

There was a certain rich man who had beautiful clothes which cost lots of money. He dressed like a king.

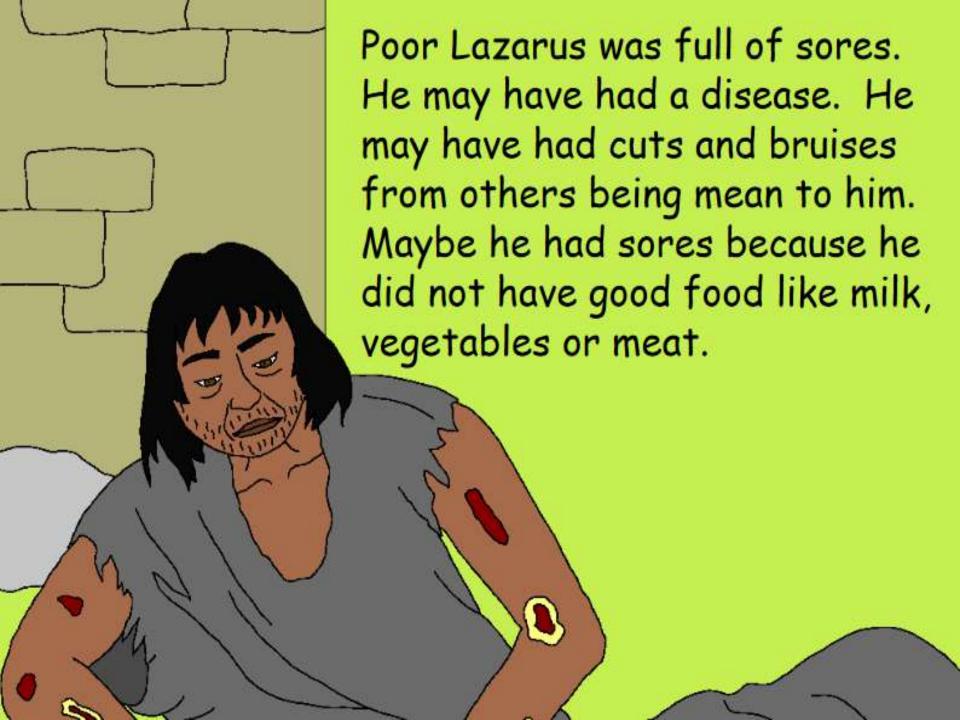


The rich man also ate very well. Every meal was like a great feast. He had so much money he could buy anything he wanted to eat for breakfast, lunch, supper - or for in-between snacks.



At the gate of the rich man's house there lay a poor, sick, starving beggar. His name was Lazarus.



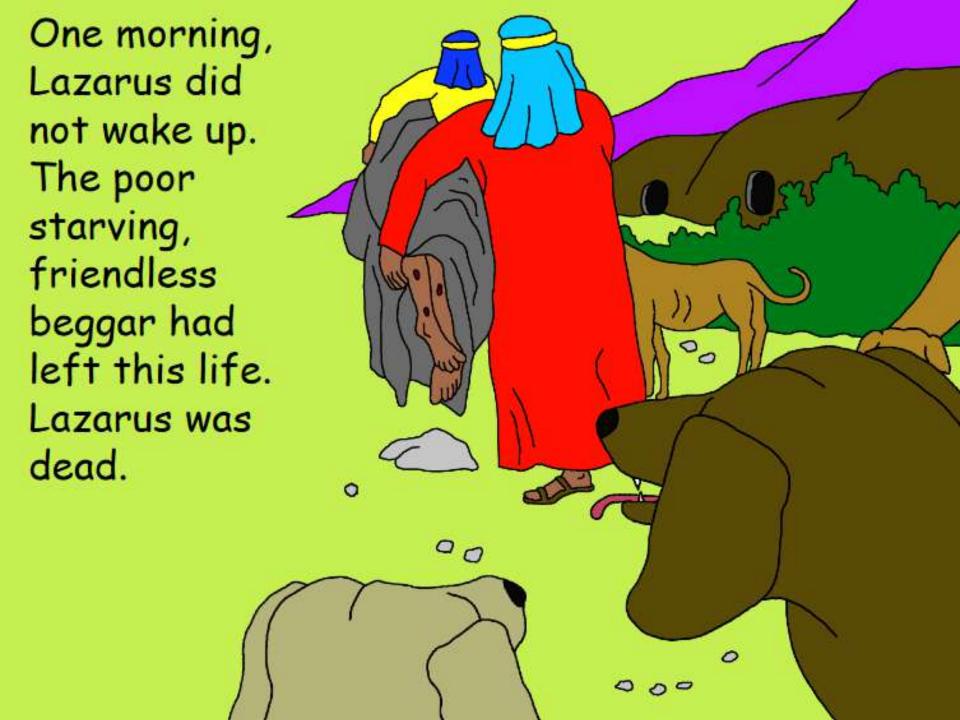


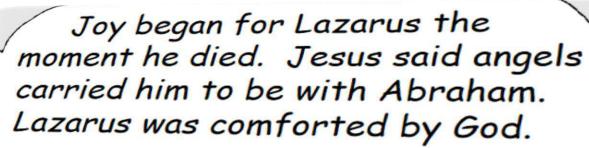
Lazarus longed for food. He would have been happy with the crumbs from the rich man's table.



Stray dogs sometimes padded over to the poor helpless beggar. They sniffed around him and licked his wounds. It seems nobody cared that Lazarus was starving.



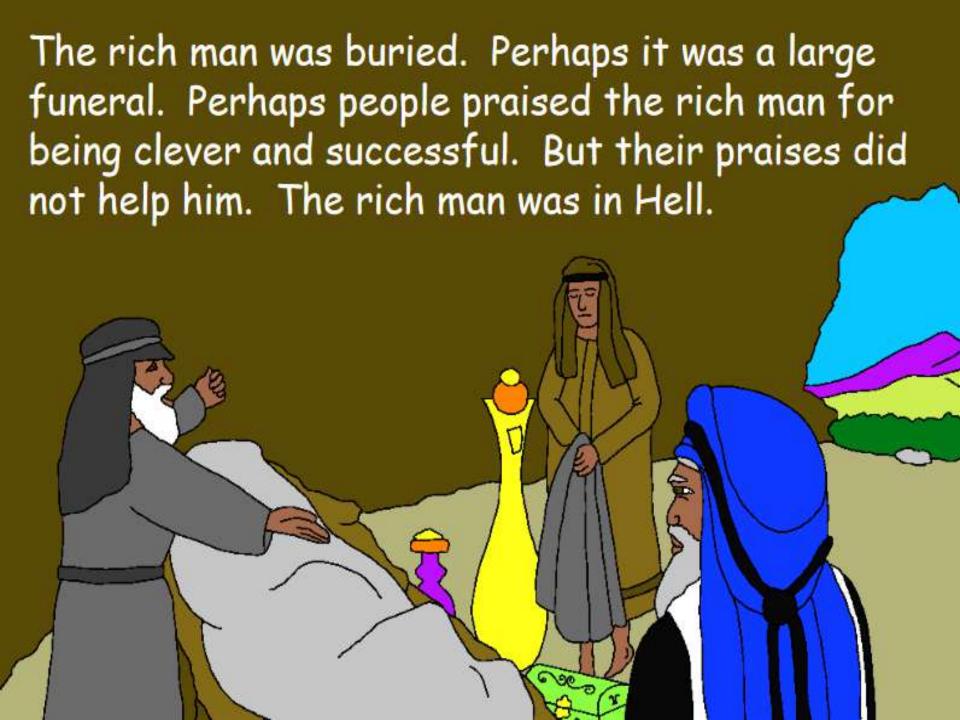






The rich man also died. All his money could not save his life. When death came, nobody could stop it.





In Hell, the rich man cried, "Father Abraham, send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame."



"In life you had everything and Lazarus had nothing," Abraham reminded the rich man. "Now Lazarus is comforted and you are tormented. No one can cross the great gulf between you and us."



