

# THE LION AND THE MOUSE



ONE HOT AFTERNOON, Lion lay snoozing happily in the shade of a tree. Suddenly he felt something running over his nose. He opened one eye and saw it was a tiny mouse. Furious at being woken, he waited his moment then he flashed out his great paw and caught Mouse by his tail.

"Oh please," squeaked Mouse, "I didn't mean to wake you. Let me go, please. I'll pay you back one day, I promise."

Lion roared with laughter, "You repay me? A little tiddley thing like you! How could such a puny creature be any use to a King of the Beasts like me?"



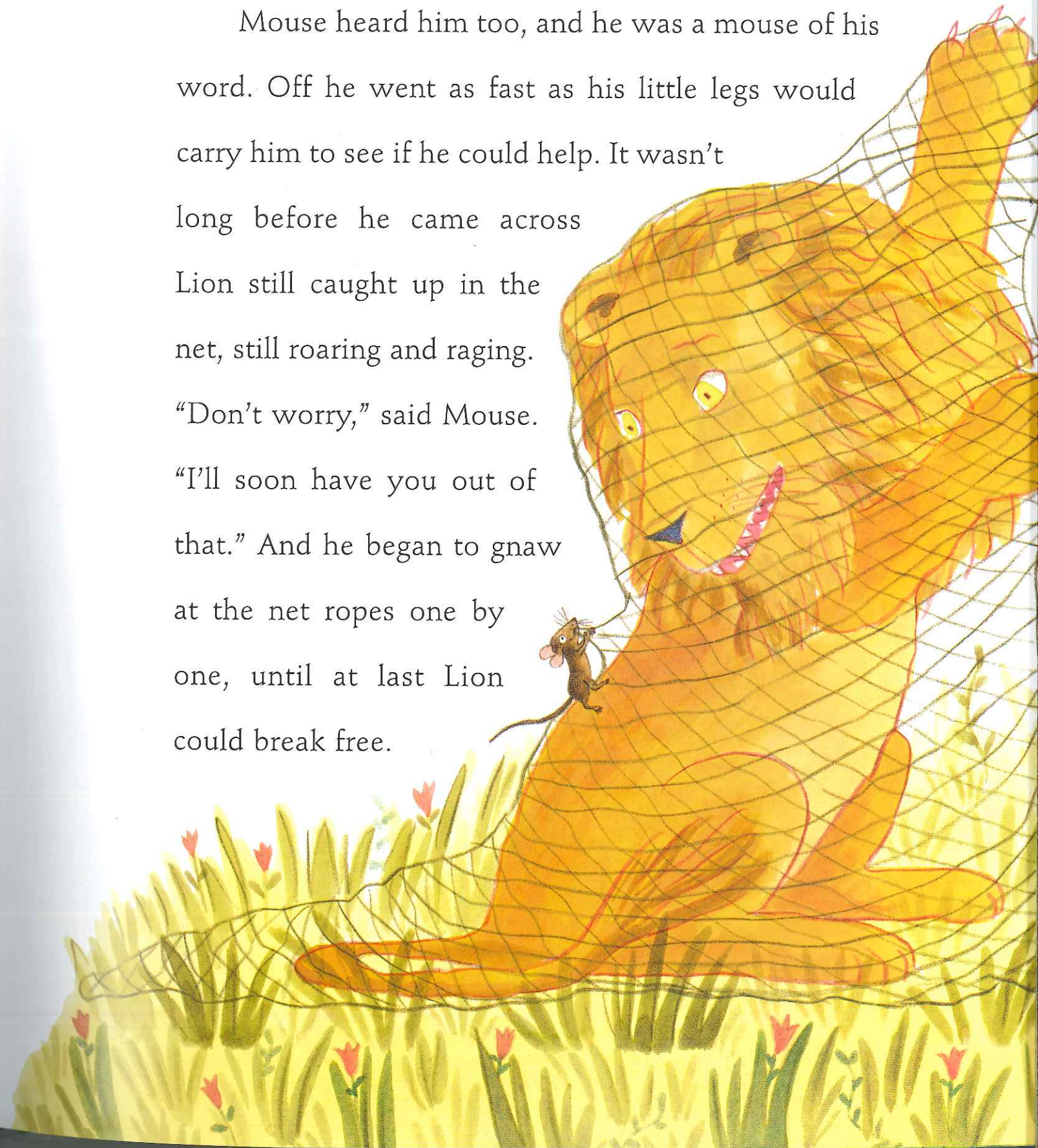


"Please great King," cried Mouse, "don't eat me."  
Lion yawned and thought about it. He was too sleepy.

"Oh well. If you insist. After all, you wouldn't make much of a meal, would you? Off you go and be careful whose nose you walk on in future."

It was not long after that Mouse and Lion met again. This is how it happened. Lion had gone off hunting at dusk. He was stalking through the trees, following a herd of zebra, when he happened to spring a hunter's trap. A great net came down on him and held him fast. He roared and raged but in spite of all his great strength, he could not break free. His roaring echoed through the forest so that everyone heard him and everyone knew that Lion was in trouble.

Mouse heard him too, and he was a mouse of his word. Off he went as fast as his little legs would carry him to see if he could help. It wasn't long before he came across Lion still caught up in the net, still roaring and raging. "Don't worry," said Mouse. "I'll soon have you out of that." And he began to gnaw at the net ropes one by one, until at last Lion could break free.





"There you are," said Mouse. "I told you I'd pay you back didn't I?"

"A little tiddley thing like you helping out a King of the Beasts like me," Lion replied. "Who'd have thought it possible?"

"Everything is possible," said Mouse. "Goodbye Lion." And off he scampered, away into the long grass.

KINDNESS IS MORE IMPORTANT  
THAN STRENGTH.



## THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE



ONE DAY IN MARCH, after a morning of carefree cavorting and capering with her friends on the hillside, Hare was haring her way home along a track when she came across Tortoise. Tortoise was going the same way but slowly, very slowly, as tortoises do. Hare stopped to tease him, "Can't you go a little faster? I mean, how do you ever arrive?"

"Oh I arrive," said Tortoise very politely. "I always arrive and sooner rather than later. Maybe sooner than you imagine."