



**READ AND ENJOY**



## 1

## THE MILKMAN'S COW

The milkman's cow was in a bad mood. It sat in the middle of the road and refused to move.

The milkman begged the cow to get-up. "The children are waiting for their milk to help them grow strong. Please get up," he pleaded. He pulled and tugged and prayed.

But the cow wasn't going anywhere that day.

Along came a policeman, his buttons and buckles gleaming bright. "Humph," he said, twirling his long moustache, "I'll show you how to do it right."

The policeman and the milkman pulled and tugged and prayed. But the cow wasn't going anywhere that day.



Along came a grocer with bags of potatoes and peas. He said, "I'll move this cow with the greatest of ease."

The grocer, the policeman and the milkman pulled and tugged and prayed.

But the cow wasn't going anywhere that day.

Along came a wrestler,



his muscles gleaming in the sun. He said, “I have the strength of ten horses, so this should be fun.”

The wrestler, the grocer, the policeman and the milkman pulled and tugged and prayed.

But the cow wasn’t going anywhere that day.

Along came the ice-cream man, jingling his cart.

“Cool down, cool down, it can’t be too hard.”

The ice-cream man, the wrestler, the grocer, the policeman and the milkman pulled and tugged.

But the cow wasn’t going anywhere that day.

Along came a little boy. He began to grin. He said, “These grown-ups! Look at the mess they are in. It is not such a difficult problem. I learnt in the second class, that human beings eat rice and wheat, and cows eat grass.”

He held out a sheaf of tasty green. The cow began to chew. He slowly led her to the side, for he knew what to do.

The grocer clapped, the policeman twirled his stick in joy.

The wrestler grinned. The ice-cream man whooped at the cleverness of the boy.

The milkman happily clattered his pail. Being kind and loving is best, for force and strength can fail.

**Vidya Pradhan**

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# 2

## OPEN HOUSE

If I were a tree  
I'd want to see  
a bird with a song  
on a branch of me.

I'd want a quick  
little squirrel to run  
up and down  
and around, for fun.

I'd want the cub  
of a bear to call,  
and a porcupine, big,  
and a tree toad, small.

I'd want a katy did  
out of sight





on one of my leaves  
to sing at night.  
And down by my roots  
I'd want a mouse  
with six little mouselings  
in her house.

*- Aileen Fisher*

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