



High in the sky the North Wind swirled around the sun.

'Is there something I can help you with?' the sun asked.

'Ha! You think you're so good don't you? But I know better and I will show anyone who wants to watch.'

'And how, may I ask, are you going to do that?' said the sun, raising her eyebrows.

'See that old man sitting on the park bench, reading his newspaper? Well, I am so strong that I will blow his coat off his back and send it up to heaven itself.'

'Be my guest,' she smiled. 'Perhaps I will wear it myself.'

From then on, she did not utter one more word.

The poor man had just opened his newspaper when the North Wind set to work. He coiled around him like an invisible snake, whistling as he went.

But the hands of the old man clung to his coat with all their strength. And no matter how hard the North

Wind blew, the old man would not let go.

Tired and exhausted, the North Wind began to calm down. As he did so he looked up at the mighty sun.

Without a sound, the sun began to shine. The birds chirped up and some children giggled as they gave the old man his newspaper back.

Before long, the old man had stopped hugging his coat and was undoing his buttons. The sun's smile grew wider and in no time at all the old man took off his coat hung it neatly over the park bench.

With no more than a huff and a puff, the North Wind vanished, leaving the old man to read his newspaper in peace and enjoy the glorious sunshine that smiled down upon him.

Moral

It is sometimes better to gain by persuasion than to gain by force.

