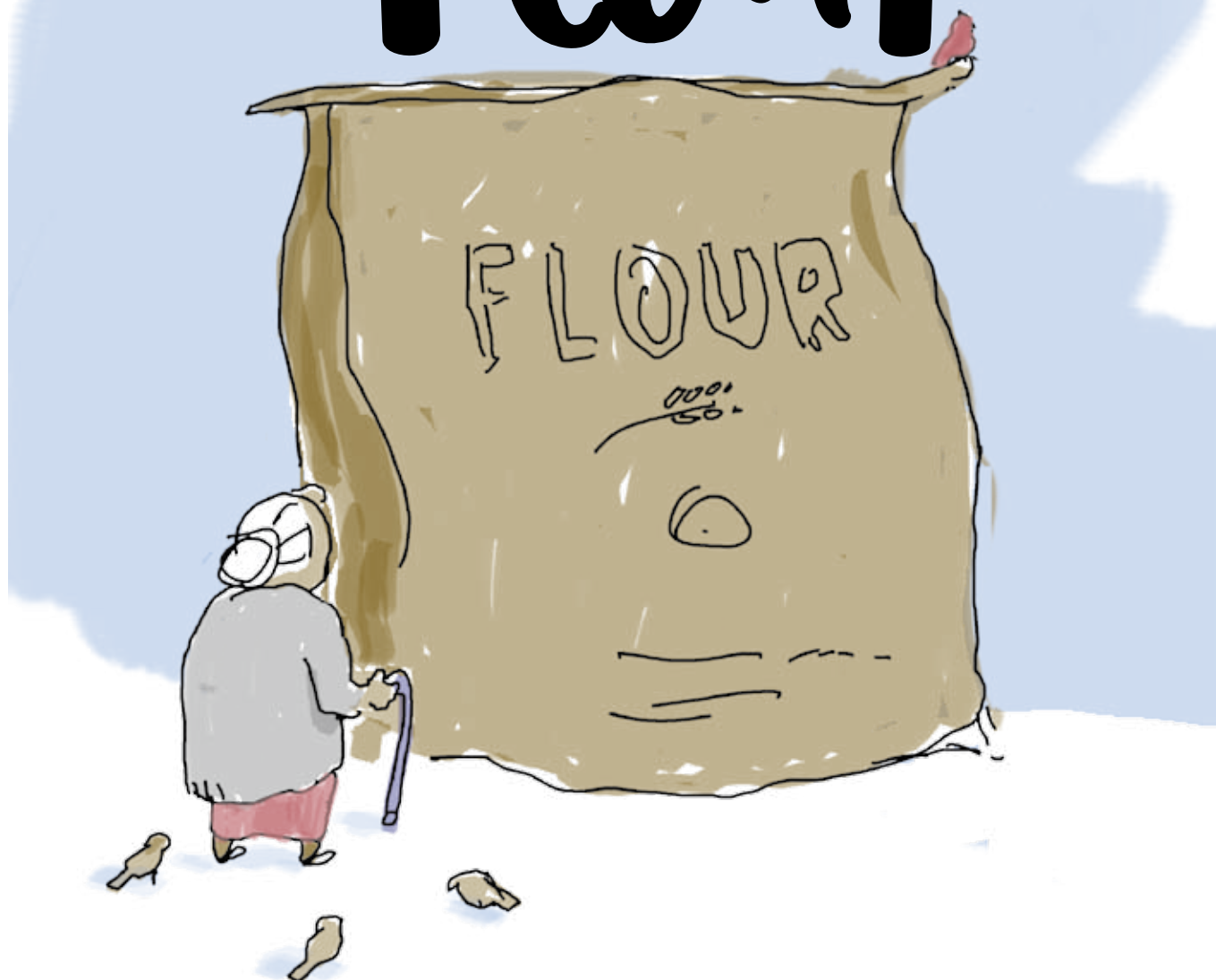
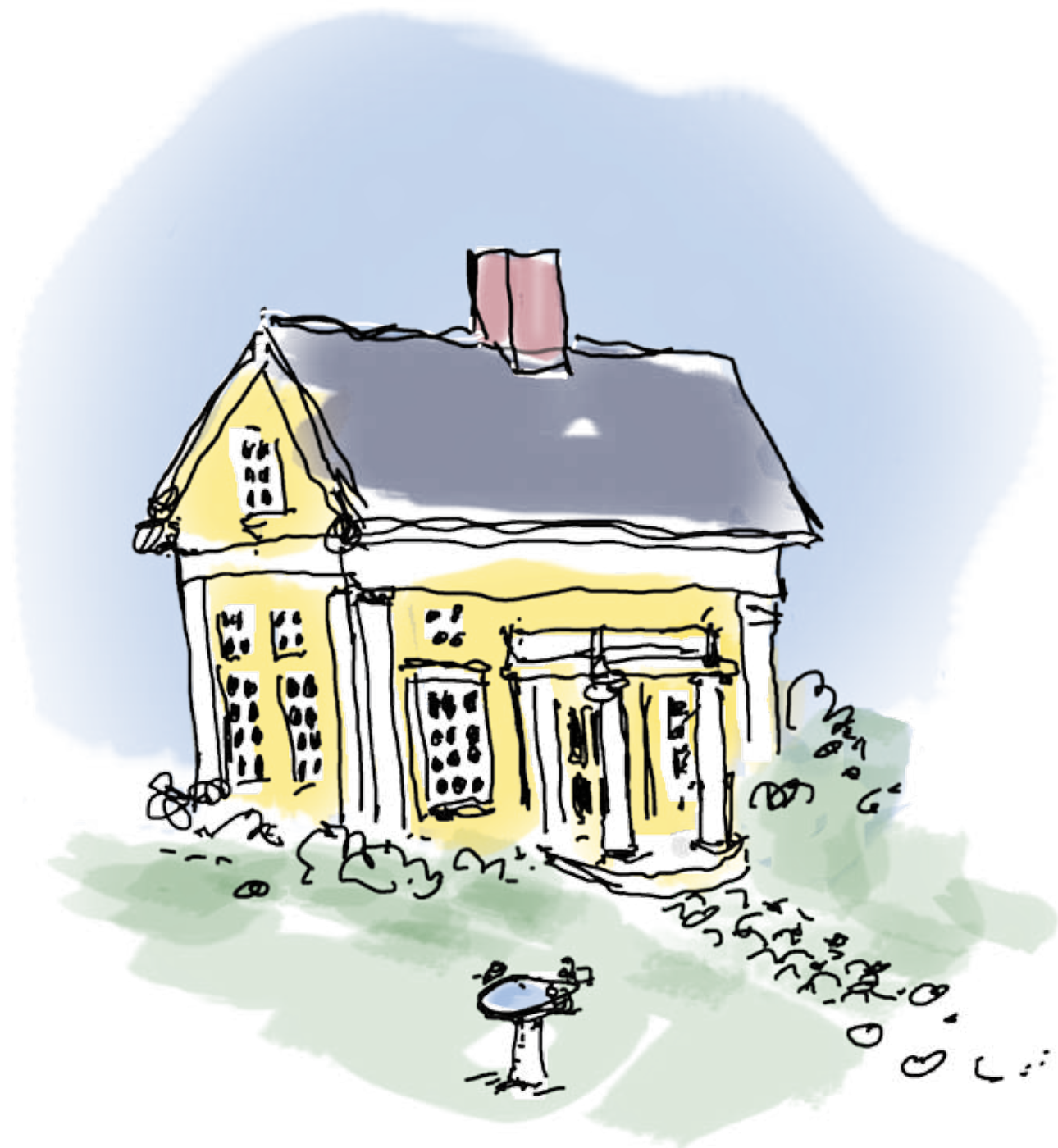


100 POUNDS of Flour





Once upon a time there was tidy
house where a wise woman lived.



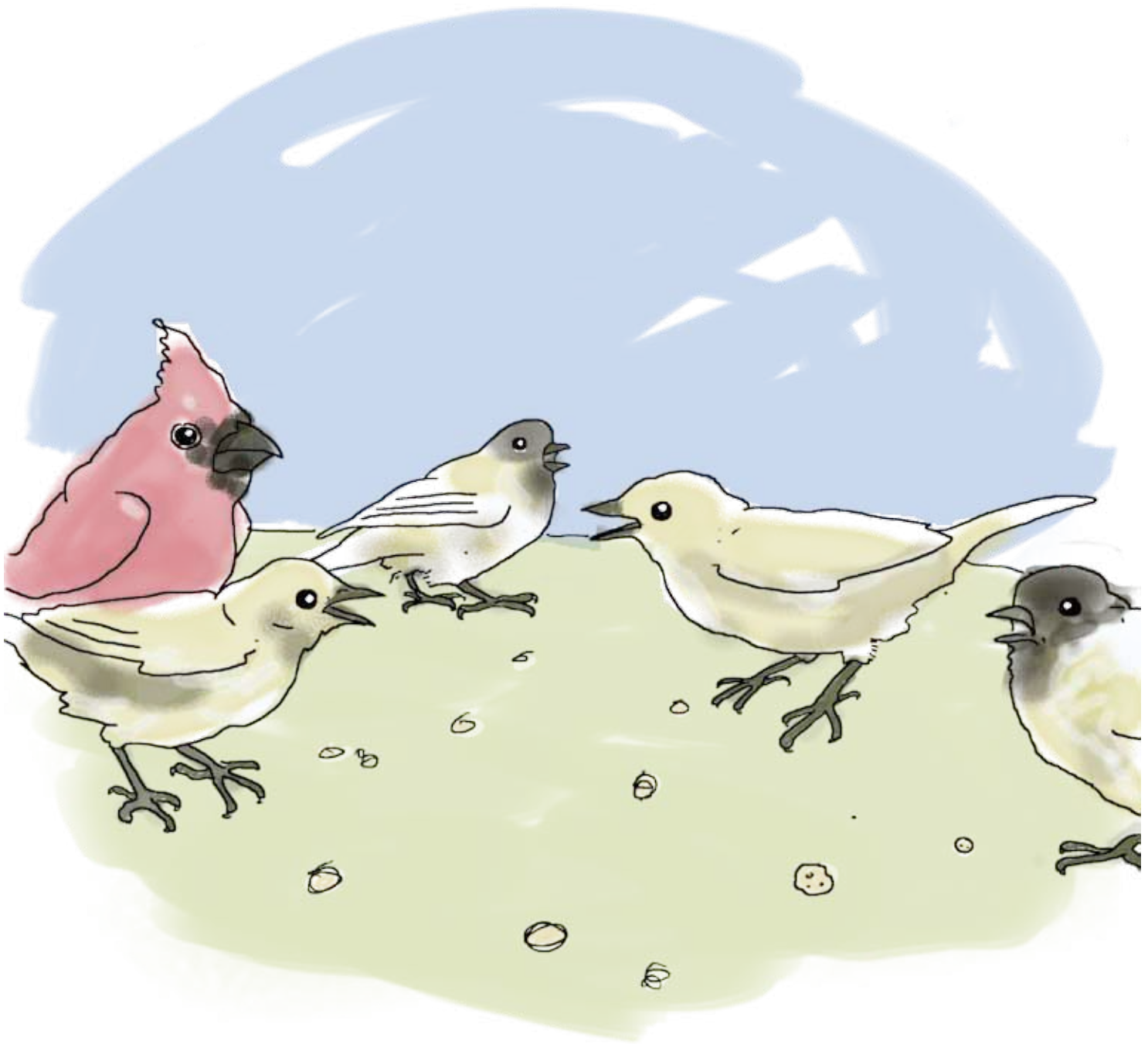
She loved to bake.
She baked bread, cakes, pies,
biscuits, muffins, scones, and tarts.



Several times a week she would walk to the store and buy a small bag of flour. It was all she could carry.



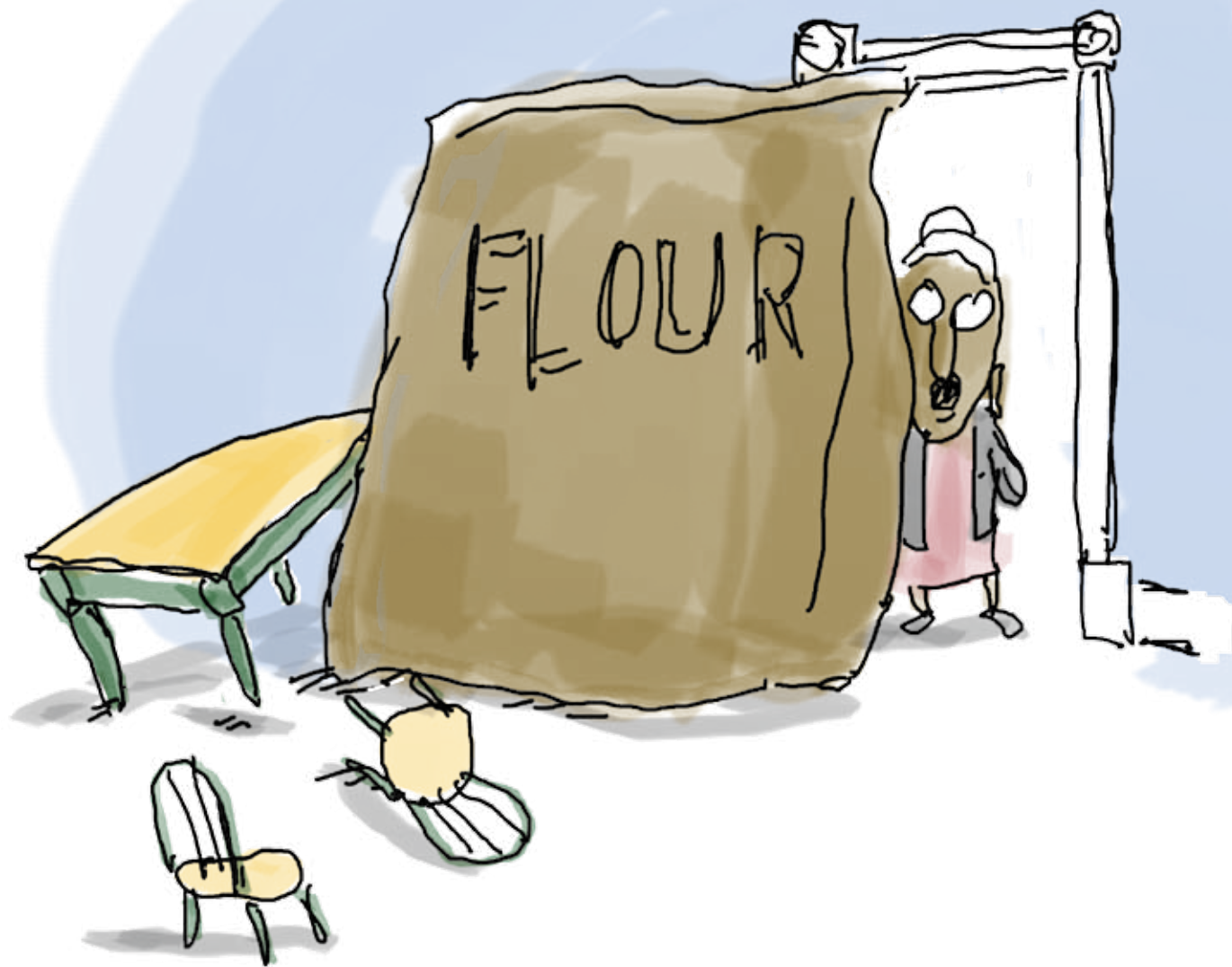
One autumn day while she was feeding the birds some bread crumbs (she always had plenty of bread crumbs); she confided to them, “With winter coming, I fear that the ice and snow will make it too hard to get to the store to buy flour. Oh, what shall I do?”



The birds were concerned for their friend. They wanted to help her out. So they hatched a plan.

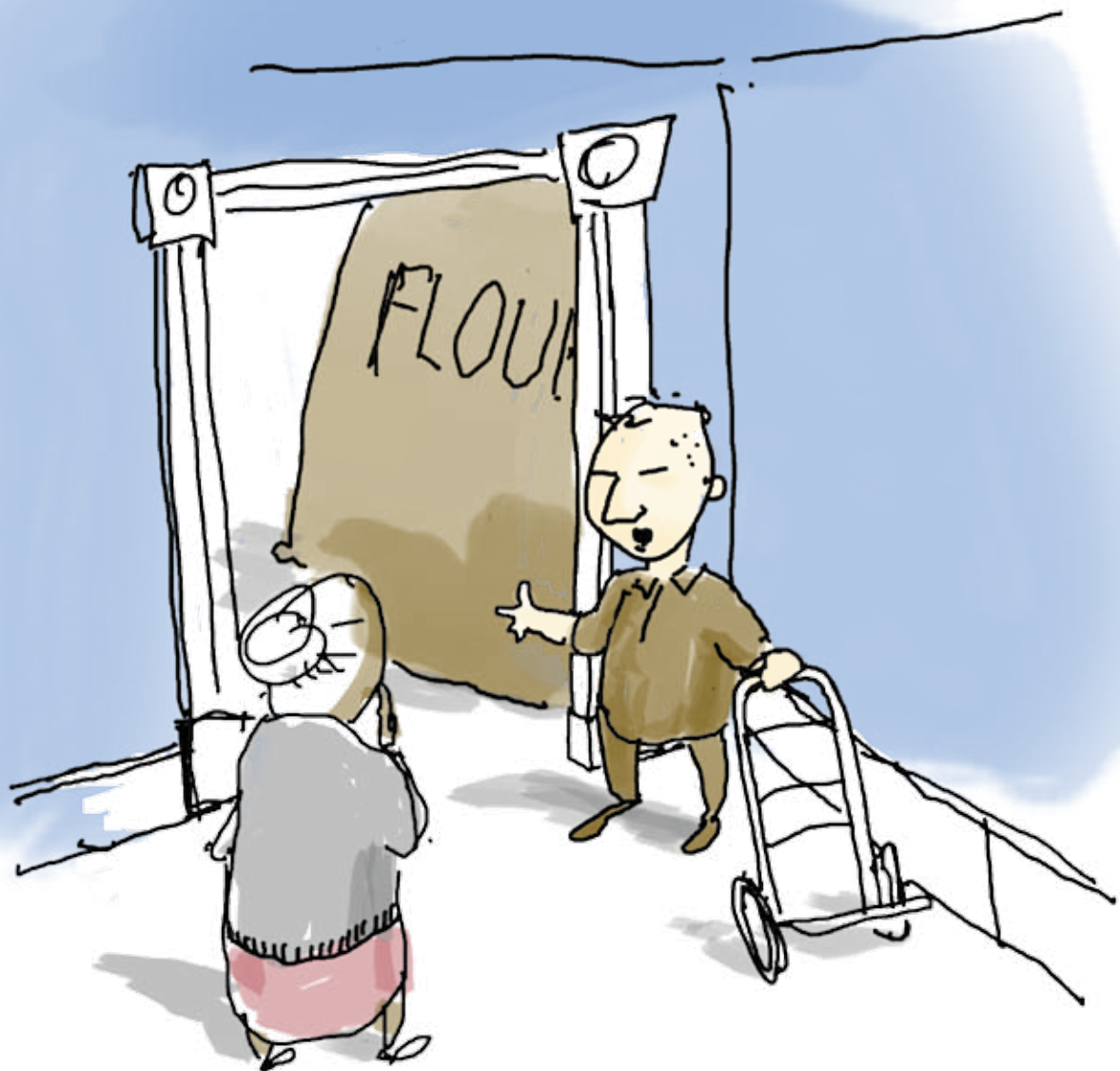


The next day a delivery man showed up with an enormous 100 pound bag of flour. Using a hand truck, he slowly brought the bag up the front steps. Thud, thud, thud!

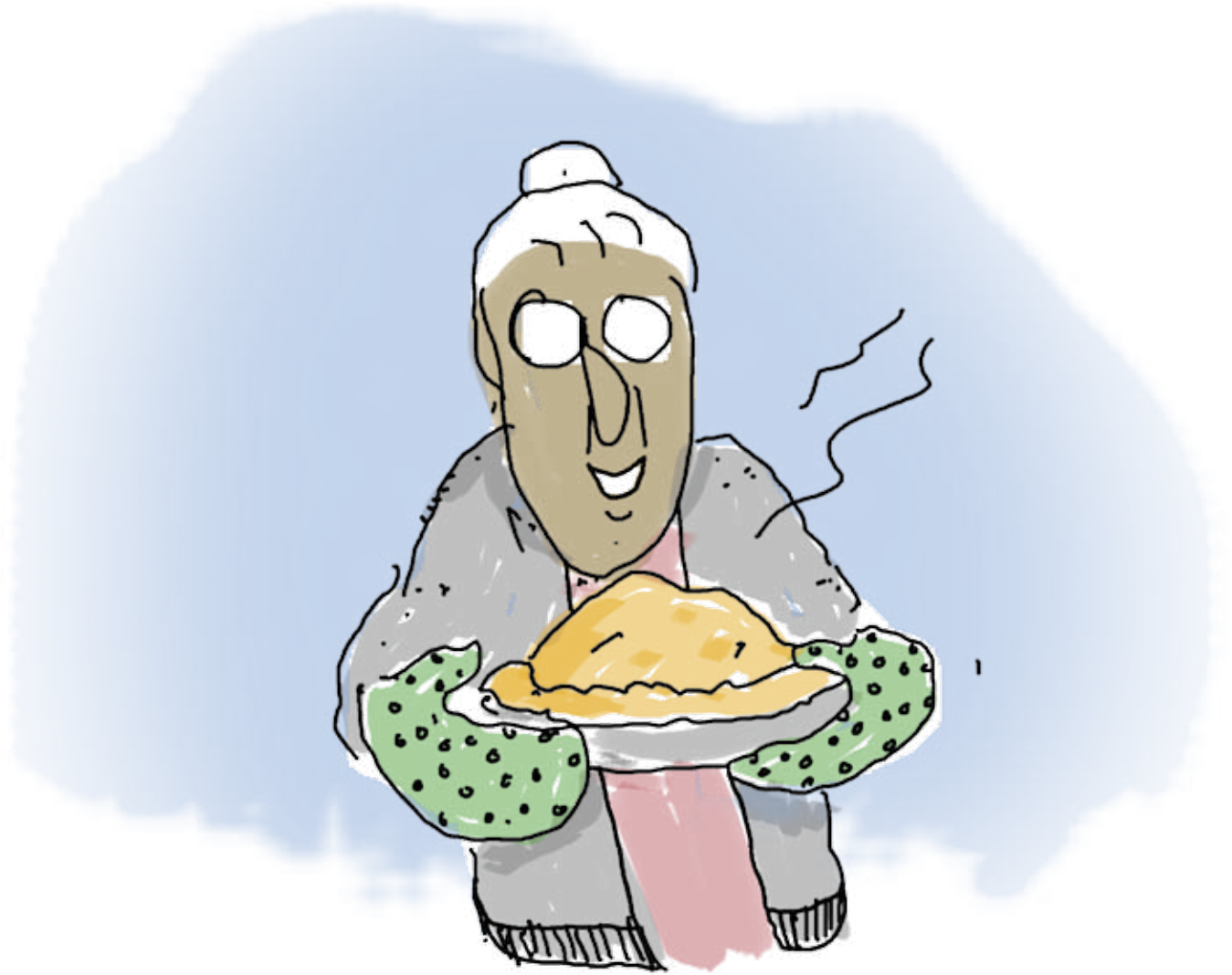


He placed the 100 pounds of flour in the middle of the floor. It was like a mountain of flour in her tiny kitchen.

“Oh, no! What shall I do?
Where shall I put it?
I cannot even budge the bag it’s so heavy.”



The delivery man explained that the flour was special. If she baked with it, she would become strong. In fact, the more she used it, the sooner she would build her strength.



The delivery had been just in time!
The next day it started to snow!

She baked a delicious apple pie.



The day after that she
baked a loaf of bread.



All through the winter she baked and baked.



She made pretzels, muffins, pies,
slumps, duffs, scones, crisps,



cobblers, biscuits, and cakes.



And every day she shared
some with the birds.



And as spring arrived she realized that her strength had returned.



She could lift the bag with one hand!