

## AUNT FOX AND THE FRIED FISH

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Early morning, Uncle Fox was strolling through the forest when he came upon a river full of fish. Watching the fish jump and splash made Uncle Fox very hungry, so he decided to try his luck at fishing. He soon caught three big, beautiful fish. Uncle Fox rushed home with his catch. "Aunt Fox, come and see what luck I've had today!" he called to his wife.

"Oh my! What huge fish!" cried Aunt Fox, licking her chops hungrily. "You're right," said Uncle Fox. "You and I won't be able to eat all three of them. Why don't we invite Uncle Tiger to lunch? That would make him happy." "Excellent, Uncle Fox," agreed Aunt Fox. "Go and invite Uncle Tiger. I'll fry the fish, and we'll have a wonderful meal!" Uncle Fox smiled and went off to find Uncle Tiger. Aunt Fox put all three fish in a frying pan and placed them on the stove. The mouthwatering smell of fried fish floated through the house.

Aunt Fox's stomach began to grumble and growl. "I should try a piece of my fish," she thought to herself. "What if I didn't use enough salt? But I'll only eat a small piece. After all, it would be terrible if I ate up all my fish before Uncle Fox comes back." Aunt Fox began nibbling at her fish. How tender and delicious it tasted! She forgot all about waiting for Uncle Fox and Uncle Tiger. In a few seconds, she had licked her plate clean. "That was tasty!" Aunt Fox exclaimed. "Maybe I should try Uncle Fox's fish. He's very picky. If his fish isn't delightfully crispy and well-seasoned, I'm sure he'll be upset."

So Aunt Fox started nibbling at the second fish. First she ate the tail, then a fin, then the head. Before she knew it, Uncle Fox's fish was gone! "My goodness, I've eaten the whole thing!" Aunt Fox cried. Now there was only one fish left. "Oh, well," murmured Aunt Fox. "The damage is done. I might as well eat the last one too." And Aunt Fox gobbled up the third fish. At last Uncle Fox arrived with Uncle Tiger. "Have you fried the fish?" Uncle Fox asked his wife. "Of course I have!"

she told him. "I put them by the fire so they wouldn't get cold." "Well, serve them right away. We're starving. Right, Uncle Tiger?"

"Yes, Uncle Fox" agreed Uncle Tiger. "The fish smell so wonderful I can hardly wait to eat." "Please sit here, Uncle Tiger," said Aunt Fox. "I will set the table." "Thank you, Aunt Fox," said Uncle Tiger as he sat down. Before Uncle Fox could sit down, Aunt Fox called him aside. "The fish were old and tough," she whispered. "They will be hard to cut. Go out to the patio and sharpen the knives." Uncle Fox hurried outside. Soon Aunt Fox and Uncle Tiger could hear the harsh sound of Uncle Fox scraping knives against a stone. Aunt Fox rushed over to Uncle Tiger. "Do you hear that?" she cried. "That's my husband, sharpening a knife. He's gone crazy! He told me he wants to eat your ears, Uncle Tiger! That's why he invited you for lunch. Run - before he comes back inside!"

Terrified, Uncle Tiger raced out of the house. Just then, Aunt Fox shouted, "Uncle Fox! Uncle Fox! Come quickly! Uncle Tiger has stolen all our fish!" Uncle Fox dashed after Uncle Tiger. "Uncle Tiger, Uncle Tiger, please come back!" he begged. "Let me have at least one of them!" Uncle Tiger, who thought Uncle Fox was begging for his ears, fled in fear. Faster and faster he ran. And he didn't stop until he reached his home, safe and sound.