**The Right Way**

[Mr. H. Appy]

As the night passed the vegetables and fruit in the pink paper-lined box on the

fruit shop shelf dozed between Pa Snip’s stories. They were wakened by

someone singing. The singing was very soft at first, but gradually grew louder.

It was Mr. H. Appy, the golden delicious apple who had come all the way from

France.

He sang in his special French way:



*I am Mr. Appy; H. Appy is my name*

*I’m happy in the sunshine; I’m happy in the rain;*

*I do what I am told to; there’s no use to complain:*

*That way I’m always happy. I’ll sing my song again.*

And he did, again, and again, and again!

Everyone was awake and listening. “Let’s have another story called the

Sprouts.”

“Now, let me think,” said Pa Snip very seriously. “Let me think of an Apple

story.”

“No,” said Mr. Appy. “Please let me tell you **my** story.”

Pa Snip agreed because he really couldn’t think of an apple story right away.

“It’s really about a friend of mine,” said Mr. Appy. “He shared the same branch of the same tree as me. He grew next to me on one of the hundreds of apple trees on our hillside in France. There were fields and fields of apple trees as far as you could see and every tree has apples just like us. My friend was called Arnold. He didn’t like my singing much, but then he didn’t like anything much. Arnold was always grumbling.

“I don’t want to be just an ordinary apple,” he used to say. “I want to be

rosy and red, not yellow and green like the rest of you. An apple is not a proper apple unless it has a red face.”

“Why don’t you be content and happy like me,” I said. Be a nice yellow and green delicious apple.”

“You can’t be GREEN and delicious,” Arnold snapped back at me.

One day, when we were very small, the farmer came into our orchard with his

tractor and drove it up and down. He had a long hose and sprayed us all. The spray was like tiny drops of rain falling all around us. It was not very nice. It smelled horrible, but we all felt sure it was to make us grow big and healthy.

Arnold didn’t like the spray at all. “Horrible smelly stuff,” he grumbled as the tractor came along our row of trees. “I’m not going to let it fall on me.” He pushed himself behind me and bent his stem round so that the leaves were over the top of him. I thought it was fun. The spray tickled and I started to sing my happy song..

Mr. H. Appy stopped telling his story and started to sing his song again.

*I am Mr. Appy; H. Appy is my name*

“Not now, please,” called Pa Snip. “Tell us the rest of your story first.”

Mr. Appy looked sad for a moment, but went on with the story just the same.

“Arnold told me to be quiet too,” he said. “He was cross though. When the sprayer had gone, Arnold bent round again. He wanted to get as much sunshine as he could.

“The sun will make me red,” he kept saying.

After that we had some cloudy days and once again Arnold complained bitterly. “I’ll never turn red,” he kept moaning.

We all noticed that after the spraying Arnold became even more irritable and grumpy. It was hot and damp, and there were lots of flies about.

They brushed past most of us because they did not like the smell of the spray that was still on us. Their wings tickled as they flew past and made me laugh so much I started singing again.”

“Not now though,” called Pa Snip, in case Mr. Appy did sing again.

“I must get as much sun as I can,” said Arnold. He pushed me out of the way and turned himself round to the sun. But as he did he also turned himself round to be seen by the flies. Arnold did not smell of the spray and one big fly settled right on him.

“Get off! Get off!” Arnold cried, shaking himself. “Get off me, you dirty creature.” But the fly sat still. She laid an egg right by Arnold’s stalk. Arnold forgot about the egg.

 “The rain will wash it away,” he said. Every day he kept pushing himself in front of me to let the sun see him.

Then, one bright morning, Arnold did not want to push forward. He did not feel well. In fact he felt really bad inside. You see, the egg which the fly left behind, had hatched into a little grub and the grub had munched its way into Arnold - right into his middle! As we all began to turn from grass green to new-leaf green and then to yellow, Arnold did start to turn red. Then the red began to turn brown and his skin had white pimples all over it. Arnold was too ill to really notice now how he looked.

About that time we were all ready and nearly ripe. The tractors came again. People climbed ladders to reach us. Their hands lifted us till we fell off the branches. Then we were all placed carefully in boxes ….. and so ….

here I am today - a golden delicious happy apple. But poor old Arnold was left on the tree. He did not even become a yellow green apple. He was left hanging on our branch, just old and brown and wrinkled. If only he had done what he ought to have done the spray would have saved him.

Before Pa Snip could say it was all right now, Mr. Appy sang his song again:

*I am Mr. Appy; H. Appy is my name*

*I’m happy in the sunshine; I’m happy in the rain;*

*I do what I am told to; there’s no use to complain:*

*That way I’m always happy. I’ll sing my song again.*

And he did, again, and again, and again!