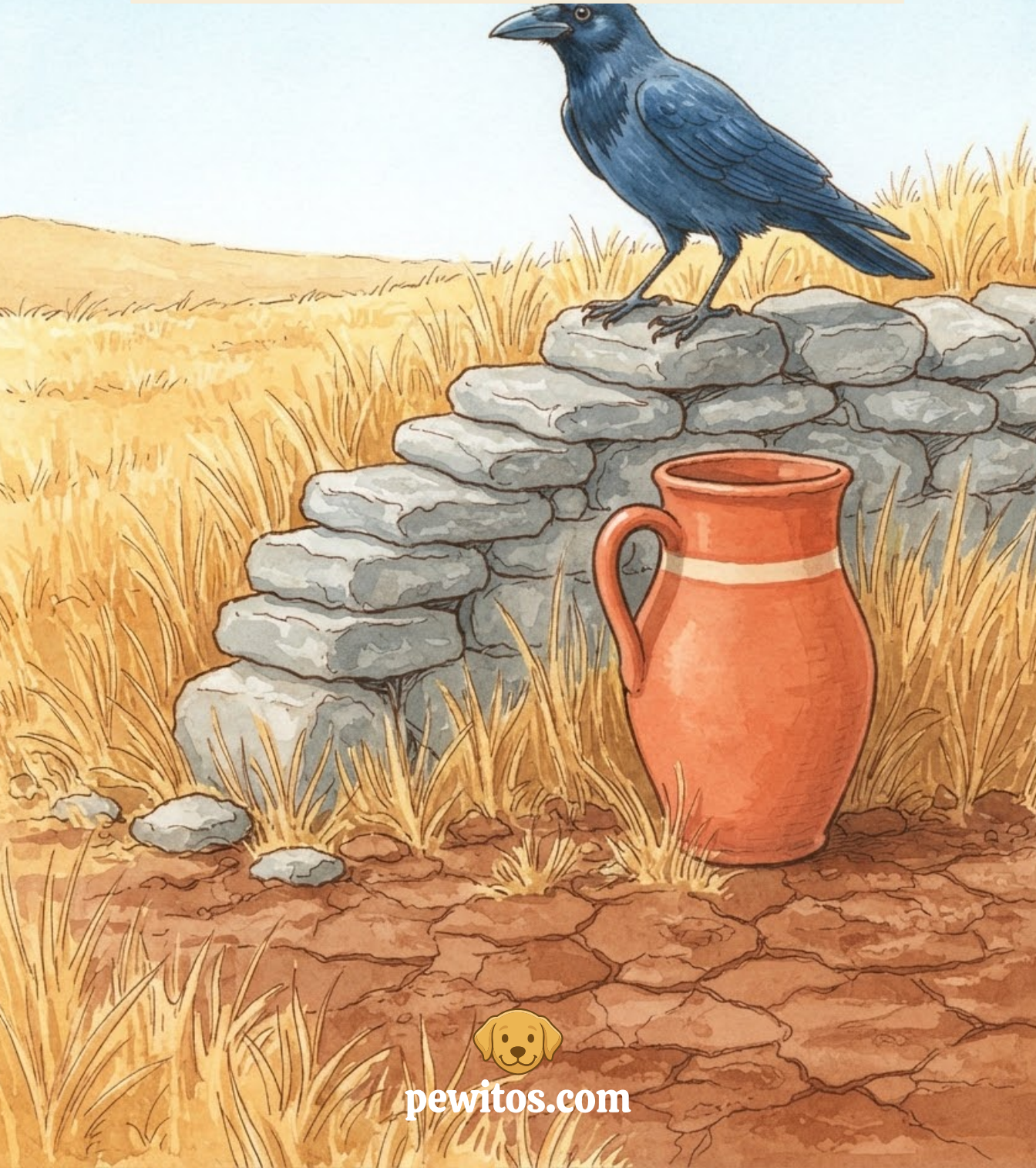
AESOP'S FABLES

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER



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AESOP'S FABLES

The Crow and the Pitcher

An illustrated edition by Pewitos

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It was a very dry summer, and the puddles had turned into cracked earth. A crow flew over the golden fields looking for a drop of water.

He flew down to the stream where he always drank. But the stream had dried up too: only hot stones and hard mud were left.

He flew on, farther than ever before. The sun was burning, and his wings felt heavier and heavier. If he didn't find water soon, he would not be able to go on.

Then, beside a stone wall, he saw a clay pitcher.
He swooped down, his heart full of hope.

He perched on the rim and peered inside. Far down at the bottom, something was shining. It was water!

He put in his beak and stretched his neck as far as it would go. But the water was so far down that he could not reach it.

Then he pushed the pitcher with all his strength to tip it over. The pitcher was thick and heavy: it wobbled a little, but it did not fall.

Then he tried to peck a hole in it. Tock, tock, tock! His beak hurt, and the pitcher stayed just the same.

Tired, he went to the shade of the olive tree. He looked at the ground and saw many small round pebbles. Suddenly, he had an idea.

He picked up a pebble in his beak and dropped it into the pitcher. Plink! When he looked, he saw that the water had risen... just a tiny bit.

If one pebble made the water rise a little, many would make it rise a lot. He fetched another, and another. Plink, plank, plonk!

His wings ached and the sun was burning. He peered in: the water was still far away. But it had risen, and the crow did not give up.

Soon there were no pebbles left near the pitcher. He had to fly out to the field to find more, one by one.

The water rose and rose, closer and closer. It was almost there. The crow dropped one more pebble... plink!

The water reached the mouth of the pitcher! The crow dipped in his beak and took a long drink, cool and clean.

He drank until he was no longer thirsty. Then he shook out his feathers and spread his wings. He felt strong again!

Before sunset, he brought more pebbles from the field and left them in a little pile beside the pitcher, in case the water went down again.

The next morning, the heat had drunk up some of the water. But this time the crow didn't push or peck: he dropped in two pebbles from his little pile, and he drank.

The day was hot again. But the crow no longer flew back and forth with a dry beak: he rested in the olive tree, near his pitcher.

At sunset, he perched on the wall and looked at the pitcher full of pebbles. What strength could not do, patience had done, one pebble at a time.

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About this edition

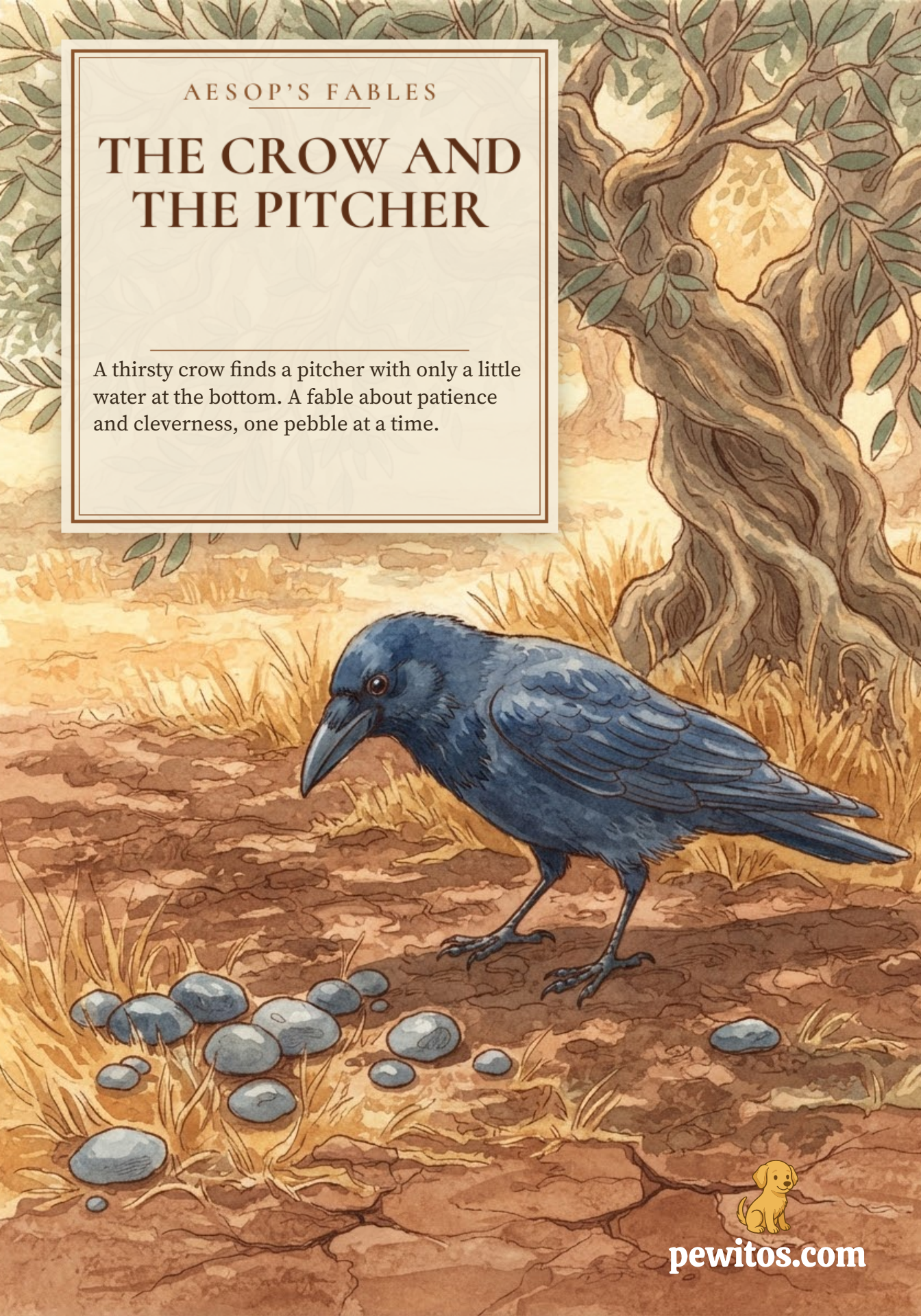
The Crow and the Pitcher

A fable from Greek tradition attributed to Aesop, an ancient storyteller. A thirsty crow discovers that patience and ingenuity can do what strength cannot. This is a Pewitos adaptation.

AESOP'S FABLES

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

A thirsty crow finds a pitcher with only a little water at the bottom. A fable about patience and cleverness, one pebble at a time.



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