



The Longest Path



Bret and Tom stood by the pond. Bret was much faster than Tom. In short, he was the fastest of all his friends. Tom was a turtle, so he was much slower than his pal. "Let us race to the tallest log across the pond," Bret said to Tom.



"That log is bigger than my home! It will be a fun contest." Bret wanted to win. He wanted to take the quickest way. He jumped right in and swam right across the pond. This path was short, but it went through the deepest water.



Soon, Bret was in the darkest part of the pond. The sun did not shine down there. The water was very cold. It was the coldest spot in the whole pond. Tom did not swim into the cold, deep water. He took a longer path by the sunny shore.



The water by the edge was much warmer. Tom was smaller than Bret, but he liked to stay in the sun. He did not fret that his path was the longest way. It was a safe and happy swim. Out in the middle, Bret was too cold to keep going.



His arms felt weak. He got onto a wet rock. The rock was stiff and hard. He wished he had a softer spot to rest. He was shaking in the wind. "I need help," he called out to his friend.



Tom kept swimming. He saw Bret sitting on the rock. Tom was the kindest friend a pal could have. He swam out to the rock to help Bret. "Grab my shell," Tom told his pal. "We will go a better way together. It will be safe."



Bret held on to Tom. Tom swam them both back to the sunny side of the pond. They went past the smallest green plants. The warm water felt nice. It was a slower ride, but Bret felt warm again. His arms felt strong, and he did not shake.



At last, they made it to the big log. Bret gave Tom a big hug. "Your way was longer, but it was the best," Bret said. "Next time, I will not take the deep path. I will take the sunny path with you!"