

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

IT WAS a sultry day, and a Fox was almost famishing with hunger and thirst. He was just saying to himself that anything would be acceptable to him, when, looking up, he spied some great clusters of ripe, black grapes hanging from a trellised vine.

“What luck!” he said; “if only they weren’t quite so high, I should be sure of a fine feast. I wonder if I can get them. I can think of nothing that would so refresh me.”

Jumping into the air is not the easiest thing in the world for a Fox to do; but he gave a great spring and nearly reached the lowest clusters.

“I’ll do better next time,” he said.

He tried again and again, but did not succeed so well as at first.

Finding that he was losing his strength and that he had little chance of getting the grapes, he walked slowly off, grumbling as he did so: “The grapes are sour, and not at all fit for my eating. I’ll leave them to the greedy birds. They eat anything.”