

## The Hare

The hare day-dreamed lazily under the hot sun. Well rested and well fed, he felt no need to budge. “What a joke this race is” he thought happily. “I could roll myself to the end right now and still arrive long before the tortoise even caught a glimpse of the finish line”... but he did not roll himself, nor did he move at all, save to swat at a fly that had the annoying habit of flying up his nose. Once the day’s trauma had flown away, the hare once again relaxed and took in the sound of the nearby creek. He thought back to the tortoise’s challenge. Pitiful... And yet, for some reason, he found himself admiring the tortoise; not a lot, but just enough to question why the over-sized snail was the only one of the animals to stand up to him. The hare, in his favorite spot by the creek, was filled with a sort of unplaced sadness. He had won every race he had ever raced! He beat every challenger ruthlessly and quickly. But the tortoise was different, he wasn’t fast; to the best of his knowledge, no tortoise had ever won a race in the forest. It hurt. The hare could have zoomed to the finish line hours ago, and yet, something held him back... The competition was gone – and not just because he had his opponent so outmatched... the challenge had been gone for a long while now. The hare pulled himself up and gazed through the bushes to see the tortoise slowly approaching the finish line. He sighed, and though he knew that he could have easily won, he sat back down to listen to the cheers of the animals – as they had never cheered for him.