

#48 The Boar



“I hope that I am accepted at the party tonight,” proclaimed the boar as he was getting ready to go into town to a get-together. He still had mud clinging to his chin where he had been nosing in the roots and his appearance was somewhat disheveled. He was talking to himself, as he looked at his image reflected in a pond. Struggling to attain an air of importance, he said out loud, “After all, I could be respected and admired.” Suddenly, his demeanor changed. He now looked more like a shy little piglet, “Oh, who am I kidding. I am not confident! I don’t look good. I’m dirty, and I’m going to be insufferable when I speak too long!” He sat down in this miserable thought for a time. Then abruptly shifting his gaze from the pond to the sky, he stood up and said, almost inaudibly to himself, “Well, it’s time to go. And the truth is that I am what I think I am! So, it is completely up to me whether or not to embrace this night!”

YOUR POWER IS REAL - CONFIDENCE IS THE ILLUSION