

## The Rabbit and The Fox

There was a baby rabbit whose mother and father died. He was all alone in the world. He did not know he was a rabbit, so he set out to discover who he was. He hadn't gone far when he heard a sound. His ears shot upward. He stood up on his hind legs, eyes fixed, still, and silent.

Down the road came a fox, smiling smugly. He looked smart to the little rabbit.

“Good morning!” said the fox. “What are you doing in the road at this hour of the day?”

“I have no mother or father. I'm alone,” confided the baby rabbit, “and I don't know who I am.”



“You don't know who you are?” said the fox to the rabbit. Seeing a chance to have some fun, the fox said, “You're a spider.”

“A spider?” said the rabbit. “And what do spiders do?”

“Spiders spin webs, like that one over there,” said the fox, pointing to a beautiful web on a nearby plant.

“Thank you,” said the grateful rabbit, moving to take a closer look at the web. The fox smiled, shook his head, and ran into the forest.

The rabbit searched for strands to make a web, but he found only long stems of grass. He worked hard trying to weave the stems into a web but failed. Disheartened, he began to nibble on the grass and scratch in the ground when along came a spider. The spider asked, “What are you doing?”

The rabbit replied, “I’m trying to spin a web. You see, I’m a spider.”

“You’re no spider,” laughed the friendly spider. “I’m a spider. Watch. I can spin a web in no time at all,” and he did.

The spider decided to amuse himself. “I saw you scratching the ground. Perhaps you’re a bird. Birds scratch the ground, and they fly in the air.” And the spider went back to spinning his web.

The rabbit liked scratching in the ground. He soon had a hole that was warm and comfortable. Then he decided to flap his ears to see if he could fly.

A passing sparrow saw the rabbit and lit on a nearby branch. “What are you doing?” chirped the curious sparrow.

“I’m a bird. I’m trying to fly,” replied the rabbit, still wildly flapping his ears.

“You’re no bird,” said the sparrow. “I’m a bird. See how easily I can fly?” And he did.

Said the rabbit, “A fox told me I was a spider. A spider told me I was a bird. If I am not a spider and not a bird, can you tell me who I am?”

Said the kind sparrow, “Who you are is a question you must answer for yourself.”

*Moral: If you let others tell you who you are, you will waste your life doing tasks for which you are not well suited. You must look within and find your own true nature.*

*And let’s face it, if you’re taking advice from a fox or a spider, you should be examined by a qualified psychiatrist.*