

THE FOX AND THE CROW
An Aesop fable
Adapted by Carole L. Cooney

Setting: A tree in the forest meadow

Characters:

Narrator

Fox

Crow

Narrator: One sunny morning, Fox was sniffing through the forest in search of his breakfast.

Fox: (yawning) Oh, what a beautiful morning! The sun is bright and everything looks fresh after yesterday's rain. Now if I can quickly find something tasty to eat, it's going to be the start of a perfect day!

Narrator: While Fox went on his search, Crow swooped down upon an old picnic basket that lay on the side of the road.

Crow: Caw! Caw! Why do people throw away perfectly good things? Hummmm... let's see what this basket has to offer me for my breakfast.

Narrator: With his strong beak, Crow plucked out old napkins, paper plates, plastic glasses, knives and forks.

Crow: Caw! Caw! What? Is there not one crumb of food here?

Narrator: More determined than ever, Crow tore open every item until a yellow chunk of cheese fell to the ground.

Crow: Caw! Caw! I thought so.

Narrator: And quick as lightning, Crow picked up the cheese and flew to the top branch of the nearest tree. At the same time, Fox just happened to be sniffing down below that tree.

Fox: (sniff, sniff) Ahooo! - Ahooo! I smell cheese. Now where could it be? (sniff, sniff) It's up there in this tree. (loudly) Hello! Beau - ti - ful bird!

Narrator: Now Crow kept her beak tightly closed on the cheese and didn't answer Fox. She cocked her head to one side, looking at Fox suspiciously.

Fox: You are a *very* charming creature. Just look at your beautiful black shiny feathers and splendid wings. I bet you have a voice to match your beauty. I would call you the Queen of Birds if I could hear you sing.

Narrator: Crow was so pleased to hear such praise. Of course she wanted to be called Queen of Birds. And so she opened her beak wide and sang...

Crow: (very loudly) Caw! Caw! ...

Narrator: Crow's beak opened so widely that the cheese popped out and fell down into Fox's mouth.

Fox: Thank you! You certainly have a voice but where is your wit?

Moral: Flattery can play tricks.