

## (1) The Twelve Weavers

In a faraway town, there lived twelve weavers. They were good friends who always looked out for one another. One day, they decided to take on a grand adventure around the world. Before they set off, they crossed the river with a friendly boatman's help. Thanking him warmly, they said goodbye to him and continued on. Their journey echoed with laughter as they explored one city after another. They saw lots of amazing sights, some of which they had never seen before.

Finally, it was time to head back home. Returning to the river's edge once again, they looked around, but neither the boatman nor his boat could be seen anywhere.

"What shall we do?" asked one of the weavers.

"Let's wait for the boatman," said another.

"Oh, no! I'm eager to see my family. Let's swim across," said the third one.

"But there's a risk of someone drowning," cried the fourth one.

"Yes, let's wait!" warned the fifth one, "the boatman will surely bring someone from the other side. Then we can return together."

"I can't wait," shouted the sixth one, "I have so much to share and we are so close to home. Let's give it a try. We've traveled so far together and I'm confident we can manage to swim across."

They argued for a while until they all agreed it was safe to swim across. "The river seems shallow. We can actually wade for most of the way," they nodded, wading into the river with their bags held high.

When they reached the opposite shore, one weaver said, "Let's make sure everyone made it across the river safely. Everyone stands in line while I count." The rest quickly formed a line while the first weaver began counting. "One, two, ...eight, nine, ten, eleven. Oh dear! One of us is missing!"

They took turns counting, each growing more sure that one of them had drowned in the river. The group continued their journey and soon arrived back in town. They cried loudly about losing their friend, when they met one of the townspeople. “What seems to be the trouble? Why do you weep so loudly?” he asked.

“We started our journey as twelve, but we returned as eleven. We lost a friend as we crossed the river. He drowned.” said the weeping men, their voices heavy with grief. By this time, a crowd had gathered around them. “It’s impossible,” cried the crowd in amazement, “most of the river is so shallow that you can easily wade across. How can anybody drown?”

One man came forward. “You’ve been very foolish! I’ll show you that none of you has drowned,” he said. He went up to the first man and shouted ‘ONE’! Then he went to the second man and called out ‘TWO’! He walked from one weaver to the next and counted. “THREE, FOUR, ...TEN, ELEVEN, TWELVE!” Each of you counted, but no one remembered to count themselves.

“You’ve gone around the world, seen amazing wonders, but don’t seem to have come back any wiser,” the townspeople agreed, then laughed at the irony. The twelve weavers returned home, relieved to be safe but wishing that they had not made such fools of themselves.