

# The milky fountain



**O**nce upon a time a village chief decided he would create a fantastic fountain. This fountain would be the greatest fountain in all the world. It would not flow with water, no! But with milk.

**H**ooray, said the villagers when they heard about this idea. Truly such a legend as this had not been seen anywhere in the world. This small mountain village would be known far and wide.

**S**o, in the evening he gathered the villagers. Tomorrow morning we will create our fountain of milk. All you need to do my dear villagers is for each household to gather at midnight and dedicate a pint of milk to the fountain. With each household giving a pint, we can create a milky fountain at no cost, and great wonderment!

**H**e spread the word that tomorrow morning the fountain would be running with milk, and many other peoples from the cities far and wide would be watching the progress of this little village.

**O**n the appointed morning, the first household turned up at midnight with their pint of milk. They saw the empty fountain and realised that it was darkness. No-one could possibly need their pint of milk, and there were so many other households who would be providing milk, so they quickly substituted the milk for water, and poured the water in the fountain instead.

**O**wls soared over the village as the second household came to the fountain, and they thought how nice it would be to drink the milk they'd brought, so they sat at the fountain and drank the milk, and poured instead a pint of water into the fountain, thinking. It's dark, and no-one really needs to know.

**T**he third and fourth households came to the fountain together with two full pints of milk. Said one to the other. "This great fountain does not need all this good milk. Pour in water instead, and we shall do likewise." So the third and fourth households substituted their milk with water and went on their way.

**!** The Village Chief arrived at the fountain. To his terror, as dawn came, he saw that the water of the fountain was crystal clear. There was not a drop of milk in the fountain! Every single villager had assumed everyone else would provide the milk, and they had decided not to bother.



History does not recall the name of the village, or the name of the village chief. It does recall the foolishness of the villagers. May we not be like them!