

The Wise And Foolish Builders.

Once upon a time there were two builders. They each had nicknames. One was called Digger because he liked digging a lot. The other was called Dodger because he was rather lazy and liked trying to avoid any hard work.

Now digger and dodger each wanted to build themselves a house. They looked around and decided that it would be really nice to live by the river. So they each bought a field next to the river and set to work.

Digger you can imagine started digging. He dug deep deep foundations. In fact they were so deep that when he was down the hole you couldn't see even the top of his head. Then he filled the foundation holes with tonnes and tonnes of concrete before he started building his house.

Dodger on the other hand got up very late. He looked over the hedge and saw Digger digging and thought to himself: "Oh, I can't be bothered with all that digging. I want to get my house finished quickly so I can move in and enjoy the beautiful view of the river."

So Dodger put down his spade and threw a few lumps of cement around in his field and in no time at all he had started building his house.

Digger and Dodger worked every day. Digger turned up at half past five every morning and set to work. Dodger on the other hand turned up at about half past ten every morning and drank 5 cups of tea before he did anything. But slowly the houses started to take shape.

Eventually the day came when both houses were finished and Digger and Dodger could move in.

They both had parties for all their friends and everyone admired the splendid houses and the beautiful view of the river.

Digger and Dodger went to bed that night very happy and they were very soon fast asleep in their new houses.

But in the middle of the night there was a distant rumbling noise. The noise got louder and louder until suddenly Digger and Dodger were both woken up with a start by a giant clap of thunder right overhead.

It started to rain. It started to rain harder. It started to rain very hard indeed. The Rain smashed and clattered on the roofs and the windows of Digger and Dodger's new houses. And the more it rained the higher the water rose in the river.

Digger turned over in bed and went back to sleep. Dodger was about to do the same when he felt a strange sort of jolt and then a thump, and then a shudder go right through his house. All of a sudden his bed started to slide across the room and all his things started to fall off their shelves. Dodger jumped up and looked out of the window and he could hardly believe his eyes. His house was moving! It was sliding towards the river.

Dodger jumped out of bed and rushed down stairs. He ran out of the back door still wearing just his pyjamas and he just got out as the house began to fall piece by piece into the river with great crashes and splashes. In no time at all the whole house had disappeared under the swirling and gurgling water.

Poor Dodger, he had to walk 3 miles to his brothers house in the pouring rain and in his pyjamas.

The next morning the sun came out. Digger got up late, had his breakfast and went down to the end of his garden and did a bit of fishing in the river. He looked back at his beautiful house. "Ah," he said, "all that hard hard work was worth it!"

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