

Hello Ween

This is the story about the last day before winter starts and why it is called Hello Ween!

A long time ago and far far away in a region full of mountains big forests there lived the peaceful folk of the trolls. As it happened the children of the trolls never lived with their parents. Even when they were still babies it was their grandparents who looked after them.

The most important task for the grandparents was to find out what was the favourite food of a baby troll. When the baby trolls grew older and eventually were seven years of age they were sent into the world on their own. To make sure that they would never be starving the grandparents would give them a magic bag. Whenever the troll children were hungry they could reach into the bag and take out as much of their favourite food as they wished. But no other food would ever be found in the bag.

In one of the big forests lived Vienna with her grandparents who were really concerned, because Vienna always insisted that her favourite food was Vanilla. The grandparents tried everything to convince Vienna that Vanilla was not enough to live on, that it was a flavour and not a food. But Vienna gave no heed to what the grandparents said. She had her own mind, and whatever they would say to her, she simply said: "I want Vanilla!"

Now it happened that Vienna turned seven and the grandparents were to give her the magic bag to send her into the world. One last time they said: "Vienna, you know that Vanilla is a flavour, not a food. Would you not want to change your mind? We don't want you to be the first troll ever to die of starvation."

But Vienna said: "No." And she took the bag and went straight into the forest.

At the same time there lived another little troll in the big forest whose name was Ween. He was exactly the same age as Vienna. Ween's grandparents had far less trouble with Ween's favourite food, because he liked flaked chocolate more than anything else. When Wenn turned seven he got his magic bag from the grandparents who were happy enough for him to go into the world with an endless supply of flaked chocolate.

After Vienna had left the grandparents she went through the forest for a good while. First she was in a rather good mood, happy to be on her way into the world. It was summer and she found a lot of blueberries, blackberries, strawberries and raspberries, all of which she ate with the loveliest flavour of Vanilla out of her magic bag. But when autumn came it was more and more difficult to find something to eat, until one day all the berries were gone and Vienna was getting angry. She was hungry and she wanted Vanilla, but Vanilla without anything else didn't feed her. So she sat down beside a huge hollow tree and started sulking.

Suddenly there was another troll coming through the bushes. This was Ween.

Ween saw Vienna sitting there and said: "Who are you?"

Vienna replied: "I am Vienna."

And Ween said kindly: "Hello Vienna, nice to meet you."

Ween seemed rather friendly. So Vienna stopped sulking and said: "And who are you?"

He answered: "I am Ween."

"Alright so, Hello Ween," said Vienna, "nice to meet you, too."

And Ween asked Vienna why she had looked so unhappy.

Vienna told Ween about her magic bag and how lovely Vanilla was, but that she was still hungry because now there were no more berries to find for her to eat.

Ween smiled at her, took hands full of flaked chocolate out of his magic bag and shared them with Vienna who added Vanilla flavour to the meal. They loved the mix and didn't stop eating until their bellies nearly burst.

Then they were tired and went into the hollow tree where they immediately fell asleep.

What they did not know was that this was the night when winter would start. While they were asleep it started snowing. Within a few hours the whole forest was covered under a white blanket of snow.

When Wenn and Vienna woke up and came out of the hollow tree they were stunned by the sudden change. Everything was white.

Some of the vanilla flavour chocolate flakes were still lying around from the day before, but now they were covered in snow. Vienna tried them and her heart jumped in delight. “Wow,” she cried, “vanilla flavour chocolate flake icecream! Hello Ween, have a taste!”

Ween tried it, too. “Delicious, delicissimus, delicississimus. I think I call it Vienetta!” And they both laughed and opened their magic bags to throw more chocolate flakes and vanilla into the snow.

From that day on they went into the world together. And to celebrate the day when Vienna met Ween and they discovered the delicississimus Vienetta icecream Vienna called this day: Hello Ween!