

The Zax by Dr Seuss

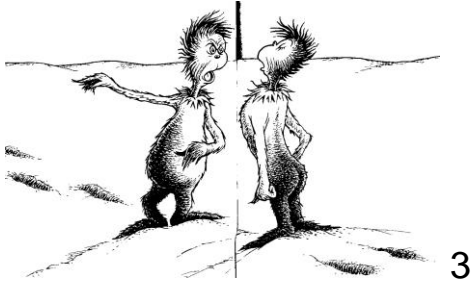


One day, making tracks
In the prairie of Prax,
Came a North-Going Zax
And a South-Going Zax.



Both of them came to a place
Where they bumped. There they stood.
Foot to foot. Face to face.

“Look here, now!” the North-Going Zax said. “I say!”
You are blocking my path. You are in my way.
I am a North-Going Zax and I always go north.
Get out of my way now and let me go forth!”

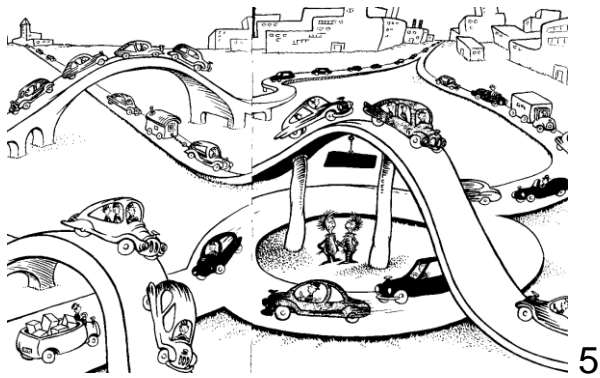


“Who is in whose way?,” snapped the South-Going Zax.
“I always go south, making south-going tracks.
So you are in MY way! And I ask you to move
And let me go south in my south-going groove.”

Then the North-Going Zax puffed his chest up with pride.
“I never,” he said, “take a step to one side.
I’ll prove to you that I won’t change my ways
If I have to stand 59 days!



“And I’ll prove to YOU,” yelled the South-Going Zax,
“That I can stand her in the prairie of Prax
For 59 YEARS! For I live by a rule
That I learned as a boy back in South-Going School.
Never budge! – That is my rule. – Never budge in the least!
Not an inch to the west! Not an inch to the east!
I’ll stay here, not budging! I can and I will
If it makes you and me and the whole world stand still!”



Well ...

Of course the world did not stand still. The world grew.

In a couple of years, the new highway came through.

They built it right over those two stubborn Zax.

They left them there, standing un-budged in their tracks.



The end.