

STORY: THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

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Once there was an ant. She lived in a field. A cricket lived near its hole. They were friends. The cricket was lazy. In the months of summer, it sang and made merry. It did not store food for winter.

It was careless. The ant was not lazy. She worked day and night. She gathered grains for winter. In winter, the ground was covered with snow. The cricket had nothing to eat. The ant had grains to eat.

The cricket went to the ant to borrow some grains. The ant asked it what it had been doing during summer. The cricket replied that it sang and made merry during summer. The ant replied, "If you sang the summer away, you should dance away the winter."

Moral: No pains, no gains.

STORY: GREED IS CURSE CLASS: 5

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ONCE THERE WERE THREE GREEDY FRIENDS LIVED IN A VILLAGE. ONE DAY THEY WERE PASSING THROUGH FOREST. ALL OF SUDDEN THEY FOUND A BAG FULL OF GOLDEN COINS. THEY ALL FELT VERY HAPPY. THEY DECIDED TO DIVIDE THEM EQUALLY.

DURING THIS THEY ALL FELT VERY HUNGARY. THEY SENT ONE OF THEM TO BRING FOOD FROM THE MARKET. WHEN HE GONE TO MARKET THE OTHER TWO FRIEND MAKE A PLAN TO KILL HIM AND DIVIDE THE COINS BETWEEN THEM AND THE OTHER FRIEND THAT WENT TO MARKET TO TAKE THE FOOD DECIDED TO MIX THE POISON INTO THE FOOD SO THAT THE ALL COINS HE CAN GET IT AND HE DID IT

ACCORDING TO PLAN AND MIXED THE POISON INTO THE FOOD.

WHEN HE CAME TO HIS OTHER FRIEND THEY KILLED HIM ACCORDING TO PLAN AS

THEY THOUGHT AFTER WHEN THEY EAT FOOD. THEY DIED DU TO POISON AND THE GOLDEN COIN BEHIND LEFT AND NO ONE THE OWNER OF THAT COIN DUE TO CURSE

MORAL:

GREED IS CURSE

STORY: ANT AND CRICKET **(چيونٹی اور جھينگر)**

STORY ANT AND CRICKET

Once upon a time... one hot summer, a cricket sang cheerfully on the branch of a tree, while down below, a long line of ants struggled gamely under the weight of their load of grains; and between one song and the next, the cricket spoke to the ants. "Why are you working so hard? Come into the shade, away from

the sun, and sing a song with me." But the tireless ants went on with the work... "We can't do that," they said, "We must store away food for the winter. When the weather's cold and the ground white with snow, there's nothing to eat, and we'll survive the winter only if the pantry is full."

"There's plenty of summer to come," replied the cricket, "and lots of time to fill the pantry before winter. I'd rather sing! How can anyone work in this heat and sun?"

And so all summer, the cricket sang while the ants laboured. But the days turned into weeks and the weeks into months. Autumn came, the leaves began to fall and the cricket left the bare tree. The grass too was turning thin and yellow. One morning, the cricket woke shivering with cold. An early frost tinged the fields with white and turned the last of the green leaves brown: winter had come at last.

The cricket wandered, feeding on the few dry stalks left on the hard frozen ground. Then the snow fell and she could find nothing at all to eat. Trembling and famished, she thought sadly of the warmth and her summer songs. One evening, she saw a speck of light in the distance, and trampling through the thick snow, made her way towards it.

"Open the door! Please open the door! I'm starving. Give me some food!" An ant leant out of the window.

"Who's there? Who is it?"

"It's me – the cricket. I'm cold and hungry, with no roof over my head."

"The cricket? Ah, yes! I remember you. And what were you doing all summer while we were getting ready for winter?"

"Me? I was singing and filling the whole earth and sky with my song!"

"Singing, eh?" said the ant. "Well, try dancing now!"

کمانی ہاتھی اور درزی برائے جماعت چارم / جیسا کرو گے ویسا بھرو گے

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ایک دفعہ کا ذکر ہے ایک راجا

کا ہاتھی پانی پینے کے لئے روزانہ صبح تالاب پر لے جایا جاتا تھا۔ راستے میں ایک درزی کی دوکان پڑتی تھی۔ ہاتھی روزانہ اس کی دوکان میں اپنی سونے بڑھا دیتا اور درزی اسے کیلا یا کھانے کی کوئی اور چیز دے دیتا تھا۔ یہ دوستی کچھ دن ایسے ہی چلتی رہی۔ ایک دن درزی کے بجائے اس کا لڑکا دوکان پر بیٹھا تھا۔ ہاتھی نے ہمیشہ کی طرح جب دوکان میں سونے بڑھائی تو لڑکے نے شرارت سے کیلا دینے کے بجائے اس میں سوئی چھو دی۔ ہاتھی تالاب سے لوٹا تو اپنی سونے میں بے ت سا پانی بھر لایا اور دوکان میں سونے لڑکے پر زور سے دھار مار کر اسے شرابور کر دیا۔ اس طرح جیسا اس لڑکے نے کیا تھا ویسا ہی اس کے ساتھ ہوا۔

: اخلاقی سبق

جیسا کو تیسا

چیونٹی اور کبوتر کی کمانی / چیونٹی اور فاختر جماعت 4،5

چیونٹی اور کبوتر کی کمانی چیونٹی اور فاختر جماعت 4،5

ایک چیونٹی جو پیاس کے مارے مرنے کے قریب ہو گئی تھی پانی پینے کے لیے کسی تالاب کے نزدیک گئی۔ ناگہانے چیونٹی کا پیر پھسل گیا

اور وہ پانی میں گر گئی۔ قریب تھا کہ بیچاری چیونٹی غرق ہو جاتی کہ تالاب پر سایہ لاندہ والے ایک درخت کے اوپر سے کسی کبوتر کی نظر اُس پر پڑ گئی۔ کبوتر نے چونچ کی مدد سے درخت سے ایک پتے توڑا اور چیونٹی کے پاس پھینک دیا۔ چیونٹی پتے پر چڑھ گئی اور اِس طرح موت سے نجات پا گئی۔

ابھی لمحہ بھی نہ گذرا تھا کہ ایک شکاری نے کبوتر کو دیکھ لیا اور اُسے اپنے تیر کا بندوق بنا نا چاہا۔ چیونٹی شکاری کے مقصود کو بھانپ گئی، لہذا شکاری کے نزدیک آ کر چیونٹی نے اُس کے پاؤں کو ایسی شدت سے کاٹا کہ اُس کے تیر کا نشانہ خطا ہو گیا اور اِس طرح کبوتر جان بچا کر پرواز کر گیا۔