THE FROG IN THE WELL

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Not far from the Eastern Sea, there was a well containing shallow water.

A frog had lived there for many years.

At dusk, the frog would leap onto a rock to enjoy the cool air. When he was in the mood, he would croak a few songs towards the small patch of sky up above.

When he had nothing to do during the day, the frog liked to float around leisurely with his legs drifting and his head propped up by the water.
At nightfall, the frog sank to the bottom of the well. There was a niche in the wall, just big enough for him to rest in. The frog had turned the niche into a cozy chamber and slept there every night.

Sometimes, when the frog felt bored, he would leap into the muddy bottom and roll about. The sediment was deep enough to cover his feet, making it a wonderful playground.

The little frog was immensely pleased with his little world. He felt that none of the small bugs or crabs could compare with him, so he became
One day, a bird perched on the well’s rim for a rest. The frog saw the bird.

“Little Bird,” he called out, “how boring it is to fly around. Why not come down and visit my home?”

The Bird was about to look into the well, when a stench rose into her nostrils. “No, thank you!” she said, frowning. Then the bird flew away.
A few days later, the frog was climbing on the wall when he saw a group of wild geese flying by. “Hi!” he called out. “Sister Geese! Where are you going? Why not come to my home and warm up a little”

过了几天，青蛙正在井栏上玩，看见一群大雁飞过头顶，就赶紧朝它们喊：

“嗨，大雁姐姐，你们要去哪里？不如到我家里面暖和一下吧！”

“Thank you, Little Frog,” said one of the geese. “But it is getting cold. We must fly to the south to spend the winter there.” With that, the geese went on with their journey.

“谢谢 你，小 青蛙！天 越来越 冷 了，我们 要到 南方 去过 冬。”说完，大雁们 继续 向南方 飞去。

A tortoise who lived in the Eastern Sea was strolling on the shore
when he noticed the well. He crawled over and paused.

“Hi!” said the frog, then he added with much pride, “See? The water, the well, it’s all mine. Why not come down and play with me? It’s spacious down here.”

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“Bother Frog,” said the tortoise, “have you heard of the ocean? In drought or flood, the ocean’s depth never changes. Compared with your home, the ocean is much broader and more interesting.”

The frog stared up with bulging eyes and opened his mouth wide, but no sound came out. It was beyond his wildest imagination that somewhere else could be bigger and better than his home.