

The Lion and the Lamb

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It was March. The cold wind blew through the forest. The bare trees shook in the wind. You could feel the frosty winter air blow across the ground. The lion yawned. His golden mane shook. "I'm starving," he growled. "Where can I find food?" He walked out of his cave. "I am the King of the forest and I need food!" he roared. When none of the animals brought him food, the lion was furious. "I'll find food by myself. I don't need anybody else to help me," he thought. The lion walked through the forest, stepping into the white snow that covered the ground like a blanket.

It was getting very dark. The lion was still starving. His stomach felt so empty. By now, it had stopped snowing. The lion's eyelids felt heavy. He lied down under a tree. Soon, he drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, the lion woke up to the sound of birds chirping. The lion was surprised. He hadn't heard birds chirping all winter. Suddenly, the lion spotted a flower. "WHAT?!" The lion shouted. "What's a flower doing in the middle of winter?" "It's spring, not winter! Yesterday was the last day of winter," a voice said. "Who said that?" roared the lion, in a voice so loud that it scared away the birds resting on a nearby tree. "It said that." A lamb said softly. "Spring is here in March." Suddenly, the lion spotted some juicy berries growing on a tree that was starting to blossom beautiful flowers. "Mmm!" The lion said, licking his lips. "Food!" He jumped up trying to reach the berries. But the tree was too high. In fact,

When you looked up at the tree, it looked like it was in the clouds. The lamb handed the lion some fresh berries. "How did you reach them?" the lion asked in amazement. He was bewildered. The lamb smiled. "I picked them up from the ground," she said. The lamb was right. Some berries had fallen off the tree. The lion looked at the lamb. "Thanks," he said. "Do you want to be my friend?" "Yes!" said the lamb. The lion and the lamb walked off to go play.