



The Race

A Mozambican folktale

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One day the rabbit found a snail. He said to the snail, 'You can't run! All you know is how to crawl on the ground.'



The snail said, 'Come and see on Sunday.'



The snail prepared a hundred pieces of paper and wrote the same message on them.



The snail handed out the pieces of paper to his friends and said, 'When the rabbit comes here calling me, one of you must say: I am the snail.'



Then the snail told his friends to hide behind the bushes where the rabbit and the snail were to pass.



On Sunday, the rabbit arrived and found the snail. The rabbit said, 'Let's have a race. But I will win.'



Snails lined up behind trees on the racing track so that each time the rabbit passed, a snail would shout, 'I am the snail...' During the race, the rabbit called out, 'Snail! Snail!'



One of the snails hidden behind the bushes answered, 'I am the snail! I am the snail!'



Finally, the rabbit was very tired. He lay down, saying, 'Snail, I am so tired; you have won.' One snail watched from behind the bush.



So the snail won the race because he was clever!

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