

The Crow and The Fox

From the book "Children's Classics in Dramatic Form" by Augusta Stevenson
Suggested by Aesop's Fable, The Crow and the Fox

TIME: Yesterday at noon.

PLACE: A high tree in a grove.

CHARACTERS:

Madam Crow

Miss Crow (daughter of Madam Crow)

Master Fox

(The scene begins with Madam Crow sitting in the tree. Enter Miss Crow. She carries a large piece of cheese in her mouth.)

MADAM: Oh joy! Oh joy! Come, dear daughter, come! We'll dine as if we were queen and princess!

(Miss Crow flies to Madam Crow. Enter Master Fox.)

FOX: I bid you good morning, dear Madam.

MADAM: Good morning to you, dear sir.

FOX: *(Sitting under tree.)* With your permission, I'll speak with your daughter.

MADAM: She'll be pleased to listen, that she will—you are so clever.

FOX: *(Modestly.)* Nay, Madam, not so clever, only thoughtful. *(He sighs deeply twice.)*

MADAM: You have something on your mind.

FOX: *(Sighing.)* Yes, dear Madam, —I am thinking of your daughter.

MADAM: Then speak! Speak now, sir! —at once, sir!

FOX: I speak. Oh sweet Miss Crow, how beautiful your wings are!

MADAM: *(Pleased.)* Do you hear that, daughter?

(Miss Crow nods, spreading her wings proudly.)

FOX: I speak again. How bright your eye, dear maid! How graceful your neck!

MADAM: Bend your neck, child! Now bend it well that he may better see your grace.

(Miss Crow bends neck twice.)

FOX: But oh, that such a sweet bird should be dumb! –should be so utterly dumb! *(He weeps gently in his little pocket handkerchief.)*

MADAM: *(Indignantly.)* Do you think, sir, she cannot caw as well as the rest of us?

FOX: I must think so, dear Madam. Alas! *(Weeping again in his little pocket handkerchief.)*

MADAM: You shall think so, then, no longer! Caw, child, caw, as you have never cawed before!

MISS CROW: *(Opening mouth; dropping cheese.)* Caw! Caw!

(Fox quickly snaps up the cheese.)

FOX: *(Going.)* Thank you, Miss Crow. Remember, dear Madam, that whatever I said of her beauty, I said nothing of her brains. *(He goes, waving the crows a farewell with his little pocket handkerchief.)*