

Molly and Blunderbore

You know how sisters are. Alike as peas in a pod, different as night and day. That was Molly and Poll all over.

Betts was off from home, staying with an old woman up on Granny's Branch. So that just left Molly and Poll at the house with Mommy and Poppy Whuppie. One morning they got to needing some water. But the water bucket was empty.

Well, they all knew they could dry up and die of thirst before Poll would ever go and draw water, so Molly Whuppie picked up the water bucket, and off she went to the well.

When she got there, she lowered the bucket down in the well, heard it fill with water glug glug glug, then commenced to pull it back up again. She was pulling and tugging and yanking on the rope, and somehow or another—don't ask me how—she fell in the well.

Down, down, down she dropped, through air and then water and then air again. Hit bottom and knocked herself out.

When she came to, she was in another world, and not knowing exactly what to do in the situation, Molly Whuppie got up and started walking down the road.

She walked and she walked, and she came to a log a-laying in the road. She was about to step on it and go on, when she thought she heard it speak.

"Walk around me, little gal," said the log. "Don't squash me down in the mud." So Molly walked around the log and went on.

Went on, went on, and she came to a sheep. Sheep could talk, too, in that world. "Shear me, little gal," said the sheep. "But not too close. For I need my wooly wool to keep me warm of a night." Molly sheared the sheep, but not too close, and continued on her way.

On and on and she came to an apple tree, and the apple tree spoke to her, too. "Pick you some apples to eat, little gal, but don't break my limbs off." Molly picked her some good apples to eat and was careful not to break any limbs.

Molly walked on till she came to a house. And what do you reckon she did then? Well, she marched right up to the door and knocked. And who do you reckon opened that door? A big hairy giant.

Well, she started to tell him about needing some water and falling in the well and getting knocked out and talking to a log and a sheep and a tree, but before she could get a word in, that giant whisked her in the house, set her down in a chair, and commenced to talk at her. He talked a blue streak. He talked her ears off. He talked till the cows came home. And all on just one topic—his own sweet self.

Well, that wouldn't have been so terrible bad if he hadn't been the most boring giant in seven counties and possibly the whole state. He was so boring it made Molly Whuppie want to run off and stick her head in the creek, just to get away from him.

And still he kept talking. Molly dozed off a time or two. And still he kept on talking. And that's when Molly realized she'd dropped into the dwelling hole of Old Blunderbore.

Molly knew she had to get out of there quick or perish of boredom. Finally, in the middle of a very long and boring sentence, the giant stopped talking and began to snore. Molly slipped out of the house, trying not to make a sound for fear of rousing him.

Molly ran up the road just as hard as she could go. She looked back over her shoulder, and there he came after her, that big jaw still a-flapping. Molly ran till she got to the apple tree.

Now the apple tree knew all about Old Blunderbore and how tedious he was, and it told Molly, "Crawl up into my limbs and hide." Molly climbed up in the apple tree limbs, so when the giant blundered by, he didn't see her and went and looked for her somewhere else.

Molly climbed down and went on, headed for the well and home. She got to the place where that sheep was grazing, and there came Old Blunderbore up on her again. The sheep knew all what was going on, too, and it told Molly, "Crawl up here in my wool and hide." Molly crawled up in the sheep's wool and hid, so when the giant got there, he didn't see her that time either and stomped off in another direction.

Molly got out of there and went on, but before long she heard him after her again. She came to where that log was a-laying, and the log said, "Crawl in my holler and hide." Molly crawled in the holler of the log and hid, so when the giant came by, he never saw her.

Then Old Blunderbore's legs commenced to hurt him, from having to run all over the country first on way and then another, and him not used to that. So he went back to the house and laid down.

And what did Molly Whuppie do? Climbed up out of the well and went home.

Molly was tickled to see her mommy and daddy again, and they were tickled to see her, too. They thought she'd drowned in the well. She told them the whole story, and they made her tell it over and over while they rolled their eyes and slapped their knees and hollered, Law me! Do tell! If that don't beat all! and other similar expressions. They fixed Molly a big supper, let her have the best chair in the house, waited on her hand and foot, and just generally petted and made over her a sight.

Well, Poll, in the meantime, was over in the corner in a little hard chair, getting madder by the minute. "They're not paying a bit of attention to me," she said to herself, since nobody else was listening. "And me the one that's been here the whole time while she was off on a spree." At first Poll was just a little bit peeved, but after a while she worked herself up to where she was so mad she wanted to haul off and slap somebody.

About that time her mommy said, "Poll, go get Molly a piece of cake and a glass of buttermilk." Well, that did it right there. Poll couldn't stand it another minute. She tore out of there and went straight jumped in the well.

Down down down she dropped, through air and then water and then air again. Hit bottom and knocked herself out.

When she came to, she was in another world, and not knowing what else to do in the situation, Poll got up and started walking down the road.

And she came to that log. “Walk around me, little gal,” said the log. Well, Poll informed the log she was not about to be bossed by a piece of timber and would walk where she very well pleased. Poll plunked her big foot on the log and smooshed it way down in the mud.

Went on and she came to the sheep. “Shear me, little gal,” said the sheep. “But not too close, for I need some wooly wool to keep me warm of a night.” Poll sheared the sheep, all right, took all its wool and left it standing there a-shivering.

Went on and she got to the apple tree. “Get you some apples, little gal. But don’t break my limbs off, please.” Poll picked all the apples off the tree, broke its limbs off just for pure meanness, and went on down the road.

When Poll saw a house, she went and knocked on the door, and in a minute there before her stood Old Blunderbore. Well, when he saw she had ears on her head, he grabbed her and drug her in the house and made her set and listen to his mouth a-going till Poll thought she would lose her mind sure as the world.

Finally he dozed off and Poll slipped out of the house and tried to run off. But Old Blunderbore woke up and took out after her. Poll heard him coming and ran up to the apple tree, hollering, “Hide me, hide me!”

“No limbs to hide you in,” replied the tree.

Poll ran as fast as she could, the giant gaining on her by the second. She ran up to the sheep, hollering, “Hide me, hide me!”

“No wool to hide you in,” replied the sheep.

Poll kept running and she got to the log. “Hide me, hide me!” she begged.

No holler to hide you in,” replied the log. “My insides are all gammed up with mud.”

Old Blunderbore caught up to Poll then, grabbed her and drug her kicking and screaming back to his house, where he set her back down in that same chair and commenced to tell her the whole history of the world, from Adam and Eve on down, what it all had to do with him personally, and all his opinions about it.

So there she set, trapped by her own jealousy and selfishness, not to mention the most boring giant in seven counties and possibly the whole state.

There she was, and there she stayed, till Molly Whuppie came and got her out.

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