

THE MILKMAID AND HER PAIL

A milkmaid was going to market one morning, carrying her pail of milk on her head, as is the wont of foolish milkmaids everywhere. As she trudged along, she began to daydream about the riches her milk would bring her.

"First," she thought, "I shall sell this milk and use the money I get to buy some eggs. Those eggs will hatch fine chickens, which will lay even *more* eggs. Those chickens will also hatch, and soon I will own many chicken farms." She imagined her life as a prosperous poultry magnate. "I shall have wealth undreamt of, such that my fine dresses and bright jewels, my obsequious servants and splendid estates, will be the envy of one and all!" Imagining this, she gave her head a haughty toss. Her pail spilt, and she dropped everything she was carrying. The milk disappeared into the ground, along with her fantasies of escaping her hand-to-mouth existence.

MORAL: A milkmaid's life, outside her dreams, is just as dreary as it seems.

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