

THE KINGDOM OF LIPVILLE

By

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Throughout the beautiful Kingdom of Lipville, King Royal Lips and his wife, Her Majesty Queen Lips, ruled with a fair and kind hand. The people had everything they needed and were extremely happy. Even the dogs roamed free and the birds chirped in an atmosphere of peace and calm. If the people weren't whistling their praises to the king, they were whistling while they worked.

Whistling was so popular, the annual event of the kingdom was the "Whistling Festival," which was only days away. Anyone that wanted to be heard was allowed to perform. Wherever you went in Lipville, lips were puckered in a whistling position, practicing for the great occasion.

Lady Sweet Lips, beloved daughter of the King and Queen was in charge of all the events. Sir Knight Lips, head of the army, was her constant companion and in love with the beautiful princess.

Sir Knight Lips was going to be quite busy during the festival. He posted sentries at the borders so no one could enter to infect their tiny

nation. Long, long ago, a swarm of evil Lip Germs invaded their kingdom and almost destroyed their lips. With a supreme effort the remaining healthy Lip People defeated and threw off the invaders. Since that time the succeeding kings never let their guard down. Everyone was envious of this beautiful and prosperous kingdom, and the king protected it from all enemies. Little did the King and his subjects know that these dark and sinister Lip Germs were once again plotting to destroy their peaceful way of life.

The day of the festival arrived and Lady Sweet Lips had planned well. There was music, dancing in the streets, lots of food and exciting games for the children.

Everyone was preparing for his or her performance. There were fat lips, thin lips, and old lips wrinkled with age, all ready to be acclaimed as the greatest whistler in the kingdom. The Blacksmith called Iron Lips had been accorded that honor the previous year, and was expected to be a worthy opponent.

The Whistling Festival was a grand success. As expected, the Blacksmith, Iron Lips again came in first place, but had to share the honor with a very shy and thin seamstress, named Needle Lips. They both performed so beautifully that Lady Sweet Lips requested they whistle a duet together. The people were enchanted with the deep vibrant sounds of Iron Lips, and the high sweet tones of the lovely Needle Lips.

No sooner had the duet finished, when the blast of a trumpet fanfare sounded and the King stood to make an announcement. "I have some very bad news," he said. The sentry has just informed me

that an invading army of infectious Lip Germs is approaching the city. There were cries of fear and horror from his loyal subjects.

Taking action immediately, Sir Knight Lips ordered, “Everyone go to the courtyard and pour your healing lip oil into the large vat!” The subjects looked at one another in wonder. What a strange request! What did the brave knight want with their healing oil?

After the vat was filled, he had the soldiers transfer the oil into smaller pots and place them on the edge of the castle walls.

The army of creeping Lip Germs approached the wall and began slithering up the sides. There were millions of the hairy black creatures.

“Hurry men, hurry!” shouted Sir Knight Lips, “they’ve almost reached the top!” Seeing that the pots were ready, Sir Knight Lips brought his sword down, signaling his troops to pour the bacteria killing oil onto the Germs.

The screams of the dying Lip Germs sent chills down everyone’s spine. The instant the liquid hit their grotesque bodies they completely disappeared! The people couldn’t believe their eyes!

Amidst the celebration of the victory, the King made the long awaited proclamation. I’m happy to announce that my daughter Lady Sweet Lips has accepted Sir Knight Lip’s proposal for her hand in marriage. All the people cheered. The citizens of Lipville knew that peace would reign once more over their lovely country, and they would be Germ-free forever and ever.