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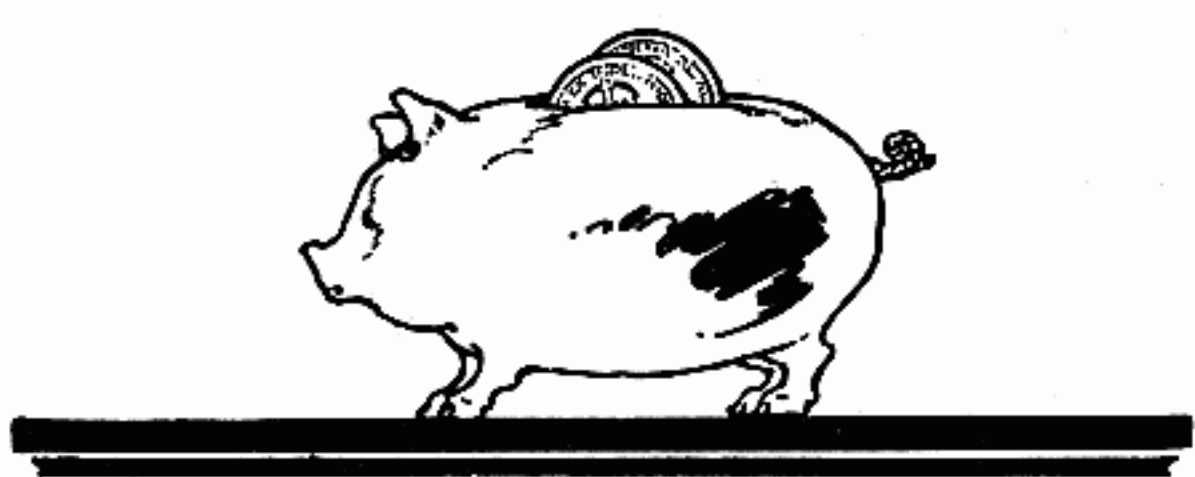
IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

## The Money Pig

In a child's room filled with toys, there was a piggy bank on top of a tall wardrobe. The piggy bank was made of clay in the shape of a pig, with a small hole in its back for coins to be dropped in. The money piggy bank was so full that it could no longer rattle, which meant the highest state of happiness for a piggy bank! From its high position on the wardrobe, the piggy bank looked down haughtily on the other toys in the room. It knew that it had enough coins in its belly to buy all the other toys, which gave it a great sense of self-importance.

The other toys knew this too, but they didn't talk about it. There were plenty of other things to chat about. A big old doll, with a repaired neck but still pretty to look at, lay in a slightly open drawer. She called out, "Shall we do the "husband and wife play"? That's fun."



Immediately, there was a loud commotion in the child's room. Even the paintings on the wall turned in their excitement and showed their backs, which was of course not the intention.

It was already very dark, but when the moon shone through the windows, they had enough light. The game was about to begin, and everyone was invited to join in, even the pram, which belonged to the larger toys.

"Everyone has their own value," said the pram. "We can't all be of noble birth; there are also objects that have to do the work."

The piggy bank was the only one who received a written invitation. He was so high up that they were afraid he wouldn't accept if they just asked him. His response was that he would like to participate but from his high place. So the toy theater was arranged so that the piggy bank could watch from its high place. Some wanted to start the play right away and then have a tea party, others wanted to have a good conversation first. They began with the latter. The rocking horse talked about its training and competitions, the locomotive talked about its steam power, and the clock was involved in politics. The bamboo stick stood there looking stiff and proud with its copper ring and silver blade. And on the couch, there were two embroidered cushions, beautiful but dumb. When the play began in the small theater, the rest watched. They had to let it be known if they were satisfied with what they saw, with applause, stomping or cracking. The riding crop said he never hit old people, only young people who weren't

married yet. "I crack for everyone," said the nutcracker. But not all the audience was happy with his loud cracking. The acting was good. All the actors showed their painted side to the audience because they were made to be seen on only one side.

The doll, with the repaired neck, was so excited that her neck broke again. The piggy bank declared that he wanted to do something for one of the players because they had all made him so happy. So he decided to mention one of them in his will in case he passed away, and he could be buried with him.

They enjoyed the play so much and got so caught up in it that they completely forgot about the tea party. All the while, everyone was thinking mostly about themselves or what the piggy bank would think. The piggy bank was mostly thinking about his will and funeral and when this would happen.

It happened sooner than he expected. Suddenly, he wobbled on the edge of the cabinet, fell to the ground, and broke into pieces. All the coins hopped freely on the floor. The small ones spun around, and the larger coins rolled as far as they could. Especially that one big silver coin that had always wanted to go out into the wide world. Each coin had a wish to be free again.

The pieces of the piggy bank were thrown in the trash, and the next day, a new piggy bank in the shape of a pig was on the cabinet. But there was nothing in it, so this piggy bank, just like the old one that was too full, couldn't rattle.

This is the beginning of the story of the new piggy bank but the end of our story of the old piggy bank.