**THE OAK AND THE REEDS**

NARRATOR  
One autumn day, angry storm clouds rumbled overhead threatening the forest  
and gentle stream with its wild winds.  
  
OAK  
*(Boldly in a loud belligerent voice)*I am the king of the forest, tallest and strongest of all the inhabitants.  
I can stand up against any wild wind this little storm throws at me!  
  
REEDS  
*(Quietly but confidently)*We are slim and pliable. We don't need to fight the wild winds.  
We can bend and sway!  
  
NARRATOR  
As the storm raged on, the terrible winds became more and more powerful, building to hurricane force!  
  
OAK  
*(Leaning into the wind, shouting over the roar*)  
I'm strong and mighty. I won't bend!  
I can resist the the force of these terrible winds!  
*Oak falls to the ground.*NARRATOR  
Suddenly, with an ear-splitting crack,the haughty oak splashed into the stream between the waving reeds.  
  
REEDS  
Oh no, look! The king of the forest has been snapped like a twig!  
He's been toppled by the power of those awful winds.  
  
OAK  
*(Weakly from his prone position)*You are still standing. Here I lie broken and disgraced.  
*(Wailing)* Why, oh why, should this happen to me?  
  
REEDS  
*(One at a time)*You are too proud, Mister Oak. You fight too much against the mightier winds. Now you lie ruined at our feet. We know that it is not possible to withstand such forces so we sway and bend before the slightest breeze.  
This way we remain standing.  
  
NARRATOR  
The moral if the story : It is better to bend than to break.