

The Hyena That Wouldn't Laugh

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Capítulo 1

THE HYENA THAT WOULDN'T LAUGH

Once upon a time there was a circus
where everyone had a purpose;
the clowns made people laugh
and made little kids nervous.

The tamers tamed lions and tigers
and the big cats mauled the tamers;
the acrobats were bold and brave
(and often went to early graves)

The elephants were big and grey
as everybody would expect;
the people went and they would say
everything here is quite correct.

There was however, just one beast
that didn't quite get the whole gist;
a hyena that just wouldn't laugh
no matter how much they'd insist.

Entitled brats would hit the bars
of the hyena's iron cage;
to hear a laugh they would demand
their faces red with childish rage.

The parents would the keepers call
and ask for them to tease the brute,
or somehow make it cackle so
their children's anger could be soothed.

And they would probe, and poke and bribe,
with wooden sticks and meaty slabs;
the hyena still would remain mute
with melancholic vibe.

The children pouted, kicked and cried,
the keepers then apologized;
"it's a bad day" they would explain
"the hyena hasn't been himself"

But the truth is, the circus folk
had never heard that hyena laugh.

Sometimes it'd purr, sometimes it'd croak
sometimes it'd bellow like a calf.

It never giggled, it never grinned
it wouldn't even bare its teeth;
it only made his keeper seethe.
"I'll have you skinned!" the man would say,
so mad he couldn't breathe.

He called his boss, and said "I've got
a hyena that won't laugh.
What can we do? A lazy beast
this circus cannot have"

The circus man, he shrugged and said,
"It's no big deal;
it may be sick,
so feed him well
and let him heal"

"It's not like that", the keeper said,
"That thing's in perfect health.
It just won't laugh, what good is that?
So let's just sell its pelt"

"C'mon, old boy;
let's have a heart.
So what if he
won't play his part?"

"The lions roar, acrobats fly
and clowns make little children cry;
everything else works like a charm
so let the hyena slack"

"With due respect" the keeper said
"You haven't understood.
The hyena's sloth
could maybe spread
and ruin our lives for good"

"What do you mean?
Don't scare me so.
What makes you say such things?
Remember I'm an older man
to hear bad news I'm never keen"

"Nobody is, so hear me out;

this hyena just won't laugh.
So tell me what do to with it
before word gets around"

"For if the hyena remains mute,
what will the lion say?
No longer will he want to roar,
or make the tamer prey"

"And if the lion doesn't roar,
why should the tiger, then?
He'll just lay down, and sleep and snore
and never leave his den"

"The elephant will sure take note
and she never forgets;
she'll clear her throat
and say she's through,
and leave with no regrets"

"And then the clowns, and acrobats
and the magician too;
and soon enough you'll have to be
the one to clean the loo"

The circus man was horrified,
but then his face lit up;
"Don't worry, man; it's not the end
I think we'll fix your pup"

And so he called his better clowns
the funniest and the best;
"Come here, my boys, and sit around;
you're facing a big test"

And he explained, as best he could
the conundrum at hand;
"the only thing you have to do
is make that hyena laugh"

The clowns obeyed,
and let's just say,
they played their best routines;
but even so, not even once
the hyena even sneered.

The morning came, and said the clowns
"The hyena wins this round;

let's go to work, and let us try
tomorrow one more time"

And so they did, but once again
the hyena wouldn't budge.
The hapless clowns were horrified
at such humorless judge.

"We failed again, what can we do?"
a clown said in alarm.

"We'll lose our jobs, that is for sure
this beast we cannot charm"

"There is one guy" his friend replied
"who could maybe assist.
The greatest clown there ever was,
the greatest to exist"

"His shoes are big, his nose is red
his hair is leafy green;
his wit is sharp, and it is said
he always steals the scene"

"His name is Claude, the Cackling Clown,
and he will help for sure.
The legend says no one can frown
whenever he's on tour"

And so it was, the clowns agreed
to call the famous Claude;
a hyena that just wouldn't laugh
he thought it was a fraud!

But at the end, his comedy
he said he'd contribute;
"If I have made a boulder laugh,
I sure can take this brute"

The day arrived, and the Grand Clown
was ready for the duel.
He charged a fortune for his trouble
and extra for the fuel.

"Leave me alone!" he said at last
"Alone with the hyena.
Think of me as a gladiator
and this is the arena"

"That is not fair!" everyone said
"We want to hear your jokes!"

"If that is so, then you must pay!"
he said and left them broke.

"It will be worth it" the circus man
said sitting by the keeper.
"The greatest clown of modern times...
no wonder he's not cheaper!"

And so they sat, all side by side,
and saw Claude do his thing;
there never was a funnier ride
like that day at the ring.

But in its cage, the hyena stared;
his eyes were blank as always.
For that routine he didn't care;
(he thought it was too Broadway).

The sun went down, and all the clowns
could not believe the horror;
for soon enough the beast lay down
and then became a snorer.

"It didn't laugh! It didn't laugh!"
they roared and cried in shock;
"It was as mute as a giraffe,
as silent as a rock!"

"What happened, Claude?
You said you could
the hyena force to chuckle;
your show was good
but not so good
that you could make it buckle!"

"iShut up, you fools!
You know the rules!
You don't make fun of jokers!
I did my best, give it a rest!
That hyena must be bonkers!"

And so he jumped into his car
and quickly left the circus,
taking no cheers
leaving his peers

in the midst of a ruckus.

There were no shows later that night
and everyone went sleeping.
Nothing was right,
all had gone wrong,
that's what they all were thinking.

"If word gets out,
without a doubt
the circus will be ruined"
the keeper thought
rather distraught,
as he wept over his pillow.
"A hyena that won't ever laugh
may as well be an armadillo"

The circus owner, in his bed
felt his heart filling with dread.
"If I cannot be ringmaster,
how will I obtain my bread?"

And the clowns, as often happens
were in fact the most depressed;
for if Claude, the greatest prankster
had himself failed in his quest...
what did that mean for the rest?

The morning came, and very strange...
nobody went to work.
The hyena was now wide awake
and waiting for his pork.

The keeper always would arrive
with buckets of fresh meat;
the roaring lions he would feed
and never skip a beat.

The tigers would then get their share,
a piece of juicy beef.
And the hyena always got
the crunchy bones and bits.

But when his breakfast never came,
the hyena wondered why.
"This isn't funny if a joke,
and now my mouth is dry"

He paced around, hoping to see
the keeper with his buckets;
maybe a chicken for a change
so fresh that he could pluck it.

He didn't come, and then by noon,
the hyena said, "Well, fuck it"
He chewed the bars of the old cage
after a while he broke it.

He stepped outside,
with wary stride,
just looking for the keeper.

"I wouldn't have
to waste my time
if that guy had a beeper"

He soon found blood;
he liked it lots.
He thought he'd found the kitchen.

"Let's eat that meat
before it rots.
It smells better than chicken!"

But when he found
the bloody source...
he found it was his keeper!
He had been stabbed
a dozen times
as if by Jack the Ripper!

The hyena had no time to grieve;
his stomach was his heart.
The one goodbye he could conceive
was tearing him apart.

And once he finished his nice meal,
at last he wondered 'bout the kill.
He had a mighty sense of smell,
and soon the story he could tell.

"Unless my nose is failing,
the blood trails here are telling.
The clowns attacked the keeper,
and stabbed the tasty creeper.
He kept a gun, however,

and tho he wasn't clever,
he shot many a clown
before they brought him down.

Some clowns then dragged themselves,
to die under their tent.
The others may be still alive,
or so suggests their scent!"

And sure enough, he found two more
and killed them both with ease;
and as they died, they swore by Claude
whom they had so displeased.

The hyena thought, "I understand...
They did all this for Claude.
Dishonor to Clowndom I brought
because I wouldn't laugh"

"They blamed my Keeper, for he failed
to make me chuckle too.
And so they snuck into his tent
intent to see him through"

"And now they're dead...
they are all dead.
Even the circus man!
His wrists are slit...
I can't resist
this brilliant lovely twist!"

And so surrounded by the blood
the carnage and the corpses,
at such a morbid, total dud
he couldn't help but chortle.

He laughed and laughed,
and laughed some more,
and went back to his cage.
He'll laugh I think, until the day
he too dies of old age.

Remember then, the moral here;
your "fun" may not be mine.
What clowns and keepers may find dire,
hyenas find benign.