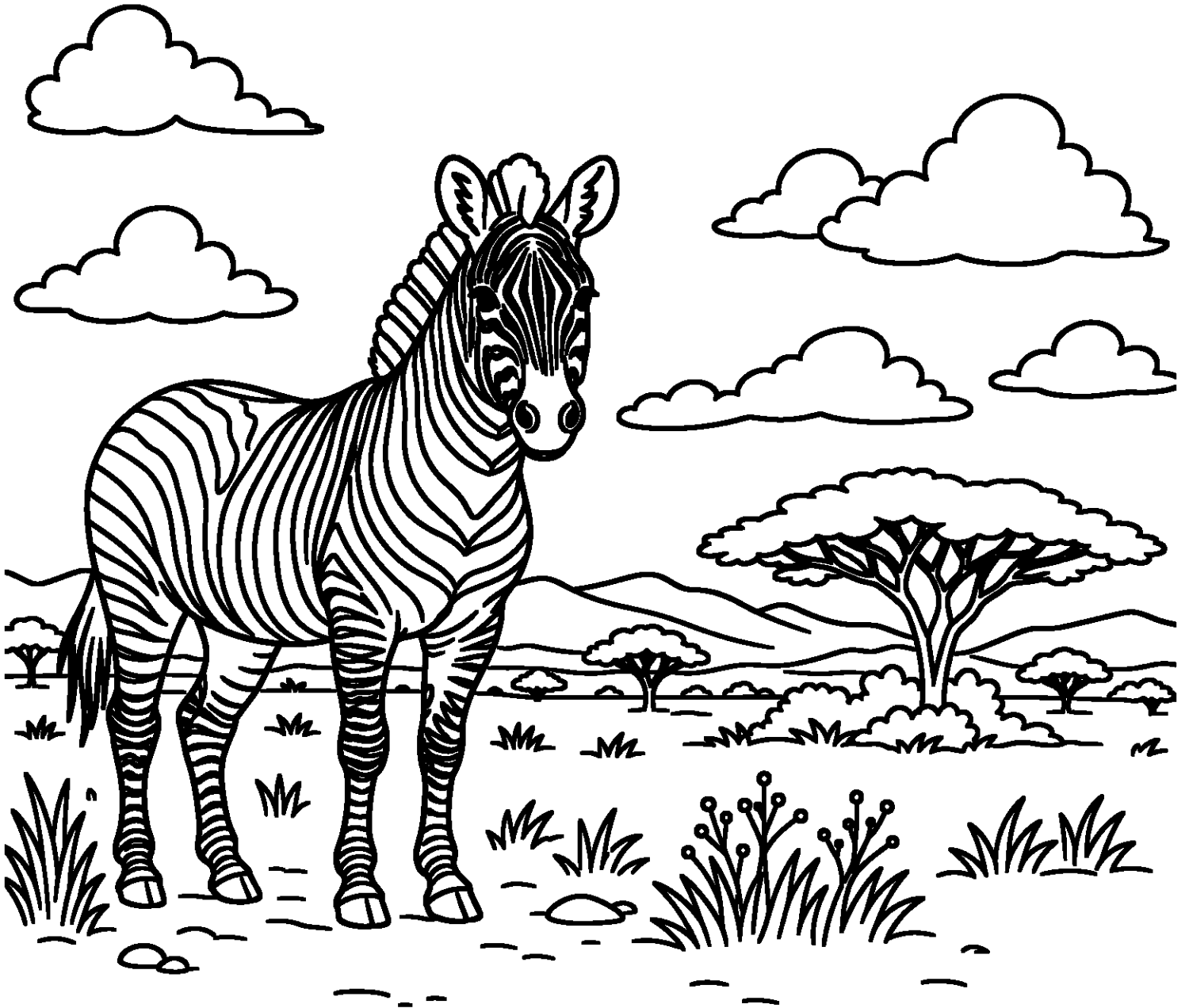
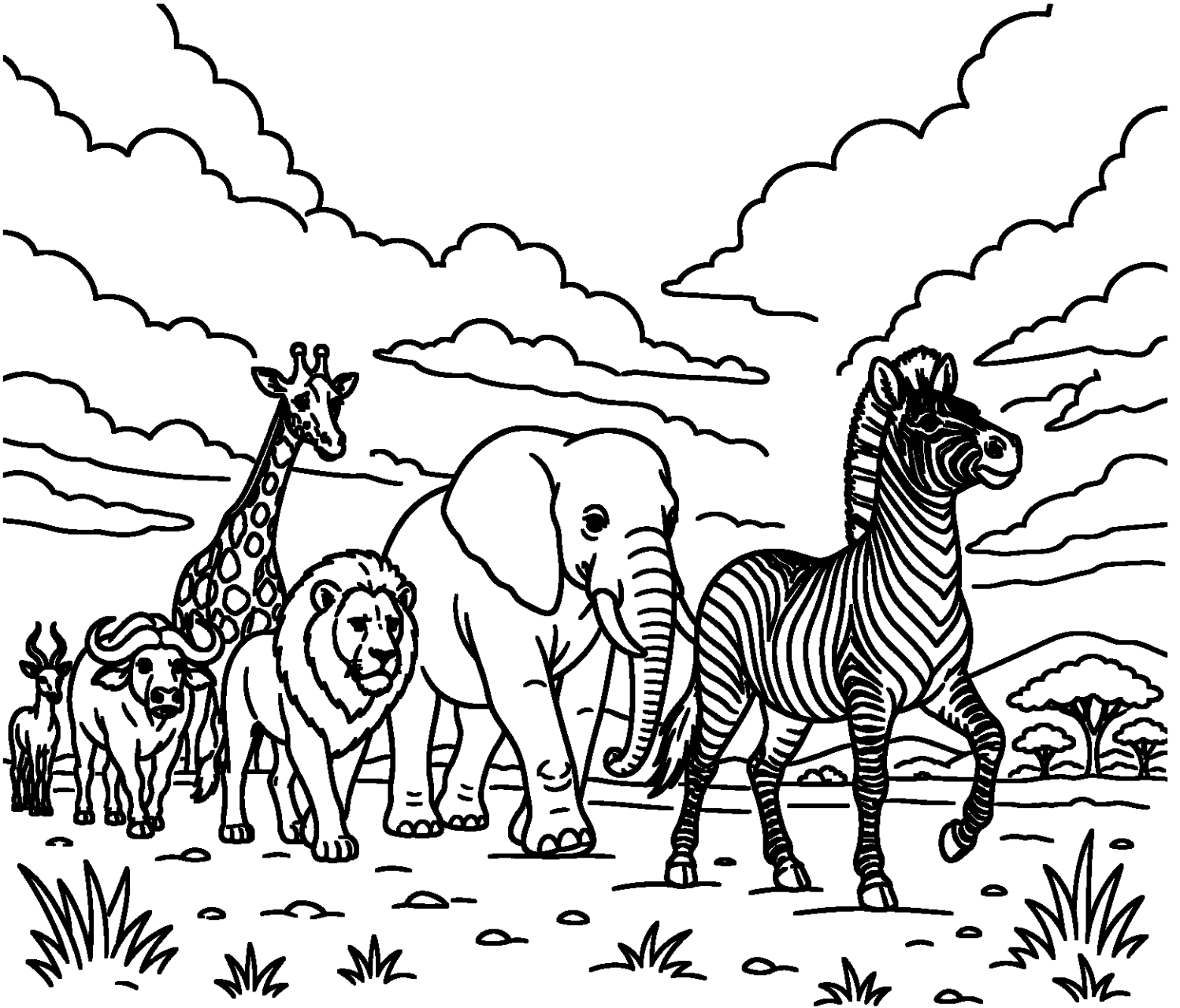


Zealotry

The My-Way Zebra

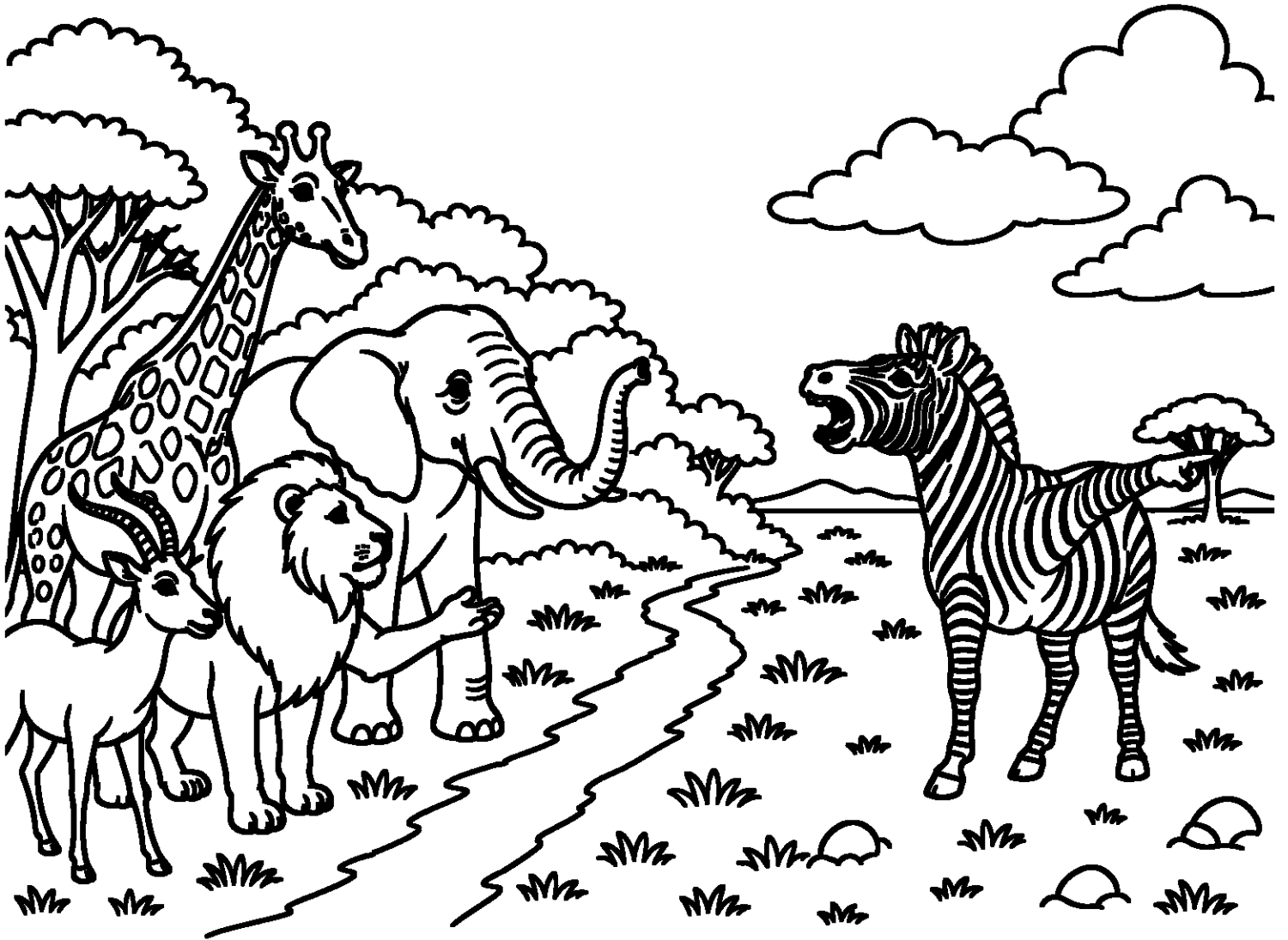


The My-Way Zebra



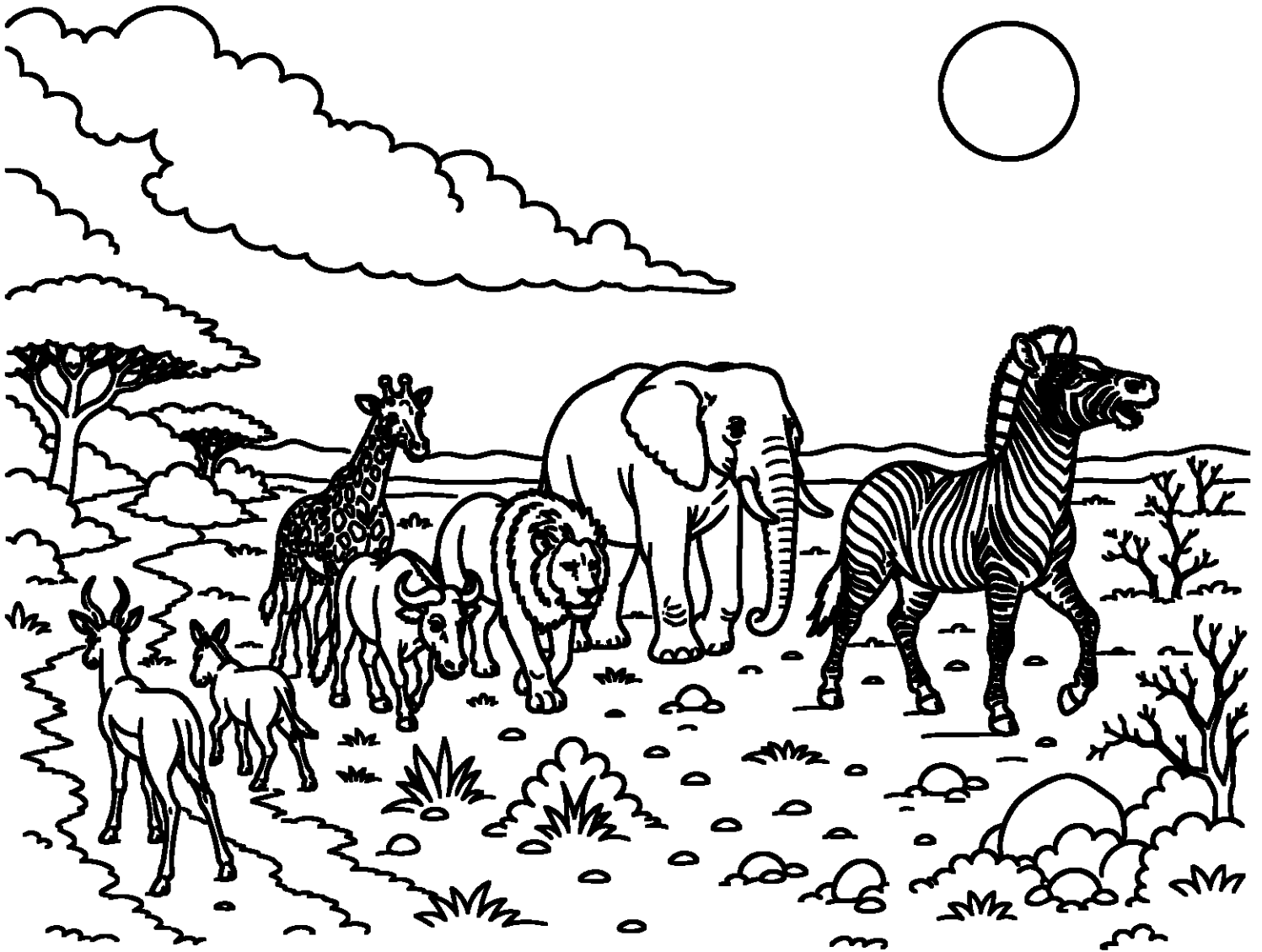
A zebra swore by just her way,
and made the others all obey.
"My path is right! You lot are wrong!
So march behind me, all day long!"

The My-Way Zebra



The creatures tried to share their thought —
a shorter road, a shady spot.
"No! Only MY way!" she would bray,
and turned their every plan away.

The My-Way Zebra



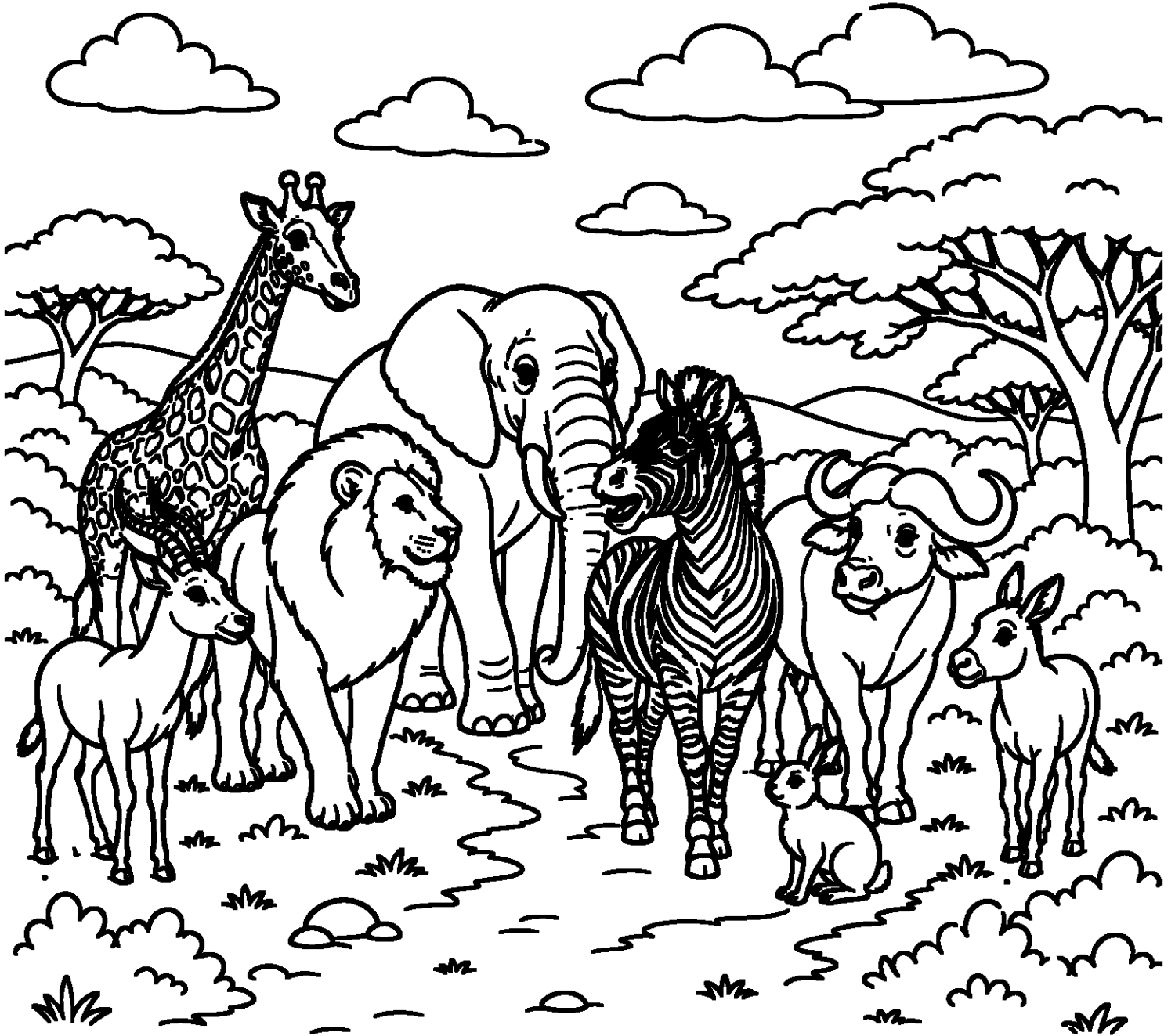
She marched them through the thorns and heat,
on burning sand that scorched their feet.
So one by one they turned aside,
and found a gentler path to stride.

The My-Way Zebra



Alone she climbed the hill to see
the others resting, cool and free,
beneath the shade, along the way
she'd been too proud to take that day.

The My-Way Zebra



Moral

Your way is not the only way;
hear what the others have to say.