

Aesop's Fables

9. THE DOG, THE COCKEREL AND THE FOX

By Tracey Hammett

Dog lived in the farmyard and it was her job to let everyone know when someone was at the gate. And she did her job very well. Cockerel lived in the farmyard too and it was his job to wake everyone up in the morning! He was an excellent alarm clock.

One day Dog said to Cockerel 'Let's go for an adventure in the big wide world.'

'I'm not sure that's a good idea,' Cockerel replied, 'I've heard that there's a fox nearby whose favourite food is cockerel pie!'

'Well if a fox tries to bake you in a pie!' said Dog, 'I'll soon sort him out: GRRRRR GRRRR!'

'In that case, I'll come with you!' said Cockerel.

So off they went.

The big wide world was wide indeed, with sky at the top and hills underneath and a squiggly path that seemed to go on forever.

The two friends journeyed along the path, then, just as the sun slipped behind the hills they came to a wood.

'It'll be dark soon,' said Cockerel. 'Let's find a place to sleep.'

'This tree looks perfect,' woofed Dog, 'it's big and it's hollow, so I can curl up inside and keep guard!'

'And there's a wide branch where I can roost!' said Cockerel.

Dog curled up in the hollow tree and Cockerel roosted on the branch.

Suddenly they heard a sound. 'What was that?' said Cockerel.

'Just an owl,' woofed Dog.

'Oh, thank goodness,' said Cockerel, 'I thought it was a fox coming to gobble me up! 'Yes,' said Cockerel, 'foxes are slinky and sneaky and sly and their favourite food is cockerel pie!'

'I'll protect you!' said Dog, 'A fox can't find you on that branch anyway, not unless you cock-a-doodle-doo.'

'That's true!' said Cockerel. 'Goodnight, Dog!'





‘Goodnight, Cockerel - and remember not to cock-a-doodle-doo in the morning, or the fox might hear you!’

Cockerel slept happily after that.

But in the morning when the sun came up, he thought he was still on the farm. So he let out a loud COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.

Which woke up Fox.

‘Oops!’ clucked Cockerel, ‘Now I’ve gone and done it!’

‘Good morning, Cockerel,’ growled Fox.

‘Good morning!’ Cockerel replied nervously.

Fox narrowed his eyes, ‘I haven’t seen you in this wood before!’

‘I only arrived last night,’ clucked Cockerel nervously.

‘Why don’t you invite me up, it would be rude not to,’ said Fox.

‘I haven’t tidied up yet!’ said Cockerel, ‘Pop back later!’

‘I don’t mind if your branch is untidy!’ said Fox.

Cockerel sighed, ‘Come on up then,’ he said slyly. ‘Go round to the door at the bottom of the tree and my porter will let you in!’

Fox grinned to himself a sneaky grin...a thread of drool hung from his chin. He went to the hollow in the tree...where Dog was waiting patiently.

‘Hey, Mr Fox, you wanted to trick me and gobble me up, but I tricked you instead!’ clucked Cockerel.

Fox ran off as fast as he could...and he’s never been seen in that part of the wood again.

‘That was an adventure!’ Dog yapped.

And home they went to tell the tale of how the Fox’s plan had failed.