Laugho´s virus diary 19

Hello everybody, back again after a wonderful, warm and gorgeous weekend. For me it was fantastic because I saw my son, his wife and my two cute grandsons after months for the first time again. As we have a big garden it is no problem to keep the distance, but just to see and to talk again was the best Mother´s Day present for me, although I miss hugging and kissing my wonderful grandsons so much.

I hope you enjoyed your weekend the same and had fun with your mums and your family. This is the last week of only homeschooling - next week you´ll see school, teachers and part of your friends again. I´m sure that most of you are really happy about this.

Let´s start the week with a Persian fairytale - here we go.

AMAL and the GENIE

Many years ago in ancient Persia there lived a bright young man called Amal. He was out one day when he had the misfortune to meet a genie ( ghost in a bottle ). Now sometimes genies can be good news, but this one was in a very bad temper and he was looking for trouble. Amal had to think quickly. He had no weapons with him, only an egg and a nugget of salt in his pocket.

The genie came whirling up to Amal, but before he could say anything, Amal yelled at him. `Genie! You and I should have a competition to see who is the strongest!`

You might think this was very foolish of Amal, but he knew two things about genies. One was that it is always better to take control first, and the second was that genies are not terribly clever and bright. They are fine at doing magic but they are a bit slow when it comes to basic common sense. Well, the genie looked at Amal, and then he laughed. It was not a nice sound, but Amal was not brave and fearless. `Hah! You don´t look very strong, `sniggered the genie. ` I shall win this contest easily,` and he laughed again. Amal picked up a stone. `You must squeeze this stone until water comes out of it,` he said, handing the genie the stone. Well, the genie squeezed, and squeezed and squeezed and huffed and puffed, but, of course, no water came out of the stone. He threw it down angrily. `Not possible!` he snapped. Amal bent down and picked up the stone, and squeezed. And with a scrunching sound, liquid ran down Amal´s fingers. The genie was astonished. And so would you have been if you had been there. What clever Amal had done was to put the egg in the same hand as the stone, and it was the egg that was broken. Genies are not terribly bright and this one was no exception.

Then Amal said, `Well, I win that one. But now perhaps you could crumble this stone into powder, and he handed the genie another stone. Well the genie squeezed and squeezed, and huffed and puffed, but, of course, the stone did not crumble at all, not even the tiniest bit. The genie threw it down angrily. Amal picked it up and squeezed. And as he squeezed, powder fell from his fingers with a grinding sound. The genie was astonished. And so would you have been if you had been there, but you can guess what clever Amal had done. He put the salt in his hand as well as the stone.

The genie was feeling that his reputation was somehow dented by Amal´s performance so he needed to get his own back. `You are clearly a great and mighty fighter, `the genie said to Amal. `I should like to give you a meal to celebrate your achievements. Come and stay the night with me,` and he smiled.

But Amal saw the smile, and kept his wits about him. After a delicious meal, they both lay down to sleep in the genie´s cave. When Amal was sure that the genie was asleep, he moved to the other side of the cave, leaving his pillow in the bed to look as if he were still there asleep. Then he watched everything around. As the first light of dawn filtered into the cave, the genie woke up. He picked up a big club of wood, crept over to where he thought Amal was lying and pounded the club down onto the bed. Then he stomped out of the cave to get some water for his morning tea.

You can imagine his horror when he came back and found Amal singing to himself as he lit the fire. `Morning, genie! I thought I would get breakfast ready,` said Amal cheerfully. ` I hope you slept better than I did,` he continued. `Some wicked insect batted me in the face during the night.`

Well at this the genie gave a shriek and whistled himself as fast as possible into an old oil lamp that lay on the floor of the cave. He wasn´t seen again for hundreds of years until a young lad called Aladin happened to find the lamp.

What a clever person - even magic and strength is not enough concerning cleverness.

As the weather is getting worse – colder and hopefully wet – you will have more time for homeschooling. Try to do things in time to avoid stress later.

Have a two nice days - next story on Wednesday - stay healthy and fit – that´s it!

 Yours Lacho ☺