

The Paperpillar

Once upon a time, in a faraway land, there was a pillar. The pillar carried around 100 pieces of beautiful, decorated paper. He was also a very selfish, bratty pillar. He kept the papers all to himself. His name was Paperpillar the 100th. Here is a story about the selfish, bratty pillar.

One day, the paperpillar was walking along admiring his colored papers. He snottily showed his papers to everyone. “Look at these!” he said to a townsman. “I’m way more handsome than you! You don’t have these nice, pretty papers like me!”

“How rude!” said the person, and stomped away.

Later, the paperpillar was showing off his papers to two other townsfolk. “I’m so handsome! Unlike you!”

“That was a rude thing to say to us!” the townsfolk said, and darted away.

Months went by, and Paperpillar was still showing off his papers. But, as Paperpillar bragged about his papers, he lost more and more friends. After two months, Paperpillar had become the loneliest pillar in the world. No one wanted to play with him because he was so selfish. Paperpillar was all alone.

One day, Paperpillar couldn’t bear the loneliness anymore. He began searching for a wise man to help him. Suddenly, he saw a sign that said, “Come visit the wisest man in the town! His mountain is located in Guru’s Pillar Park.”

“I sure would like to go see him,” the lonely paperpillar sighed. Soon, Paperpillar the 100th was on his way.

After one day of torturous walking, Paperpillar finally reached the top of the mountain, Guru Mountain, at Guru Pillar Park. “Phew!” he said. “I’m *so* tired!”

Paperpillar found a dark cave at the top of the mountain. As he went in farther, he saw an old, gray – haired man and his young pet duck. Amazingly, the duck talked in a tiny, squeaky voice. “Ahhhhhhh...” said the man. “Do not disturb... I am meditating. Ahhhhhh....”

“Ah!” said the miniature duckling.

Suddenly, the man reached out and turned the knob on a radio. It started playing, “Everybody dance now!” The old man nodded his head and danced to the modern music.

Paperpillar stared at the man. When the man opened his eyes, he saw Paperpillar staring at him. “I’m sorry,” said the wise fortune teller, and

turned off the music. “I know you want advice, Paperpillar. I will give you it now, using this fortune teller.”

The wise man took out his fortune teller from a cabinet. The wise man and Paperpillar played a game of fortune teller. When it was over, Paperpillar saw that his fortune was “Give all your papers away.”

“But, why?” said the mystified pillar. The fortune teller was silent.

Finally, the fortune teller said, “The duckling will tell you everything.”

So, Paperpillar walked out of the room with the duckling. His name happened to be Quack.

“Hello!” said Quack. “It’s because it will make you feel happier if you give away all your papers. Bye!” Quack exited the room.

“That was quick,” thought Paperpillar.

When Paperpillar was walking along the street, he met one of the townsfolk that he had annoyed earlier.

“Well... now is it okay if I have one of your papers?”

The lonely pillar sighed. He didn’t want to give away any of his papers, but he remembered what the wise man had said.

“All right,” sighed Paperpillar. “But just one.”

“Hooray!” the townsfolk yelled.

Apparently, the townsfolk spread the word, and all of the other townsfolk were surrounding Paperpillar in two minutes.

After ten minutes of giving, Paperpillar felt very, very happy.

“The wise man was right!” said Paperpillar. “I’m glad I gave away my papers. Giving does make me feel better!”

The moral of this story is

Don’t be selfish