the test' smiled the hunter, 'let me reward you with a depressing story.'

The Depressing Story of Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time, there was a young little exploited Sociology student who supported her studies as a sex worker. She always wore red so everybody called her Little Red Riding Hood. She walked the streets until she met an editor who was gay but she did not know. She asked him whether he wants to sleep with him but he declined. They were both exposed but never to each other.

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'Wow, that was a depressing story', pointed out Little Blue Stockings.

'Indeed it is', answered he.

*'Let me introduce myself' said the editor, 'I am Little Rainbow Pantaloons. Let us go on a journey together.'*

*So Little Blue Stockings and the hunter and Little Rainbow Pantaloons went on a journey. They met the wolf who was not a rapist.*

'Welcome, friend' said the wolf who was not a rapist.

'What a progressive way of addressing someone!' cried Little Blue Stockings.

'Oh thank you. Would you like some tea?'

They progressed to have tea. It was all very nice. After tea, the wolf did eat them but he was very polite about it.

Little Rainbow Pantaloons

Inside the wolf's belly, next to the grandmother's bones there was a forest that was made of copper, silver and gold at the same time to save space. The Seven Szünyű Kapanyányimonyók was around but he was busy. The ~~two~~ *trio* defeated the three, twelve and twenty-one headed Patriarchy and saved the princesses who did not need saving actually. Little Blue Stockings got a job and a flat in the Underworld, the other two sang a couplet.

*Little Blue Stockings,  
Little Riding Hoods,  
Little Rainbow Pantaloons  
somewhere in the woods  
in pantaloons,*

*in pan-ta-loooooooooons...*