

The Rhyme and Story Book



THE ENGLISH FOR FUN PROJECT

THE RHYME AND STORY BOOK

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(To be distributed free with the audio recording)

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The Alphabet Song

A-B-C-D-E-F-G

H-I-J-K-LMNOP

Q-R-S

T-U-V

W X

Y and Zee

Now I know my “ABCs”

Next time won’t you sing with
me?

(Now we know our “ABCs”
next time we can sing with glee)



I'm a Little Teapot

I'm a little teapot
Short and stout.
Here is my handle,
Here is my spout.
When I get all steamed up
Hear me shout:
Tip me over
And pour me out!



Pat-a-Cake, Pat-a-Cake, Baker's Man

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
Bake me a cake, as fast as you can;
Pat it and prick it, and mark it with a B,
And put it in the oven for baby and me.



Are You Sleeping?

Are you sleeping? Are you sleeping?
Brother John, Brother John,
Morning bells are ringing! Morning bells are ringing!
Ding, dang, dong. Ding, dang, dong.



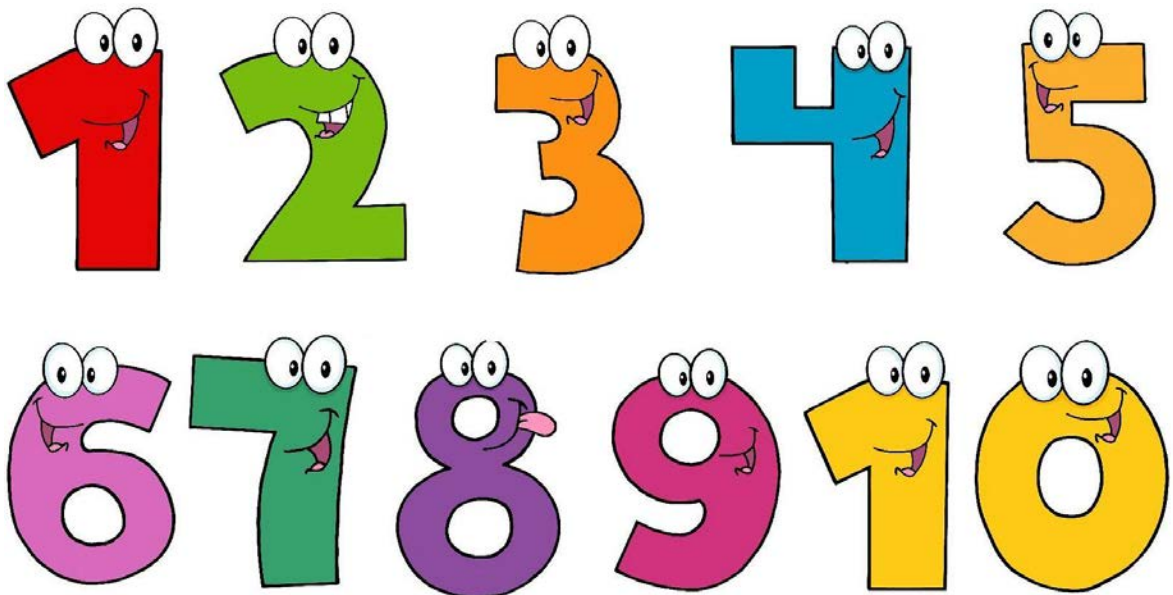
Row, Row, Row Your Boat



Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Life is but a dream

One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

One, two, buckle my shoe;
Three, four, shut the door;
Five, six, pick up sticks;
Seven, eight, lay them straight:
Nine, ten, a big fat hen.

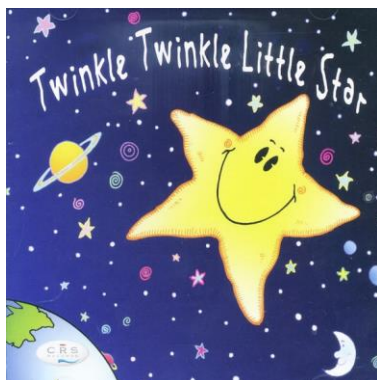


Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

Baa, baa, black sheep
Have you any wool?
Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full.
One for the master,
And one for the dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives down the lane.



Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star



Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!

Head, Shoulders, Knees and Toes

Head, shoulders, knees and toes,
Knees and toes.
Head, shoulders, knees and toes,
Knees and toes.
And eyes and, ears and, mouth and nose.
Head, shoulders, knees and toes,
Knees and toes.



Hey, Diddle, Diddle

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such fun,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.



Incy Wincy Spider

The Incy Wincy spider climbed up the water spout
Down came the rain and washed poor Incy out
Out came the sun and dried up all the rain
And the Incy Wincy spider climbed up the spout again.

Rock a Bye Baby

Rock a bye baby, on the tree top
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall
And down will come baby, cradle and all



Bingo

Once a farmer had a dog,
And Bingo was his name-O.
B-I-N-G-O!
B-I-N-G-O!
B-I-N-G-O!
And Bingo was his name-O!

Once a farmer had a dog,
And Bingo was his name-O.
(Clap)-I-N-G-O!
(Clap)-I-N-G-O!
(Clap)-I-N-G-O!
And Bingo was his name-O!

Once a farmer had a dog,
And Bingo was his name-O!
(Clap - Clap)-N-G-O!
(Clap - Clap)-N-G-O!
(Clap - Clap)-N-G-O!
And Bingo was his name-O!

Once a farmer had a dog,
And Bingo was his name-O.
(Clap - Clap - Clap)-G-O!
(Clap - Clap - Clap)-G-O!
(Clap - Clap - Clap)-G-O!
And Bingo was his name-O!

Once a farmer had a dog,
And Bingo was his name-O.
(Clap - Clap - Clap - Clap)-O!
(Clap - Clap - Clap - Clap)-O!
(Clap - Clap - Clap - Clap)-O!
And Bingo was his name-O!

Once a farmer had a dog,
And Bingo was his name-O.
(Clap - Clap - Clap - Clap - Clap)
(Clap - Clap - Clap - Clap - Clap)
(Clap - Clap - Clap - Clap - Clap)
And Bingo was his name-O!



Hickory Dickory Dock

Hickory dickory dock. The mouse went up the clock
The clock struck one. The mouse went down
Hickory dickory dock
Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock

A snake

Hickory dickory dock. The snake went up the clock
The clock struck two. The snake went down
Hickory dickory dock
Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock

A squirrel

Hickory dickory dock. The squirrel went up the clock
The clock struck three. The squirrel went down
Hickory dickory dock
Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock

A cat

Hickory dickory dock. The cat went up the clock
The clock struck four. The cat went down
Hickory dickory dock
Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock

A monkey

Hickory dickory dock. The monkey went up the clock
The clock struck five. The monkey went down
Hickory dickory dock
Tick tock, tick tock

An elephant, oh no

Hickory dickory dock. The elephant went up the clock
Oh no, Hickory dickory dock



Mary Had a Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
Little lamb, little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb,
Whose fleece was white as snow.

And everywhere that Mary went
Mary went, Mary went
Everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
School one day, school one day.
It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rules.

It made the children laugh and play,
Laugh and play, laugh and play
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.



My Father Has a Garden



My father has a garden with many lilac trees
My father has a garden with many lilac trees
With branches spreading skywards and swaying in the breeze
Come into our garden, come and see the lilacs there
Come into our garden, lilacs everywhere
My father has a garden with many lilac trees
My father has a garden with many lilac trees
With branches for the birds' nests and flowers for the bees
Come into our garden, come and see the lilacs there
Come into our garden, lilacs everywhere

If You're Happy and You Know It



If you're happy and you know it clap your hands (clap, clap)
If you're happy and you know it clap your hands (clap, clap)
If you're happy and you know it and you really want to show it
If you're happy and you know it clap your hands (clap, clap)

If you're happy and you know it stomp your feet (stomp, stomp)
If you're happy and you know it stomp your feet (stomp, stomp)
If you're happy and you know it and you really want to show it
If you're happy and you know it stomp your feet (stomp, stomp)

If you're happy and you know it shout hurray (hurray)
If you're happy and you know it shout hurray (hurray)
If you're happy and you know it and you really want to show it
If you're happy and you know it shout hurray (hurray)

If you're happy and you know it do all three
(clap, clap, stomp, stomp, hurray)
If you're happy and you know it do all three
(clap, clap, stomp, stomp, hurray)
If you're happy and you know it and you really want
to show it
If you're happy and you know it do all three
(clap, clap, stomp, stomp, hurray)



The Wheels on the Bus Go Round and Round

The wheels on the bus go round and round.
Round and round, round and round.
The wheels on the bus go round and round,
All through the town!

The people on the bus go up and down.
Up and down, up and down.
The people on the bus go up and down,
All through the town!



The horn on the bus goes beep, beep, beep.
Beep, beep beep, beep, beep, beep.
The horn on the bus goes beep, beep, beep.
All through the town!



The wipers on the bus go swish, swish, swish.
Swish, swish, swish, swish, swish, swish.
The wipers on the bus go swish, swish, swish,
All through the town!

The signals on the bus go blink, blink, blink.
Blink, blink, blink, blink, blink, blink.
The signals on the bus go blink, blink, blink,
All through the town!



The motor on the bus goes zoom, zoom, zoom.
Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom.
The motor on the bus goes zoom, zoom, zoom,
All through the town!

The babies on the bus go waa, waa, waa.
Waa, waa, waa, waa, waa, waa.
The babies on the bus go waa, waa, waa,
All through the town!

The parents on the bus go shh, shh, shh.
Shh, shh, shh, shh, shh, shh.
The parents on the bus go shh, shh, shh,
All through the town!



Old MacDonald Had a Farm



Old MacDonald had a farm, ee i ee i o
And on his farm he had some cows, ee i ee i oh
With a moo-moo here and a moo-moo there
Here a moo, there a moo, everywhere a moo-moo
Old MacDonald had a farm, ee i ee i o

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee i ee i o
And on his farm he had some chicks, ee i ee i o
With a cluck-cluck here and a cluck-cluck there
Here a cluck, there a cluck, everywhere a cluck-cluck
Old MacDonald had a farm, ee i ee i o

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee i ee i o
And on his farm he had some sheep, ee i ee i o
With a baa-baa here and a baa-baa there
Here a baa, there a baa, everywhere a baa baa
Old MacDonald had a farm, ee i ee i o

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee i ee i o
And on his farm he had some ducks, ee i ee i o
With a quack-quack here and a quack-quack there
Here a quack, there a quack, everywhere a quack quack
Old MacDonald had a farm, ee i ee i o

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee i ee i o
And on his farm he had a horse, ee i ee i o
With a neigh-neigh here and a neigh-neigh there
Here a neigh, there a neigh, everywhere a neigh neigh
Old MacDonald had a farm, ee i ee i o

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee i ee i o
And on his farm he had some pigs, ee i ee i o
With an oink-oink here and an oink-oink there
Here an oink, there an oink, everywhere an oink oink
Old MacDonald had a farm, ee i ee i o



The Ants Go Marching One by One

The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching one by one,
The little one stops to suck his thumb.
And they all go marching down,
To the ground, to get out, of the rain.
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!



The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching two by two,
The little one stops to tie his shoe
And they all go marching down,
To the ground, to get out, of the rain. **(BOOM)**



The ants go marching three by three, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching three by three, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching three by three,
The little one stops to climb a tree
And they all go marching down,
To the ground, to get out, of the rain. **(BOOM)**

The ants go marching four by four, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching four by four, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching four by four,
The little one stops to shut the door,
And they all go marching down,
To the ground, to get out, of the rain. **(BOOM)**



The ants go marching five by five, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching five by five, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching five by five,
The little one stops to take a dive
And they all go marching down,
To the ground, to get out, of the rain. **(BOOM)**

The ants go marching six by six, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching six by six, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching six by six,
The little one stops to pick up sticks.
And they all go marching down,
To the ground, to get out, of the rain. **(BOOM)**



The ants go marching seven by seven, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching seven by seven, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching seven by seven,
The little one stops to pray to heaven

And they all go marching down,
To the ground, to get out, of the rain. **(BOOM)**

The ants go marching eight by eight, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching eight by eight, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching eight by eight,
The little one stops to shut the gate
And they all go marching down,
To the ground, to get out, of the rain. **(BOOM)**

The ants go marching nine by nine, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching nine by nine, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching nine by nine,
The little one stops to check the time.
And they all go marching down,
To the ground, to get out, of the rain. **(BOOM)**

The ants go marching ten by ten, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching ten by ten, hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching ten by ten,
The little one stops say "The End!"
And they all go marching down,
To the ground, to get out, of the rain. **(BOOM)**



Hush Little Baby

Hush little baby, don't say a word,
Papa's gonna buy you a mockingbird.
And if that mockingbird won't sing,
Papa's gonna buy you a diamond ring.
And if that diamond ring turns to brass,
Papa's gonna buy you a looking glass.
And if that looking glass gets broke,
Papa's gonna buy you a billy goat.
And if that billy goat won't pull,
Papa's gonna buy you a cart and bull.
And if that cart and bull turn over,
Papa's gonna buy you a dog named Rover.
And if that dog named Rover won't bark,
Papa's gonna buy you a horse and cart.
And if that horse and cart fall down,
You'll still be the sweetest little baby in town!



I Can Sing a Rainbow



Red and yellow and pink and
green

Purple and orange and blue

I can sing a rainbow

Sing a rainbow

Sing a rainbow too

Listen with your eyes

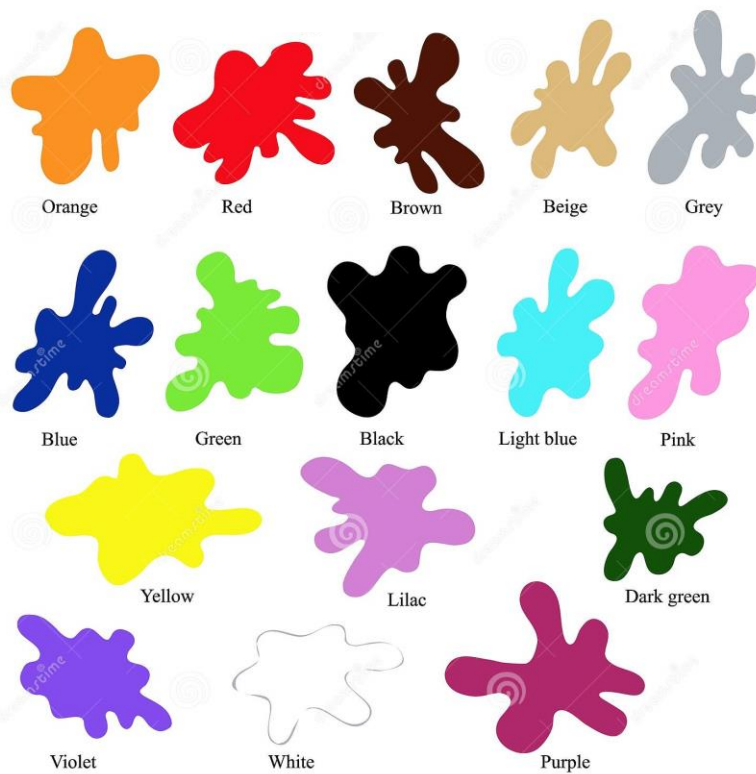
Listen with your eyes

And sing everything you see

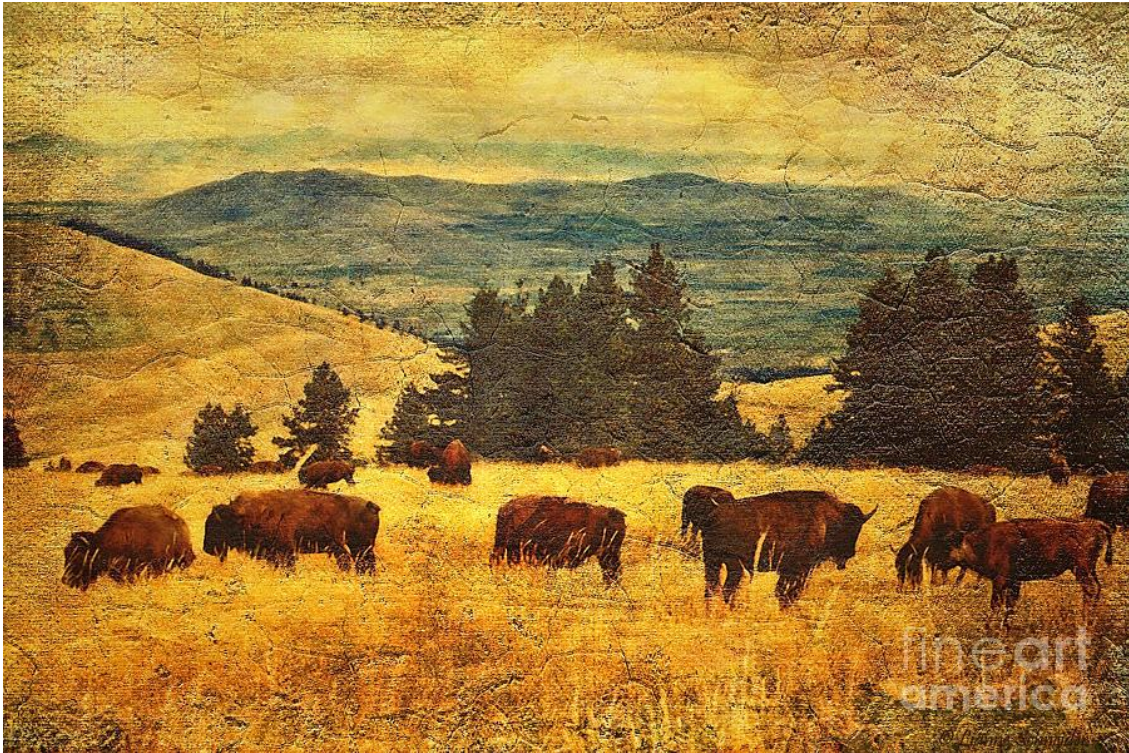
I can sing a rainbow

Sing a rainbow

Sing along with me



Home on the Range



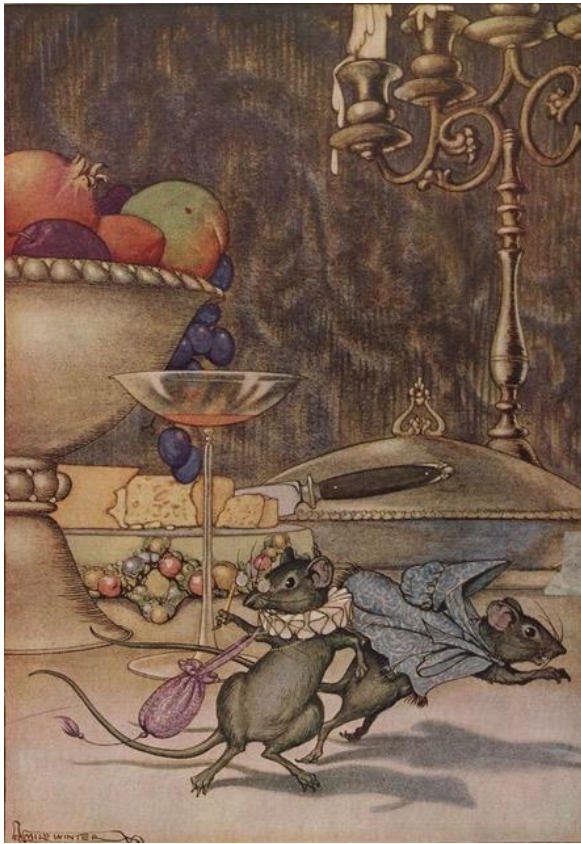
Oh give me a home, where the buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard, a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the Range;
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard, a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is so pure and the zephyrs so free
And the breezes so balmy and light
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright

Aesop's Fables

The Country Mouse and the Town Mouse



Once upon a time there were two mice. One lived in the country. One lived in the town. They were cousins though they lived far away from each other.

One day the town mouse visited the country mouse. The country mouse was very happy. He made his cousin an extra room under the flowering hedge where the country mouse lived. He made the floor with the softest grass and they both slept comfortably for hours. Then they got up and had a drink in the stream that bubbled nearby. In the night they ate from the field that had ripe pumpkins and corn stalks. They ran around a cottage garden and picked up crumbs that had been thrown outside, under the light of the moon.

After a few days, the town mouse said that he will return to the town.

“Oh, stay a few more days,” said the country mouse.

“Thank you,” said the town mouse. “But I have to go home. Your country lifestyle is very nice and all, but I miss the food in the town. I

miss the cheese and the biscuits and the cake. I miss the grand halls and the lights, even though your grass is very comfortable and the stars are very peaceful. Please come and visit me. You will see what I mean. I can show you how good life can be!”

When the town mouse went away, country mouse looked around him and saw how poor he was. He saw his house had no shiny floors and no lights. Hmm - so he packed his bags and went to meet town mouse.

Town mouse was very happy to see him. He welcomed his country cousin to his home. His home was inside a grand mansion. The house had magnificent lights and shiny floors. There were tall pillars and grand paintings hung on the walls. Country mouse could see how poor his house was in the country.

In the evening, town mouse took country mouse to the table in the great hall. Ohhhh, there was such delicious food on that table! Country mouse had never seen anything like this before! There was wine and cake and tarts and cheese – and the two mice scampered from one end of the table to the other taking their fill of everything.

“Isn’t this better than the crumbs you get in the countryside?” asked town mouse proudly.

“Yes, indeed,” said the country mouse, his mouth full of cheese. “I have never had such tasty food in my life!”

Just then, a huge shadow loomed over them. Meow. It was a very large and angry cat.

“Jump!” shouted town mouse and they both leapt to the floor. They started running towards the hole in the wall, with the cat growling behind them. Just as they neared the hole, a screaming woman with a broom ran up to them. Oi! She hit them with the broom and since they were quick, the broom thudded on the floor, shaking the earth. Thwack thwack! They tumbled inside the hole, panting.

“Wasn’t that exciting?” town mouse asked. “I hope you had your fill. Even if the maid goes away, the cat will spend the whole night trying to get his paw in here.”

So the country mouse shivered in fright all night on his soft mattress inside the grand house – listening to the cat and not getting a wink of sleep all night.

Early next morning, he packed his bags. “Are you going already?” asked the town mouse. “There are so many exciting things to do and to show you in the town.”

“Thank you,” said the country mouse. “I have seen enough of your good life. Thank you very much for your hospitality.”

And with that, the country mouse took his bag and set off once more for the countryside.

The Oak Tree and the Reed

On the banks of a river stood a tall Oak tree and a small reed that grew by the water. The Oak tree was very proud of his stature and was always laughing at the small reed about his lack of strength.

“You are small and thin and weak. Look at how you bend at the slightest wind. You bow down and cannot stand straight. Look at me. I don’t bow down to anyone. No one is worth bowing down to.”

The reed looked this way and that in the wind, and didn’t say anything. The water was cool and the wind soft and the reed was happy.

One day, there was a strong wind blowing. From morning, the reed was being tossed to and fro. The strong Oak laughed at him.

“Look at you! You have no strength not to sway here and there. Look at me. I am standing tall and strong. Look at my straight spine. No one can bend me. I bow down to no one.”

The wind heard him and he got angry. He blew harder and harder. The reed was tossed almost to the ground, but the wind could not uproot him. The Oak however did not bend at all. The wind blew very very hard. And suddenly there was a loud crack. The Oak tree had fallen to the earth.

The reed looked at the Oak tree sadly. “Sometimes you need to be a little flexible if you want to survive,” he told the fallen Oak tree. But the Oak tree could not hear him. He was dead.



Goldilocks and the Three Bears



Once upon a time, in a forest far far away, there lived three bears. There was the mother bear, who was medium sized, a father bear who was very big, and a baby bear, who was very little. They lived in a pretty little house in the forest.

One day, the mother and father bear made porridge. It was very hot. So they decided to go for a walk in the forest till it cooled. They closed the door of their house and walked out.

A girl was walking in the forest too. She had long golden curls. So people called her Goldilocks. She saw the pretty little house and wanted to go inside. She opened the door and walked in, because she was not a very polite child, and did not mind walking into someone else's house without permission.

She saw three bowls of porridge on the table, one big, one medium and one small. She felt hungry. So she tested the biggest bowl. It was too hot. She tasted the medium sized bowl. It was too cold. She tasted the smallest bowl. It was just right. Yummmm. She finished all the porridge in the smallest bowl.

Then she went into the hall. She saw three chairs. She felt tired. She sat on the biggest chair. It was too hard. She sat on the medium sized chair. It was too soft. She sat on the smallest chair. It was just right, not too hard and not too soft. But she was too heavy for the chair. So it broke.

Then Goldilocks went upstairs. She saw three beds there. She felt sleepy. The large bed was too high for her. The medium bed was too low for her. The smallest bed was just right. She climbed on it and it was very comfortable so she fell asleep.

The bears came back, hungry after their walk. They went to the kitchen. “Someone has been at my porridge,” growled father bear. “Someone has been at my porridge,” growled mother bear. “Someone has been at my porridge – and eaten it all up!” cried baby bear.

Then they went to the hall. “Someone has sat in my chair,” growled father bear. “Someone has sat in my chair,” growled mother bear. “Someone has sat on my chair and broken it!” wailed baby bear.



Then they went upstairs. “Someone has slept in my bed,” growled father bear. “Someone has slept in my bed,” growled mother bear. Baby bear went to his bed. “Someone has climbed in to my bed and is still there!”

Goldilocks woke up at the noise. She saw three bears staring down at her.

She leapt up and ran downstairs. She jumped through an open window and ran away. She didn't say thank you or sorry or anything. She was not a very polite girl.

Juno and the Peacock

The peacock did not have a special tail in the past. He looked like every other bird and no one paid him any special attention. But he wanted to be special. He wanted all the others to look at him and admire him all the time. He felt sad that no one looked at him much or told him how good looking he was.

One day, near the river in the forest, he met Goddess Juno. Oh, she was very beautiful. He said, “Oh divine goddess – your beauty and magnificence are very impressive. I would like to be this lovely as well. I want everyone to admire me. I want even the king to be envious of me. Can you make me beautiful as well?”



Goddess Juno looked at the bird and thought, “What an arrogant bird he is!” She wanted to teach him a lesson.

So she made a beautiful, large, and magnificent tail for him. It sparkled in blue and green and gold when it was open. It was lovelier than the tapestries that hung on the palace walls, it was prettier than the blue waters of the river, the green was greener than the leaves of trees around. It was the most beautiful thing that all the animals in the jungle had seen so far.

So they crowded around the bird, admiring his tail. The peacock spread his tail and danced and enjoyed the attention. He loved it. He was the best. He was magnificent.

Just then, a moving shadow swept past. All the animals looked up. It was an eagle flying above them. He was so high and his wings were so wide that even the sunlight was cut off for a moment.

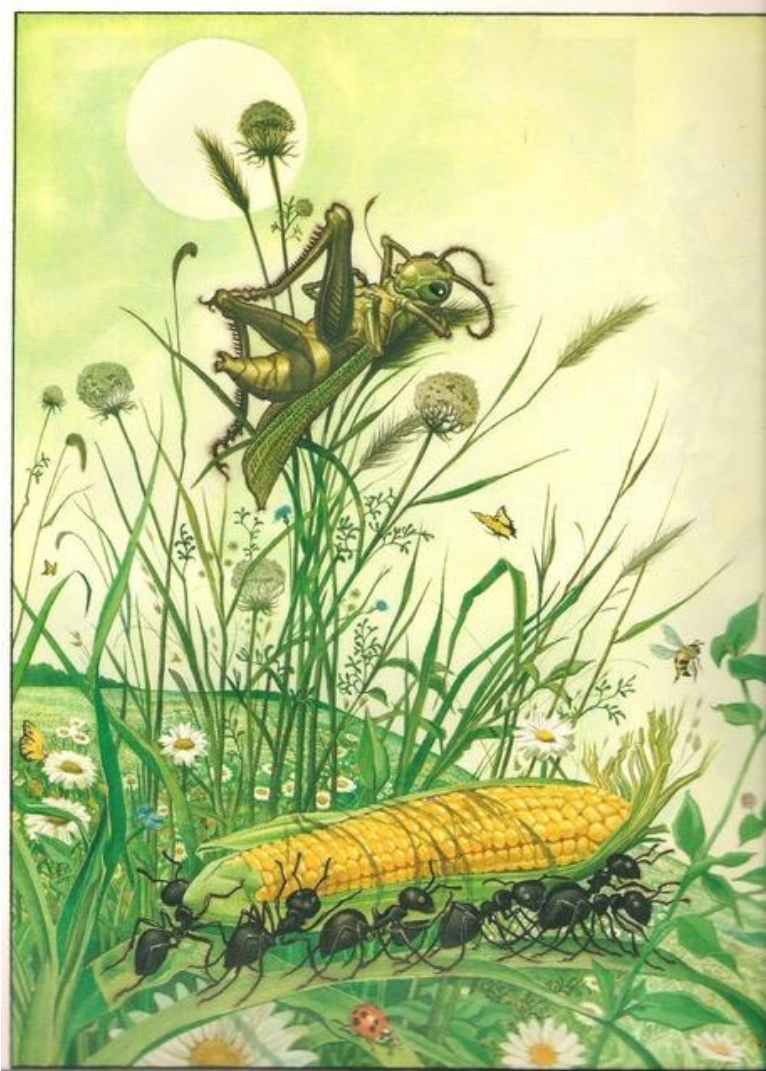
“Ahhh” gasped the animals in admiration. “Look! Look how well he flies! How magnificent he seems! How powerful he is!”

“Huh,” thought the peacock. “I can fly too. I am prettier and more powerful than him. Wait, I will show them.”

He spread his wings to fly – and he realized that he could not fly very well anymore. His tail was too heavy. He could only fly very short distances. He could only lift himself a few feet off the ground. He wasn’t a strong flier anymore even though he was beautiful. Goddess Juno had taught him that looks are not everything. What you can do matters more.



The Ants and the Grasshopper



There was once a grasshopper who was a good musician. He loved to sing. He loved to play the fiddle. So all spring and summer, he played his music and sang his songs. Life was good. The sun was shining. The trees had a lot of fruit. Life was good. He sang and danced the whole day happily.

Once when he was lying on the grass and singing at the clouds, he saw a line of ants pass by. All the ants were carrying some food in their mouth. Some had bread crumbs. Some had grains of sugar. Some had small pieces of biscuit.

“Hey, come sing with me,” the grasshopper told the ants.

“We can’t. We have to collect food for the winter,” they said.

“It is still Spring. Why are you thinking of winter now?” asked the grasshopper.

“It is when things are fine that we have to work to make sure we are alright when things are not fine,” said the ants.

“How boring you are!” said the grasshopper. He continued to sing.

In summer, the grasshopper was playing his fiddle near a stream when he saw the line of ants again, walking past carrying fruit. Some carried small pieces of apple. Some carried cherries. Some carried plums.

“Stay and listen to music,” said the grasshopper.

“We can’t. Summer is passing. Soon there will be no fruit. We have to collect them now. Or there will be no fruit for us in Winter.”

“Humph - what worriers you are!” said the grasshopper. “Life is short. You must learn to enjoy it.” He continued to play the fiddle, laughing at the ants.

And then autumn came and the leaves turned all colors. The world was very beautiful. The grasshopper saw the ants carrying dried leaves and walking in a line. He was humming to himself and lying on some golden leaves.

“Come and enjoy looking at the beauty of the leaves with me,” he told the ants.

“We can’t,” said the ants. “We have to make our home warm and comfortable for the winter.”

“How sad your life is!” said the grasshopper. He hummed loudly and lay back on his bed of leaves.

Then winter came. All the leaves and fruits had left the trees. All the leaves on the earth were covered with snow. The grasshopper felt cold and hungry. He had made no warm house to sleep in. He had gathered no food for the winter.

He walked slowly to where the ants lived. He knocked at their door. The ants came out and looked at him.

“I am cold and hungry. Can you help me?” he asked the ants.

“Why don’t you sing and play the fiddle and lay back and watch the beauty of the leaves?” the ants asked.

The grasshopper had nothing to say to that. He just shivered in the cold.

The ants felt sorry for the grasshopper. So they took him in, gave him food, and kept him warm on the biggest leaf they could find.

They were good, hardworking ants.

The Wind and the Sun

There was a time when the North Wind was very proud and arrogant about his power. He went whooshing this way – and he went whooshing that way – and wherever he went, trees shook, clothes went flying, the flowers lost their petals. He loved showing off his strength like that.



“I am the most powerful being in the world,” he boasted.

“Really?” asked the Sun. “Are you sure?”

“Of course I am sure,” the North Wind said. “I am more powerful than you too. You cannot move and push people about. I can.”

“Power doesn’t mean pushing people about,” the Sun said. “It is getting people to do what you want them to do.”

The Wind laughed. He was whooshing this way and that. He said, “I can get them to do what I want. Wait, I will show you. Do you see that man below wearing a coat and a hat?”

The Sun looked down and there was indeed a man walking below wearing a coat and a hat.

“Watch!” said the North Wind. He began to blow hard, passing the man many many times.

The man hugged the coat tighter to himself. He pressed the hat closer to his ears.

The wind blew harder and harder. The man held his coat and hat tighter and tighter.

The Wind huffed and puffed so much that soon he was tired.

“Have you quite finished?” asked the Sun. “Now watch me,” he said. The Sun began to shine brighter and brighter.

In a little while, the man took off his coat. He was feeling hot.

The Sun shone even brighter. The man took off his hat. He was sweating.

“See?” said the Sun. “You don’t have to push people to get what you want, all the time.”

The North Wind said nothing. He whooshed away, ashamed of his arrogance.

Look Before You Leap



Once, in a country far away, there was a beautiful pond. There were flowers and all sorts of creatures in it. There were swans and ducks and frogs and fish. They lived there very happily.

Then a drought came to the land. Everything dried up. The trees drooped without water. The sky remained a brilliant blue without a raincloud in sight. The pond began to lose its water bit by bit. All the animals in the pond were worried. The swans flew off to find a better pond. The ducks waddled off to see if there was a stream nearby. The fish were very scared because they had now where to go. They thought they will die soon.

There were two frogs who lived in that pond.

“What shall we do?” asked the younger frog.

“We will have to go and find water. Or we will die,” said the older frog.

So they hopped out of the pond and went in search of water. After a while, they found an old well. They hopped to the edge of the well and peered inside.

They could see fresh, clean water there.

They leapt in happily and had their fill of the water. It was a deep cool well.

“Let’s wait here,” said the younger frog happily. “We don’t have to ever leave this place.”

But the older frog was wise. He looked at the sky. He looked at the water in the well. He noticed that there was quite a distance from the water to the top of the well.

He said, “There seems to be no sign of rain at all. Look at the sky. It’s brilliant blue. We must leap out of this well soon.”

“Why?” said the young frog. “It’s nice here. There is water. Let’s just stay.”

“If the drought continues, this water is going to get less and less. Then the distance between the water and the top of the well will be too far for us to jump.”

“Then will we get stuck here?” asked the young frog.

“Yes, and we will have to die without having any way out. That is why it is always good to look before you leap. You must always look far when you do something. And not think only about the present.”

The young frog understood. They both leapt out of the well when they could, and went away.

The Boy Who Cried Wolf

Once upon a time, in a village far away, there lived a boy whose job it was to look after sheep. His father had a flock and it was the boy's work to take them to the mountain and feed them grass and bring them home to the pen in the evening.

Every morning he took the sheep to the grass in the mountain. It was very beautiful there. The wind was cool, the grass was green. The sheep always munched their grass peacefully.

He wanted to sleep. But he couldn't do that, for his father had said, "There is a wolf about. Be very watchful. I don't want the wolf to take any of my sheep away."

One day the boy was feeling very bored. It was too quiet and calm for him. He wanted some excitement. So he got up and shouted down the mountain, "Wolf, wolf, wolf!"

Everyone in the village who heard him came running up the mountain. They carried poles and stones and clubs. They panted up and asked the boy, "Where is the wolf?"

The boy laughed. "Hahaha, there is no wolf. You all got fooled."

The people were very angry. They scolded the boy and went back to work.

After some time passed, the boy was bored again. This time he practiced screaming.

“Wolf, wolf, wooolf!”

The villagers could not ignore such screaming. They they ran up the mountain again, carrying sticks and stones and long poles.

And again the boy laughed and laughed. He rolled on the grass laughing.



“Fooled you again, fooled you again!” he shouted.

The villagers were very angry. They said nothing. They simply went back to their work.

“You must learn to take a joke,” he shouted after them. But they did not answer him.

The boy laughed for a whole week about what had happened.

On a day after that, as he was lying on the grass thinking of what to do next, he heard all the sheep bleating excitedly.

“Baa! Baa!”

He sat up and looked around. The sheep were moving about looking very scared. There was a large, dark shadow there. The boy stared at it. It was a wolf, crouching down, ready to pounce.

The boy screamed. He was really scared. The wolf was very large. He was getting ready to jump.

The boy went shouting down the mountain. “Wolf, wolf, wooolf!” he screamed.

But no one looked up. The villagers just went on working.

“Help, help, help, help!” the boy yelled. “The wolf is here!”

No one even glanced at him

“The wolf is going to eat my sheep!” the boy yelled.

But no one came.

The wolf pounced upon the sheep. He killed many of them. The boy shouted and asked for help but no one believed him, so no one came. No one believes liars.

