

The Wolf and the Fox

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Long ago, high in the Pyrenees, where the wind whistles through the rocks and splinters sparkle like diamonds, lived a large and proud wolf. This wolf, with dark gray fur and eyes as yellow as the autumn sun, always boasted that he was the strongest and bravest animal in all the mountains. He spent his days strolling along the crags, frightening the chamois and shouting to anyone who would listen:

“No one is more powerful than I! I am the king of these mountains!”

Nearby, among the stones and mountain grasses, lived a small but very cunning fox. Her fur was the color of reddish earth, and her eyes shone as if they held a secret. The fox listened to the wolf’s boasts, but said nothing. She only watched and smiled to herself, because she knew that strength isn’t everything in life.

One night, as the sun began to hide behind the mountains and the chill of night approached, the fox was returning to her den, carrying a good-sized piece of sausage she had found along the way. The smell of the fried, crispy sausage wafted through the air, and the wolf, who was passing by, caught a whiff of it instantly.

“Hey, fox!” growled the wolf, planting himself in front of her. “This sausage is mine. Give it to me right now, or you’ll see what happens.”

The fox, without losing her composure, placed the sausage on the ground and looked at the wolf with her bright eyes.

“Of course, Mr. Wolf,” she said softly. “You’re the strongest, and I don’t want any trouble.” “But if you’ll allow me, I have a better proposal.”

The wolf frowned, intrigued.

“What proposal?” he growled.

“Look,” continued the fox, “beyond this hill, in my den, I have not one, but two sausages, as beautiful as this one. If you help me cross the Segre River, which is running high from the rains, I’ll give them to you.”

The wolf licked his lips at the thought of two sausages instead of one.

“Deal!” he exclaimed. “But don’t try to trick me, fox.”

“Never!” she replied, placing a paw on her chest as a solemn promise.

Together, they headed toward the Segre River, whose waters rushed down from the mountains. When they arrived, the fox pointed to a narrow bridge made of interwoven reeds, like the ones the local farmers built.

“The bridge is fragile,” explained the fox. “You’d better go first, Mr. Wolf. Your weight will make it more stable when I cross after you.”

The wolf, puffed up with pride, didn’t think twice.

“Of course!” he said, and without another word, stepped onto the bridge.

But as soon as his heavy paws touched the reeds, they began to creak and give way. The wolf, frightened, tried to back away, but it was too late. With a loud crack, the bridge broke, and the wolf fell into the cold waters of the river.

“Auuuu!” he howled, as the current swept him downstream.

The fox, from the bank, couldn’t help but laugh.

“The strongest isn’t always the smartest, Mr. Wolf!” she called after him, as the wolf disappeared into the foamy water.

In time, the wolf managed to get out of the river, wet and shivering with cold. From that day on, he stopped boasting so much and learned to respect the other animals, especially the little fox, who had taught him a lesson he would never forget.

And so, in the Pyrenees, this story is told to remind us that intelligence and cunning can be more powerful than brute force, and that humility is a virtue we should all cultivate.