## The Little Lazy Girl

## By Jonam Walter

Once there was a young girl who was very lazy and never did anything her mother asked her to do. The mother scolded and scolded her, but the girl never had her chores done on time. Finally, the mother gave the girl a clock. The mother told the girl, "After three hours, I will come in your room. If it is not cleaned up and your work is not done, you will have to stay in your room for the next three weeks."

The girl, however, did not do her work and only dawdled in her room. But when the time was nearly over, the girl heard her mother's footsteps coming up the stairs. Afraid of her mother, she turned to the clock and said,

Little clock, little clock, please give me some more time. For I have much more work to do before you sound your chime.

The clock replied that he would give the girl more time, but only if she promised to do her work. The girl quickly promised to do her work if she only had three more hours to do it in. As the mother was about to open the door, the hands on the clock turned backwards. And the mother shut the door again as she repeated the warning she had given to the girl previously. But the girl, despite her promise to the clock, did not do her work, and once again dawdled. And once again as her mother came up the stairs she said,

Little clock, little clock, please give me some more time. For I have much more work to do before you sound your chime.

And once again the clock gave her more time. This happened more times than the girl could count and eventually she tired of dawdling in her room. So she began to do the work her mother had told her to do. As she was busy doing her work she lost track of time and the clock began to chime. As the clock was chiming the girl noticed that the room was was a bit dustier than it had been before. But she was so tired of sitting in her room that she thought nothing of disobeying her mother by leaving it in its disordered state. When she left the

she was surprised that she didn't didn't recognize anybody in the town. A group of children gathered around her and asked her what she had been doing in that old house. Then she saw herself in a store window. Her hair was grey and her skin was wrinkled. She ran back up into the room to the clock. But the clock was broken.