

An Unpredicted Surprise

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Along the road came a stagecoach with a big dust cloud behind it. The stagecoach wasn't much to look at with its dull green coach and ugly yellow wheels, but on the inside were red velvet seats and open windows with white lacy curtains. There were also two men, two women, and a baby. The hot summer sun beat down on the horse and coach, causing the horses to lather and the metal of the coach to fry, making it very humid and uncomfortable inside the coach as the people began to sweat. As they neared the village, they saw that it consisted of one hotel, mercantile, church, school, post office, and mill. As they stopped in front of the hotel, the owner came out. He was a big, red-faced jolly man who loved jokes and had a curly mustache. "Welcome to Grunvill's Hotel where you can rest your weary feet!" he called. He hopped up onto the coach, nearly shook the stage master's hand off, and called for a servant to care for the horses while the stage master staggered into the cool hotel. Meanwhile, the passengers alighted and began their separate ways. A lady hopped out followed by a gentleman holding a sleeping baby, and they started down the path toward the houses. The other lady checked in at the hotel while the last man to get off the stagecoach was a short little man with slicked back hair all crusty from the heat and piercing black eyes which made the owner's mustache cringe in uneasiness but he cordially extended his hand and exclaimed "Welcome, sir!" "Humf" the visitor exclaimed while staring all the harder wheeling about he bumped into the servant unloading the luggage and distributing it. "Watch out!" he yelled, his little face became red while the owner watched in shock as the little man stumbled and walked right up to him to say "I don't receive or give any welcome to anyone except money because all you ignorant country know-nothings do is steal money with something called merchandise and hotels." And with that, he went inside and checked in while the owner and his servants stood there in shock. Hours later the little short-tempered man was seen walking toward the market where he bargained for a stall. He had just finished setting everything up when an older lady came by and had just picked up his product, a lamp. When the hotel owner stormed up, he shouted, "Stop!". "That thing is a fake, that... lamp," he ended triumphantly. "That thing is supposed to give light by the sun but there are fumes at the bottom attracting solar power and chemicals from the air!" "What!" everyone gasped. "Yes," he stuttered. "He's a fraud!" Everyone went into an uproar. The short little man was forced to perfect and sell the lamps, and put part of the money toward improving the village and giving to the church. Years later, the story was told for generations in the village.

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