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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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The Owl And The Grasshopper

The Owl always takes her sleep during the day. Then after sundown, when the rosy light fades from the sky and the shadows rise slowly through the wood, out she comes ruffling and blinking from the old hollow tree. Now her weird "hoo-hoo-hoo-oo-oo" echoes through the quiet wood, and she begins her hunt for the bugs and beetles, frogs and mice she likes so well to eat. Now there was a certain old Owl who had become very cross and hard to please as she grew older, especially if anything disturbed her daily slumbers. One warm summer afternoon as she dozed away in her den in the old oak tree, a Grasshopper nearby began a joyous but very raspy song. Out popped the old Owl's head from the opening in the tree that served her both for door and for window.

"Get away from here, sir," she said to the Grasshopper. "Have you no manners? You should at least respect my age and leave me to sleep in quiet!"

But the Grasshopper answered saucily that he had as much right to his place in the sun as the Owl had to





her place in the old oak.
Then he struck up a louder
and still more rasping tune.

The wise old Owl knew quite
well that it would do no
good to argue with the
Grasshopper, nor with
anybody else for that

matter. Besides, her eyes were not sharp enough by day
to permit her to punish the Grasshopper as he
deserved. So she laid aside all hard words and spoke
very kindly to him.

"Well sir," she said, "if I must stay awake, I am going
to settle right down to enjoy your singing. Now that I
think of it, I have a wonderful wine here, sent me from
Olympus, of which I am told Apollo drinks before he
sings to the high gods. Please come up and taste this
delicious drink with me. I know it will make you sing like
Apollo himself."

The foolish Grasshopper was taken in by the Owl's
flattering words. Up he jumped to the Owl's den, but as
soon as he was near enough so the old Owl could see
him clearly, she pounced upon him and ate him up.