

**INDIAN SCHOOL MUSCAT
PRIMARY SECTION**

Story No : 3 & 4

Name :

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STD : II Sec :

The Patient Little Girl

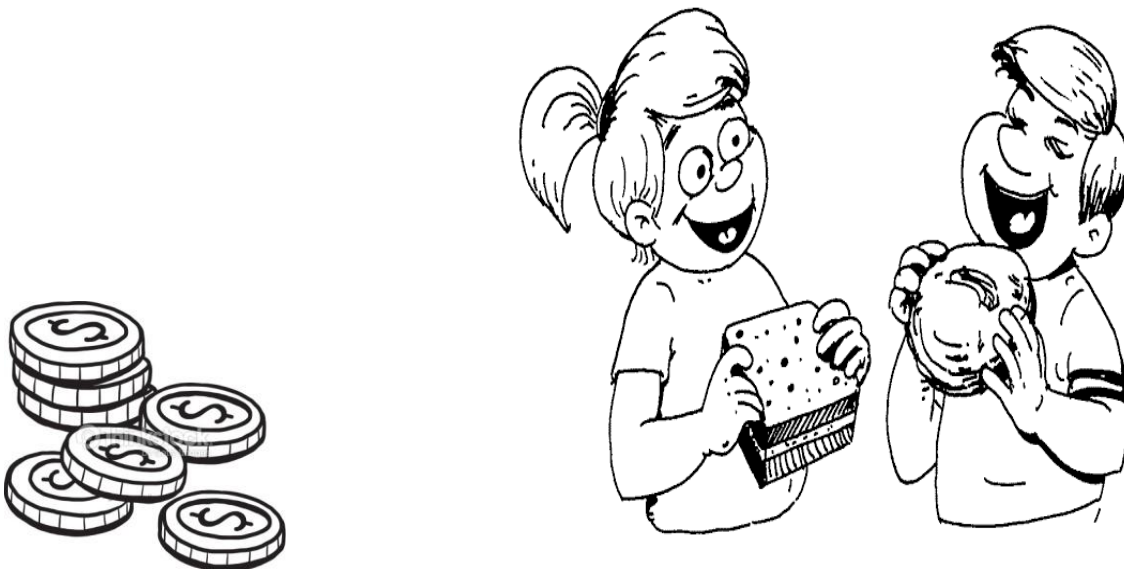
Once in a village , there was no rain for many months. The people in the village had no food to eat as a famine broke out in the village. Everyday , the children of the city flocked at a rich man's house to get loaves of bread.

As soon as the servants brought out the loaves, they fought among themselves and struggled hard to get the loaves of bread. One little girl did not fight. She waited patiently for her turn and got the smallest loaf last of all.

One day as usual, she brought the smallest loaf. When she cut it, she found two gold coins in it. She went back at once to return the money.

The rich man was pleased at her honesty. He gave her not only those two coins, but two more gold coins as a reward.

Moral: Patience brings its own reward.



The Drawing That Talked

Pinty was a little boy who enjoyed going to school and doing all sorts of things except for art and writing. Using brushes and pencils did not come easy to Pinty, so his work of art did not end happily. He would just give up in disgust.

But one day Pinty found a pencil of such lovely colours that he could not resist and he tried drawing a circle. As ever, it did not go well and he was about to throw the pencil away when his drawing began to speak to him.

‘Oh! You aren’t going to leave me like this, are you? Come on, the least you can do is draw me a pair of eyes!’ said the drawing. Pinty was shocked but he managed to draw two little spots inside the circle.

‘Much better, now I can see myself,’ said the circle looking around at itself... ‘Arghh! But what have you done to me?!’

‘I don’t draw very well,’ said Pinty trying to make excuses.

‘OK, no problem,’ the drawing interrupted him, ‘I’m sure that if you try again you’ll do better. Go on, rub me out!’ So Pinty erased the circle and drew another one. Like the first one, it was not very round.

‘Hmmm, I think I’m going to teach you how to draw until you can do me well,’ said the circle with its quick, squeaky little voice.

To Pinty, this did not seem like a bad idea and he immediately found himself drawing and erasing circles. The circle would not stop saying ‘Rub this out but carefully; it hurts,’ or ‘Draw me some hair, quickly, I look like a lollipop!’ and other funny remarks.

After spending nearly the whole afternoon together, Pinty could already draw the little figure much better than most of his classmates could have. He was enjoying it so much that he did not want to stop drawing with this crazy new teacher of his. Before going to bed that night, Pinty gave his new instructor, a hearty thank you for having taught him how to draw so well.

‘But I didn’t do anything’, answered the little drawing.

‘Don’t you see that you’ve been practising a lot and enjoying it all the while?’

Pinty stopped to think. The truth was that previously he had drawn so badly because he had never practised. From that day on, whenever Pinty tried to draw or paint or do anything else, he always had fun and he never gave up until he got it right.