A Not So 'Normal' Day In A Swamp

By: Lisa Barnett

Headstrong foolish child. Get back in there and fix things!

Hello Farr... umm Lord Farquaad.

Your mother says to do what's best for our family.

No mother, I cannot marry him!

Oh! What is that thing... it's hideous!

Oh, now that's not nice. Your guard's having an off day.

Take it away I never want to see that again.

Storming off, Lizzy runs into the forest while Shrek stomps back to his swamp...
As Lizzy and Shrek walk deeper into the forest, they cross paths in a swamp near Shrek's home...

Umm... who are you? What are you doing in my space? Do you mind?

Your space? I was quite certain that the grass was public area.

Why is she still here?

I live in a swamp. I put signs up. What do I have to do to get some privacy?

I am a terrifying Ogre!... this is the part you run away!

It's near dusk and I'm famished—how about we have dinner. Is that your home down there?

I'll help cook our dinner!
WE? THERE'S NO WE. THERE'S NO OUR. THERE'S JUST ME AND MY SWAMP! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? STOP!

AS LIZZY RUNS DOWN TO SHREK'S HOME, SHREK DEGRUDGINGLY FOLLOWS.

ERFF...UGHH...HUH!

THE FIRST THING IM GONNA DO IS BUILD A 10 FOOT WALL AROUND MY SWAMP SO NO ONE CAN GET IN!

I'VE BEEN TOLD I MAKE GREAT BOILED POTATOES, YOU KNOW.
I suppose that a man should employ the art of good conversation.

Ehh... Shrek, can we just eat. I’m not big on talking.

What’s your name even?

And can’t you see I’m an ogre... you know, grab your torches and pitchforks?

Well, I intend on doing no such thing!

Well... you’re no normal lady.

You’re quite funny. You make me laugh, and I dearly love to laugh.

And what do you mean by normal, Mr. Shrek?
NORMAL, WELL YOU AREN'T EXACTLY WHAT I EXPECTED.

AHH... MUCH BETTER...

GIRLS LIKE YOU TAKE ONE LOOK AT ME AND GO, "AAH! HELP! RUN" A BIG, STUPID OGRE.

LET'S JUST SAY I'M NOT YOUR TYPE...

WELL, DON'T Ogres WANT TO SCARE PEOPLE OFF?

FOR YOUR INFORMATION, THERE ARE MORE TO Ogres THAN YOU THINK.

WELL MR. SHREK, DO YOU CARE TO ENLIGHTEN ME?

JUST FORGET IT—DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME WITH ME-GO PRACTICE THE PIANO OR WHATEVER YOUR HIGH SOCIETY DOES.
EXCUSE ME, I AM NOT THAT SORT OF FEMALE!

MEN THINK BECAUSE I DON'T PRACTICE PIANO AND SEW THAT I AM NOT A TYPICAL LADY.

THEY ARE ALL JUST POPPYCOCKS IN MY LIMITED EXPERIENCE.

WELL PEOPLE JUDGE ME BEFORE THEY EVEN KNOW ME. I'M NOT THE ONE WITH THE PROBLEM...
IT'S THE WORLD THAT SEEMS TO HAVE THE PROBLEM WITH ME...

THEY THINK BECAUSE I SHOWER IN MUD THAT I'M A BEAST.

I DON'T KNOW WHY? DIRT IS FINE WITH ME. I ALWAYS PICK UP SOME DIRT ON MY DRESS WHEN I TAKE A WALK.

BUT I'M VERY FOND OF WALKING, SO I WON'T STOP.

WHY WOULD YOU STOP?

WELL THIS WOMAN, CAROLINE BINGLEY-A REAL SNOB.

YEAH! I DON'T KNOW WHAT PEOPLE HAVE AGAINST A LITTLE MUD!

SHE WAS SURE TO COMMENT ON THE DIRT ON MY HEM... AS IF WALKING ON UNPAVED PATHS IS UNACCEPTABLE FOR WOMEN.
After a long dinner and dessert, Lizzy and Shrek end up taking a walk, conversing throughout the whole evening...

---and my mother—she's possessed. All she cares about is finding me a husband!

Well who would accept the proposal? From what you told me he's just like Lord Farquaard...

She was in an uproar when I rejected that man I told you about, Mr. Collins.

---they both don't measure up, if you know what I mean.
Speaking of Lord Farquaad—I saw a one of his signs on the way here about clearing the forest of all monsters...?

Oh. I think they mean ogres. You know we are dangerous. We decapitate entire villages and put their heads on pikes...

Oh, Mr. Shrek, let's get out of here! The life I am supposed to live is not for me and this world is not working for you.

We can find another swamp and tend it...together?

You mean leave my swamp?
What is to come of Shrek and Lizzy?