

Ε30Π
THE MAN AND THE SATYR
ÆSOP'S FABLE

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One winter's night a man was lost in a large forest. He stumbled on in the darkness, cold and tired, trying to find his way out.

At last he saw a light. He went towards it, hoping to find a woodman's hut.

As he drew near he saw that the light came from a cave. The man entered and found that it was the home of a satyr.

"I am cold and tired and lost," said the man. "May I spend the night in your cave?"

"Come in and sit down by the fire," answered the satyr.

The man did so, and as his fingers were stiff with cold, he began to blow upon them with his warm breath.

"Why do you blow on your fingers?" asked the satyr.

"Because they are cold," answered the man.

"Will that make them warm?" said the satyr.

"Certainly," answered the man.

The satyr said no more, but soon brought the man a bowl of hot soup. It was so hot the man could not sip it. So he blew upon it.

"Is the soup not hot enough?" asked the satyr.

"Yes," answered the man, "it is too hot."

"Then why do you blow upon it?"

"To cool it," answered the man.

"Get out of my house at once" screamed the satyr. "I will have no one here who blows hot and cold with the same breath."

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