

THE BAT AND THE WEASELS

A BAT, trying to fly one day, fell to the ground, and a Weasel caught him. The Bat begged the Weasel not to kill him.

“There is nothing I hate like a bird,” said the Weasel; “I always kill them.”

“But I am not a bird,” said the Bat, as he folded his wings close to his sides; “birds don’t come tumbling down as I did; and besides, don’t you see my little smooth head, and my ears?”

“Yes, yes,” said the Weasel, “I did not notice them at first. I see, you are a mouse”; so he let the Bat go.

Some time after, the Bat took another flight, and again fell to the ground. Another Weasel came out of his hole and caught him.

“Pray don’t kill me,” said the Bat.

“Certainly I shall,” said the Weasel; “I kill mice wherever I find them.”

“But stop a moment,” said the Bat, spreading his wings; “I am not a mouse. Don’t you see my great wings? A mouse can’t fly, can it?”

“I beg your pardon,” said the Weasel; “I did not know that you were a bird; I thought you were a mouse. I see I was mistaken.” Then he let him go.

So the cunning Bat escaped a second time, but it is not often safe to use such arguments.