

EHT TEOP

The Strange Legend of Eht Teop

(pronounced aht tee-op; The Poet backwards)

by Patty Feist

Originally done in 6th grade at Vinedale Elementary.

Once a jolly poet lived in a new little stone house in the center of a big wood. On the edge of the wood there was a little village which he had once occupied. The people in the village loved him very much. They had put up a big fuss the day before when he had insisted he would move to the woods.

The woods were said to be full of many dangerous things. Kerps, zaps, tups, and rerps were the main families of the creeping crawling things. The poet, Eht Teop, came to write some horror poetry – careless of the Kerps, zaps, tups, rerps, witches, and who knows what in the woods.

“Creeping, crawling, winding Zaps,
Here they come to get you!
Dragons, people, giants sith caps,
Delicious things fro my brew!”

said Eht Teop, laughing, “That’s one of my better ones!”

As the story goes, Eht Teop lived peacefully in the Ekoops Woods for many many months. Eht would come once a week to get supplies – the same old things; 1 apple, 1 packet of tobacco, 2 matches, 1 yard of red material, 2 eggs, 1 lb. of flour, 6 bottles of ink, 1 pen, 500 sheets of paper, salt, yeast, and 1 hide of leather.

Eht Teop, at the house, which he called Ecalp of Ytab, had one ax, one needle, one table, one chair, one comb, one pan, one dull knife, one fork, one spoon, one big, sharp knife, one pipe, three blankets, and one set of clothes. He wore a derby hat, black slacks, white shirt, and gray coat. Eht was a short, thickset man with thick black hair. His face always had an expression as if he were far away in another world – except when he smiled that gentle smile of his. He was very kind to everyone and everything around him.

Every Saturday evening Eht would come into town and stay over night, then leave with the regular supplies after attending church. He never missed this trip to town – rain, shine, wind, storm – no matter what.

It was the 3rd week of the 10th month that Eht did not show up for his supplies. It was a dark, windy night so the people thought that the reason, even though Eht had come before inspite of weather. But he didn’t show up the next week, or the next, the next, or any other time either! Yet

the people of the village would not go into the scary, spooky, Ekoops Woods to investigate. They reckoned Eht Teop dead.

About a year later something strange happened. Left on the doorstep of Eht's loving sister was a piece of paper, the kind Eht used to buy. This was extra strange because Eht's sister, Retsy, had died of heartbrokenness when her dear, beloved brother, Eht Teop, was reckoned dead. The town storekeeper found the paper and called the town to a meeting to hear what was written on it. It read:

"Zaps into giants with her shrieking hand,
Buried people walk out of their graves,
All mountains into particles of sand,
Yellow streaks out of bravest of braves;
Sparks into lightening crackling past,
Houses pushed into the ground,
Even the quickest could never last,
In a steel cage they aren't sound;
Quick as – "

With this it stopped. Torn off. No name. No information who the character "her" is. No nothing!

The next week at the same time the storekeeper, Reper, found another poem even stranger! It read:

"Running, creeping, jum...
Swish and slosh, sweepa...
Crumpling is Her hand...
Run, you fools, from th...
Caterpillars for her lu...
Crunch on a human hea...
She steals your appeti..."

It looked as if someone had torn and crumpled it purposely. But who? Who is "her"? Where did it come from?

Next week on the doorstep was a picture of the back of a head with an axe right near the neck. The people wondered about this until next week when Augto, one of Eht's rare enemies, was found dead – by an axe at the back of his neck

Next week came a full script of horror poetry with "her" in it. It was set down that night in Reper's storeroom. When it was looked at the next day, it was torn, crumpled, and had blood on it!

Eight years passed. Nothing had happened concerning Eht. Even Reper's ten year old son, Recer, was beginning to wander in the woods. It was then that a piece of paper was blown into dead Retsy's abandoned house. It said:

Wait. Coming. Fear not Alive. strange. Go — old house, Escalp of Ytab.
Secret Only Recer. Keep others inside spirits come to *kill*, She leads
kills Terrible! Hur –

With that it stopped short. When? Who? What? Why Recer? Reper, who found the note, kept it secret. He thought he could get away with it.

That night Reper had a terrible nightmare. A monstress came to get his son. "Why didn't you obey me?" and screamed, "Can't you read? Your son shall die if you don't, the whole village will go blind!"

Reper didn't tell anyone about the dream or the note. He tried to brush the dream out of his mind. After all, it was only a dream.

In a week Reper's wife said, "This book is sure getting hard to read. Maybe I need"

With that Reper ran out of the house. Everyone in the village was getting the same way!

Reper made his son put on his jacket and cape. He then gave Recer directions to the Ecalp of Ytab.

Recer left the village wondering what was happening. He followed his father's directions, but the path he was to follow soon became so grown over it was impossible to follow. He lay down to rest and cried himself to sleep.

Recer woke up when the sun came over the mountain. At first he wondered where he was, then he remembered – his father had sent him away! Suddenly he felt a deep pang in his stomach. He was hungry! He got up and meandered around, wondering what to do.

Pretty soon he came upon a fresh cut path. He followed it out of pure curiosity. "Where does it lead?" Maybe there'll be food at the end!" thought happily, quickening his steps. For you see, Recer was very hungry.

Recer came to an old, stone house. On the board above the door was carved "Ecalp of Ytab." Recer knocked on the door. As there was no response, he walked in

In a chair sat Eht. If Reper had seen him, he would have said that he hadn't changed a bit. He was the same, thickset figure with the black hair.

In the chair opposite him was a lady about Eht's age. In another chair sat a young-looking lady, very beautiful to the eye with long blond hair.

"Ah, my good boy, how are thy tired bones today?" asked Eht Teop.

Since Recer was a brave, unshy boy, he answered quickly, "Fine, but my stomach doesn't seem quite so good," then added, "Have you not any spare food around here? It looks as if you have two mighty good cooks!"

With this Eht laughed a hearty laugh and the lady about his age a gentle one. The lady brought out some eggs and meat.

"In came an intruder from the dark,
Eating all our food;
The food goes down and hits its mark,
But our pocketbook is sued,"

Said Eht solumnly as Recer ate.

“Say mister, I’m sorry if I’m eating all your food,” said Recer.

“Oh, I didn’t mean it,” answered Eht, laughing, “And by the way, call me Eht, her Retsy, and her Elina, I mean Princess Elina.

This struck a bell in Recer’s mind. He had heard many strange tales about Eht. He was supposed to be dead, and so was his sister, Retsy! And who was Elina, I mean Princess Elina?

Nevertheless, Recer became [*sic*] to like them. In fact, he loved them! They were good-natured and kind to him.

The people in the village soon reckoned Recer dead.

And so the strange legend of Eht Teop ends. It is passed on from parent to child, parent to child. No one goes into the woods. Maybe Eht, Recer, Retsy, and Elina are still living. Who is Elina, anyway? Who is “her”? Maybe someday, just someday, the answers will be found. Just hope you won’t be living at that time!

The End

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