

THE FOX AND THE STORK

There once was a fox who lived in the forest. One day, he invited the stork for dinner.

"My dear stork, come and have dinner with me," said the fox.

"Thanks! You are so kind," said the stork.

At dinner, the stork was not happy; the fox had given her nothing but soup, and he had put it in a big, flat dish.

"I don't think I can eat this soup," said the stork. The soup kept falling out of her long beak.

"You look so silly," said the fox. He laughed and ate all his soup.

"My friend, thanks for the dinner. Why don't you come to my house? I make good soup too," said the stork.

"That will be nice," said the fox.



The next day, the stork made soup for the fox. When the fox smelled the soup, he couldn't wait to eat it.

"This is for you. Enjoy it!" said the stork.

"I'm hungry. Let's eat!" said the fox. But the fox couldn't eat the soup; the stork had put it in a tall cup. The fox couldn't reach the soup inside.

"I don't think I can eat the soup," said the fox.

"I'm very sorry," said the stork. "This is the same as what you did to me last time."

The fox just sat there, hungry, but could do nothing.

People will treat us the way we treat them.