**THE FROG AND THE OX**

NARRATOR  
Squatting in the reeds at the edge of a still pond, the grand-daddy of all bullfrogs is just about to doze off for his afternoon nap. He slowly opens one eye, then the other as his youngest frog son bounds up to him, barely controlling his long  
fly-paper tongue.  
  
LITTLE FROG  
*(Ribbiting excitedly)*Oh Daddy, there is a horrendously huge monster up on the hill!  
He's a mountainous fur-covered lump with two tapering horns on his head,  
a bug-swatter on the rear and his feet are frog-squashing split hooves!  
  
NARRATOR  
Lumpy, leather-skinned old Bullfrog let his vanity show  
as he answered his unworldly young son.  
  
BULLFROG  
*(Croaking arrogantly)*Tsk, tsk, my child, it is merely the farmer's ox. That matted creature is somewhat larger than I only when I've let out all my air to bathe in the sun.  
  
LITTLE FROG  
But, Daddy! He is a lumbering behemoth!  
  
BULLFROG  
Watch me! I can be a moth as big as he is!  
  
NARRATOR  
Bullfrog sucks in two big gulps of air and inflates himself to twice his size.  
  
BULLFROG  
*(Trying not to exhale)*Is Ox as big as I am?  
  
LITTLE FROG  
You'll have to get bigger than that, Daddy.  
  
NARRATOR  
Bullfrog inhales again, drawing in enough air to become three times  
his normal size. Through pursed lips, he asks the same question.  
  
BULLFROG  
Is Ox as big as I am?  
  
LITTLE FROG  
You'll have to get much bigger than that , Daddy.  
  
NARRATOR  
Once more bulging Bullfrog draws in as much air as possible,  
barely managing to ask the question once more.  
  
BULLFROG  
........ Ox ....... big ......... as... I..?  
  
NARRATOR  
With his last word, ballooned Bullfrog burst!  
The suddenly liberated air from the deflated ego whooshed  
the dismayed little Frog to the ground.  
  
LITTLE FROG  
Oh Daddy, what a depressing sight! You went from fat to flat!  
  
NARRATOR  
The moral of the story: Self-conceit may lead to self-destruction.