

At the end they spend a beautiful hour of their golden twilight from a vine covered along the branches of a vine. The grapes seemed ready to burst with juice, and the Fox's mouth watered as he gazed longingly at them. The basket hung from a high branch, and the Fox had to jump down to it. This time he too jumped the distance by a long step. So he walked off at a short distance and took a cooling step and it only to fall about four inches.