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Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

The Hares and The Frogs

Once upon a time, in a meadow filled with wildflowers and tall grass, there lived a family of hares. These hares were known for being very timid. The slightest rustle of the wind or the faintest shadow would make their long ears twitch and send them hopping nervously back to their burrows.

One starry night, the hares gathered under the moonlight. "I'm tired of always being afraid," sighed Hazel, the smallest hare. "Every day feels like a new challenge just to feel safe."

"I agree," added her brother, Hopper. "Maybe we'd be better off if we didn't have to live in fear anymore."

The hares pondered this, their whiskers twitching thoughtfully. "Perhaps we should find a new place to live," suggested their wise grandmother, Willow.

"Somewhere peaceful where we won't be so scared."

Just then, a twig snapped nearby. "What's that?" gasped Hazel. Without waiting to find out, all the hares darted away as fast as their legs could carry them.

As they bounded through the meadow, they came upon a quiet pond shimmering under the moonlight. Resting among the reeds were a group of frogs, lazily croaking and enjoying the night air.

But when the frogs saw the hares rushing toward them, they panicked. "Eek! Giant creatures!" cried one

frog. With a chorus of splashes, they all leaped into the water, disappearing beneath the surface.

The hares skidded to a stop, their eyes wide with surprise.

"Did you see that?"

whispered Hopper. "They were afraid of us!"

Hazel's ears perked up. "You mean... someone is actually afraid of us?"

Willow smiled gently. "It seems so, dear ones. Maybe we're not as small and helpless as we thought."

The hares looked at each other, a newfound confidence glowing in their eyes. "If the frogs are afraid of us, perhaps we can be braver too," Hazel said softly.

