



Tim's Honey Jug



Tim and Jade went on a long journey in the valley. The sun was hot, and they wanted a snack. Then Tim sniffed. He could smell honey!



"Hey, look up there!" said Tim. A big hive sat way up on a grey cliff. Honey dripped from it, drop by drop. Tim wanted that honey so much.



He ran to the cliff and tried to go up, but the rock was too slick to grip. He slid back down. He tried again and fell on his back in the dust.



"I am not a monkey," he said with a huff. "I can not get up there." Jade surveyed the cliff. "I have a plan," she said. "The key is this pulley."



She had a pulley, a rope, and a jug in her pack. She took the long path around the back of the hill to the top. There she fixed the pulley to a pine that bent out over the cliff.



She put the rope over the pulley and let both ends drop down to Tim. Then she came back down and hitched the jug to one end.



"Pull!" said Jade. Tim pulled, and the jug rose up, up, up to the hive. They held the rope still. Drip, drip, drip went the honey, until the jug was full. They let the jug down inch by inch.



Then they took it home and had honey on warm barley cake. "This is better than money," said Tim, licking his chin. "Tomorrow, we will take two jugs," said Jade with a grin.