

## \*The Greedy Sloth\*

The lush green trees swayed in the wind. The leaves rustled. The scent of the fresh air sparked freshness in Slowto's body. The cacophony of birds rang in his ear. He startled awake and took a minute pause to observe the blooming flowers in every colour, the bees humming and fluttering around the flowers, the crickets' melodious croak. Slowto was fascinated by the picturesque view visible by the window like always. However, he was enthralled the most by the forest's famous and unique part. It was where fresh, rosy, blooming delicacies were grown. The fruit would melt in your mouth. The animal who would get a glimpse of it was lucky and they would boast about it. The animal who was fortunate enough to take a bite was considered mighty. Slowto was one lucky animal to perceive it.

The irresistible apples were one of a kind. It had only one bush and was guarded by a group of bulls. The only animal privileged to taste was the ancient king of the jungle, elephant. That day, mischief crawled into Slowto's sleeve. He started craving to touch the piece of gold, more of all, relish its goodness. In his mind, he firmly decided that today's date would be historical. He would be the first animal to taste the apple. He fished out a plan from his mind. At noon sharp, all the guards would leave for lunch, and, this would be his golden opportunity to steal the king of fruits.

As the sun baked the Earth, Slowto's 'mission possible' began. He crept towards the garden where the trees were located. Not a soul was in sight. Lucky me! He chuckled. Holding his breath, escaping eyes, he reached the garden. There, his eyes were taken out. The tree had evolved and became more enchanting than before. He spent a minute taking in the pretty surrounding. He then slapped himself. He had to concentrate on his task. He ensured that no eyes were looking at him. With fear gripping his heart, he stealthily climbed the tree. He precariously plucked the apples and held them with his sticky back. Slowto was proud to be a sloth since he could easily hang upside down and retreat the apples. Once they were all plucked, he gingerly placed the treat on his back and hastily scuttled home. He then wide-eyed stared at the tiny however powerful fruit. He gulped the apples down

and grinned contently. It tasted heavenly. He finished it all.

The next day, he woke up with a jolt. Slowto could decipher pangs of worry and anger on the faces of his fellow citizens. He looked outside the window and saw a ruckus created. Animals were shouting and their eyebrows furrowed. The forest was in a huge mess. Slowto's body started perspiring furiously. He wringled his arms. Should he tell the truth? His heart started palpitating like a drum. Fear gripped his heart. A tear trickled down his cheek. Using his hands to shove it off, it dawned upon him that he was still in his comfortable bed. Slowto was perplexed. It was his imagination. Though it was his dream, he learnt an important lesson, "Greed will never let you be free."

☆ The End ☆