



The North Wind Doth Blow

High above the Earth the North Wind swirled and whirled about the sun.

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

'Ha! You think you're so great don't you? But I know better and I will prove it to anyone who cares to watch.'

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

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

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

And from that moment on she did not utter another word.

No sooner had the poor man turned a page than the North Wind set to work. He coiled around him like an invisible snake, whistling and wailing as he did so.

But the withered 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.

Exhausted, the North Wind began to calm and as he did so he looked towards the mighty sun.

Without a sound, the sun began to shine. The birds chirped up and some children giggled as they brought the old man's paper back.

Before long, the old man had stopped hugging his coat and was undoing the buttons. The sun's smile grew wider and in no time at all the old man had taken off his coat altogether and was hanging 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 paper in peace and enjoy the glorious sunshine that now smiled upon him.

Moral

It is sometimes possible to gain by persuasion what cannot be gained by force

