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*The serpent and
the forbidden fruit*

And other short stories

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**Do not let
the sun go
down over
your anger**

Uncle Richard was a firm believer in the good old adage that "one should not let the sun go down over his wrath", and therefore every night (or at least at least every other) Aunt Olga gave a proper dressing to get rid of his anger before he lay down to sleep. Almost every night, Aunt Olga also had a whole host of things about him that annoyed her violently – not so much because she was particularly violent or hot, but probably more so because Uncle Richard could be quite annoying in many respects, although he usually strives throughout the day to keep calm and not let his temper run away. , and even often also tried to think directly positively about the things that once happened.

But during the evening, it sizzled and bubbled in him with pent-up outrage and the like, which he then had to release anyway before bed, so he got rid of all the accumulated anger of the day before the night fell on.

Aunt Olga, for her part, she felt violated by all the unreasonable accusations that he let hail at her night after night, and then had no children (at least no one who was still at home) that she could have scolded for lack of better, she instead went in to the neighbor's wife and repeated the usual svada about How badly they cut the hedge, failed to prune the trees and did not clear proper snow in winter and what might otherwise be of the kind of grievance.

This became the neighbour's wife so angry that she woke up her husband, who used to go to bed early, so she could give him a proper dung so she too could avoid letting the sun go down over her anger.

Her husband in turn – he probably reacted in a slightly atypical way. Now he also got a solid amount of anger that he needed to get rid of, so he also didn't let the sun go down over his anger. So he got out of bed and took his notepad and set out to write the most demeaning and sarcastic remarks he could make about his wife and her completely misplaced and unjustified scolding, which she had even awakened him from his early evening slums to shed on him.

He carefully wrote his formulations through several times, and each time they were honed more and more until they were sharp and at the same time amusing, so that they could – at least in his own opinion – be used in a revue text or by a stand-but-comedian who skin-braided his utterly unreasonable wife, in a way that so that the whole hall of the imaginary audience lay flat with laughter and rewarded him with a roaring applause. It usually took an hour or an hour or a half for him to get this far, and in the meantime his wife had long since gone to bed in her bedroom up on the first floor and was sleeping her sweet sleep.

Then he sneaked into the living room, where that big ugly potted plant stood, which was a gift from his not very much-loved mother-in-law, and which he had always hated with a good heart. After closing various doors behind him so he was sure not to wake up the wife, he stood up in front of the big ugly potted plant with today's manuscript in hand and began to recite his text with all its witty points and well-turned, sarcastic formulations for mother-in-law's potted plant, as if the poor potted plant, which fortunately did not