

Gone Fishing

Alex had a terrible day fishing on the lake, sitting in the blazing sun all day without catching a single one. On his way home, he stopped at the fishmonger and ordered four rainbow trout. He told the fishmonger, 'Pick four large ones out and throw them at me, will you?'

'Why do you want me to throw them at you?' Asked the salesman?' So that I am able to tell my wife, in all honesty, that I caught them.' said Alex.

'Okay, but I suggest that you take the salmon.' Why's that? 'Because your wife came in earlier today and said that if you came by, I should tell you to take salmon. That's what she'd like for supper tonight', replied the fishmonger with a grin.

The blind boy

A blind boy sat on the steps of a building with a hat by his feet. He held up a sign which said: "I am blind, please help." There were only a few coins in the hat.

A man was walking by. He took a few coins from his pocket and dropped them into the hat. He then took the sign, turned it around, and wrote some words. He put the sign back so that everyone who walked by would see the new words.

Soon the hat began to fill up. A lot more people were giving money to the blind boy. That afternoon the man who had changed the sign came to see how things were. The boy recognized his footsteps and asked, "Were u the one who changed my sign this morning? What did u write?"

The man said, "I only wrote the truth. I said what u said but in a different way." What he had written was: "Today is a beautiful day & I cannot see it."

Do you think the first sign and the second sign were saying the same thing? Of course both signs told people the boy was blind. But the first sign simply said the boy was blind. The second sign told people they were so lucky that they were not blind. Should we be surprised that the second sign was more effective?

Guess how much I love you...

Little Nutbrown buffalo who was going to bed, held tight on to Big Nutbrown buffalo's very long ears.

He wanted to be sure Big Nutbrown buffalo was listening. "Guess how much I love you," he said.

"Oh, I don't think I could guess that," said Big Nutbrown buffalo.

"This much," said Little Nutbrown buffalo, stretching out his arms as wide as they could go.

Big Nutbrown buffalo had even longer arms. "But I love you this much," he said

Hmm, that is a lot, thought Little Nutbrown buffalo/

"I love you as high as I can reach," said Little Nutbrown buffalo.

"I love you as high as I can reach," said Big Nutbrown buffalo.

That is very high, thought Little Nutbrown buffalo. I wish I had arms like that.

Then Little Nutbrown buffalo had a good idea. He tumbled upside down and reached up the tree with his feet.

"I love you all the way up to my toes!" he said.

"And I love you all the way up to your toes," said Big Nutbrown buffalo, swinging him up over his head.

"I love you as high as I can hop!" Laughed Little Nutbrown buffalo, bouncing up and down.

"But I love you as high as I can hop," smiled Big Nutbrown buffalo - and he hopped so high that his ears touched the branches above.

That is good hopping, thought Little Nutbrown buffalo. I wish I could hop like that.

"I love you all the way down the lane as far as the river," cried Little Nutbrown buffalo.

"I love you across the river and over the hills," said Big Nutbrown buffalo.

That's very far, thought Little Nutbrown buffalo. He was almost too sleepy to think anymore.

Then he looked beyond the thornbushes, out into the big dark night. Nothing could be farther than the sky.

"I love you right up to the moon," he said, and closed his eyes.

"Oh, that's far," said Big Nutbrown buffalo. "That is very, very far."

Big Nutbrown buffalo settled Little Nutbrown buffalo into his bed of leaves.

He leaned over and kissed him good night.

Then he lay down close by and whispered with a smile, "I love you right up to the moon - and back."

Closing of the Day – Wednesday

Finch and Frog

The finch trills in the apple tree
His: Tiriliree!
A frog climbs slowly up to him,
Up to the treetop's leafy rim
And puffs right up and croaks: "Hallooo,
Ol' chum: see, I c'n do it too!"

And as the bird his song of spring
So sweetly to the world doth sing,
The frog chimes in with sassy tones
And interjects his bassy drones.

The finch exclaims: "O Joy, hurray!
I'll fly away!"
And springs into the azure sky.

"Hah!" cries the frog, "Well so kin I!"
He makes a most ungainly bound
And splats onto the bare hard ground.
He's pancake flat, and that's no joke:
He's croaked his very final croak.

If someone climbs laboriously
Into the branches of a tree
And thinks himself a bird to be:
Wrong is he.

The Worry Tree: A Useful and Warm-Hearted Story

Paresh, an Indian carpenter I once hired to help me restore my old farmhouse had just finished a difficult and hard first day on the job. A flat tyre on his lorry made him lose an hour of work, his electric saw packed in, and now his ancient pickup truck refused to start. While I drove him home, Paresh sat in stony, thoughtful silence.

On arriving, Paresh, in the way of all Indian gentlefolk, invited me in to meet his family. As we walked toward the front door, he paused briefly at a small tree, touching the tips of the branches with both hands.

When opening the door to his home, he underwent an amazing transformation. His tanned face wreathed in smiles and he hugged his two small children and gave his wife a kiss.

After a cup of tea, he walked me to my car. We passed the tree and my curiosity got the better of me. I asked him about what I had seen him do earlier.

'Oh, that's my trouble tree,' Paresh replied. 'I know I can't help having troubles on the job, but one thing for sure, troubles don't belong in the house with my wife and the children. So I just hang them on the tree every night when I come home. Then in the morning I pick them up again. Funny thing is', he smiled winningly, 'when I come out in the morning to pick them up, there aren't nearly as many as I remember hanging up the night before.'

Closing of the Day – Saturday

The Crocodile (Roald Dahl)

"No animal is half as vile
As Crocky–Wock, the crocodile.
On Saturdays he likes to crunch
Six juicy children for his lunch
And he especially enjoys
Just three of each, three girls, three boys.
He smears the boys (to make them hot)
With mustard from the mustard pot.
But mustard doesn't go with girls,
It tastes all wrong with plaits and curls.
With them, what goes extremely well
Is butterscotch and caramel.
It's such a super marvelous treat
When boys are hot and girls are sweet.
At least that's Crocky's point of view
He ought to know. He's had a few.
That's all for now. It's time for bed.
Lie down and rest your sleepy head.
Ssh. Listen. What is that I hear,
Galumphing softly up the stair?"

