

The Dog and the Bone - An Aesop Fable

Crossing a bridge with a bone in his teeth, a dog stopped to stare at the river beneath.

And what did he see in that watery shine? There's a dog right below with a bone just like mine.

"If I could get that bone, then I would have two, a much nicer number on which I can chew."

He snatched for that second, but opening his mouth, his barks all flew northward, his bone – it went south.

It splashed in the river quite dousing our Hero, and sunk. So he slunk home, a bone count of zero.