

The King's Ring

Once upon a time, there was a wise king. He was nice to those in his kingdom. The king had a ruby ring. When he wanted to think, he would say, "Bring my ruby ring!" Then he would put on the ring.

He would think. He would read. He would rub his ring. At last, he would tell the citizens what to do. The king never lied. He was fair and wise. The citizens truly loved him. But one cruel man did not love him. That man was Penrod. Penrod wanted to be king. Penrod had a cruel plan. After a few days, Penrod hid by the road. He waited for the king. He planned to spring on the king and take his ruby ring.

"Hand over the ruby ring," said Penrod. "The ring will make me wise. Then I will use it to be king."

"You may take the ring," said the king. "Here it is."

Penrod put on the ring. "I am the ruler of the land." So Penrod quickly put the king in jail. Every night Penrod rubbed the jewel. He rubbed and rubbed.

He refused to think. He refused to read. The ruby ring did not help him. He was not wise. He was not fair. He was just mean. The citizens were not happy.

The citizens had a plan to rescue the king. They went to the jail and set the real king free.

“You are the real king,” they said. “Take back the ruby ring!”

“Thank you, my heroes, but I do not need the ruby ring,” said the king. “I know that a ring will not make me wise. I need to think. I need to read. That makes me wise.”