

Short Story: Dorothy And Her Little Flying Monkeys

Written by Carol Lee Brunk

August 10, 2022 11:35PM

Dorothy picked up a little flying monkey. "Oh." "What shall I name you?" Dorothy said as she held the little flying monkey with her hands with one hand on each side of the little flying monkey's body. He, the monkey, slightly flapped and smiled at Dorothy.

"You're so cute." "You, I'm naming you Ted," she said. "Off you go...," and she lifted the little monkey slightly and gave him a little toss upward to help him fly. "Your name is Ted," she said as she watched the little flying monkey take off towards the trees.

"Oh, another flying little monkey," Dorothy said. Another flying little monkey floated to a stop and sat in front of Dorothy on the window ceil. "What shall I name you?" Dorothy said. Dorothy picked up the little flying monkey and held him out in front of her. "I shall name you Ned," Dorothy said and she gave the small flying monkey a slight toss up into the air. The monkey flapped its wings in front of her. "Your name is Ned," Dorothy said as she watched the little flying monkey fly off towards the trees.

"Oh, my," Dorothy said. "Another small flying monkey." "I shall call you..." Dorothy smiled as she picked up another little flying monkey that flew in and sat on the window ceil. She started her conversation with the small flying monkey over again. "Your name is Mike," Dorothy said and slightly tossed the little flying monkey into the air. He hovered and flapped in the air. "Your name is Mike," Dorothy said. Dorothy watched as the little flying monkey took off towards the trees. As she was about to turn into her kitchen another little flying monkey appeared and sat on the window ceil.

"Oh," Dorothy said excited. "Another little flying monkey." "This is fun." "I shall name you ummm," she trailed in thought while she looked into the trees out the window. She counted ten, twenty, forty, eighty. Then, with her finger she pointed to count more...one hundred. And she kept counting. "Oh my," Dorothy said. "Five hundred little flying monkeys to name."

"Oh," Dorothy said as she smiled and picked up the little flying monkey in the window ceil. "Your name is...Frank," Dorothy said and she lifted up the little flying monkey and slightly tossed him upward. He flapped his wings and Dorothy announced, "Your name is Frank." She watched as the little flying monkey as he flew off into the trees. "So many flying little monkeys to name."

It was the end of the week when all five hundred little flying monkeys were named. They were all in the berry trees and they hopped up and down. The berry trees shook. Berries flew in all directions from the trees. "Eeee." "Aaawww!" "Eeee." "Eeee." Eee." "Aaww." The little flying monkeys chimed as they bounced the limbs of the berry trees.

"Oh!" "Noooo!" Dorothy yelled. Dorothy opened up the closet door in the kitchen and grabbed a stack of buckets and ran outside.

"Ooooh!" "Monkeys!" "Flying monkeys...help me put all the berries in the buckets," Dorothy sang. She sang again and all the little flying monkeys flew down from the branches. They filled the buckets up. Dorothy went back in and got more buckets. She put them out for the little flying monkeys. Dorothy ran back into the house with several filled buckets of berries and started to make berry pies.

The little flying monkeys jumped up and down in the yard. All the buckets were filled. Dorothy pulled four berry pies out of the oven and put them into a pie cabinet cooler.

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“Oh, that smells so good,” Dorothy said excited. The little flying monkeys stopped jumping up and down and flew near the open window of the kitchen.

“Ooooh!” Dorothy said. “Are you hungry?”

Three little flying monkeys jumped up and down on the window ceil hooted and hollered.

“You are all hungry,” Dorothy said. “I have some berry pies to share with you,” Dorothy said and she sliced up all four pies into small pieces. She opened up the kitchen cupboard and filled about fifty plates with small pieces of berry pies.

“Oh, noooo!” Dorothy said. “I have not enough pies.”

Dorothy served the little flying monkeys and gave them each a plate. They flew off in the berry trees with their treat. More, flew in and stopped at the window ceil. Fifty plates later, Dorothy announced, “I need to make more pies.”

Dorothy happily grabbed more filled buckets of berries and made more pies. The little flying monkeys took turns. Three at a time, little flying monkeys got a pie slice on a plate from Dorothy.

Happily, Dorothy made pies and handed the treat out on plates to all the little flying monkeys. Dorothy sat in the kitchen tired at the kitchen table and ate one last piece of berry pie. The plater baking dishes stacked in the sink, counter and kitchen table. Dorothy looked outside the window. The little flying monkeys were quiet. The breeze blew through the berry trees and shook the branches. The little flying monkeys chattered and threw their plates into the air.

“Oh!” No!” Dorothy cried. “Look at all those dishes!” “I’ve got to wash five hundred plates.” “Wow!” “What a lot of work.”

Dorothy yelled from her window ceil. “Little flying monkeys bring me your plates so I may wash them.” Dorothy watched five hundred little flying monkeys fly into the air and flutter down to the ground. Each little flying monkey grabbed a plate. All the plates were flown over to Dorothy’s window and placed on the window ceil. Dorothy carted pile after pile of dishes into the kitchen from the window ceil.

“Wow!” Dorothy said, “How am I to get all these dishes done?”

There was a knock at the front door. Dorothy yelled behind her as she ran from the kitchen, “I’ll be right back my little flying monkeys.”

“Hello,” Dorothy said as she opened the front door.

“Hi, we got a delivery for you from the town’s people,” the department man said.

“What kind of delivery?” Dorothy asked.

“A huge dish washer.” “It’s a gift.” “A thank you,” the department store man said.

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“What?” Dorothy asked.

“It’s a thank you for feeding all the flying little monkeys.” “They stopped throwing bananas at everybody in town.” “I guess they like berry pie.” “The whole town, I think walked by the last couple of days and watched you feed the little flying monkeys.”

“Oh, thank you,” Dorothy said. Dorothy let the department store man in the back door. A new conveyor belt dish washer was turned on and Dorothy watched as the belt pulled in the dirty dishes and clean dried emerged on the opposite side.

“Oh, thank you,” Dorothy said to the department man as he left through the front door.

“Flying little monkeys,” Dorothy said sweetly, “Here I come back.” Dorothy ran back into the kitchen.

It was a few weeks later. A knock at Dorothy’s front door was answered by Dorothy. “Hello,” Dorothy said.

“I’ve got a delivery for you.” “It will fit nice in your kitchen,” the department man said.

“But you already delivered the dish washer,” Dorothy said.

“It’s not a dish washer, it’s a conveyor oven,” the department man said and went around towards the back door. Dorothy ran towards the kitchen. He knocked on the back door. Dorothy opened the back door.

“It’s for feeding the little flying monkeys.” “They started throwing bananas at everybody in town again.” “Please Dorothy, accept the conveyor oven to make berry pies for the little flying monkeys,” the department man said.

“Oh, but I’ve run out of berries,” Dorothy said.

“We’ve got a truck bringing you berries and supplies to make berry pies,” the department man said.

“Oh!” Dorothy said and was very excited.

“Just contact us at this number if you need anything else,” the department man said and he handed Dorothy a business card. The department man placed the conveyor oven in the kitchen and turned the conveyor on. Three little flying monkeys appeared on the window sill of Dorothy’s kitchen window.

“There you are,” Dorothy said. “The department man gave us a gift from the town.” The three little flying monkeys jumped up and down chiming “Oooo!” “Oooo!” “Oooo!”

The department man turned toward Dorothy and said, “They really don’t like bananas.” “I guess.”

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Dorothy smiled and said "That's Mike, Ned and Frank." She pointed at the three little flying monkeys that sat on the kitchen window ceil.

"Thank you," Dorothy said. "They need some tree houses made." "I named all five hundred little flying monkeys." Dorothy smiled.

"That sounds like a great idea Dorothy," the department man said. The supply truck entered the backyard.

"Come back in an hour and you can have berry pie with us," Dorothy said.

"Make plenty," the department man said. "So, the whole town can enjoy." "The town's bringing lunch to you this afternoon." "We'll help you make berry pies to feed all the little flying monkeys and plan to build some tree houses for them."

Dorothy smiled and was excited.

"Dorothy," the department man said as he left, "those little flying monkeys don't like bananas for real."

Dorothy, the department man and the whole town had a great lunch. They ate berry pie that Dorothy made with the town and enjoyed it with all five hundred little flying monkeys. Treehouses were going to be made for all the little flying monkeys. Dorothy smiled a lot and was very excited.

The town no longer fed the imaginary little flying monkeys bananas. But they really liked berry pie. And Dorothy picked up every little flying monkey every day and called each by their name. "Five hundred little flying monkeys," Dorothy said excited. "I am the luckiest town member with unlimited berries for berry pies."

"The end," Dorothy said and smiled as she lifted upward and released a little flying monkey so he would fly.