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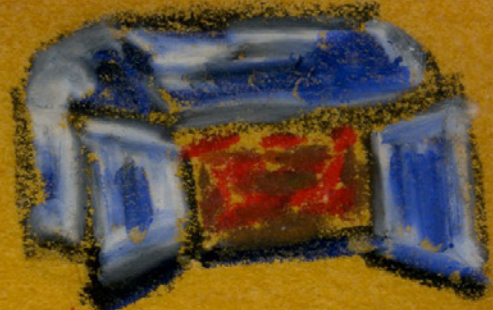
Foolish
Donkey



ONCE there was a Foolish
Donkey and a Clever Boy.



One day he had a great load
of apples to take to town, so
the Boy said to the Donkey,
"Stand still so I can load you
up — we're going to town."



And he brought bushels and
bushels of apples out of the
storehouse. The Donkey
watched apprehensively.





The Boy loaded all the apples
into a great basket on the
Donkey's back. "Giddap," he
said. "Not me," the Donkey said.
"They're much too heavy." And he
dug his heels into the ground.



"Oh," said the Boy. What a pity.
I didn't know you weren't feeling
Well." He took most of the
apples off the Donkey's back.



"That's better," said the
Donkey.



"Would it be too much to ask you to carry just a few more?" the Boy asked. "Oh," replied the Donkey nonchalantly, "I think I could manage it."



"I don't wish to
overload you, you know.
There now, is that too
much?" "Not a bit,"
said the gullible Donkey.



"I really should take just a few more — will it be too hard on you?" "Don't be sarcastic," said the Donkey. "I'm not at death's door, you know." So the Boy loaded some more apples on.



"Now I really don't want to overdo this," said the Boy. "I know you're not in condition."

"Don't worry about me," said the Donkey.

"The full load was too much, but you don't have to pamper me." So the Boy put on still more apples.





By now the Donkey was beginning to sweat noticeably, which is an unusual thing for a donkey to do. Most of them don't — even the foolish ones.



"I really fear I've gone too far," said the Boy. "Do you think you can manage?" "Oh sure," said the Donkey. "All right, then," said the Boy. "Giddap."



"That wasn't so bad," said the Donkey as they arrived in town. His back was swaying like a hammock. "You know, I really never could have managed with the full load." "That is the full load," said the Clever Boy.