The Sound of Money

Based on a folktale from Peru

Part 1

Mr. Lopez was the best baker[1] in town. Every morning, he woke up at four o'clock to make his famous cakes and cookies. By eight o'clock, everything was ready.

The bakery[2] was always full of people. They all wanted to buy Mr. Lopez's wonderful cakes and cookies. But some people were not so happy. They did not have enough money to buy even one cookie. So what did they do? They stood[3] outside and enjoyed the lovely smells[4] that came out of the bakery's door.



One old woman especially[5] loved the smells of Mr. Lopez's cakes and cookies. Her name was Mama Bonita. Every morning, she stopped at the bakery to smell[6] the cakes and cookies. This made Mr. Lopez very angry. "Those are my smells!" he screamed to Mama Bonita. "I made the cakes, so the smells belong to me! If you want to smell my cakes and cookies, you should pay!"

The angry baker took the woman by the arm and said, "Come with me. I am taking you to court."

"Why?" cried Mama Bonita. "I haven't done anything wrong!"

"We'll let the judge decide who is right," the baker said.

[1] baker אופה / خبّاز
[2] bakery מאפייה / مخبز
[3] stood עמדו / وقفوا
[4] smells ריחות / روائح
[5] especially במיוחד / خاصةً
[6] smell להריח / تشمّ

Part 2

Mr. Lopez walked into the courtroom with Mama Bonita.

"Why are you here?" the judge asked.

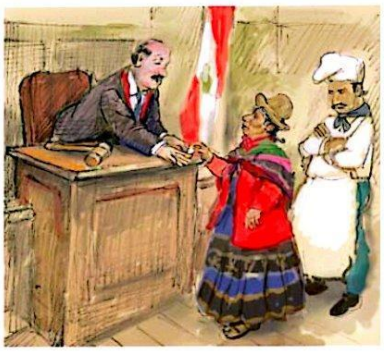
"This woman is a thief?!" the baker said. "She steals[8] my smells! She needs to pay me for them!"

"That's enough!" said the judge to the baker. "I've decided what to do."

The judge then turned to Mama Bonita and said, "Do you have any money?"

The old woman put her hand in her pocket and took out a few coins. She said to the judge, "This is all the money that I have in the world."

"Give the coins to me," the judge said. Mama Bonita put the coins into the judge's hand. Then the judge shook the coins in his hand so that they made a clinking sound[9].



The baker began to smile. "Finally, I'm going to get my money," he thought.

But the judge didn't give him the coins. "Baker, listen carefully," he said. The judge shook the coins in his hands again and said, "Do you hear that sound, Mr. Lopez?"

"Yes, sir," answered the baker. "That's the sound of my money!"

"But it's not your money," said the judge. "I've decided that the sound of money is the best way to pay you for the smell of your cakes and cookies."

The clever judge gave the coins back to Mama Bonita and told her to go home.

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