

THE TWO DONKEYS



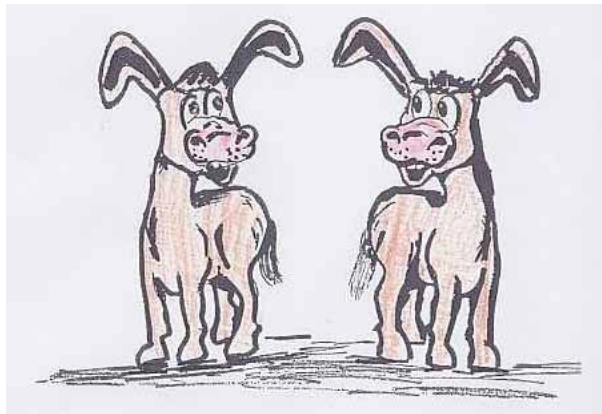
There were two donkeys, Mullu and Wullu. Both were loaded with goods and heading to the market. Mullu carried big slabs of rock salt, which were very heavy, while Wullu carried big sacks of cotton that were rather fluffy and light. Wullu was walking fast and even prancing and dancing at times as she walked, since her load was very light. But Mullu was walking very slowly and breathing hard, because her load really, was heavy.

"Would you please, walk a little bit slower, Wullu, dear? I can't keep up with you. I am heavily loaded with these slabs of rock salt." Mullu would beg Wullu. "We still have quite a ways before we get to market, and I am already out of breath. It doesn't hurt you to walk slowly and keep me company."

"You are very slow, aren't you? You silly sluggard! You can never keep up with me, can you? Do you know that I am the fastest and the best donkey in the world ever? Eh?"

Wullu had an idea. There was a river ahead of them, which they had to cross to get to the market place. She was going to go there and wait for Mullu in the cool waters. She was really going to have a dandy time cooling off and splashing in the river.

"Hey Mullu," She said. "I am not going to waste my precious time monkeying around with you, and waiting for you here. I hate walking slow. I am heading to the river, where I will drink some water, and wait for you there, cooling myself. See you!" With that, Wull pranced away and was



gone, out of sight.

Wullu would not have any of that. She would keep on trotting faster and faster, and at times would even go full gallop, out of spite, just to make Mullu mad. She would even make fun of Mullu, saying:

Mullu, however, had no one to keep her company. Her load was very heavy, but she kept on walking, and walking all by herself, until she finally arrived at the river. There she found Wullu, resting and lying down in the cool waters.

No sooner had Mullu arrived, however, than Wullu said to her, "You better get ready to move. We cannot be staying here too long. It is getting really late for the market, and it is all your fault. I had to wait, and wait for you here for hours. It seemed to take you forever to get here. Soon, our master will be catching up with us. And you know he carries a big stick, eh!"

Mullu just took a sip of water and lied down in the river; it seemed for only a short time when their master did, indeed arrive. Soon, he started to prod them with his stick to get them moving, and heading for the market.

While the donkeys were in the river, the water had dissolved away some of the salt from the rock slabs, and Mullu felt that her load was much lighter than before. She got up without any problem and started to head for the market. With Wullu, however, it was a different story. Her load of fluffy cotton had absorbed a lot of water, and she found it very hard even to get up. The master had to beat her with the stick repeatedly. He pounded, and pounded her on her sides, until she staggered to her feet.

When she finally caught up and started walking side by side with Mullu, it was Wullu's turn to beg, "Would you please, Mullu dear, slow down and wait for me. Don't you see that I am out of breath..." because she could not keep up with her.



MORAL: The fortunes of life could turn out in ways you never expected, so do not boast or brag, or make fun of those who are less fortunate than you are.

G. E. Gorfu