

Greedy Fox

Early one morning Mr Fox woke up. He picked up his bag and went out to visit his lady friend.

He walked and he walked and he walked until he came to the town pond where he saw a frog. "Mmmm," he thought, "that would make a nice present". So he grabbed the frog and popped it into his bag.

He walked and he walked and he walked until he came to the candlestick makers. He knocked on the door and went straight in.

"May I leave my bag here while I visit my Uncle?" he asked.

"There is one thing while I am gone, *mind you don't look in my bag!*"

Then he walked down the path, turned the corner and disappeared out of sight.

However the candlestick maker grew curious. He opened the bag and out popped the frog! A large brown rat pounced on the frog and ate it up in one huge gulp.

Unfortunately at that moment Mr Fox came back. "Where is my frog?"

"I'm sorry," said the candlestick maker, "I opened your bag and the frog hopped out and a large brown rat ate it up!"

"Right," said the fox. "I'll have the rat instead." So he grabbed the rat, shoved it into his bag and off he went.

He walked and he walked and he walked until he came to the bakers. He knocked on the door and went straight in.

"May I leave my bag here while I visit my Uncle?" he asked.

"There is one thing while I am gone, *mind you don't look in my bag!*"

Then he walked down the path, turned the corner and disappeared out of sight.

However the baker grew curious. He opened the bag and out shot the rat! It shot out into the backyard and was chased off by the baker's puppy!

Unfortunately at that moment Mr Fox came back. "Where is my rat?"

"I'm sorry," said the baker, "I opened your bag and the rat ran out into the backyard. My puppy chased it off."

"Right," said the fox. "I'll have the puppy instead." So he grabbed the puppy, shoved it into his bag and off he went.

He walked and he walked and he walked until he came to the butchers. He knocked on the door and went straight in.

"May I leave my bag here while I visit my Uncle?" he asked.

"There is one thing while I am gone, *mind you don't look in my bag!*" Then he walked down the path, turned the corner and disappeared out of sight.

However the butcher grew curious. He opened the bag and out shot the puppy! It ran into the yard and was chased off by a little boy with a stick... whack...whack!.

Unfortunately at that moment Mr Fox came back. "Where is my puppy?"

"I'm sorry," said the butcher, "I opened your bag and it ran out into the yard and my boy chased it off!"

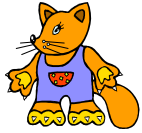
"Right," said the fox. "I'll have ...some meat instead." So he grabbed a leg of lamb, shoved it into his bag and off he went.

He walked and he walked and he walked. Before long, one by one the dogs of the town began to follow him. They could smell the meat in his bag. Soon they began barking at his heels, so he ran and he ran and he ran!

And as far as I know Mr Fox is running still



And still being chased by that pack of dogs.



Mr Fox's diary.

Early this morning I decided to go for a walk by the pond. When I got there I saw a frog. I decided to pick it up and put it into my bag. At that moment a sneaky plan popped into my head.

First I walked to the candlestick makers where I knocked on the door and went straight in. I asked him if I could leave my bag there whilst I visited my uncle. Then I said "Mind you don't look in my bag!" and I left and waited around the corner for half an hour.

When I went back he had opened my bag (just like I knew he would) and the frog was gone so I took a rat instead. My plan had started!

Next I walked to the butchers where I knocked on the door and went straight in. I asked him if I could leave my bag there whilst I visited my uncle. Then I said "Mind you don't look in my bag!" and I left and waited around the corner for half an hour. When I went back he had opened my bag (just like I knew he would) and the rat was gone so I took the puppy instead. Ah ha, this is so easy.

Then I walked to the bakers where I knocked on the door and went straight in. I asked him if I could leave my bag there whilst I visited my uncle. Then I said "Mind you don't look in the bag!" and I left and waited around the corner for half an hour. When I went back he had opened my bag (just like I knew he would) and the puppy was gone so I took some meat instead. I thought I was a genius!

After that I started to walk home. I was so pleased with myself because I had a lovely leg of lamb for my tea. However I soon noticed that some dogs from the town were following me. They must have been able to smell my delicious leg of lamb.

Finally the dogs started to bark at me. I was a little bit scared so I started to run. The dogs kept on chasing me and barking at me, so I ran and ran and ran. I was not going to share my tasty treasure!

And guess what - those yappy dogs are still chasing me... everywhere I go! I am not so sure that it was worth it after all.

