



THE GIRL WHO WORE TOO MUCH

Are'e's parents gave that girl everything she wanted. They showered that girl with gifts.

"Are'e, those golden earrings would look so attractive on your dainty ear. We must buy them for you!"

"Are'e, that silver bracelet would look so lovely on your little arm. We must buy it for you!"

"Are'e, that ruby ring would look so sweet on your slender finger. We must buy it for you!"

And whenever they saw an especially beautiful silk they would cry, "Oh, Are'e, you would look so lovely in that color! We must buy it for you!"

Are'e's room was stuffed with boxes of jewels and chests full of silk.

Then she heard of a dance ... in the village beyond the mountains.

Now I can show off my fine clothes! But which color shall I wear? The pink, the fuchsia, the scarlet? The sky blue or aquamarine? Maybe violet? Deep purple? Magenta? Maybe chartreuse? Or emerald green? I think I'll wear... the pink."

She put on a pasin of bright pink silk. But there was a green the color of emeralds.

"This green is so elegant. Perhaps I could wear them both!"



So she quickly put the green right on top of the pink!

"Now I can show off two of my silks! Still, this fuchsia is brightest of all. I think I'll wear it too!"

And putting the fuchsia on top of the green she twirled around and around. I'm going to be ... the most beautiful girl at the dance!

This chartreuse is especially gorgeous. And look at this bright blue... No one has silk as expensive as mine. Why not? I'll wear them too!

The aquamarine? The violet? And this purple with threads of pure gold. With all of my dresses I'm certain to be the most beautiful girl at the dance!"

And putting dress over dress that vain girl soon had chosen them all. Wearing all of those heavy dresses, Aree could hardly move.

"They are a bit heavy, but look at me! The most beautiful girl at the dance!"

"Now which bracelet shall I wear? The gold? Yes. The silver? Of course. The jade? My favorite. And my rings — The ruby? The sapphire? The emerald? The pearl? The opal? Oh, yes!"

Soon she was wearing every piece of jewelry she owned!

Just then her friends arrived.

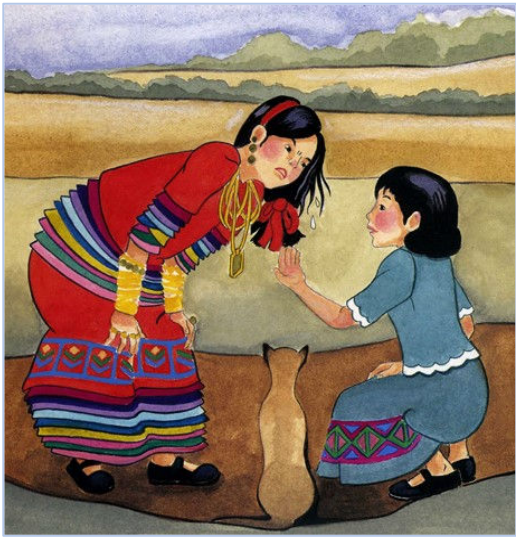
"Aree! You look..."

They didn't know what to say.

Aree stumbled from her house wearing silks, rings, bracelets, earrings. She could hardly walk. But she was proud.

"Just look at my beautiful clothes. Just look at my gold and jewels. I am certain to be ... the most beautiful girl at the dance!"

Aree looked so silly. Her friends tried not to laugh.



They started off for the dance. But Aree could not keep up. Soon she was huffing and puffing.

"Wait for me! Wait for me! I can't get up the hill".

Her friends came back to help.

"We could push you up the hill."

"Don't push! You will wrinkle my dresses!"

"We could pull you up the hill!"

"Don't pull! You will soil my silk clothes!"

So the girls left Aree and went on.

Aree stumbled along for a while but soon...

"Wait for me! Wait for me! I can't get up the hill!"

Her friends came back once more.

"Aree, take off your bracelets. Take off your heavy rings. Take off some of those dresses. Then you can climb the hill."

"You are just jealous of my fine clothing. Then I won't be the most beautiful girl at the dance."

Aree refused to take off anything at all. So her friends left her there. They went on to the dance without her.



All day, in the hot sun, Aree trudged up the hill. By nightfall she had just reached the top. There she stopped, stuck in heavy clothes, too exhausted to take another step.

When her friends returned from the dance Aree was still too tired to move.

By the time they had fetched her parents, Aree was vain no more.

"Mother, Father, I wore too much. I don't need all of those clothes!"

"Then take off some of your dresses. Take off those heavy jewels. We have taught you to want too much. You must learn to be happy with less.

So jewel by jewel, dress by dress, Aree gave away all of her things.

And the next time she went to a dance she was lovely in one simple dress.



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