

One bright morning as the Fox was following his nose through the wood in search of a bite to eat, he saw a Crow on the limb of a tree overhead. This was by no means the first Crow the Fox had ever seen. What caught his attention this time and made him stop for a second look, was that the lucky Crow held a bit of cheese in her beak.

"No need to search any farther," thought sly Master Fox. "Here is my breakfast."

Up he trotted to the foot of the tree in which the Crow was sitting, and looking up admiringly, he cried, "Good-morning, beautiful creature!"

The Crow watched the Fox suspiciously. She kept her beak tightly closed on the cheese and did not say anything.

"What a charming creature she is!" said the Fox. "How her feathers shine! Such a wonderful bird must have a very lovely voice, since everything else about her is so perfect. If she would sing just one song, I know I would call her Queen of the Birds."

Listening to these flattering words, the Crow forgot all her suspicion, and also her breakfast. She wanted very much to be called Queen of the Birds. So she opened her beak wide to say "Caw!", and down fell the cheese straight into the Fox's open mouth.

"Thank you," said Master Fox sweetly, as he walked off. "Though it is cracked, you have a voice sure enough. But where are your wits?"