

AESOP'S
FABLES

The Fox and the Crow



One afternoon, a hungry fox spied a large crow flying around with a chunk of cheese in its beak. The wedge of cheese looked delicious—creamy yellow and the perfect snack size.

The crow flew down and settled on a tree branch. The fox licked his lips. He wanted that cheese.

The fox circled the tree and called up.





"How are you feeling today?" asked the sly fox. The cheese glistened in the afternoon sun. "I'll tell you, that cheese looks very tasty."

The crow eyed the fox suspiciously.

"Now, I'm sure you'd like to share it with your friend who is feeling particularly hungry today."

The crow stared at the fox with beady black eyes. The cheese was her treat. She slowly shook her head.

This was not going the way the fox had hoped. The fox looked up at the crow. Suddenly he knew what to do.



"What a beautiful bird you are!" cried the fox. "I've never seen such fine feathers."

The crow looked at her feathers. They did look particularly lovely in the afternoon sun.

"Your beak is so shiny and strong. Not many birds are as fine as you."



I do have a strong beak thought the crow. I can collect nuts, fruits and eggs with this beak.



"I've heard you sing and you have a beautiful voice! It would be a lovely afternoon treat if you sang for me."

This surprised the crow. Every morning she cooed and cawed but she didn't think anyone listened.

She stood tall on the branch and puffed out her feathery chest. She would give the fox a melody he wouldn't forget. She opened her beak to begin the tune.

The cheese fell from her beak and dropped into the jaws of the clever fox below.



MORAL

Don't trust people
who flatter you,
especially if you
have something that
they want.

