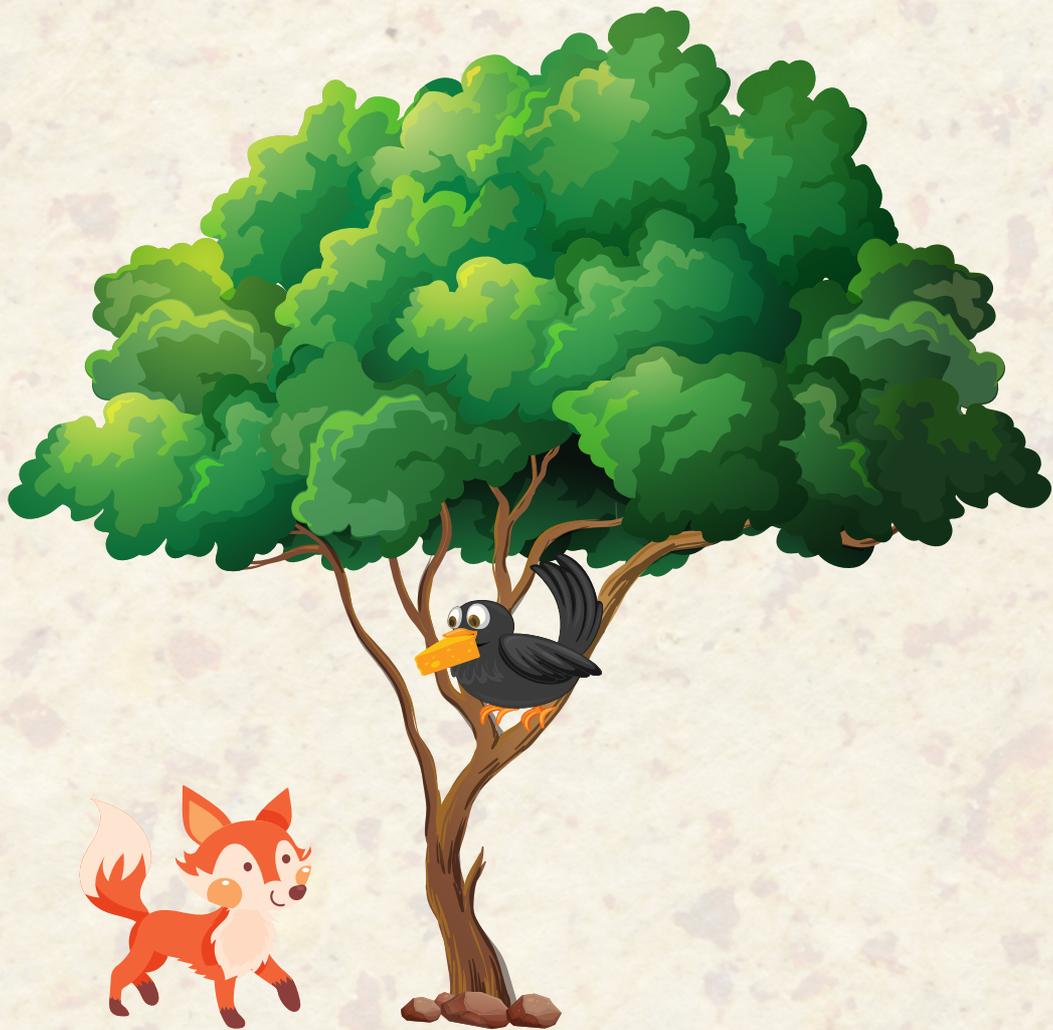


The Fox and the Crow



Once upon a time, there lived
a beautiful Fox with her two little kids.

One morning after sweeping and tidying her
house, she said to her children who were
sitting on the floor playing:

*"My children, there is no food for lunch.
I will go down to the village to get something
to eat. But until I come back,
be sure to be wise and cautious".*



After she had given them her motherly advice,
she left for the market.

The children started playing while they waited
for their mother to return.

All the while, the Fox was trying to figure out
how she would get food for her children,
without any money.



Meanwhile, two crows on the branches of a
tree were chatting.

“What are we going to eat today?”
they wondered...

A magpie who heard them told them that
passing through the market, he saw all kind of
goodies. He would fly low, he told them, in
case he could grab something, but he was
afraid. As soon as the Crow heard this, he flew
towards the village.



A grocer was chatting with a woman.
Next to him on the counter, were spread out
delicious large pieces of cheese.

The Crow was so hungry he didn't hesitate.
While the grocer was looking after a customer,
he swooped down and grabbed a large piece
of cheese with his beak.

The grocer turned, saw him and shouted:
"The bird, the Crow, grabbed my cheese!"

The grocer was running after the Crow,
shouting that he wanted his cheese back but
the Crow flew away behind some trees...



Meanwhile, the Fox was tired from walking
and sat down under a tree to rest.
Just as she was about to get up to continue on
her way, she hears a phrrrr...
from above the tree branches.
She turns her head and sees a Crow with a
large piece of cheese in his beak.
"No need to search any further,"
thought the Fox.
"Here is a dainty bite for our lunch."
Up she trotted to the foot of the tree
in which the Crow was sitting,
and looking up admiringly, she cried:



"Good-morning, beautiful creature!"
The Crow, his head cocked on one side,
watched the Fox suspiciously.
But he kept his beak tightly closed on the
cheese and did not return her greeting.

"What a charming creature he is!"
said the Fox.

*"How his feathers shine!
What a beautiful form
and what splendid wings!*

*Such a wonderful Bird should have a very
lovely voice, since everything else about him
is so perfect. Could he sing just one song,
I know I should hail him King of Birds."*



Listening to these flattering words,
the Crow forgot all his suspicion,
and also his breakfast.

He wanted very much to be called
King of Birds.

So he opened his beak wide to utter
his loudest caw, and down fell the cheese
straight into the Fox's open mouth.



"Thank you!"

said the Fox sweetly, as she walked off.

"Though it is cracked, you have a voice sure enough. But where are your wits?"

The flatterer lives at the expense
of those who will listen to him.



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