



A CROW, READY TO DIE WITH THIRST, FLEW WITH JOY TO A PITCHER WHICH HE BEHELD AT SOME DISTANCE. WHEN HE CAME, HE FOUND WATER IN IT INDEED, BUT SO NEAR THE BOTTOM, THAT WITH ALL HIS STOOPING AND STRAINING, HE WAS NOT ABLE TO REACH IT. THEN HE ENDEAVORED TO OVERTURN THE PITCHER, THAT SO AT LEAST HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET A LITTLE OF IT; BUT HIS STRENGTH WAS NOT SUFFICIENT FOR THIS. AT LAST, SEEING SOME PEBBLES LIE NEAR THE PLACE, HE CAST THEM ONE BY ONE INTO THE PITCHER; AND THUS, BY DEGREES, RAISED THE WATER UP TO THE VERY BRIM, AND SATISFIED HIS THIRST.

Thomas Bewick  
*Select Fables of Aesop and Others, 1784*