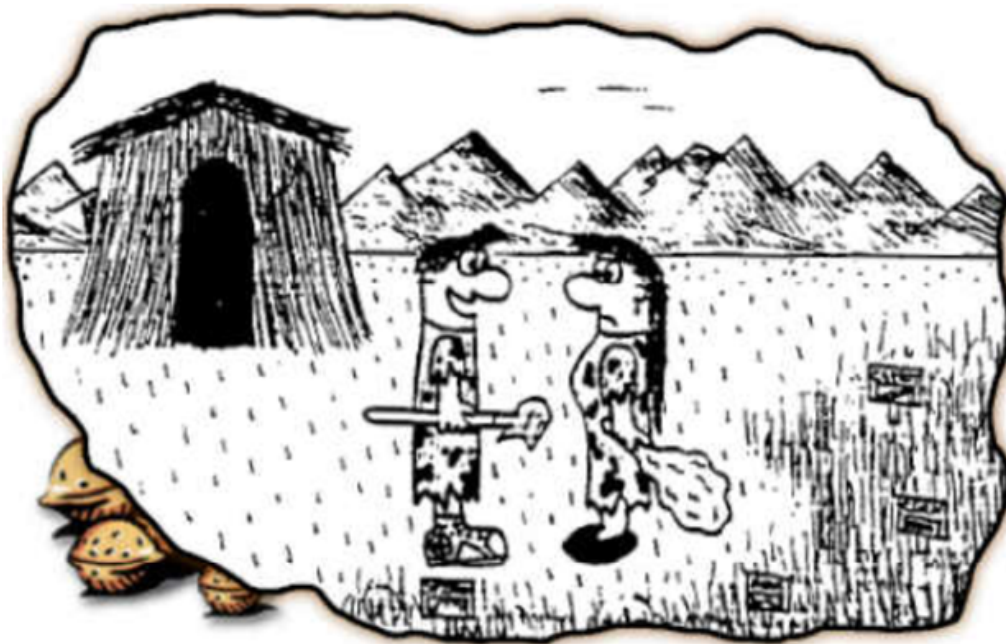


THE WEEDS AND THE WOLVES

(Cooperation)



A long, long time ago, in a valley far, far away, there lived many poor people. The valley had fertile soil, plentiful game, and groves of majestic fruit-bearing trees. Despite the abundance of natural resources, the valley dwellers remained poor. Each generation lived as the one before, scrabbling for food in the soil with crude handmade tools and hunting the wild animals with primitive weapons.

They knew nothing of luxuries, for every day was devoted to survival. The valley had no schools, theaters, or libraries. They didn't have skateboards, video games,

or baseball caps. The struggle to provide the necessities in life, such as food and shelter, left them no time to invent such things...they were living completely at a subsistence level.

Times were tough, and raids and theft were frequent. So there was little trust among families, and they built their homes far apart from each other. Cooperation on difficult tasks was unheard of; anything people needed, they did for themselves. Each villager was completely self-sufficient, and if a family could not grow enough food or kill enough animals on its own, it would starve!

One day Marvin, one of the valley's dwellers, was working in the pathetic patch of dirt he called his garden. He heard growls behind him, and when he turned around he saw a pack of vicious, snarling wolves. One of the wolves leapt forward, biting his ankle. In a panic, Marvin jerked his foot from the mouth of the wolf, and dashed back into his hut.

The wolves sniffed around for a long time, searching for a way inside. In the meantime, Marvin waited inside fearfully. After several hours, the wolves finally departed, frustrated and still hungry.

The next day, as Marvin was limping through the valley in search of slow game, he saw a wolf chasing a young woman around her hut. Recalling his previous

encounter, he was reluctant to become involved. However, the pain in his ankle enraged him, so he ran up and clobbered the wolf with his trusty club. The woman was startled to see Marvin and was about to run away, but when she realized he had saved her, she decided to stop and thank him.

"Thank you for saving my life," she said shakily, as if the prospect of talking to another person was even more frightening than being devoured by a wolf. "My name is Bianca."

"Err..." said Marvin, who had never been much of a conversationalist. "My name is Marvin. It was no problem, really." He started to limp away, but she stopped him.

"Wait!" exclaimed Bianca. "It seems that since you did something for me, I should do something for you." She thought about how she could repay Marvin. Then an idea came to her. "If you are ever having any trouble with wolves, then just call me and I will help you drive them away. Then we will be even."

Marvin thought this was a fair exchange, so he agreed and went on his way. As it happened, no more wolves attacked him for many days, so he cautiously returned to his gardening. Marvin's injury made it difficult for him to hunt, and he would have to rely mostly on what he could grow. However, as he toiled, he noticed that the

weeds were far too many and he was far too few.

His vegetables would have to succeed, or he would certainly starve. Marvin cursed the wolves, but then considered something he might learn from them. A lone wolf wasn't that threatening, but they would always come in packs. If wolves could benefit from working together on a task, why couldn't he? Struck with inspiration, he called for Bianca.

"Bianca, come quickly!" he shouted, as loud as he could. Not long after, he saw her running into view.

"Where is the wolf?" she asked, catching her breath.

"Well, actually, it's not the wolves who threaten me today; it's the weeds," replied Marvin. "I can't stop them alone, and if my vegetables die, so will I. If you help me, I would consider your debt paid, and my garden and I would be saved."

"You mean I ran as fast as I could all the way over here...for vegetables?" Bianca looked at the club in her hand, and for a moment, considered an alternative use for it. But she realized that what Marvin said made sense, so she agreed. "All right," she said, grabbing the hoe. "I'll do it."

To their surprise, the weeding went quite quickly.

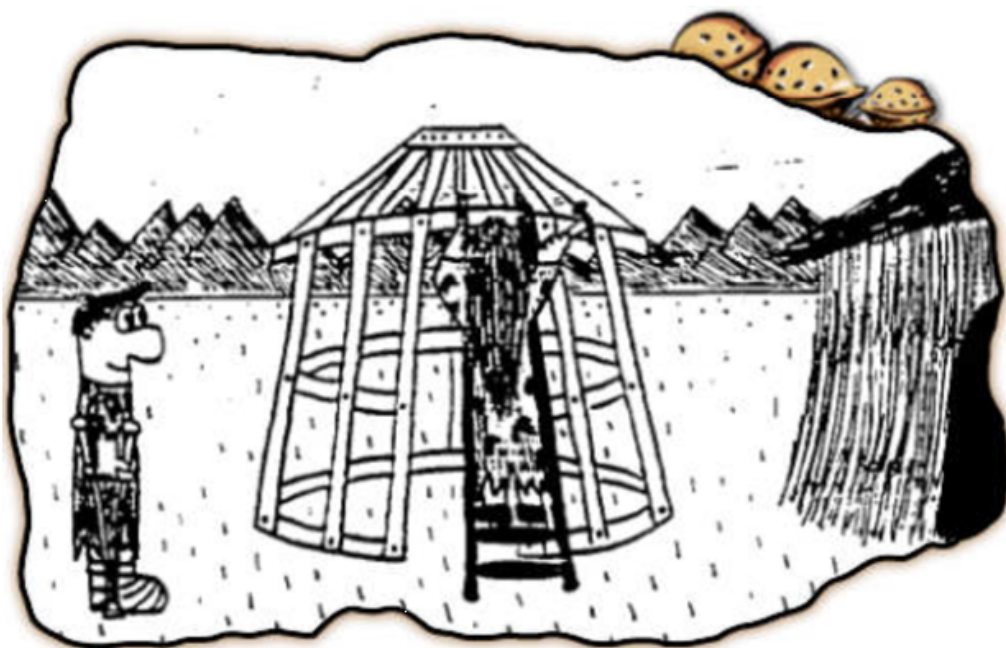
Bianca dug up the weeds with the hoe, and Marvin went along gathering them in a basket. It went so fast that Marvin was way ahead of his daily schedule.

Remembering her own overgrown garden, she asked for Marvin's help in weeding it. Working separately, it had taken each of them several days to weed, but working together, they were able to weed both of their gardens in less than a day.

That night, for the first time in their memories, Marvin and Bianca had some spare time after their meager evening meal. They met in Bianca's hut and talked most of the night. They discussed working together while hunting, repairing huts, and farming. When they finished their conversation that night, they had decided to form a partnership, excited at the prospect of living easier lives. Although they could not foresee it, this spirit of cooperation would change life in the valley forever.

GETTING IT TOGETHER

(Partnerships)



A week later, the wolves returned to Marvin's hut. He was trapped outside without his trusty club. He called for Bianca, but she came too late. Marvin had already been badly bruised and brutally bitten by the time she arrived. As quickly as she could, she helped him return to his hut and bandaged his wounds.

"Hey, Bianca," he said thoughtfully, "living so far apart is dangerous. Wouldn't it be safer if we rebuilt our huts so they would be closer together?"

"Yes," replied Bianca, "but it took me a month to build my hut. We have to take care of our gardens and can't spare the time."

"I'm sure that it wouldn't take very long if we worked together," Marvin reassured her.

So they began construction of the new huts, which were even bigger and stronger than before. In addition to moving closer together, they combined and expanded their gardens across the space in-between them to make one big field. This allowed them to plant certain crops in the areas where they grew best. Cabbage and corn grew best in Marvin's plot, whereas potatoes grew best in Bianca's plot. Since each section of the field was being used for the crop that grew best there, their vegetables grew larger and were more plentiful. Also, they had room to experiment with radishes and tomatoes, which they hadn't previously dared waste space on.

Of course, the proximity of the huts made life much safer. Whenever a wolf attacked one of them, the other would clobber it. This soon proved to be a safer and more productive way of life.

As time passed, the rest of the valley dwellers began to look enviously at Marvin and Bianca's bountiful field. Their corn grew the tallest, their potatoes the largest, and they had the only field that grew tomatoes. Using

cooperation, they were able to bring back more than enough game, keep their huts in perfect repair, and still have time left over to sit and talk. They even had enough time to make fashionable hats to wear...just for fun!

It wasn't long before other valley dwellers decided that they, too, wanted to live easier lives. So they rebuilt their huts to form a tightly-knit village near the sparkling river, and began to cooperate in small groups. Each group was able to produce more and enjoy more leisure time than before. Those who had joined the village took to making hats like Marvin and Bianca had, to show how well off they were.

Soon everyone in the valley wore hats and caps, and they decided to name their new village "Capland".
