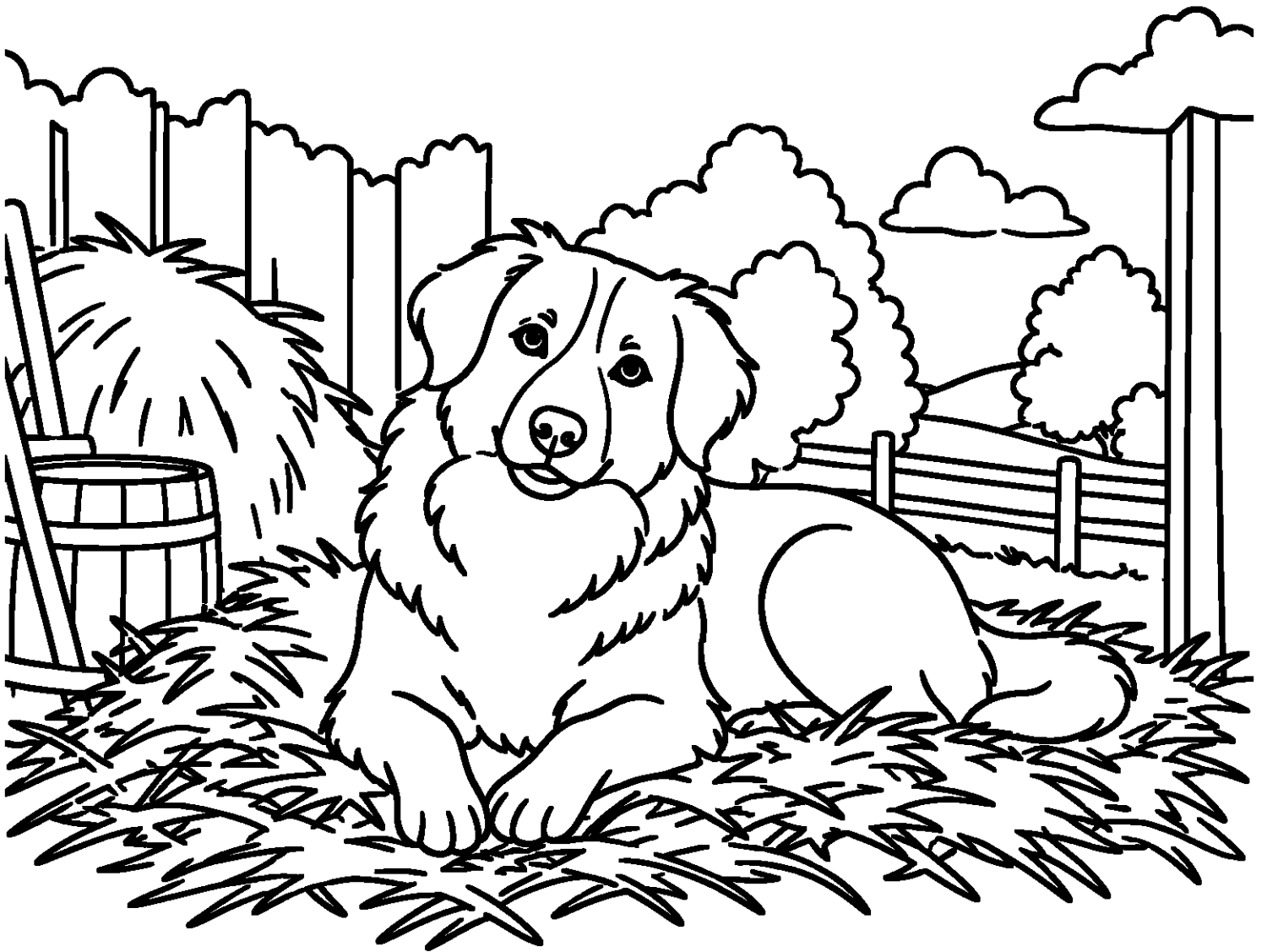


Selfishness

The Selfish Dog

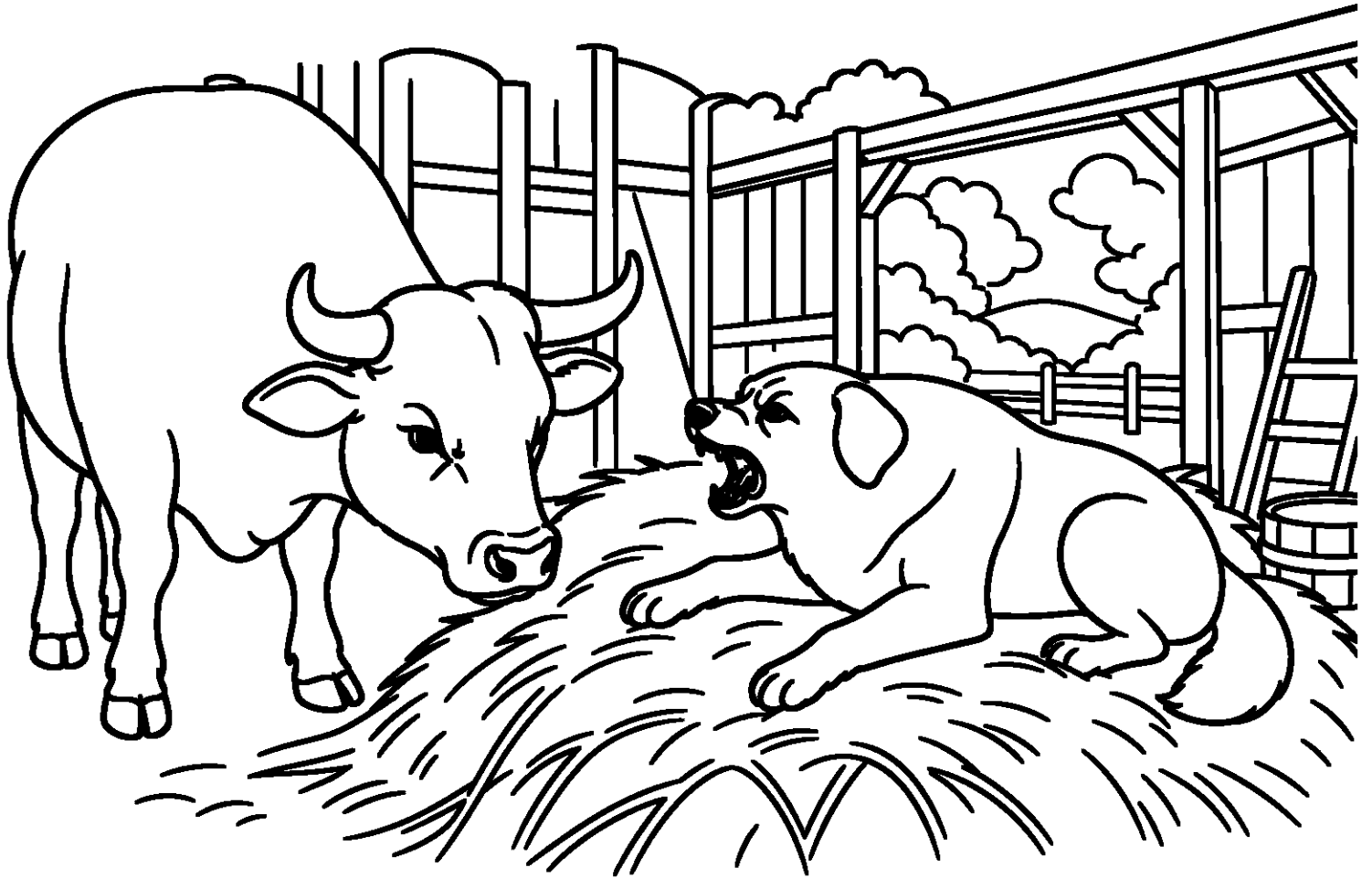


The Selfish Dog



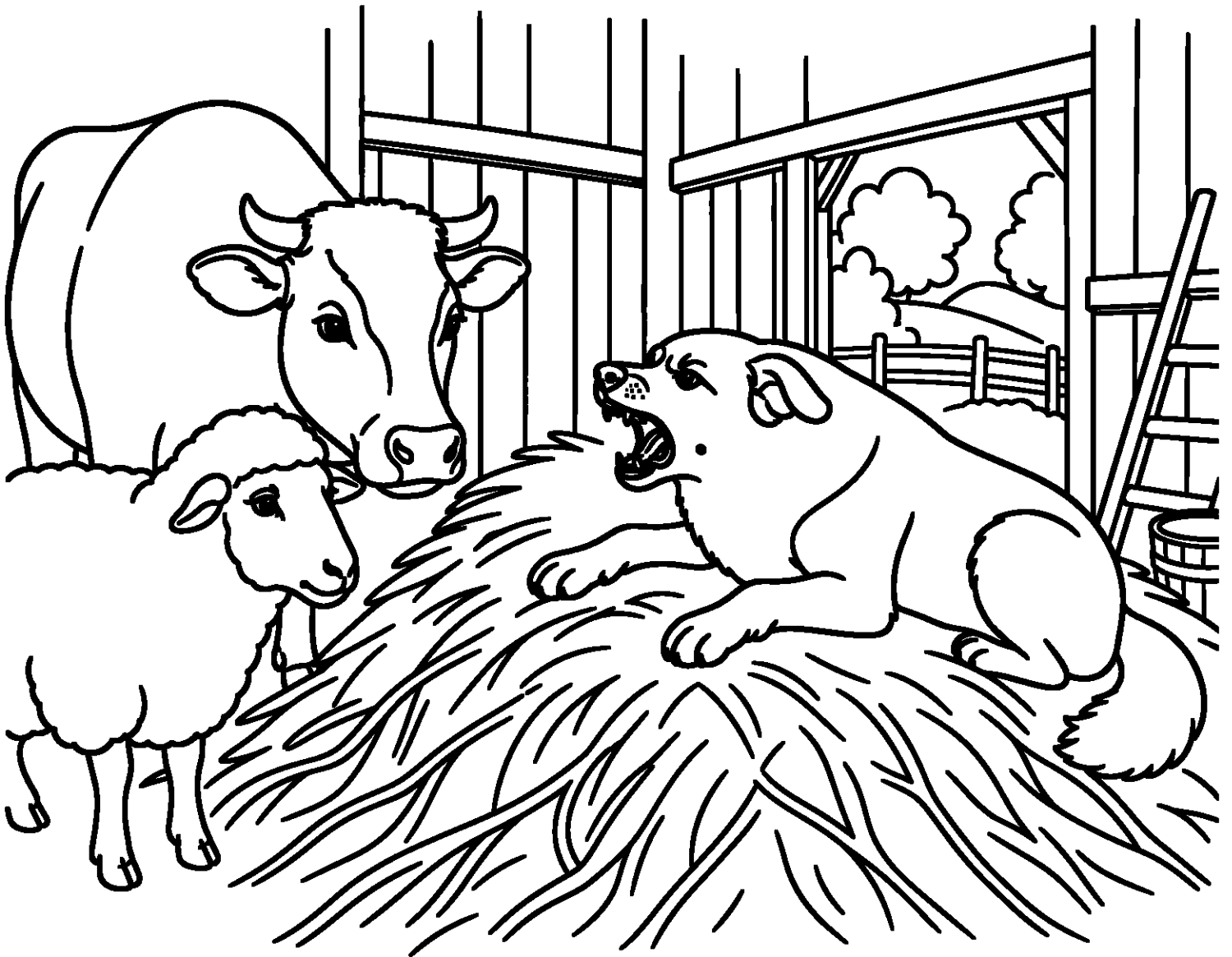
A dog lay down upon the hay,
a food he'd never touch all day.
He could not eat a single bite —
yet guarded it with all his might.

The Selfish Dog



The hungry ox came by to eat,
the hay he needed, fresh and sweet.
"Away!" he growled, "for this is mine!"
though dogs don't dine on hay or vine.

The Selfish Dog



He kept it from the cow and sheep,
the pile he'd never use but keep.
He shared no wisp, he spared no strand,
and snapped at all who came to stand.

The Selfish Dog



So there he lay, both cross and cold,
on hay gone stale and grey and old —
no friend, no use, no warmth, no cheer,
just selfish guarding, the whole year.

The Selfish Dog



Moral

Guarding what you'll never use
means everybody has to lose.