Sun, Frost, and Wind

A peasant was walking across a field. He met three fine young fellows: the Sun, Frost, and the Wind.

"Good day, countryman!" said the peasant, taking off his cap.

"To whom are you bowing?" asked the Sun. "Surely to me, so I won't scorch you?"

"Not at all," said Frost. "He fears me more."

"And he loves me most!" interrupted the Wind. "Therefore, the bow is mine."

The friends began to argue, nearly grabbing each other by the hair.

"Well then," finally said the Wind, "let's ask him ourselves. Hey there, little countryman! To whom did you give that bow? To me, the Wind?"

"To you, brother."

"Hold on, you clod!" puffed the Sun. "I'll bake you like a crayfish. You'll remember me!"

"Don't be afraid, countryman!" whistled the Wind. "I'll blow him away."

"Then I'll freeze you!" crackled Frost.

"Don't be afraid, countryman!" whistled the Wind. "I won't blow—and then he won't touch you."