

INDIAN SCHOOL MUSCAT	
Story No : 3 & 4	Name: _____
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The Miller, his son and their donkey

Once upon a time there was a miller who lived in a little house beside his mill. All day long he worked hard but at night he went home to his wife and his little boy.

One day this miller made up his mind that he would take his donkey to the fair and sell it. So he and his boy said farewell to their lady and started off. They had not gone far when they met a number of girls coming from the town.

“Look!” said one of them. “Did you ever see such stupid fellows? They are walking when one of them might be riding.” When the miller heard this, he told the boy get up on the donkey, while he tramped along merrily by its side. Soon they came to a number of old men standing by the side of the road talking together.

“Look at that,” said one of them, “Look at that young rascal riding while his poor father has to walk. Get down, you idle fellow and let your father ride.” Upon this the son got down from the donkey and the miller took his place. They had not gone very far when they met two women coming home from market.

“You lazy old man!” they cried at once. “How dare you ride when your poor little boy is walking and can hardly keep pace with you?” Then the miller who was a good-natured man took his son up behind him and in this way they went to the town.

“My good fellow,” said a townsman whom they met, “Is that donkey your own?” “Yes,” replied the miller. “I should not have thought so by the way you load him,” said the man. “Why you two are better able to carry the beast than he is to carry you.”

“Well,” said the miller, “We can but try.” So he and his son got down and tied the legs of the donkey together. Then they slung him on a pole and carried him on their shoulders. It was such a funny sight that the people laughed and jeered at them.

The poor donkey was very uncomfortable and tried hard to get off the pole. At last, as they were passing over a bridge, he pulled his legs out of the rope and tumbled to the ground. He was so frightened that he jumped off the bridge into the river and was drowned.

Moral of the story : If you try to please everybody, you will please nobody.

Trees Are Our Friends

There was an old mango tree in a farmer's garden. It was so old that it had stopped bearing fruits a long time ago. The only purpose it served was to provide shelter to the sparrows, insects and squirrels in the neighbourhood.

One day, the farmer decided to cut down the tree. He felt it had become completely useless. Besides, he wanted to get some furniture made and what was better way to get wood than to cut the useless tree? The wood was still strong.

So, taking a sharp axe in his hands, the farmer struck at the roots of the tree.

At once there was a great confusion and noise among the creatures in the tree. The insects, the sparrows and the squirrels came out of their dwelling places and hovered around the farmer. "Please sir," they begged him, "Spare this tree's life. It is only our home."

But the farmer only struck harder at the roots. "We promise to sing for you in the afternoons when you are tired. It would lighten your hard work," begged the creatures.

But the cries were in vain. The farmer continued his task with great interest. He was in a hurry to finish off the chopping by afternoon. As he raised his axe one more time, something in the hollow of the tree caught his eye. It was a beehive. On looking closer, the farmer found that it was full of honey. He tasted the honey. "What a heavenly taste!" he exclaimed.

Suddenly, the farmer realised that the tree was not so useless after all. Its hollow was the ideal place for a beehive. And if he took away the honey now, the bees would make more. They would certainly not abandon such an attractive residence.

"Hey you, up there," he announced as he threw away the axe, "I'm sparing the life of this tree. You can live in peace now."

MORAL OF THE STORY

The gentle plant kingdom has always cared for our needs. We must take care of them. We must make a promise to ourselves, to plant more trees and nurture them. This will keep the environment, fresh and healthy.