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WALT publish a fable.

By Alice

One hot after noon in the
fresh green forest behind a big
tree, Tortoise was slowly trotting
along.

"Hahahaha" laughed the Hare with a
gang of other hurls.

"May you can race me", cried the
Tortoise. "I mean it", he said.

"Ok", chuckled the Hare.

They chose the fox as
the Tug.

The Hare set off with a litig
Speed with the Tortoise slowly
going behind.

Soon the Hare felt so tired
that he said "I'm so tired I
am going to sleep in the
pricky bush.

Soon the Tortoise easily moved
around the Hare.

Then it was only 5 more
steps AND THE TORTOISE
WON.

Suddenly the Hare woke up and
apologised to the Tortoise
The moral is: sometimes slow
and stedy wins the race.