In the hills first touched by the rising sun every day, there lived two brothers. Both the brothers were brave, athletic and loved each other dearly. But their temperaments were very, very different. The elder brother was a quiet, peace-loving person who spent most of his time thinking and wandering through the forest on the hill slopes.

He was done of all the animals that inhabited the forest and could not cause not cause them even the slightest harm. The younger one was a hunter. Once the chase began, no animal could escape his arrow.

The elder brother often tried to reason with the younger one. It is not right to kill animals. How can you take away a life when you cannot give it back? But I don’t trap the animals do I?

I give every animal that I hunt a fair chance, he said. It’s just a question of who is more skilled. It is not my fault if animal is not fast enough or clever enough to escape my arrows besides many animals.