

ACTION, IMITATION & FUN SERIES

PUSS IN BOOTS REYNARD THE FOX



Merry Christmas, Roger
From
Mother & Daddy

1942

57
25.00

From the
P. O. NEWS STAND
43 W. Park Street
BUTTE, MONT.
Wholesale and Retail Book-
sellers, Newsdealers,
Stationers
Established 1897

ACTION, IMITATION AND FUN
SERIES

PUSS IN BOOTS
REYNARD THE FOX

BY
MARA L. PRATT-CHADWICK

ILLUSTRATED BY
LOUISE E. NORRIS

PHILADELPHIA
DAVID McKAY COMPANY
WASHINGTON SQUARE

COPYRIGHTED
BY MARA L. PRATT-CHADWICK
1905

NEW REVISED EDITION
1933

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

INTRODUCTION.

To the Teachers:

It is the writer's wish that these primers show forth the following:

1. That a primer may be based upon the classic.
2. That a primer may be constructed with reference to
 - (a) Action,*
 - (b) Imitation,
 - (c) Fun,

which, as every sympathetic observer of children must know, are the elements that enter most largely into the stories which little children like best.

As to the classic basis, certainly a vocabulary may be evolved as well from "The Three Bears," for example, as from cats and dogs. For cannot a child as well in the beginning say, *I see a bear* as *I see a cat*? And can he not build up day by day from the bear as well as from the cat?

Then, too, these tales are pedagogical to the primer grade. Every first grade or kindergarten teacher knows the delight with which little children listen as she reads them; hence that first of all elements—interest—is fully satisfied in these tales.

Again we find in these classic tales a second pedagogical principle—that of action; for in these olden tales most rapid and vigorous activity predominate.

A third principle, too, is in evidence—that of repetition; and a child loves the rhythm of repetition.

And still a fourth pedagogical quality is found in these classic tales, *i. e.*, the dramatic—personification—dialogue—or in another term,

* See Barnes' "Studies in Education," Vol. I.

imitation. Every teacher knows how little children love to personify; to put words into the mouths of animals; to fancy conversations between the flowers and the trees, and to build dialogue from the verse and from the story.

There is, however, yet another element which should come into child's literature and which is found in perfection in these old classics; and that is the element of the serial.

Most primary grade readers are now carrying something akin to a continued story, but a true serial is one that represents different ages of one act. For example, in the famous German picture book, "Slovenly Peter," we have in perfect serial story, the tale of a heedless boy's mishaps at home and at school.

The "Slovenly Peter" of which I speak is a book of serial pictures; funny, the children call them, and no picture book has ever been so popular in all Europe. Moreover, it has been translated into other languages for the children of other lands.

The Sunday newspaper, with its Katzenjammers, its Foxy Grandpa, and its Buster Brown, is showing us a lesson in pedagogy which it would be well for us as teachers to heed. These serial pictures are the Sunday delight of millions of little children and glad would the teacher be if, on Monday morning, she could arouse one-half the eagerness and interest in the reading lesson. It would look then as if, while we are instructing our children through our primary grade readers, they are getting their education through the Sunday papers.

The element of the grotesque, too, which enters so largely into these Sunday serial pictures, is one very dear to the child's heart, and is found again in these old classics; and we cannot afford to ignore that element in the construction of our primary reading books.

It was once my pleasure to look over several hundreds of papers written by school children in reply to the question, What is the funniest

thing that you can remember? In the papers from the upper grades there were, of course, the elements of adult wit; but in the papers of the little children was found an almost universal testimony to the truth that the grotesque is the principal element in a child's idea of "funny." Little girls in long dresses, little boys in big hats, topsy turvy conditions; and, above all, deeds of monkeys were predominant.

It has been suggested that, possibly, in putting these classic tales into a primary reader form, from which the child shall perform the labor of learning to read, we may take from the child his enjoyment of the classic.

If reading were taught in the old-fashioned, laborious way, this question would indeed be worthy of grave consideration; for to rob a child of these classic tales would indeed be unfortunate and unwise. The manuscript of these primary grade readers was, therefore, given over to a primary teacher, who made an honest test of them upon the children. This teacher reported in favor of the experiment, it being her opinion that since there is so little labor and so much play connected with the modern reading process, the child's interest was by no means deadened; rather was it heightened and the ambition stirred by the presence of reading material with which they were already familiar. That this should have been so seems probable and consistent when we recall that children love always to do things with which they are familiar.

Such being true, then, why may we not throw off primary grade traditions of passivity and colorless ethics and give to the first grades as well as to the third and those above, the kind of reading that they love; and that which is in harmony with the child's real interest.

MARA L. PRATT-CHADWICK.

PREFACE

It may seem at first glance that the words in this and other fairy stories are rather difficult for second grade children. It is to be remembered, however, that it is not the size of the word but the unfamiliarity that bothers children. Since, then, children have told to them, and since they tell to each other, fairy stories, all of which over and over contain the words

king	castle	enchanted
prince	palace	magic
princess	trumpet	magician

and since they have no trouble in acquiring these words *orally*, it is believed that this group will be as easily acquired *visually* by the children in the primary grades.

Outside this group, it will be seen that there are very few long words and no words that are not familiar in meaning to the child.

And now in regard to the "horror" element in these giant stories. There was a time, a few years ago, when there swept over the educational world a sentimental wave which declared that all horrors should be eliminated from child literature on the plea that it made delicate girls nervous and that it made normal boys brutal. Fortunately, however, there came to the child's rescue a few vigorous men like Dr. Stanley Hall, who showed to the teaching world the absurdity of this movement against folk lore; these men proved psychologically the value of the virile myth and called our attention to the fact that children place their own interpretation and not ours upon the "horror" features of folk lore.

If we watch little children at their play we soon learn that their bloodthirsty threats and their Indian games are mere fun to them and that there exists in their minds no consciousness whatever of the "horror" of their threatened killings and beatings.

The child's idea of fun is crude and perhaps barbaric; but it is to be hoped that we have, all of us, learned that we must allow the child to live his own life in Nature's own way, and that we must not attempt to superinduce our mature standards upon the child.

"It never hastens evolution," says Dr. Stanley Hall, "to cut off the tadpole's tail."

M. L. P. C.



Once there was a poor boy.
He was very, very poor.
He owned only one thing.
And that was a cat.
The boy looked at the cat.
“You are a good cat,” he said.

“But you are of no use.

I cannot eat you.

And your skin is not worth much.

Dear me!

What shall I do?

I shall die of hunger.”

The cat heard the boy.

He looked at him.

Then he purred.

He purred and purred.

“I am worth more than you think,”
said the cat.

The boy laughed.

“What are you worth?” he said.

“You shall see,” said the cat.



“Give me a bag,” said the cat.

“And give me a pair of boots.

Then you shall see.”

The boy laughed.

“A cat with a bag!

A cat with a pair of boots!

Who ever heard of such a thing?"

But the boy gave him a pair of boots.

Then the cat took the bag.

He tied it around his neck.

Then he filled it with rabbit food.

"Purr, purr!" said the cat.

"Now we shall see."

So the cat went into the woods.

He put the bag on the ground.

He lay down near the bag.

He made believe dead.

Soon a rabbit came along.

"O, what is that?" said the rabbit.

"Sniff, sniff!

This is the food I like.

Sniff, sniff!"

The rabbit came nearer.

The rabbit came nearer still.

He looked at the cat.

"The cat is dead," said he.

So the rabbit looked into the bag.

"Sniff, sniff!"

Then he put in his head.

"Sniff, sniff!"

Then he put in his forefeet.

"Sniff, sniff!"

Soon he was all in the bag.

Then up jumped the cat.

He pulled the string of the bag.

The rabbit was trapped.

III

"Now, what shall I do?" said the cat.

"I shall go to the King.

I shall give him the rabbit.

It is a fine fat rabbit.

The king will like the rabbit."

So the cat went to the King.

"Good-morning," said the cat.

"My good master sent me to you."

"Who is your master?" asked the King.

"The Marquis of Carabas," said the cat.

"The Marquis of Carabas!

I have never heard of him.

He is very kind to send me the rabbit.

It is a fine rabbit.

Tell your master that I thank him."

Then the cat bowed very low.

"You are a wonderful cat," said the King.

"Good-bye," said the cat.

And he went home.

Every day the cat went to the woods.

Every day he trapped a rabbit or a bird.

Every day he carried food to his master or to the King.

"Wonderful cat!" said the King.

"Wonderful, wonderful cat!"

One day he trapped two partridges.

He took these to the King.

“Who sent these fine birds?” said the King.

“The Marquis of Carabas!” said Puss.

“And who is the Marquis of Carabas?”

“He is a great hunter,” said Puss.

“Wonderful!” said the King.

“Some day I must see this Marquis.”

“Thank you,” said the cat.

And he ran home to tell his master.

“My master must see the King,” thought the cat.

“How shall I bring it about?”

One day the boy went to the river to bathe.

The cat sat on the river bank.

IV

The cat saw the King's chariot coming.

The King was in the chariot.

The Princess was also in the chariot.

“I have a plan!” said the cat.

“What is it?” asked the boy.

The cat purred.

“You shall see.

Wait until the chariot is near.”

Up came the chariot.

The cat ran out to meet it.

“O King! King!” cried the cat.

“My master is drowning!

The Marquis of Carabas is drowning!

Help, help!



Help the Marquis of Carabas!

O help, help!"

"Run, my men!" cried the King.

"Run to help the Marquis of Carabas!"

The men ran to help the Marquis.

"O, thank you!" said the boy.

"Now, where are my clothes?"

But they could not be found.

The cat had hidden them.

"O King!" said the cat.

"Some one has stolen my master's clothes."

"How sad!" said the King.

"But wait, I will send my men to bring him some.

Run, men, and bring the Marquis some clothes.

Bring the very best that you can find in my palace.

Make haste, men, make haste!"

So the men ran to the palace to get some clothes.

They brought some beautiful clothes.

The boy had never seen clothes so beautiful.

They were of satin and velvet.

They were trimmed with gold and silver.

The cat laughed to himself.

He danced and stood on his head.

The boy put on the clothes.

How fine he looked!

Then he went to thank the King.

He bowed very low.

The King was pleased with him.

"He is a gentleman," said the King.

The Princess was pleased, too.

"He is a gentleman," she said.

So the King invited him to take a ride in his chariot.

"Thank you," said the boy.

But the cat had still greater plans in his head.

He ran on ahead of the chariot.

He saw some men mowing.



“Men,” said the cat, “listen!
 The king is coming.
 He is riding by.
 He will ask you whose field this is.
 Tell him it belongs to the Marquis of
 Carabas.

If you don't, I'll chop you into mince
 meat.”

“We will tell him,” said the men.
 Then the cat ran on again.
 He saw some men reaping.
 “Men,” said the cat, “listen!
 The King is coming.
 He is riding by.
 He will soon be here.
 He will ask whose field this is.
 Tell him it belongs to the Marquis of
 Carabas.
 If you don't I will hang you up by the
 ears.”
 “We will tell him,” said the men.

VI

By and by the cat came to a giant's castle.

"I must kill the giant," said the cat.

"My young master must have the castle. How shall I bring it about?"

The cat thought and thought.

"I know a way," he said at last.

So the cat went up to the castle.

He walked into the great hall.

There stood the giant.

He laughed to see a Puss in Boots.

The Puss bowed very low.

"What a wonderful cat!" said the giant.

"Yes," said the cat.

"I can do many wonderful things.

But I hear that you can do wonderful things.

More wonderful than I can, I am sure."

This pleased the giant.

"What have you heard?" he asked.

"I have heard that you can change your form."

"Yes," said the giant, "I can."

"Wonderful!" said the Puss.

"I should like to see you change."

"Very well," said the giant.

"I will change into a lion.

See me change!



“O! O! O!” cried the cat.

He seemed very much afraid.

His hair stood out like needles.

“O! O! O!”

Then the giant changed back.

“That was wonderful,” said the cat.

“But how it scared me!”

The giant roared.

He liked to scare people.

“A lion is a very big thing,” said the cat.

“Can you change into little things?”

“O yes,” said the giant.

“How strange!

Can you change into very little things?”

"O yes," said the giant.

"As little a thing as a cat?"

"O yes."

"As little a thing as a rat?"

"O yes."

"As little a thing as a mouse?"

"O yes."

"O, it can not be!" said the cat.

"I can't believe that!"

"You can't!" roared the giant.

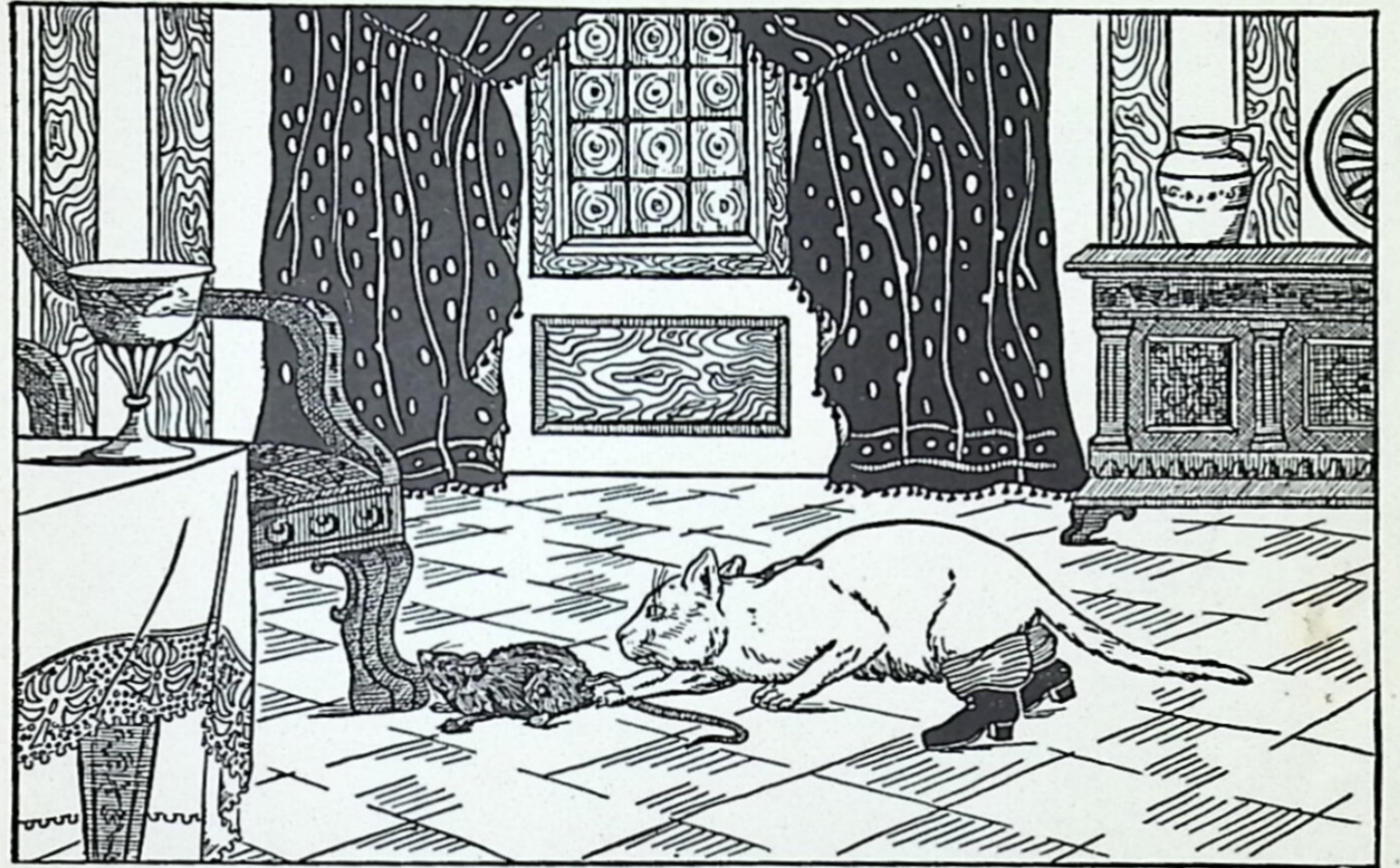
"No," said the cat.

"I can't believe you can change into a mouse."

"You shall see!" said the giant.

And he changed into a little mouse.

VII



"Well, well, well!" said the cat, when he saw the mouse.

Then he pounced upon him.

He caught him in his paws.

Then he swallowed him.

And that was the end of the giant.

VIII

"Now my master shall have the castle,"
said the cat.

"It is a fine castle.

The King must see it."

Just then the cat heard wheels.

The King's chariot was coming.

So the cat ran to meet it.

The King stopped his chariot when he
saw the cat.

The King looked at the castle.

"This is a fine castle," said he.

"Thank you," said Puss.

"We are glad you like it.

This is my master's castle.

Will you not visit it?

You are very welcome."

"Yes," said the King.

"I shall be glad to."

So the King came down from his
chariot.

"Let us enter," said Puss.

So Puss led the way.

"Do you live here alone, my good
Marquis?" asked the King.

"Yes," said the boy.

"Alone here with Puss.

But I do not like to live alone.

May I ask the Princess to come and
live here with me?"



“If she wishes, said the King.”

Then the boy asked the Princess to marry him.

The Princess smiled upon the boy.

So there was a great wedding on that very day.

And the Marquis and the Princess came to live in the giant’s castle.

And Puss in Boots?

Well, he never wore the boots again.

He lived in the castle, too.

His master would never, never part with him.

But he cared only to catch mice and to sleep in the sunshine.

VOCABULARY

owned	pal ace
skin	beau ti ful
worth	sat in
much	vel vet
hun ger	gen tle man
purred	in vit ed
laughed	mow ing
dear	reap ing
rab bit	cas tle
ground	gi ant
jumped	nee dles
mas ter	li on
Mar quis	roared
Car ra bas	pounced
won der ful	swal lowed
car ried	wel come
hun ter	prin cess
char i ot	smiled
driv ing	wed ding
drown ing	sun shine

STORY OF
REYNARD THE FOX

NOTE. — This story of Reynard the Fox has historical significance. Being written originally as a satire upon Church and State, it was essential to the parallelism that the wicked fox should be killed by the wolf. In a child's story, however, since the child's ethics are very simple and direct, absolute justice and equality should prevail. Therefore, for this primer version, we have taken the liberty of killing both fox and wolf regardless of the original satire.



I

Once there was a Lion.
 The Lion was king of the beasts.
 One day he gave a party.
 He invited all the animals.
 The Wolf came.
 The Bear came
 The Cat came.
 The Dog came.
 The Panther came.
 The Rabbit came.
 The Badger came.
 The Monkey came.
 The Goat came.
 Reynard the Fox did not come.

“Where is Reynard?” asked the king.

“I am glad he is not here,” said the Wolf.

“I am glad he is not here,” said the Bear.

“I am glad he is not here,” said the Cat.

“I am glad he is not here,” said the Dog.

“I am glad he is not here,” said the Panther.

“I am glad he is not here,” said the Rabbit.

“I am glad he is not here,” said the Monkey

“I am glad he is not here,” said the Goat.

“We are all very glad that he is not here.”

“All glad?” said the King.

“That is very strange.

That is very, very strange.”

“Why are you glad?” asked the Lion.

“Let me tell you,” said the Bear.

“Let me tell you,” said the Cat.

“Let me tell you,” said the Dog.

“Let me tell you,” said the Panther.

“Let me tell you,” said the Rabbit.

“Let me tell you,” said the Goat.

“Let me tell you,” said the Wolf.

II



So the Wolf began.

And this is what he told:

“Reynard is a wicked Fox.

He is bad.

He is cruel.

One day he came to my house.

I was not at home.

I had gone away for food.

I had three dear little babies.

I left them in their cave.

The Fox threw dirt in their eyes.

The poor, poor babies.

Now my babies are blind.”

“The wicked Fox!” said the Lion.

“Yes, the wicked Fox!” said the Bear.

“Yes, the wicked Fox!” said the Cat.

“Yes, the wicked Fox!” said the Dog.

“Yes, the wicked Fox!” said the Panther.

“Yes, the wicked Fox!” said the Rabbit.

“Yes, the wicked Fox!” said the Goat.

“Yes, the wicked Fox!” said the Wolf.



III

“Let me tell,” said the Panther.

So the Panther began.

And this is what he told:

“One day I was in the field.

I heard some one cry out, ‘Help, help!’

I ran to see.

Who do you think it was?

It was the poor little rabbit.

Good, kind little rabbit.

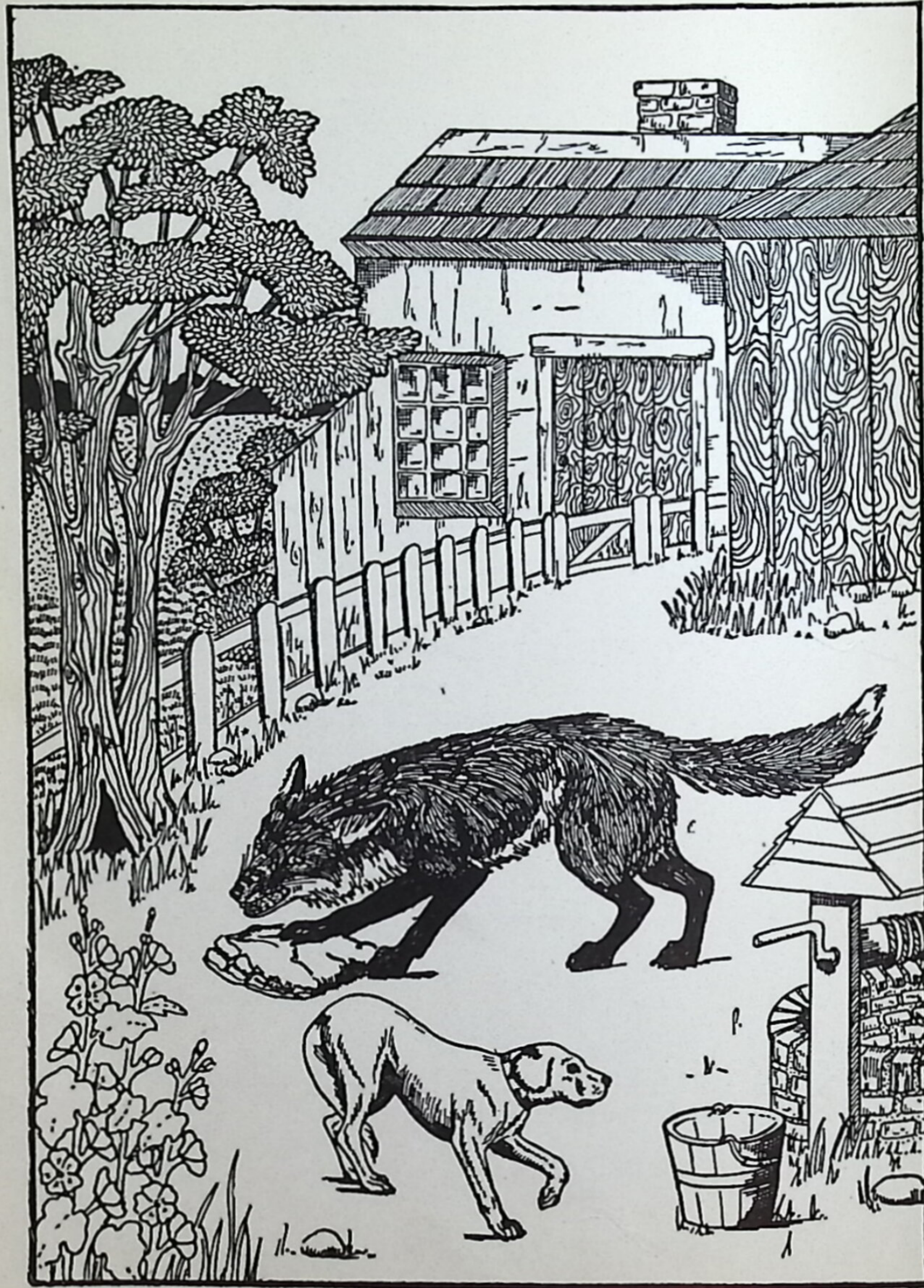
Reynard had him by the ears.

He hit him.

He hit him again and again.

Poor little rabbit!”

“The wicked Fox!” said the Lion.



IV

“Let me tell,” said the Dog.

So the Dog began.

And this is what he told:

“One day I went out to walk.

I came to a farm house.

I saw some meat there.

It was on the ground.

Of course I took the meat.

I was very hungry.

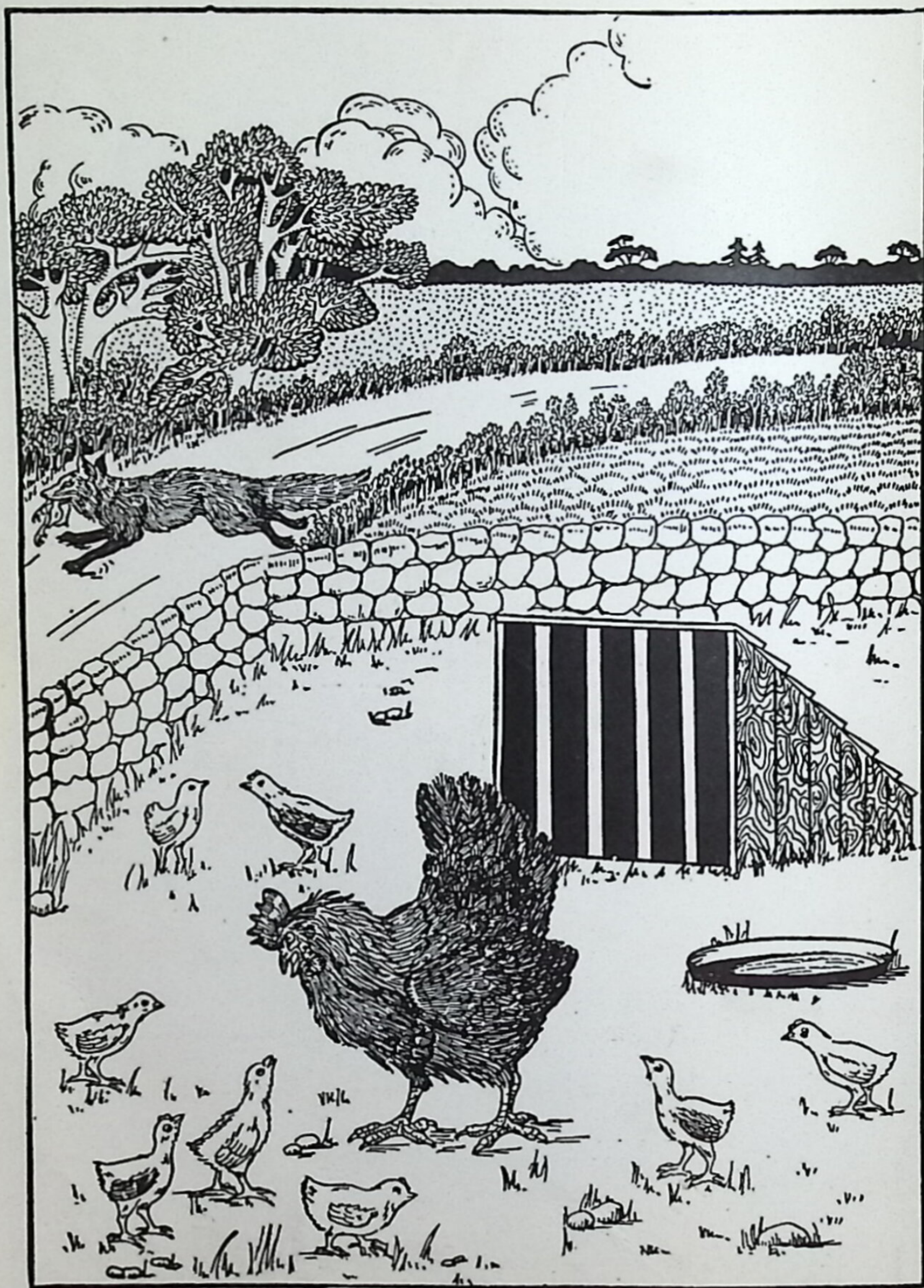
I had to take it.

Then Reynard the Fox came along.

He took the meat from me.

He ran away with it.”

“The wicked Fox!” said the Lion.



V

“Let me tell,” said the Rooster,
So the Rooster began.

And this is what he told:

“I had twenty beautiful little children.
They were beautiful chickens.
Their mother was Scratchfoot.
Dear, dear Scratchfoot!

I kept Scratchfoot at home.

I kept the chickens at home.

‘The Fox will get you,’ I said to
Scratchfoot.

‘The Fox will get you,’ I said to the
chickens.

And so they stayed at home.

One day the Fox came.

‘Run, now, Scratchfoot,’ I said.

‘The Fox has come.’

‘Don’t be afraid, dear rooster,’ said the Fox.

‘I shall never kill chickens any more.

You need not be afraid.

Let the chickens play.

I will not hurt them.’

So I let the chickens play.

Then what do you think?

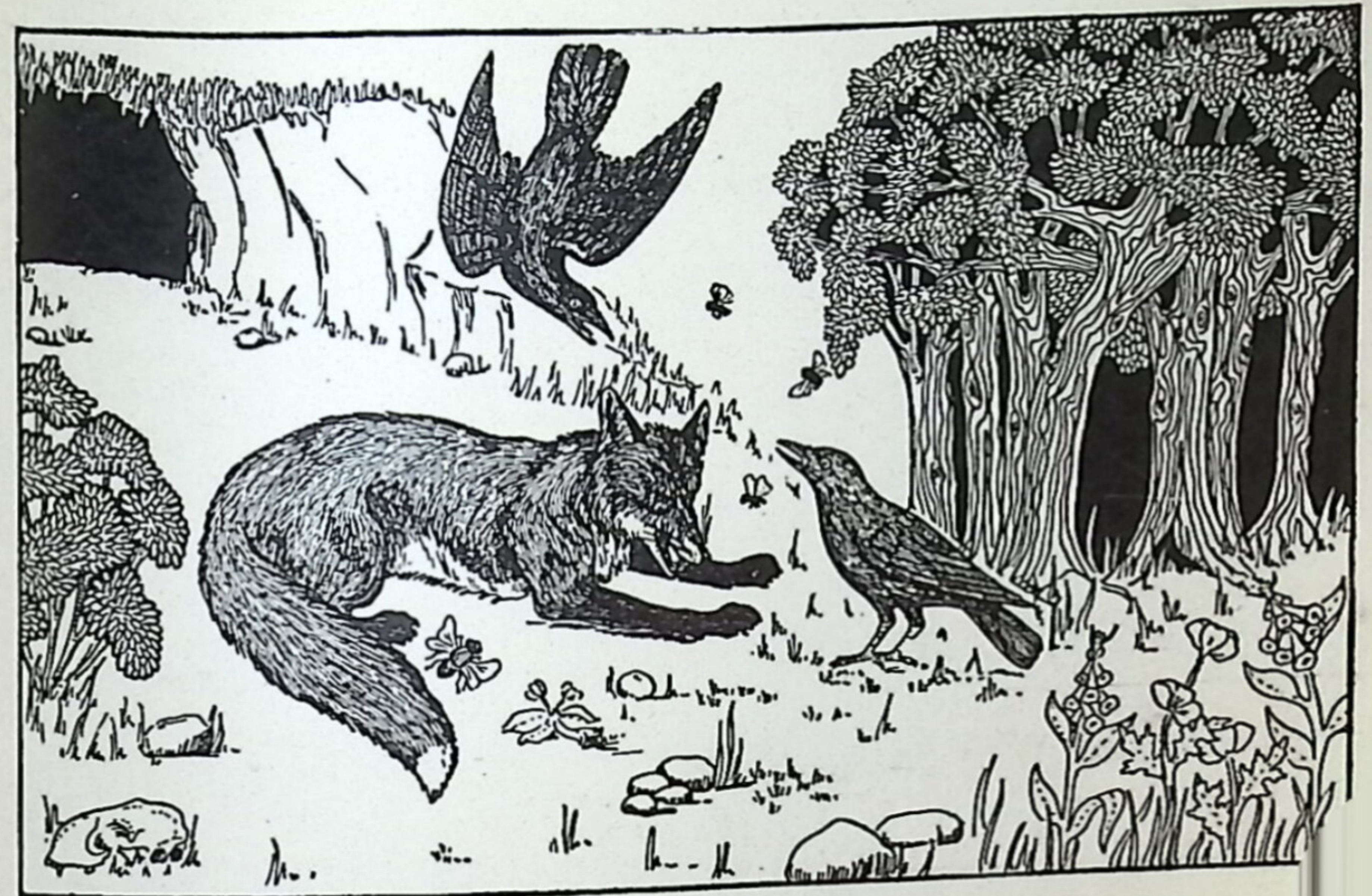
The Fox caught my chickens.

The Fox caught my dear Scratchfoot.”

“The wicked Fox!” said the King.

“The wicked, wicked Fox.”

VI



“Let me tell,” said the Crow.

So the Crow began.

And this is what he told:

“One day I flew out to find something to eat.

Mrs. Crow flew with me.

We were very hungry.
 On the ground we saw a fox.
 He lay very, very still.
 We thought he was dead.
 His mouth was open.
 His eyes were closed.
 'Is he dead?' said Mrs. Crow.
 She flew down beside him.
 Then she flew close to his head.
 She looked into his mouth.
 That was just what he wished her to do.
 He was not dead.
 Snap, snap!
 And off went Mrs. Crow's head."
 "The wicked Fox!" said the Lion.

VII

"Let me tell," said the Bear.
 So the Bear began.
 And this is what he told:
 "One day I went to the Fox's house.
 I knocked on the door.
 'Are you at home, Fox?' I asked.
 'Yes, here I am,' said the Fox.
 'Come right in.
 I am glad to see you.
 You have come a long way.
 You must be tired.
 Come in and rest.'
 So I went in and rested.
 'Do you like honey?' said the Fox.



‘O yes,’ said I.

‘Then come with me,’ said the Fox.

‘I know where there is a log full of honey.’

So we went down the road.

We went into the forest.

There lay a great log.

‘There is a bee’s nest inside,’ said the Fox

‘The log is split.

See, I will pull it apart for you.

Now put your nose far down into the log.’

I did as he told me.

‘Now put in your paws,’ said the Fox.

I did as he told me.

The honey was very sweet.

I ate a great deal.

Then what do you think?

The Fox let the log fly back.

Snap, it went.

And my paws were caught in it.

O how it hurt!

I roared and roared.

Then the farmer came.

I pulled, and pulled, and pulled.

At last I got my feet out.

O how sore they were!

I ran down to the water.

I put them in the water.

The water felt so good.

O my poor, poor feet!

Then the Fox came.

‘Ha, ha, ha!’ he laughed.

‘You left your claws in the log, didn’t you?’

Then he ran away.”

“The wicked Fox!” said the Lion.

“Yes, yes, the wicked Fox!” said the Cat.

“Yes, yes, the wicked Fox!” said the Dog.

“Yes, yes, the wicked Fox!” said the Panther.

“Yes, yes, the wicked Fox!” said the Rabbit.

VIII

“Let me tell,” said the Cat.

So the Cat began.

And this is what she told:

“I went one day to the Fox’s house.

‘I am glad to see you,’ said the Fox.

‘Come in and rest.

You must be tired.

Perhaps you are hungry, too.’

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘I am hungry.’

‘What do you eat?’ said the Fox.

‘I eat mice,’ I said.

‘Come with me,’ said the Fox.

‘I know where there are fat mice.’

So we went to the farm house.

There was a hole in the wall.

‘Go in there,’ said the Fox.

‘You will find a fine, fat mouse.’

So I put in my head.

Snap! Snap! I was in a trap.

The farmer heard me cry.

He came for me with a stick.

He hit me again and again.

He nearly killed me.

I got away.

But O, how lame I was!

My arm was broken.

My poor tail was broken.

O, how lame I was!”

“The wicked Fox!” said the Lion.

IX

“Indeed, he is a wicked Fox,” said the Goat.

“That is true,” said the Badger.

“But he’s no more wicked than the Wolf.”

“What do you mean?” asked the Lion.

“I will tell you,” said the Badger.

“The Fox and the Wolf used to be great friends.

The Wolf played mean tricks on the Fox.

Once there was a nice fat pig.

He was ready to be eaten.

‘O, I am so hungry,’ said the Wolf.

‘Are you?’ said the Fox.

‘I know where there is a nice fat pig.

Come and I will show you.’

So away they ran.

Soon they came to the farm house.

‘You wait by the tree,’ said the Fox.

‘And I will go in and get the pig.’

The Fox got the pig.

The Fox dragged the pig to the window

The Wolf pulled the pig out.

‘Now we will go shares,’ said the Fox.

‘Yes,’ said the Wolf.

But the Wolf ran away with the pig.

He ate the whole pig.

Then he threw the bones at the Fox.

‘Here is your half,’ he said.”

“The wicked Wolf!” said the Lion.

X

“I can tell another story of this Wolf,”
said the Badger.

“One day the Wolf and the Fox were
out for a walk.

They were very hungry.

They saw a fish cart.

It was coming down the street.

‘I will play dead,’ said the Fox.

‘Then the man will pick me up.

He will put me in the cart.

I will lie still in the cart.

Then I will throw the fish out to you.

By and by I will jump out.

Then we will eat the fish.’

‘That is good,’ said the Wolf.

So the Wolf went and hid.

Reynard lay down in the road.

The fish cart came along.

‘What is this?’ said the fish man.

‘Why, it is a dead fox.

How fine!

What long fur he has!

And what a bushy tail.

I will take him home.

I will make a coat from the fur.’

So the man put the Fox into his cart.

Soon the man forgot the Fox.

‘Now is my time,’ said the Fox.

So he began to throw out the fish.

One, two, three!

Four, five, six!

Ten — twenty — thirty nice fish the Fox
threw out from the cart.

Then the Fox himself jumped out of
the cart.

‘You did that well,’ said the Wolf.

‘You did that very well.’

‘Yes,’ said the Fox.

‘Now let us eat the fish.’

‘But I have eaten them all,’ said the
Wolf.

‘What!’ cried the Fox.

And the Wolf ran away laughing.”

“The wicked Wolf!” said the Lion.

XI

The Lion was puzzled.

“What shall I do?” said he.

“I ought to have the Fox killed.

But he is no worse than the Wolf.

I ought to have the Wolf killed.

But he is no worse than the Fox.”

“O King, let me go and get the Fox,”
said the Badger.

“Let me bring him to you.

Let him speak for himself.

Perhaps he is not so bad as he seems.”

“Yes, go and get the Fox,” said the Lion.

“Bring him to me.

I will hear what he has to say.”

So the Badger went to get the Fox.

"Come with me," said the Badger.

"The King wishes to talk with you."

"I will not come," said the Fox.

"Yes, you will," said the Badger.

And the Fox had to obey the Badger.

"What have they been saying about me?" asked the Fox.

"Did the Cat tell anything?"

"Yes, she did."

"And did the Dog tell anything?"

"Yes, he did."

"And the Bear?"

"Yes."

"And the Rabbit?"

"Yes."

"And the Wolf?"

"Yes."

"And the Panther?"

"Yes."

"And the Rooster?"

"Yes."

"Ah me, ah me!" cried the Fox.

"The King will kill me.

O, O, O! the King will kill me.

I am afraid to go."

"Come along," said the Badger.

"I will think of some way to escape,"

said the Fox.

So he came along with the Badger.



PART II.

I

By and by the Fox reached the forest.

There sat the Lion.

Behind him sat the Panther and the Cat.

On one side sat the Dog and the Wolf.

On the other side sat the Rooster and the Rabbit.

The Fox went up to the Lion.

He bowed very, very low.

“He is a polite Fox,” thought the Lion.

“O Lion,” said the Fox, “you are a great, great King.”

“Keep still,” said the King.

“Do not talk to me.

You are a wicked Fox.

You shall be hanged."

So the rope was brought.

The Cat tied it around the Fox's neck.

"Now we are ready," said the King.

"Wait a minute," said the Fox.

"Before I die let me tell you something."

"What do you wish to tell?" asked the
Lion.

"I wish to tell the story of my life.

I know I have been wicked.

I learned to be wicked when I was a
very little fox.

I used to hunt in the wood.

I used to kill little animals.

But one day I was out hunting alone.

I found a cave of gold."

"What?" cried the Lion.

"Yes, a cave of gold," said the Fox.

"Cat, untie the rope," said the King.

"Let me hear about the gold."

"Thank you," said the Fox.

"I will tell you."

"Now I shall get away," said the Fox
to himself.

"Go on with your story," said the King.

"It was like this," said the Fox.

"I found the cave of gold.

Then I went home and told Mrs. Fox.

Each night we went to the cave.

Each night we took away some of the gold.

We dug a hole and hid it.

One night I saw the Bear near the cave.

He did not see me.

The Wolf was with him.

And the Rooster.

And the Cat.

And the Dog.

And the Panther.

They were talking about you, O King!

They were plotting to kill you.

They said that they did not like you.

They said that the Bear ought to be King."

"The wicked Wolf!" cried the Lion.

"The wicked Cat!

The wicked Panther!

The wicked Bear!

Put them in jail!

Put them in jail!"

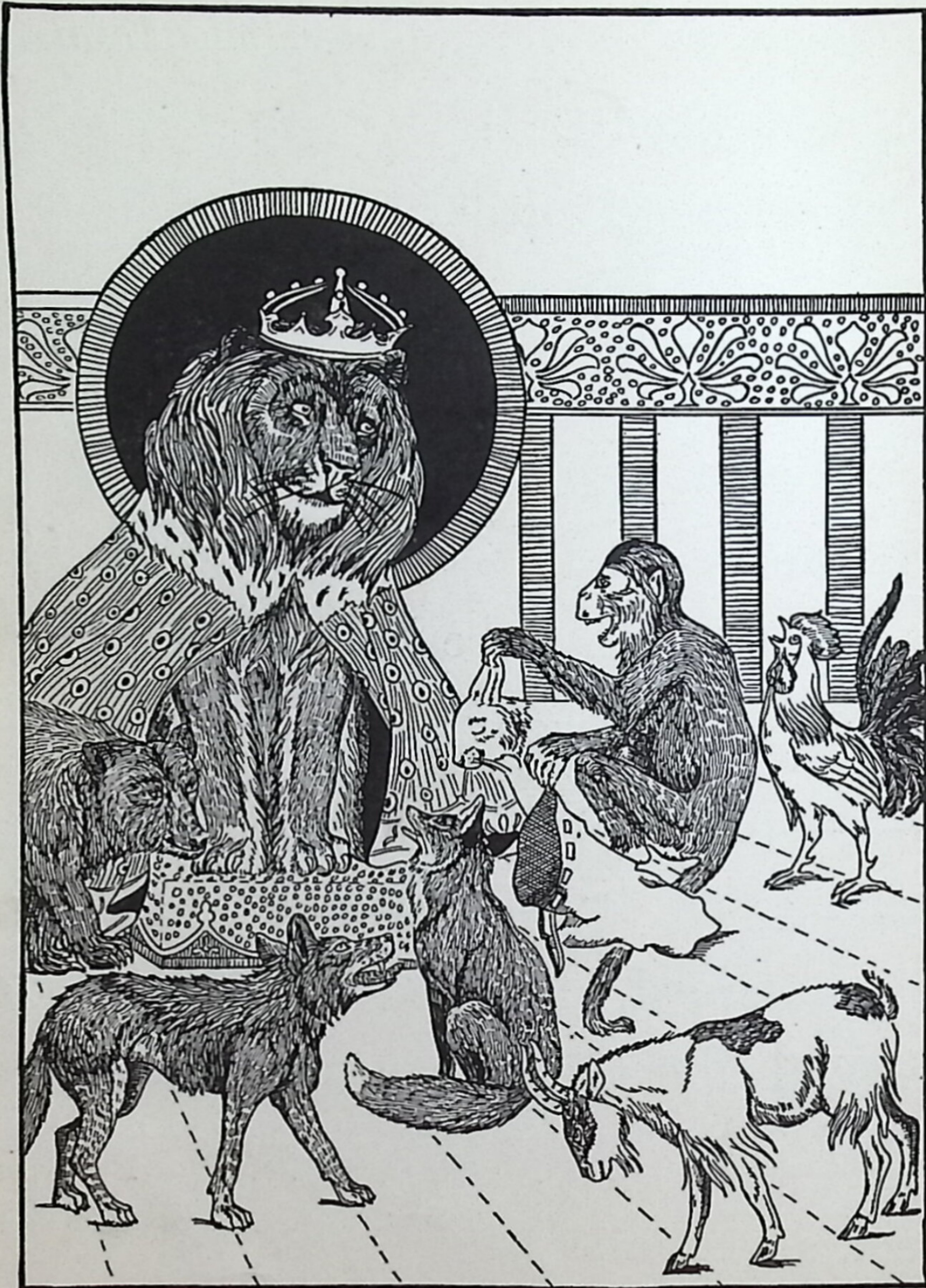
So the Bear and the Wolf and the Panther and the Cat were put in jail.

And the Fox went back to his home.

He laughed to think how he had fooled the King.

He laughed to think of the Bear and the Wolf and the Cat and the Panther in jail.

All, all in jail!



II

The Lion, however, soon learned that he had been fooled.

So he called the Fox again to him.

“I hear that you have killed the Rabbit,” said the Lion.

“I killed the Rabbit?” cried the Fox.

“Yes, you killed the Rabbit,” said the Lion.

“You shall not lie to me again.

You are a wicked Fox.

You killed the Rabbit.

You put his head in a bag.

You sent the bag to me by the Goat.

You are a wicked Fox!”

“What did you say about a bag?” asked the Fox.

“What did you say about the Rabbit’s head?”

“You know what I said,” said the Lion.

“You know that you killed the Rabbit.

“You know that you sent his head to me in a bag.

You know that you sent it by the Goat.

“Why, why!” said the Fox.

“How very strange!

I did put something in a bag.

But it was not the Rabbit’s head.

O dear, no, no, no!

Itold the Goat to bring something to you.

But it was not the Rabbit’s head.

O no, no, no, no!

In the bag were a comb and a ring and a looking glass.

They were gifts for you, O King!

The Goat must have stolen them.

He must have taken them out of the bag.

He must have put the Rabbit’s head in their place.

Listen, O King, and I will tell you.

The ring had a bright red stone.

It was a magic ring.

Nothing evil could happen to any one who wore that ring.

O King, I wanted you to have it.
 Then the Wolf could not hurt you.
 The Bear could not hurt you.
 No one could hurt you.
 And there was a comb in the bag, too.
 A wonderful comb!
 It was made of sweet smelling bone.
 It was like roses and pinks.
 There were pictures on it too.
 Pictures of gold.
 And the looking glass!
 O dear, dear!
 It was a magic glass.
 You could see the whole world in it!
 You could see miles away.

It had a wide frame with pictures on it."

Then up jumped the Wolf.

"King, O King, listen!" he cried.

"The Fox is lying again.

Do not believe him!

Do not believe him!"

"Do not believe him," cried the Goat.

"Do not believe him," cried the Cat.

"Do not believe him," cried the Panther.

"Do not believe him," cried the Rooster.

"Do not believe him," cried the Dog.



III

The King knew not what to do.
 He wished to have the wonderful gifts.
 What if the Fox spoke the truth?
 The King thought and thought.

“Go, Fox,” said the King at last, “and find these things.”

“No, no!” cried the Goat.

“Do not let him get away.
 Let us fight with him.”

“Yes, yes,” said the Dog.

“Yes, yes,” said the Cat.

“Yes, yes,” said the Rooster.

“Yes, yes,” said the Panther.

“Very well, fight,” said the King.

IV

“O dear,” said the Fox, “how can I fight so many animals?”

“I will help you,” said a friend.

“O do help me!” said the Fox.

“What shall I do?”

“Go first and shave yourself.

Then cover yourself with oil.

Then fill your bushy tail with dust.”

The Fox laughed.

“How strange!” said he.

“Yes,” said the friend.

“But the oil will make you slippery.

Then they can not get a hold upon you.

And you can wave your dusty tail in their eyes.

Then they cannot see you.”

“O yes, yes,” laughed the Fox.

So the Fox went away into the forest.

First, he covered himself over with oil

How strange he looked!

Then he found a hill of dust.

In this, he whisked and whisked his tail.

Soon it was filled with dust.

“Now I will go back to the King,” said the Fox.

There the King was waiting for him.

The animals were waiting, too.



V

Soon all was ready.

The Lion sat upon his throne.

“One—two—READY!” cried the King.

Then the Wolf and the Fox flew at each other.

There was a fierce, fierce fight.

They fought and fought and fought.

But the slippery Fox slipped through the paws of the Wolf.

Also the dust from his tail got into the Wolf’s eyes.

“Not fair! not fair!” cried the Cat.

“Not fair! not fair!” cried the Dog.

“Not fair! not fair!” cried the Goat.

“Not fair! not fair!” cried the Panther.

“Not fair! not fair!” cried the Rooster.

“Stop your fighting!” cried the King.

“You shall all fight again to-morrow.”

So then the fight ended.

Then the Fox went away to rest.

The Wolf, however, went away to think.

“He was so slippery that I could not hold him,” the Wolf said.

“And the dust from his tail blinded my eyes.

The sly, tricky Fox!

I will get even with him.”

So the Wolf went to the forest.

He oiled himself as the Fox had done.

Then he whisked his tail in the dust.

VI

To-morrow came.

Again the fight began.

The two fought and fought and fought.

How the dust flew!

They fought until at last the Fox fell dead.

And very soon the Wolf fell dead.

And then—

“Thank you!” cried the Rabbit.

And out jumped the Rabbit from the Fox’s side.

“Cheer, cheer!” cried the Dog.

“Cheer, cheer!” cried the Cat.

“Cheer, cheer!” cried the Rooster.

“Cheer, cheer!” cried the Panther.

“Cheer, cheer!” cried the Bear.

So this was the end of

REYNARD THE FOX.

VOCABULARY

Rey nard

li on

beasts

par ty

an i mals

in vit ed

pan ther

rab bit

badg er

be gan

cru el

ba bies

wick ed

roos ter

beau ti ful

chick ens

scratch

foot

some thing

hun gry

knock

hon ey

for est

a part

wa ter

win dow

bush y

laugh ing

puz zled

an y thing

comb

look ing glass

plot ting

learned

fooled

smell ing

mag ic

pic tures

be lieve

fierce

oiled

slip per y

