

The 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 until he came to the town pond. There he saw a frog. 'Mmmmm,' 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.

He said to the candlestick maker, 'May I leave my bag here while I visit my uncle?' 'Of course you can.'

said the candlestick maker. 'Very well,' said Mr Fox 'but 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 hopped the frog! A large brown rat pounced onto the frog and ate it up in one huge gulp.

Unfortunately, at that moment back came Mr Fox.

'Where's my frog?' 'I'm sorry,' said the candlestick maker,

'I opened up your bag and it hopped out and that large brown rat ate it up!' 'Right,' said the Fox, 'I'll have the rat instead.' so he grabbed the rat, shoved it into the 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.

He said to the baker, 'May I leave my bag here while I visit my uncle?'

'Of course you can.' said the baker.

'Very well,' said Mr Fox 'but 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 back came Mr Fox. 'Where's my rat?'

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

'Right,' said the Fox. 'I'll have your 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.

He said to the butcher, 'May I leave my bag here while I visit my uncle?'

'Of course you can.' said the butcher.

'Very well,' said Mr Fox 'but 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 out into the farmyard and was chased off by a little boy.

Unfortunately, at that moment, back came Mr Fox.

'Where's my puppy?'

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

'Right,' said the fox.

'I'll have ... some meat instead.'

So he grabbed a leg of lamb that was on the table, shoved it into the 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 fresh
meat in the bag.

Soon he had twenty dogs following him, then thirty dogs, then forty.

They began barking at his heels so he ran and
he ran and he ran.

Out of the town, out of the town,

Over the down, over the down,

Across the lea, across the lea,

Down to the sea, down to the sea.

And as far as I know Mr Fox is still running to this day,
still chased by that pack of dogs.