



-Mad King Fox-

The farmer's wife whispered to the farmer "Here comes the king!" Then she tittered. For up the path to the little mountain farm came presently a fox, his gait long and regal, his nose held high. A paper crown and a tattered cape rested upon him in the noblest possible ways.

"Oh ho!" said the farmer. "My liege!" He bowed.

"Yes, yes, I am the king!" proclaimed the fox. "And furthermore there shall be a tax upon the raising of hunting dogs!"

"Indeed!" mocked the farmer. "And certainly that tax shall be collected in voles and rabbits! Ha ha!"

The farmer laughed and pointed at the fox, as did his wife. "The fox king ..." they laughed. " ... He decrees it! It must be law!"

The fox king did not laugh. Instead, with but a whisper, his guards were upon the farmers, tearing their throats with halberds for their transgressions.

The moral of the story is: Be wary of kings in kings' clothing.