THE SINGING DONKEY

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An old donkey was wandering all alone at night. A jackal saw him and asked, “Why Uncle, where are you going at this time?”

“My dear Nephew,” replied the donkey, “I’m hungry. I work very
hard for a washerman. But he doesn’t feed me well. He lets me go out at night and eat whatever I can find.”
“Then I’ll come with you, Uncle. I’m also looking for food.”
The donkey and the jackal set out together.
They came to a cucumber field. They went in and ate as much ripe cucumber as they could.
The donkey had so much to eat that his stomach grew bigger and bigger until it almost touched the ground.

"My dear Nephew," he said, "I've
never had such a good meal. I feel so happy I want to sing.”

“Don’t Uncle, please don’t.”

“Why not?” asked the donkey.

“Because the farmers will hear you.”

“Let them. I’m sure they enjoy good music. You don’t because you can’t sing.”
“Very well Uncle,” said the jackal. “Sing if you must. But I’m going out. I shall hear you from a distance.”

The donkey raised his head and began singing at the top of his voice.
The farmers heard him braying and came running with sticks. They beat the donkey until he fell.
to the ground. Then they dragged him out and left him on the road.
The jackal found him lying helpless. "Hello Uncle! Have you had enough?"

"More than enough, dear Nephew. How do I get home?"

"Don't worry Uncle. I'm sure the washerman will come and take you back."