

Hare: Here comes the poor Tortoise around the bend. I will hop into that nearby field and have cabbages for breakfast. No one can see me there. They will think I am far ahead.

Narrator: Poor Tortoise, he just kept trudging along right past the cabbage field and started down the hill.

Forest Animals: Watch that pokey tortoise go. Did you ever see a thing so slow?

Hare: My goodness, look at all this trash folks have left along the road. I will clean it up and then rejoin the race.

Tortoise: Where did Hare go? I see the finish line up ahead. I suppose he has already crossed it. But if so, why aren't his friends cheering?

Fox: Here comes Tortoise. Where is Hare? He has not crossed the finish line yet. Wait, is that Hare way back there at the top of the hill?

Hare: I have to make this look good. Tortoise is almost there. I will leap high and run as fast as I can. I will gasp for breath, but my last leap will be too late.

Narrator: Sure enough, Hare's last leap across the finish line was too late. Tortoise had beaten him across the finish line. The animals were stunned. They looked at each other in disbelief. Tortoise looked at Hare and winked.

Tortoise: Thanks, buddy.

Hare: You're welcome, old friend.

Narrator: As for the other forest animals, they had nothing to say from that day on.

