**THE ANT AND THE DOVE**

NARRATOR  
One warm sunny day, a thirsty ant went to the river to quench his thirst  
with some cool sweet water.  
  
ANT  
I am so parched! Oh good, there's the river.  
I'll just run down and get a few sips of water.  
  
NARRATOR  
Half way down the bank, Ant slipped and with legs flailing tumbled into  
the swift running river.  
  
ANT  
Help! Help! I'm being carried away. The flow of the river is too strong for me!  
  
NARRATOR  
Dove alertly spied tiny Ant desperately trying to stay afloat.  
  
DOVE  
Oh no! Poor little Ant is in trouble! He can never hold his own  
against the strong current.  
  
NARRATOR  
Thinking quickly, she threw some leaves into the river near the Ant.  
  
DOVE  
Hurry little Ant, climb onto a leaf!  
  
NARRATOR  
Ant gratefully hauled himself up onto a leaf and floated safely to the shore.  
*A hunter enters.*HUNTER  
*(Nastily)*Perfect! A lovely, plump dove. She doesn't sense that I'm here,  
so I should be able to easily trap her!  
  
NARRATOR  
Ant, recovering on the bank after his ordeal, saw Hunter hiding behind a tree, preparing to snare gentle Dove.  
  
ANT  
Oh no, my friend Dove is in danger! I must save her.  
  
NARRATOR  
Crafty little Ant shook off the water and scrambled over to the Hunter.  
With all his might, he pricked the man's heel.  
  
HUNTER  
*(Jumping up and down in pain)*Ow! Ow! My foot!  
  
NARRATOR  
Dove was startled by Hunter's wailing and fled to the safety of a high branch.  
  
DOVE  
That was a close one. Many thanks, my quick thinking little friend!  
  
ANT  
You are most welcome! It was the least I could do.  
  
NARRATOR  
The moral of the story: One good turn deserves another.