

THE NORTH WIND AND THE SUN

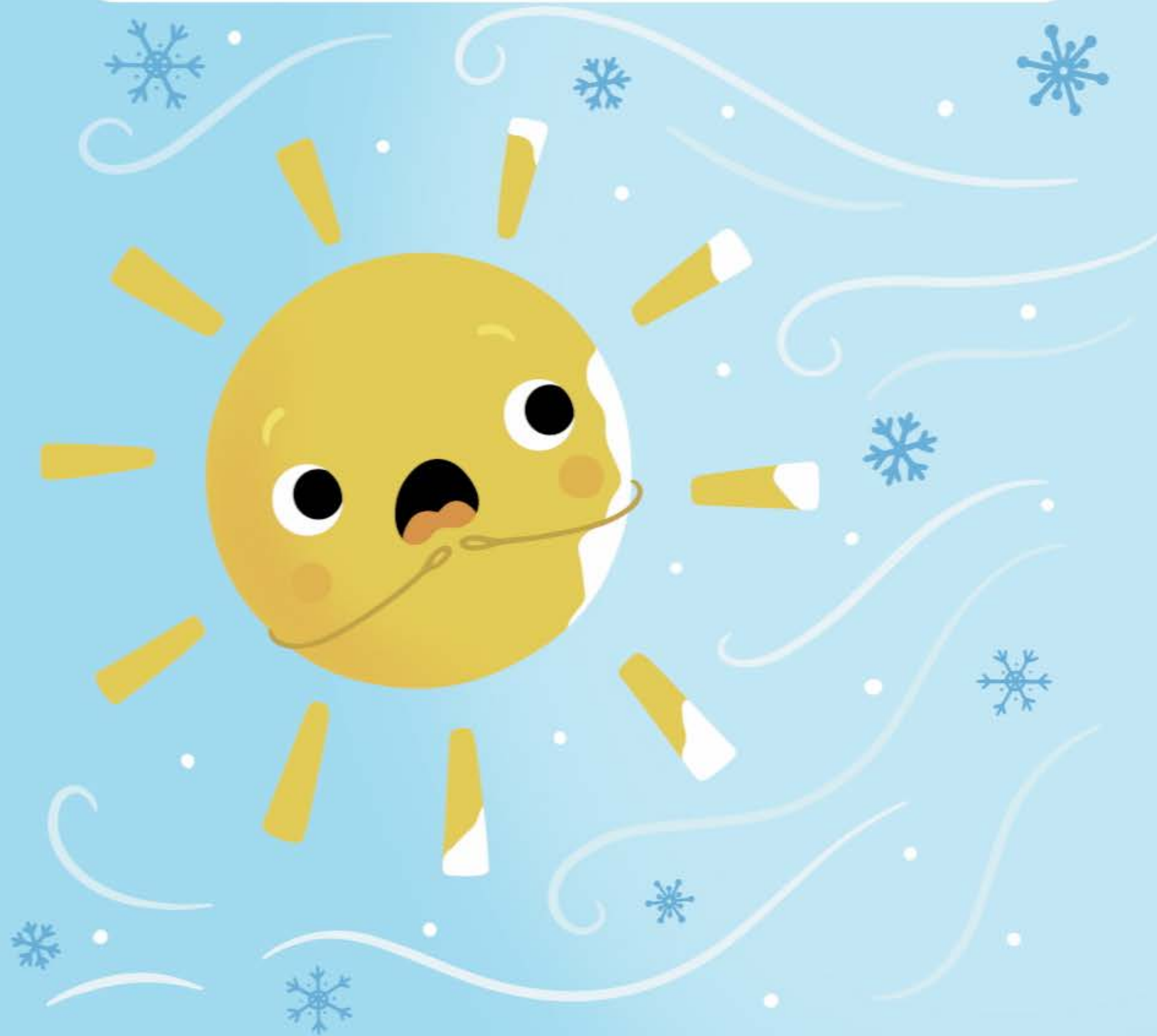


It was a fine but very cold winter's day as
the Sun shone down on the snow-covered Earth below.



‘What a beautiful sight,’ it thought. ‘And look at the little white sails of
the ships on the blue sea. I want to take my time travelling across the sky today.
After all, what’s the rush?’

Suddenly, a freezing cold blast of air screeched past and nearly blew the Sun along with it.

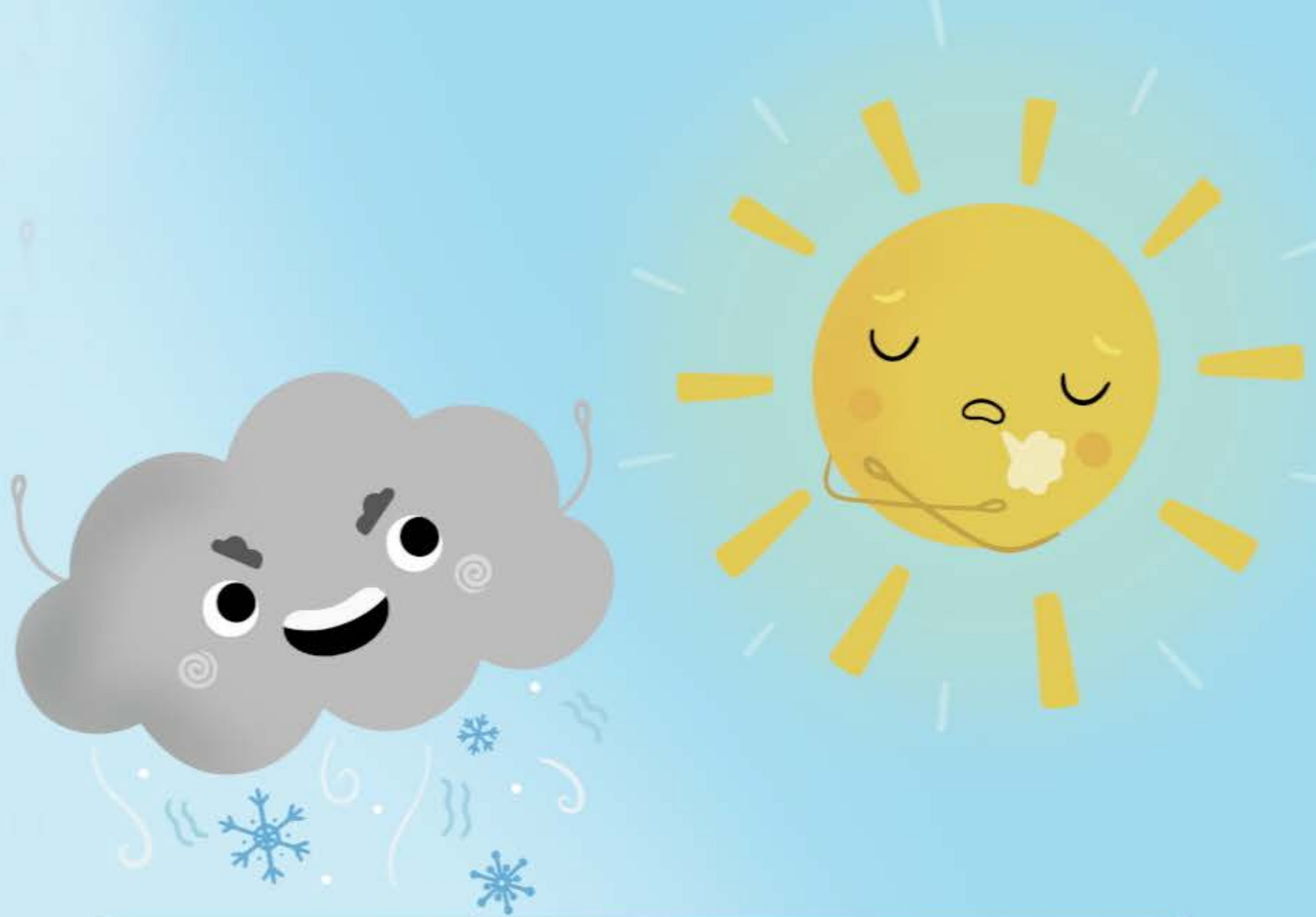


‘Out of my way, Sun!’ roared the Wind. ‘See those ships? I’m going to blow them right off course. They won’t know what’s hit them!’

The Wind blew and blew. It blew so hard
that the ships' sails ripped apart.

All the Sun could do was watch as the
sailors shivered in the icy blast, shook
their fists and cried out in anger.



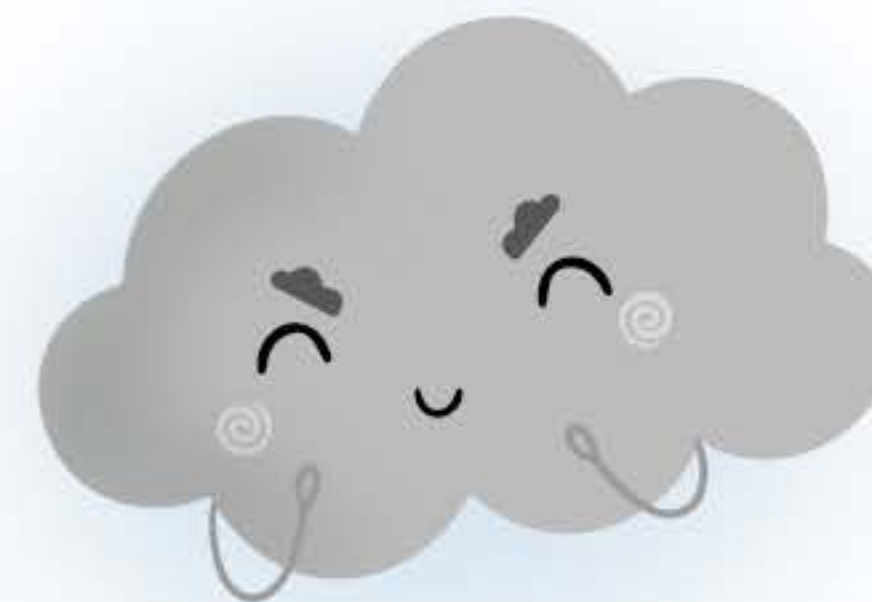
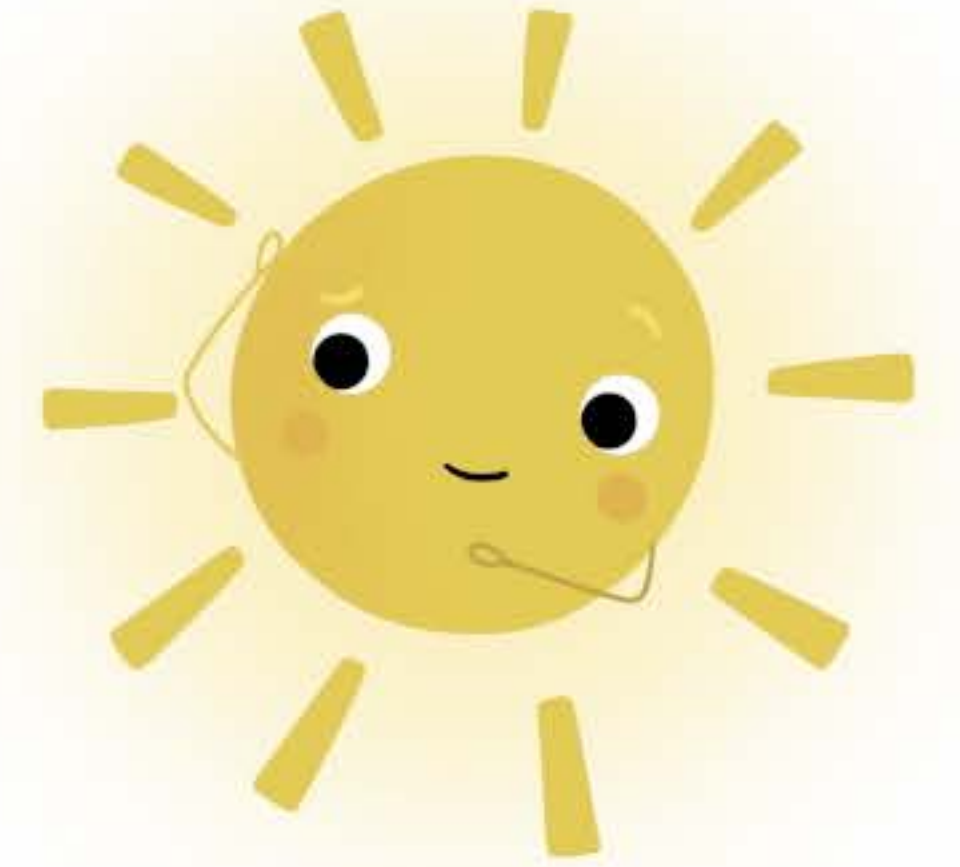


‘Not again, Wind,’ sighed the Sun. ‘Why do you have to cause misery and chaos all the time?’

‘Because I like showing just how strong I am!’ replied the Wind. ‘You sit in the sky and do nothing except shine. But I am full of force and energy!’

‘Hmm,’ said the Sun, looking thoughtful.

‘I have an idea. Let’s have a contest to see which of us is the stronger.’

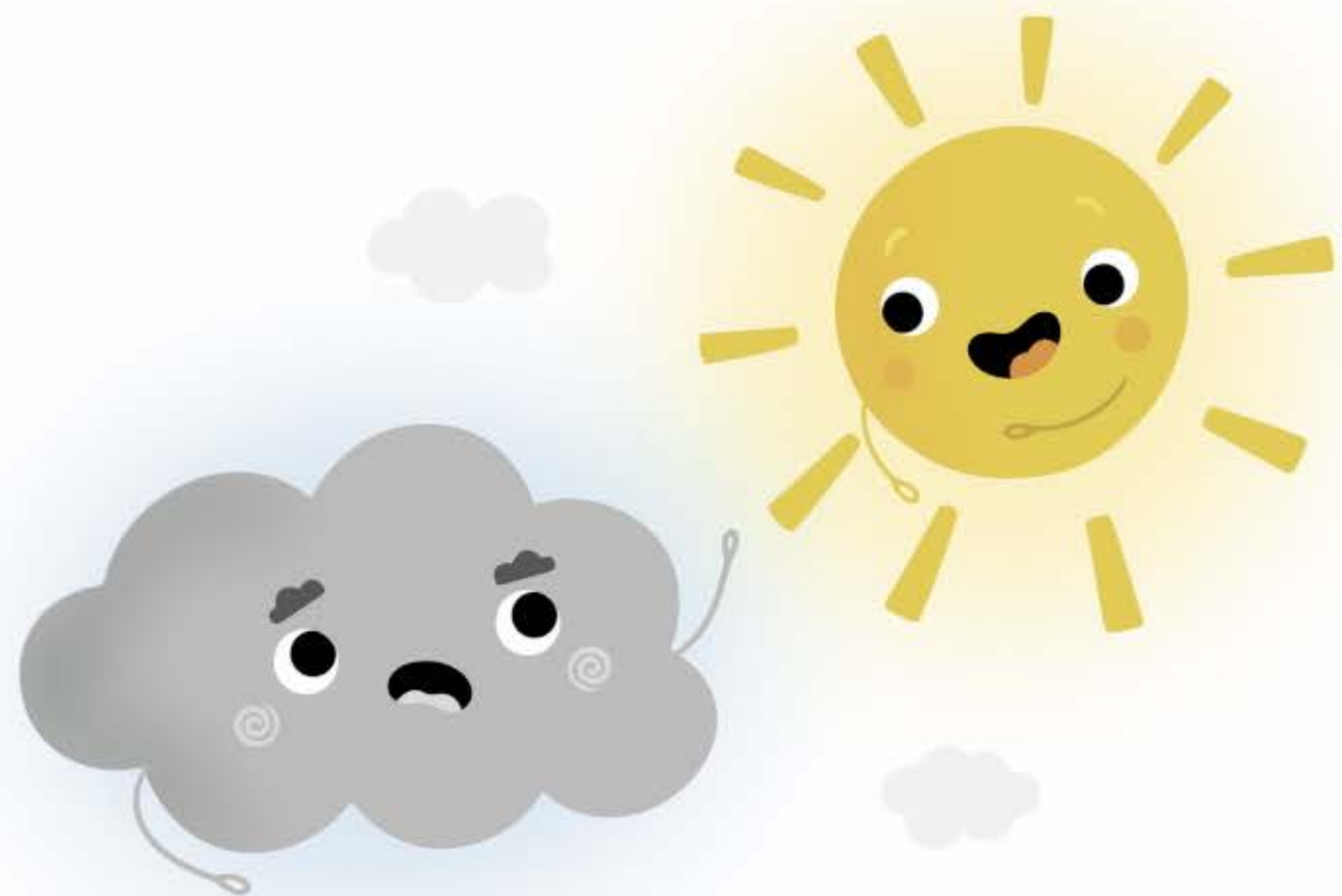


‘I know who will win!’ said the Wind.

‘We shall see,’ replied the Sun. ‘Do you see that man down there?’



The Wind looked where the Sun was pointing. A young man was walking along a winding road through the mountains. It was so cold he was wearing a heavy winter coat to keep warm.



‘Let’s see which one of us is strong enough to take his coat off him,’ suggested the Sun.

‘Easy, I can do that in no time!’ boasted the Wind.

‘Go on then,’ said the Sun.

‘I’ll watch you from behind a cloud.’





The Wind blew and blew. It blew so hard that the birds had to cling to the trees to stop being swept away.

The man shivered and did up the top button of his coat as the snow swirled in the air.

The Wind kept on blowing, but the more it did so, the tighter the man pulled his coat around him to keep warm.



'I give up!' gasped the Wind at last.
'I've got no more puff left.'

'Now it's my turn,' said the Sun as it emerged
from the cloud.

The Sun gently breathed in the cold air. The
stronger it breathed in, the larger and
rounder it seemed to glow.



On the white Earth below, the air was becoming warmer. The Wind watched in awe as the snow began to melt. Icicles were dripping and even the thick ice on the lakes was starting to thaw and crack.



The man looked round in wonder at the melting landscape. It had been such a long, cold winter that it was a joy to feel the warmth of the sun on his face.

He undid his top button, then a second...





‘What a lovely day it’s turning out to be,’ the man thought. ‘It’s too warm for this heavy winter coat. Everything is so bright and beautiful. I just want to enjoy the sun and rest a while. I might even have a little nap.’

The Wind was beside itself with annoyance as the man sat under the shade of a large rock and took off his coat.

‘Your icy blasts hardened his heart and made him determined to keep his coat on,’ said the Sun.

‘But my glowing rays opened his heart...
...and his coat buttons. Look, I’ve cheered up those poor sailors too.’



The sailors on the broken ships were cheering and waving up at the Sun. 'Now they can mend their sails and I shall carry on shining until their ships can sail again,' said the Sun.



Down below on the Earth, the young man looked up at the Sun as if he had heard him speak.



‘That wind, it was strong. But the Sun is stronger still,’ he murmured to himself, before nodding off for a restful sleep.