

## THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

A THIRSTY Crow once spied a pitcher, and flew to it to see if by chance there was any water in it.

When she looked in, she saw that there was water, but that it was so far from the top that she could not reach it, though she stretched her neck as far as she could.

She stopped, and thought to herself, "How shall I get that water? I am perishing with thirst, and there must be some way for me to get some of it." Some pebbles were lying on the ground; and, picking them up in her beak, she dropped them one by one into the pitcher.

They sank to the bottom; and at last the water was pushed up by them to the top, so that the Crow could easily drink it.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," said the Crow.