

Emily, the Rat Who Could Not Read

Once upon a time, there was a lady rat called Emily who could not read. She lived in a small town and every morning used to put on her glasses to read the local newspaper, but she wasn't able to read it.

“My glasses might be dirty,” thought Emily.

She met a squirrel one day and asked her, “Do you read every day?”

“Of course,” said the squirrel.

“I can't because my glasses are too old and dirty,” replied Emily

“You have to go to school to learn to read,” said the squirrel before leaving.

This didn't convince the lady rat, and she continued walking until she saw a rabbit.

“Can you read?” asked Emily.

“Of course. I'm coming from school and have my bag full of books,” said the rabbit.

“I can't. My glasses are too old,” said Emily, and left the place sad.

She kept walking and when she saw a dog she asked him, too.

“Have you read the newspaper today?”

“Yes, I do every day.”

“Do you wear glasses?”

“No, I go to school.”

Emily stood there thinking and decided to act, so the next day she bought pencils, a book bag and a notebook, and started school.

After a few weeks she was so proud of what she had learned that when she saw a hen walking past one day, she ran to ask her, "Can you read?"

"Of course. I read every day," said the hen.

Emily was very happy and could finally say, "Me too! I'm learning at school."

She was so happy that she had a party and invited all her friends, just to announce that she was able to read and was reading a book every night, and advised those who couldn't read to go to school to learn.

The Giving Tree

Once, there was a tree. She loved a little boy. Every day the boy would come and play. He would climb up her trunk and swing from her branches and eat apples. They would play hide-and-go-seek. When he was tired, he would sleep in her shade. The boy loved the tree very much and the tree was happy.

But time went by, and the boy grew older. The tree was often alone. One day, the boy came to the tree and the tree shook with joy,

She said, “Boy, come and climb up my trunk, and swing from my branches, and eat apples, and play in my shade, and be happy.”

“I am too busy to climb trees,” said the boy. “I want a house to keep my family warm”, he said. “Can you give me a house?”

“I have no house”, said the tree. “The forest is my house,” said the tree. “But you may cut off my branches and build a house. Then you will be happy. ”

So the boy cut off her branches and carried them away to build his house. The tree was happy.

But the boy stayed away for a long time...When he came back, the tree was so happy she could hardly speak.

“Come, Boy” she whispered, “Come and play.”

“I am too old and sad to play,” said the boy. “I want a boat that will take me away from here. Can you give me a boat?”

“Cut down my trunk and make a boat,” said the tree. “Then you can sail away... and be happy.”

So the boy cut down her trunk and made a boat and sailed away. The tree was happy... But not really.

After a long time, the boy came back again.

“I am sorry,” sighed the tree. “I wish that I could give you something... But I have nothing left. I am just an old stump. I am sorry...”

“I don’t need very much now,” said the boy. “Just a quiet place to sit and rest. I am very tired.”

“Well,” said the tree, “an old stump is good for sitting and resting. Come, Boy, sit down... Sit down and rest.”

The boy did, and the tree was happy.