**THE ANT AND THE DOVE**

NARRATOR
One warm sunny day, a thirsty ant went to the river to quench his thirst
with some cool sweet water.

ANT
I am so parched! Oh good, there's the river.
I'll just run down and get a few sips of water.

NARRATOR
Half way down the bank, Ant slipped and with legs flailing tumbled into
the swift running river.

ANT
Help! Help! I'm being carried away. The flow of the river is too strong for me!

NARRATOR
Dove alertly spied tiny Ant desperately trying to stay afloat.

DOVE
Oh no! Poor little Ant is in trouble! He can never hold his own
against the strong current.

NARRATOR
Thinking quickly, she threw some leaves into the river near the Ant.

DOVE
Hurry little Ant, climb onto a leaf!

NARRATOR
Ant gratefully hauled himself up onto a leaf and floated safely to the shore.
*A hunter enters.*HUNTER
*(Nastily)*Perfect! A lovely, plump dove. She doesn't sense that I'm here,
so I should be able to easily trap her!

NARRATOR
Ant, recovering on the bank after his ordeal, saw Hunter hiding behind a tree, preparing to snare gentle Dove.

ANT
Oh no, my friend Dove is in danger! I must save her.

NARRATOR
Crafty little Ant shook off the water and scrambled over to the Hunter.
With all his might, he pricked the man's heel.

HUNTER
*(Jumping up and down in pain)*Ow! Ow! My foot!

NARRATOR
Dove was startled by Hunter's wailing and fled to the safety of a high branch.

DOVE
That was a close one. Many thanks, my quick thinking little friend!

ANT
You are most welcome! It was the least I could do.

NARRATOR
The moral of the story: One good turn deserves another.