



THE FROGS IN THE CREAM

Once upon a time, two little frogs fell into a vat of cream. They knew they were going to drown for it was impossible to swim or float for very long. For a while, the two frogs kicked around in the cream, but it was useless; they only managed to sink down deeper.

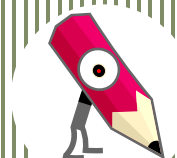
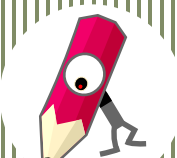
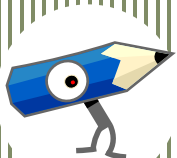
Then one of the frogs said: "I can't take it anymore. It's impossible to get out of here. I can't swim in this stuff. And, as I'm going to die, I don't see the sense in fighting so much." Having said this, he stopped kicking and drowned, quickly swallowed up by the cream

The other frog, who was more persistent, or perhaps more stubborn, said: "It's impossible! I can't do anything to get out of this. Nevertheless, although death is near, I'd rather fight until my last breath than give up." So, he carried on kicking and splashing for hours and hours, but didn't move one centimeter from the spot at which he started. Then suddenly, after kicking, beating, and stirring for so long, the cream turned into butter.

Surprised, he hopped to the edge of the vat, jumped out, and went home, croaking happily.

Once upon a time there were two frogs that fell into a vat of cream. Immediately they realized they were going to drown for it was impossible to swim or float for very long in the thick, bog-like liquid. For a while the two frogs kicked around in the cream, trying to reach the edge of the vat. But it was useless; they only managed to splash about in the same place and sink even deeper.

One of the frogs said: "I can't take it anymore. It's impossible to get out of here. I can't swim in this stuff. And, as I'm going to die, I can't see the point in drawing out my suffering. It doesn't make sense dying exhausted after this pointless struggle." Having said this, he stopped kicking and drowned, quickly swallowed up by the thick, white liquid.



The other frog, who was more persistent, or perhaps more stubborn, said: "It's impossible! I can't do anything to get out of this. Nevertheless, although death is drawing near, I'd rather fight until my last breath than give up. I don't want to die one second before my time."

So, for hours and hours he carried on kicking and splashing, always in the same spot, not moving one centimeter from where he started. And suddenly, after so much kicking, beating, and stirring, the cream turned into butter.

Surprised, the frog jumped up, and skidding along the newly-hardened surface, he reached the edge of the vat. From there he hopped home, croaking happily.

