



How the Monkey Got Food When He Was Hungry

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Easy
3 min read

Once upon a time, the monkey was hungry. He wanted to make some porridge, but he did not have any money to buy meal to make the porridge. So he went to the house of the hen to borrow some meal. The hen gave him some meal.

“Come to my house tomorrow at one o’clock,” he said to the hen, “I’ll pay back the meal then.”

Then the monkey went to the house of the fox and said, “O, friend fox, please lend me some meal. Come to my house tomorrow at two o’clock and I’ll pay you then.” The fox gave him some meal.

Then the monkey went to the house of the dog and said, “O, friend dog, please lend me some meal. Come to my house tomorrow at three o’clock and I’ll pay you back then.” The dog gave him some meal.

Then the monkey went to the house of the tiger and said, “O, friend tiger, please lend me some meal. Come to my house tomorrow at four o’clock and I’ll pay you back then.” The tiger gave the monkey some meal.

The monkey went home and made a great pot of porridge. He feasted and feasted until he couldn't eat any more, but there was still plenty of porridge left in the pot. Then the monkey made his bed and took care to fix it high up from the floor.

The next day, at midday, he ate some more of the porridge. Then he bound a cloth about his head and went to bed pretending that he was sick.

At one o'clock the hen came and knocked at the door. The monkey in a low, weak voice asked her to enter. He told her how very sick he was and the hen was very sorry for him.

At two o'clock the fox came and knocked at the door. The hen was frightened almost to death. "Never mind," said the monkey, "you can hide here under my bed."

The hen hid under the monkey's bed and the monkey in a weak, low voice invited the fox to enter. The monkey told the fox how very ill he was and the fox was very sorry for him.

At three o'clock the dog came and knocked at the door. The fox was frightened almost to death. "Never mind," said the monkey; "hide here under my bed and everything will be all right."

The fox hid under the monkey's bed and the monkey, in a low, weak voice, invited the dog to enter. The monkey told the dog how very sick he was and the dog was very sorry for him.

At four the tiger came and knocked at the door. The dog was frightened almost to death. "Never mind," said the monkey. "Hide here under my bed and everything will be all right."

The dog hid under the monkey's bed. Then the monkey invited the tiger to enter. He told the tiger how very sick he was but the tiger was not at all sorry for him. He sprang at the bed, demanding in a loud, fierce voice that the monkey pay back the meal at once, as he had promised to do. The monkey escaped to the tree tops, but the bed broke down under the tiger's weight.

Then the fox ate up the hen and the dog ate up the fox and the tiger ate up the dog. The tiger is still trying to catch the monkey.

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