

The Hare and the Tortoise



There once lived a very proud hare. He loved to stroll around the warren with his nose held high in the air. Everyone knew that the hare thought he was the best hare there ever was.

There was one thing that the hare was more proud of than anything else. He had been blessed with strong back legs, and that meant he could run very fast. He never missed an

opportunity to show off his running skills to his friends, and no one had ever been known to run faster than him—or not until the day he met the tortoise, who slowly crawled by as the hare was bragging to his friends.

"Hurry up, hurry up, old tortoise!" laughed the hare. "If you went much slower, the grass would grow over you!"



"You may rush all you wish," the tortoise said, "but I get to where I want to be soon enough, thank you." He looked the hare up and down slowly before continuing. "In fact, I reckon I could get there quicker than you, fast as you are."

The hare burst out laughing. "Quicker than me? That I should like to see!" and so he challenged the tortoise to a race.

The arrangements were soon made, and the

very next day everyone arrived to watch the hare and the tortoise run their race.

"Five, four, three, two, one, go!" cried the rooster, and in a flash the hare was out of sight and over the hill.

The crowd clapped and cheered as the old tortoise lifted first one foot and then the other and slowly began to make his way along the path.

He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but kept his eyes on the winding road straight ahead.



The hare raced along the road. It was obvious to one and all that the hare was in a great hurry, and it seemed he would surely win. Far behind him the tortoise plodded steadily along.

Soon the hare had reached the race's halfway point. "I have plenty of time," he said to himself. "I must be miles ahead of that old slowpoke tortoise by now. In fact, I could have a snooze right here and

now, and when I wake up continue on my way and I would still have time to beat that tortoise." And so the hare sat down under a tree and went to sleep.

The hours passed by and after a time the tortoise appeared over the hill. He walked down the road till he reached the spot where the hare sat, fast asleep. The tortoise looked but didn't say a word and continued steadily on his way.



The sun was beginning to go down when the hare suddenly woke up. He yawned and stretched and saw to his satisfaction that the tortoise was nowhere to be seen. "Plenty of time to win the race!" said the hare to himself happily.

Off down the road he sped, but as he came over the hill he saw the most amazing sight. There

ahead of him was the tortoise taking his last few steps towards the finish line! The crowds cheered wildly as his shiny shell broke the tape in two, and the rooster declared him the winner.

As the hare panted for breath at the end of the race, the tortoise smiled. "Slow I may be, but I keep my eye on the goal and I don't let anything distract me!"