

Baron Von Klipklop

A story about the dangers of cheating

Sun poured through the window, splashing onto the piles of letters, records and well worn files.

It was all such a dusty and untidy mess, only adding to the problem of poor Russell's stress.

He pushed back from his desk and rose to his feet, he'd given up entirely trying to keep it all neat.

"Miss Finicky, could I get you to please come in here, I can't find a thing in this mess my dear."

Miss Finicky hadn't been at the law firm for long, but all were delighted she'd come along.

She brought such a sense of sureness and calm, as well as her smile and soft southern charm.

"Coming, Mr. Sprout" she cooed to her boss, as she shifted the piles and started to toss, reams of paper littering the space that were crammed and stacked all over the place.

"Just give me a second and I'll sort it all out," she smiled to her boss the unkempt Mr. Sprout.

In no time flat she had it all organized, it was dusted, cleaned and the piles pulverized.

"There," she said proudly *"now isn't that better? Now, what have you lost...a file or a letter?"*

"Well my dear, it's a letter I've had for quite some time, and I'm afraid that I'll now have to work overtime, as my client must go before the judge in three days and there's already been far too many delays."

Russell was startled by a knock on the door, as Miss Finicky floated across the wood floor.

Pulling open the door she inquired about, who'd come to the law firm of Sprout, Twiigs and Kraut.

"Why yes ma'am, I'm here for Mr. Russell Sprout, could you tell him it's Boyd... Mr. Boyd Scout."

"Right this way Mr. Scout, he's waiting for you, and I'll be back in a minute with some tea for you two."

"Come in", Russell called, "Boyd, how have you been?" "Well Russell, I'm afraid I'm betwixt and between."

Boyd plopped himself down in the brown leather chair, trying desperately not to give in to despair.

In no time at all Miss Finicky was back, with the letter, the tea, and a sweet teatime snack.

Boyd scratched his head as he sipped on some tea, *"You know, I just can't believe this has happened to me."*

Boyd was a critter of impeccable motivation, gentle and kind with a fine reputation.

His life was all smiles before he went to work, for Baron Von klipklop, the bogs biggest jerk, who was known to be stubborn and at times quite cruel, but what could you expect from the Bogs richest mule.

The Baron owned a business, houses and land, so he felt he was better than most and more grand.

He liked to be seen and liked to be heard, but never kept a promise, never kept his word.

He ignored the law, and never kept rules, thinking they only applied to the poor and to fools, and since he was neither in his own eyes, he thought being a scoundrel was just being wise.

Well...one day as Boyd was walking to work, where he was the Baron's assistant and clerk, he noticed a family wearing tattered old rags, sitting out by the street with some boxes and bags.

Boyd knew the Beavers as they rented a shack, from that rotten Klipklop whose heart was pitch-black.

"What's wrong?" Boyd enquired, "would you tell me why, you're out on the street with your things piled sky high?"

"Well Boyd..."

The Baron stopped by saying we'd have to leave, he was kicking us out, it's so hard to believe.

We've rented from him for so many years, and not once in that time were we in arrears."

"Did he give you a reason... did he tell you just why?" "Yes he did Boyd, but it was all a big a lie.

He said that the place was no longer safe, that it was an eyesore and an utter disgrace.

He said he was going to be tearing it down, that we'd needed to find something cheaper in town.

We had just paid him rent, now we've nothing to show, we've no extra money and no place to go."

"Did he say that he'd try and help find you a place?" "Oh no, all we got was his mean, frowny face."

"Well," Boyd sighed...

"It might not do a whole lot of good, but if you'll let me, I'll try talking to him if I could."

Boyd trundled off to the Baron's fine office, determined to finagle the beavers some justice.

However...

The Baron was in no mood to dispense goodwill, and instead handed Boyd an itemized bill.

Boyd's eyes bugged out when he saw the long list, of things Klipklop said the beavers must fix.

"Look Boyd,

The faucets leak and so does the roof, the thing's falling apart and I've got the proof."

*"But Baron, **you** own it, so it's **yours** to repair, to expect them to pay is simply unfair."*

"Boyd... don't come in here trying to change my mind, I can make much more money being mean and unkind.

I'll take their money, fix that place in a flash, then rent it back out for twice as much cash."

"Baron they're broke, and have nothing to eat, they've nowhere to stay which means nowhere to sleep."

"Well" snapped the Baron,

"I suppose they can dam up a swimming hole for me; if they'll stay out of my hair, they can live there for free."

Don't look at me cockeyed, cuz that's all I'm doing, so they'd better be grateful or it's them I'll be suing."

Boyd hurried back to the Beavers place, and when he gave them the news, there were grins on each face.

Why the very best place a Beaver could stay, was a dam at the creek where they could swim, eat and play.

*"Are you **sure** the Baron said we could live there for free?"*

"That's right," said Boyd "and it sure shocked me!

So let's get going, there's a dam to build, plus a new swimming hole that will need to be filled."

They'd make it two story, they'd make it real cool, why they'd make it with it's very own indoor swimming pool.

They sang as they marched with their things to the creek, and they had it all finished by the end of the week.

The ecstatic Beavers couldn't wait to move in, so they gathered their boxes, their bags and their and kin.

But just as the last of their boxes got stored, along came Klipklop that obnoxious slumlord.

"Well now...

*that's a mighty fine dam built from mighty fine trees, but who said you could cut down **my** trees if you please?"*

"Why Baron," said a Beaver...

"The swimming hole had to be cleared of each tree; we used them for the dam where you said we'd live free."

"Boyd!" yelled the Baron **"get over here NOW, don't you know I own every tree, leaf and bough.**

They've built this dam with trees that were mine, now they owe me plenty and I want every dime!

They owe for the trees, they owe for the view, why it's water front property... yes there's money that's due!"

Then...

He took Boyd aside, whispering into his ear, as he certainly didn't want the beavers to hear.

"Look Boyd...

The Beavers have rung up a sizeable debt, and I'll give you a portion of all you collect."

Boyd's face turned red and steam flew from his nose, he was fed up with Klipklop from his head to his toes.

"You know...

I was grateful for this job Von Klipklop, but working for you has been one big flop.

*You hate the truth and love deceit, and in my book that makes you Baron Von **Cheat!***

I'm quitting!" said Boyd, "because I can't be bought!" **"You'll be sorry!"** yelled the Baron, **"I'll see you in court!"**

"Oh mercy," thought Boyd as he hurried away, "there went my job and there went my pay.

I don't know how much trouble he can make for me, but I'd best get myself to a smart attorney.

And now here he was full of worry and doubt, talking with Russell at Sprout, Twiigs and Kraut.

"Listen to me Boyd, you're well liked and respected, so this is no time for feeling dejected.

Your family and friends will all testify, how you live the truth while Klipklop lives a lie.

But before this whole thing ends up in court, let's get Hartlie, he maybe our best, last resort.

So Hartlie, Russell and Boyd all set out, in hopes of bargaining a beaver bailout.

Deputy Eagle would maintain the law, with handcuffs that fit either hand, hoof or paw.

When they got to Klipklops, there was an awful uproar, as the Baron stood pounding on the new dams front door, yelling...

"You Beavers better cough up some cash right away, or you'll be finding a new place to stay!"

"Baron," said Hartlie *"this **is** all your land, but surely you're can see this is one harsh demand.*

After all...

Boyd and the Beavers have all worked so hard, damming that lovely swimming hole for your yard.

*You never told them you'd charge a dam 'tree fee,' why... they were used for **your** dam so they assumed they were free."*

"Exactly right Baron!" Russell jumped in *"if you do what is right then each one will win.*

Boyd keeps his job, you keep your pool, the Beavers their dam and you wont look cruel.

"Cruel...cruel!?"

I don't give a fig... I really don't care, all I want is the money, now give me my share!"

"You know Baron..."

It's a shame that you got all you own by deceit, I'm afraid Boyd is right, you'll be branded a cheat..."

"Huh!"

Either give me the money or I take back my trees and I'll take one or the other right now if you please!"

The Beavers ran over to Deputy Eagle, "Can't you stop him?" they pleaded "surely this can't be legal!"

"I'm so sorry" the saddened Deputy said, "but it's his land and trees... you've all been misled."

"Well," said Hartlie, "Baron do what you must,...but remember one thing, we serve a God who is just.

He doesn't look kindly on those who are cheaters, as they take advantage of His precious creatures.

But...

It's not only others that get hurt when we cheat, we suffer ourselves because of deceit.

Whether you cheat at games, on tests or life, it'll come back to you as trouble and strife."

"Yeah...yeah, whatever" he scowled, "just get out of my dam right now!" he howled.

"So undo that dam and bring me each tree,...huh, nobody gets the better of me."

Deputy Eagle glared at Klipklop ***"I've heard more than enough, now this comes to a stop! You can't be trusted, you've broken your word, this entire situation is completely absurd. If you want your trees, there they sit, you can get them yourself for throwing this fit!"***

The Baron now seething started climbing the dam, pushing and shoving trying to move the logjam. The others looked on, not believing their eyes, as he'd made his decision based entirely on lies. He was huffing and puffing, grunting and groaning, when in one shocking moment the whole dam started moaning.

It started to shift, then started to shake, as water gushed violently creating a lake.

"Jump," Hartlie hollered ***"before it's too late, it's about to burst and flood your estate!"***

Von Klipklop clung on to the logs as they rumbled, holding on for dear life as they twisted and tumbled; carrying Klipklop at lightning speed, taking everything with it including his greed.

Stunned...they all stood and waved him goodbye, just as the barons huge home floated by.

The last time Von Klipklop was seen or heard, he was riding a log down the creek half submerged.

He'd been flushed down the creek in utter defeat, but then, you never win when you choose to cheat.

The end....or could it be, the Beginning?

THE BEGINNING

Scriptures from the Holy Bible that teach us about cheating.

Luke 16: 10 If you are faithful in little things, you will be faithful in large ones. But if you are dishonest in little things, you wont be honest with greater responsibilities.

Mark 10:19 You know the commandments, "You must not murder. You must not commit adultery, You must not steal. You must not testify falsely. You must not cheat anyone.

1 Corinthians 6:10 Those who are thieves, or greedy people or drunkards, or are abusive or cheat people...none of these will inherit the Kingdom of God.

1 Corinthians 6:8 Instead you yourselves are the ones who do wrong and cheat even your fellow believers.

Amos 8:4-5 Listen to this, you who rob the poor and trample down the needy! You can't wait for the Sabbath day to be over and the religious festivals to end so you can get back to cheating the helpless.

John 3:16 For God loved the world so much that He gave His one and only Son, that who ever would believe in Him would not perish but have life everlasting.

This series was written in an effort to help children understand that nothing can overcome them if they are walking close to Jesus, trusting in His love and obeying His commandments.