



“Let me tell you a story,” began the Storyteller.”



# The Storyteller



“Let me tell you a story,” began the Storyteller. And with these words, the man charmed the people gathered around him with yet another one of his many beautiful narratives. He was known for his great wisdom and understanding of people. He was, as everyone called him, the Storyteller.

When the Storyteller had finished his tale, he left the people and began to walk, enjoying the pretty countryside that surrounded him. As he strolled along, he noticed that several couples languished on the grass among the brightly colored flowers. He smiled to himself. Love seemed to be in bloom everywhere. He continued on his way.

After awhile, he found himself entering a grove of apple trees. “What a wonderful piece of luck,” he mused. “There’s nothing better than an apple to take the edge off an empty stomach.”

He hurried to the nearest tree and reached up for an apple. Just as he did, he heard someone cry, “Sir! You are stepping on me!”

The Storyteller looked down and saw the startled face of a young woman. In his great haste, he had failed to notice the woman sitting beneath the tree.

“I beg your pardon, young lady,” said the Storyteller. “I guess my hunger got the better of me.”

“Well, you are pardoned,” answered the woman, “but, sir, do you always rush in without looking?”

“Why, no,” answered the Storyteller, feeling embarrassed. Now he took a closer look at the lady and saw how lovely she was. “I really don’t know how I could have overlooked you. You are really quite beautiful.”

Now it was the woman’s turn to be embarrassed. Her cheeks became nearly the same color as her red hair. “Well, shouldn’t you get your apple and continue whatever you were doing?”