The Fox and Crow

A retelling of Aesop's fable

Deep in the heart of a sunny forest lived a crow named Camila. She had sleek, dark feathers and a very sharp eye for treasures. One bright morning, she found something wonderful, a large, golden piece of cheese left behind by a traveler. Camila snatched it up in her black beak, feeling like the luckiest bird in the woods.

Camila didn't want to share her delicious prize. She flapped her wings and flew up to the high branch of an ancient oak tree. From there, she could see the whole forest, and no one could reach her snack. She sat very still, clutching the cheese tightly in her beak, waiting for the perfect moment to take the first bite.

Nearby, a clever fox named Finn was trotting through the bushes. His stomach gave a loud, hungry growl. Finn had a very keen nose, and the scent of cheese drifted right to him. He looked up and saw Camila sitting high above with her tasty treasure. "Oh my," Finn whispered, I simply must have that cheese."

Finn knew he couldn't climb the tree, and he knew he couldn't fly. He had to use his wits instead. He sat down at the base of the oak and looked up at the crow with a look of pure wonder. "Good morning, beautiful lady!" he called out in his most charming voice. Camila looked down, but she kept her beak shut tight around the cheese.

"I have heard many stories of your grace, Camila," Finn continued, "but they did not do you justice. Your feathers shine like polished coal in the sunlight! They are surely the finest in all the world." Camila tilted her head. She loved being told how beautiful she was. She gripped the cheese even harder, listening to every word.

Camila began to feel very grand. She puffed out her chest and spread her wings just a little bit to show off her shimmering feathers. She wanted Finn to keep talking. It wasn't every day that someone noticed how elegant she truly was. She looked down at the fox and gave a little nod of her head.

Finn saw that his plan was working. He leaned in closer to the tree trunk. "But tell me," he said, "is it true what they say? Do you also have a voice as sweet as a nightingale? If your song is as lovely as your appearance, you must surely be the Queen of the Birds! Oh, how I wish I could hear just one note."

Camila couldn't resist. She wanted to prove that she was indeed the Queen of the Birds. She wanted to show Finn that her voice was just as beautiful as her feathers. She forgot all about her breakfast. She forgot all about the high branch. She took a deep breath and prepared to let out a loud, proud song.

Camila opened her beak wide and let out a loud, "CAW! CAW!" As soon as she opened her mouth, the heavy piece of cheese slipped out. It tumbled through the air, falling faster and faster toward the ground. Camila's eyes went wide as she realized what she had done, but it was too late.

Finn caught the cheese in his mouth before it even touched the grass. With a happy gulp, he ate the whole thing. He looked up at the sad crow and smiled. "Thank you for the song and the snack, Camila," he said. "Remember, be careful when someone flatters you-- they might just want something from you."