# The Goose Who Tried to Keep the Summer

An old Wild Goose had a thick coat of white feathers. He wore orange-colored boots, and his bill was like a trumpet when he calls,

Honk, honk, honk!

That was the signal for the others. He flew at their head, and the rest followed, one line on one side and one line on the other. Over the woods and the waters, everyone looked for the old Wild Goose in the fall.

Honk, honk, honk!

That was the Wild Goose telling them to get ready for the winter. He knew they waited for him. He lived in a marsh with trees, and it was comfortable. A robin stayed in those trees all winter and he sang proudly about it.

"Why do I trouble to go south?" the old Wild Goose thought to himself. "The weather here will not grow cold if I stay. Honk, honk. I shall not migrate this fall and then we shall see what will happen! Very likely I shall keep the summer!"

No one knew what the Goose had decided, and they listened to him.

Honk, honk, cried all the other wild geese. "It is time to migrate! Come with us!"

Honk, honk, honk, cried the old Wild Goose, from the sheltered marsh where he did not know what was going on. "I am not flying south this year. I am staying north to keep the summer."

Honk, honk, "What a terrible time it will be!" cried all the other geese. Then they selected a wise young goose. They made him their leader. They went south with the new leader.

Soon Winter came. "It must be the winter coming in spite of me," he thought to himself. "It seems that I have not kept him away after all. I shall die. What shall I do?"

Then a sunbeam, that was still strong enough to help a little, heard the faint cries of the old Wild Goose and was sorry for him. She melted the ice so that the Goose could pull out his feet, first one, and then the other. She stood for a moment in the Winter's path as the Goose rose and stretched his wings, and then started south.

The chilly air was like a blast on his head. He was obliged to fly slowly. He calls loudly as he went,

"Honk, honk, Here I am. I fly to tell you that Winter is coming."

He looked down at the woods, and the fields, and the waters. How strange! They had known it. They had not waited for the call of the old Wild Goose.

(437字)

The Little Match-Seller by Hans Christian

In the cold and the darkness, a poor little girl roamed through the streets. She went on with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold.

In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in her hands. No one had bought anything of her the whole day, nor had anyone given her even a penny. The snowflakes fell on her long, fair hair, which hung in curls on her shoulders, but she regarded them not.

She drew one out - "scratch!" It gave a warm, bright light, like a little candle, as she held her hand over it. It was really a wonderful light. It seemed to the little girl that she was sitting by a large iron stove. How the fire burned! And seemed so beautifully warm that the child stretched out her feet as if to warm them. When the flame of the match went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the half-burnt match in her hand.

She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas-tree. Thousands of tapers were burning upon the green branches, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the show-windows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand towards them, and the match went out.

The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, till they looked to her like the stars in the sky. Then she saw a star fall. "Someone is dying," thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only one who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul was going up to God.

She again rubbed a match on the wall, and the light shone round her; in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining.

"Grandmother," cried the little one, "Take me with you; I know you will go away when the match burns out; then you will vanish.

And she made haste to light the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother there. And the matches glowed with a light that was brighter than the noonday, and her grandmother had never appeared so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew upwards in brightness and joy far above the earth, where there was neither cold nor hunger nor pain, for they were with God.

(427字)

Gullible’s Troubles By Margaret Shannon

Gullible pig was visiting Aunt Sarah, Uncle Bernard, and Cousin Lila. His aunt and uncle and cousin knew Gullible would believe anything that he was told. "You know there are monsters all over this house, Gullible, and in the garden too. Little pigs are their favorite thing to eat, said Cousin Lila.

He went to see if Aunt Sarah needed any help. She was baking a cake. Gullible tried very hard, he wasn’t much help at all. So Aunt Sarah said, "Did you know, Gullible, that if you eat fifty carrots one after the other, you become invisible?" Gullible thought that sounded like great fun. Aunt Sarah gave him a big basket of carrots and told him to go and eat them in the front room. Gullible ate...and ate...and ate until he'd eaten all fifty carrots. Then, he went and looked in the mirror to see if he was invisible.

But he wasn't. He'd just gone a bit orange in the face. Cousin Lila was dressing up for a party. Gullible decided to dress up too. Cousin Lila said, "Gullible, would you like to take these soccer boots of mine and try them out? They're the sort the real soccer players use." Gullible had always wanted proper soccer boots. He got out his soccer ball, and went downstairs to put the boots on. But they were big for him, and they wobbled when he tried to kick the ball.

Gullible decided to see what Uncle Bernard was doing. Uncle Bernard was very busy, so Gullible thought he would help by tidying up his papers for him. Uncle Bernard said, "If you really want to help, Gullible, you could wash these dirty pieces of coal for me, so I can light the fire." Gullible started scrubbing it with a scrubbing brush. But the coal never seemed to get any cleaner, it just got smaller and smaller until there wasn’t any left.

Gullible hurried off to find out where he could get some more coal. He asked Cousin Lila, "Well, the coal's in the cellar, where the cellar monster lives, but if you walk on your hands, it won't eat you," she said. The cellar was very dark. Gullible carefully walked on his hands, down the stairs and over to the coal chute. He could just see the cellar monster's feet sticking out from the darkest corner.

He filled the coal bucket and made his way back up the stairs as quickly as he could, nearly bumping into his aunt at the top. "Aunt Sarah, remember to walk on your hands, or you'll get eaten!!" Gullible cried. Aunt Sarah just laughed. " There aren't any monsters in the cellar, just silly Gullible is here "

(458字)