The duck and the fox

A duck once went for a walk

It was nice weather

and she felt happy and carefree.

Received at the edge of the forest they suddenly saw the fox, who was leaning against a tree

‘Hey, that exceeds well,’ the fox said.

I’m starving and a nice duck duckling would give me best flavors.’

‘Dear fox,’ said the duck,’ you want to eat me?

Pity that i do not feel good today.

I have attached eaten something bad.

I believe that i must surrender.’

‘Bah,’ called the fox,

‘a sick duck i delight not.

Crawl in bed early and make sure you will get better soon.’

Relieved walked the duck home.

The way she picked a bunch of flowers to celebrate her escape.

But when they cozy home was drinking a cup of tea, she thought: What should i say when i meet the fox again?

The next day, the duck had again come up with a new list.

She took a shovel from the shed and…

…began to dig a hole.

Deeper and deeper they dug , and when the hole was deep enough, she put it thin branches over it.

Over it scatterend them leaves, and finally a layer of earth.

So no one could see what a beautiful trap she had made.

The fox awoke early and streched.

My what i have a hungry, he thought.

Today i eat the duck on.

This time they will not escape.

And he hastily made his way.

’Duckling,’ fox shouted from afar,

‘now i must really eat, I starving.’

‘Yes fox, dear friend, i know. I’m already waiting for you.

I hope it will taste.’

Impatient ran the fox forward and…

…suddenly fell the ground under his feet road.

‘Help, get me out of there immediately!‘ he shouted furiously.

But the duck went home happy.

At night, she heard loud wailing fox.

The next day the duck went back and looked into the pit.

’Dear duck,’ begged the fox howling,’ get me out.

I promise you that i will never eat more duck.’

‘ If you promise, I,II help you,’ said the duck.

And she took home a sturdy rope and thus pulled the fox up.

What that happy!

To satisfy the hunger of the fox the clever duck had brought some food.

’Duckling,’ he said, when he had eaten around his belly,’ I love you. Will you marry me?

’No,’ she said,’ i will not marry you.

Foxes are too fond of ducks.

But we can be friends.’