

## The Tortoise

Slow and steady,  
Always ready to curl up in your shell.  
The world rushes by around you,  
Their ridiculous speed will always astound you.  
What's the point of rushing  
When you can take your time?  
With camouflage like a chameleon,  
And a shell as hard as rock,  
And, though few people notice you,  
As beautiful as a peacock.  
But little tortoise, let me ask you,  
And forgive me if I offend you,  
Aren't you late for lunch?

By Ivy Silver

Tortoise Class