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Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

The Sleeping Apple

High up in a tree, among the green leaves, hung a little apple with such rosy cheeks it looked as though it might be sleeping. A little child came near, and standing under its branches, she looked up and called to the apple: "Oh apple! Come to me; do come down to me! You do not need to sleep so long."

She called so long and begged so hard, but the apple did not waken; it did not move in its bed, but looked as though it was laughing at her in its sleep.

Then came the bright sun, high in the heavens he shone. "Oh Sun! Lovely Sun!" said the child. "Please waken the apple for me." The sun said: "Oh, yes, with

pleasure I will." So he sent his bright beams straight in the face of the apple and kissed it kindly, but the apple did not move a bit.

Next, there came a bird and perched upon a bough of the tree, singing a beautiful song. But even that did not waken the sleeping apple. And then, what comes now?



"I know," said the child. "He will not kiss the apple – and he cannot sing to it. He will try another way."

Sure enough, the wind puffed out his cheeks and blew and blew, shaking the tree. The little apple was so frightened that it awoke and jumped down from the tree, falling right in the apron of the little child.

She was much surprised and so glad that she said to him, "I thank you very much, Mr. Wind."