

A Fox one day spied a beautiful bunch of ripe grapes hanging from a vine trained along the branches of a tree.
The bunch hung from a high branch, and the Fox had to jump for it. The first time he jumped he missed it by a long way. So

juice, and the Fox's
mouth watered as
he gazed longingly
at them.

The bunch hung
from a high branch,
and the Fox had to
jump for it. The first
time he jumped he
missed it by a long
way. So he walked
off a short distance
and took a running
leap at it, only to fall
short once more.
Again and again he
tried, but in vain.