

**DRAMATIC STORIES
FOR READING AND
ACTING; PP. 14-224**

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Dramatic Stories for Reading and Acting: pp. 14-224 by Ada Maria Skinner

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BY

ADA M. SKINNER

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CINCINNATI

CHICAGO

the world was a pair of the queerest pigs. They had but two legs, and they had very long necks. There are but two in the world. Think of that! Then I saw four smaller pigs, and they said 'Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck.'"

"What does that mean?" asked his mother.

"Oh, it is what they say in the world. It is of no use to tell you what it means, for you have not been there, and you wouldn't understand. Then I saw a huge red pig with two horns. There is but one pig of this sort in the whole world."

"Well, to be sure!" said his mother.

"I should have made friends with her, but she did not look my way. And then as I had gone all round the world, I came home. Ah, the world is a fine place. To think that you have never seen it, you poor old thing. Now the farmer boy may shut the door when he likes. I know all about the world."

"Well, to be sure!" said his mother as she trotted off.

THE RACE OF THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG



One day a hedgehog went for a walk in the fields to see how his turnips were getting on. He had not gone very far when he met the hare who was out on the same errand.

“Good morning,” said the hedgehog, when he caught sight of the hare.

The hare, who thought himself a high and mighty person, did not answer the hedgehog’s greeting. He only asked, “Why are you out in the fields so early this morning?”

“I came out for a walk,” said the good-natured hedgehog.

“Out for a walk? I should think you’d try

to use those silly little legs of yours for something better than that."

Now the hedgehog was a good-natured fellow, but he did not like being made game of.

"No doubt you think your legs are better than mine," he said.

"I do, indeed," answered the hare.

"That remains to be seen. For my part, I think my legs quite as good as yours," said the hedgehog, in rather a sharp way.

"As good as mine? Nonsense, hedgehog; you can only walk with your legs."

"Only walk? I'll run a race with *you* any day, and I bet I shall outstrip you, Mr. Hare," said the hedgehog.

"How absurd! You, with your little legs. But if you wish to try, I have no objection."

"We'll start right away," said the hare, who was now anxious to begin.

"Very well, if I win the race, all the turnips in the field are mine."

"Agreed," said the hare.

"But I haven't had any breakfast," said the hedgehog, "and I feel a bit faint. I'll just run home and take a bite and be back here in no time."

“Very well, and I’ll run to the cabbage field and back while you are gone”; and off scampered Mr. Hare.

Away trotted the hedgehog to his home. Then he thought to himself: “That hare thinks a lot of his long legs. But he’s not so clever. I’ll get the better of him this time, and all the *turnips* — see if I don’t.”

As soon as he got home he said to his wife, “Quick! get dressed. You must come out with me.”

“Oh, what is the matter?” said Mrs. Hedgehog.

“The hare and I are going to run a race. If I win, I am to have all the turnips. He thinks



he’ll beat me, but I’ll show him. Get ready, quick; I want you to be there.”

“Good gracious me! have you lost your senses? How can you think of racing with

him? You'll lose, and then we'll not have a turnip to eat."

"We've no time to talk. Listen! We are to run our race in that plowed field. The hare will run in one furrow and I in another. We start at the top. All you have to do is to lie low at the other end of my furrow. As soon as the hare reaches the end of his furrow, you must jump up and call out, 'I'm here already.'"

"Ha-ha-ha," laughed Mrs. Hedgehog. "I see, I see. That's a good joke. He will think that I am *you*."

"Exactly. Look sharp; now put on your things and we'll make off."

They reached the field. The hedgehog told his wife where to lie low, and he went on to the other end of the furrow. The hare was waiting for him.

"Well, are you ready?" asked the hare.

"I am ready."

Each took his place.

"But wait a minute," said the hedgehog. "Who will do the counting?"

"Leave that to me," said the hare. "Ready! One — two — three, go!"



"I cannot understand this," said the hare.