

## The real miss muffet

I feel I need to rectify a long overdue misconception. Miss Muffet really got the short end of the stick in the retelling of a short paragraph in her rather long and productive life. First of all, Muffet was never anachrophobic, not in the slightest. Nor did she enjoy curds or whey. Her mother, however, did not discover she was lactose intolerant until she was in her late teens. So, there was Miss Muffet, sitting on her rather prolific tuffet, barely touching her curds and when, mulling over whether or not she should watch Friday night television or read this month's issue of Seventeen Magazine, when a harmless wood spider plopped down next to her. Here's where the story gets convoluted by story tellers for the sake of brevity and rhyme. Miss Muffet was anything but frightened. Rather than trying to scare the moody child away, the spider instead started lecturing her on the dangers of dairy products found in a recent study in Scientific American. A less than impressed Muffet put thumb and forefinger together and flicked the little bugger clear across the room. She then rose and turned on the television and promptly fell asleep on the couch in a puddle of drool.

The lesser-known moral of the story is had Miss Muffet listened to the protestations of the leggy creature instead of sending packing, she might have had a less gastrointestinal childhood.

But they don't tell you about these things in grade school. It would ruin the flow of fairy tale ethic.