

The Gulls

retold by
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In the year of our Lord 1848, vast swarms of crickets descended upon our settlement. Twas a judgment upon us, yea certain, for how else could you explain the desecration of our crops, the dimming hope of survival for the coming winter?

We tried rude methods to destroy the insects: some attempted to burn the crickets, some tried to drown or bury them. But alas, nothing, not even our prayers for deliverance, seemed able to stop the massive destruction of the crickets.

Then, when we had lost all hope, the morning sky was filled with the hoarse cry of gulls and the sound of wings. Before our eyes, thousands of gulls descended over the Great Salt Lake and commenced a great feasting upon the crickets. Twas a miracle of God. Every day the gulls came to eat the crickets until there were no more crickets left. Our crops were saved and we survived the following winter.

* Based on a true story, this story explains why the California gull is the Utah state bird.

is this a fable? why or why not?

ANDROCLES

A slave named Androcles once escaped from his master and fled to the forest. As he was wandering about there he came upon a Lion lying down moaning and groaning. At first he turned to flee, but finding that the Lion did not pursue him, he turned back and went up to him. As he came near, the Lion put out his paw, which was all swollen and bleeding, and Androcles found that a huge thorn had got into it, and was causing all the pain. He pulled out the thorn and bound up the paw of the Lion, who was soon able to rise and lick the hand of Androcles like a dog. Then the Lion took Androcles to his cave, and every day used to bring him meat from which to live. But shortly afterwards both Androcles and the Lion were captured, and the slave was sentenced to be thrown to the Lion, after the latter had been kept without food for several days. The Emperor and all his Court came to see the spectacle, and Androcles was led out into the middle of the arena. Soon the Lion was let loose from his den, and rushed bounding and roaring towards his victim. But as soon as he came near to Androcles he recognized his friend, and fawned upon him, and licked his hands like a friendly dog. The Emperor, surprised at this, summoned Androcles to him, who told him the whole story. Whereupon the slave was pardoned and freed, and the Lion let loose to his native forest. Gratitude is the sign of noble souls.

is this a fable? why or why not?

THE LIFE OF AESOP

AESOP, the most famous fabulist of all time, is a figure shrouded in mystery. Because it is unlikely that early remarks in authors like Herodotus, Aristophanes and Plato have no foundation in reality, it can cautiously be said that Aesop was a slave in the sixth century B.C., that he came from Phrygia and lived in Samos, and that he was known for his ability to craft "fables" (logoi). The story that Aesop met his end at Delphi, where he was sentenced to death and pushed off a cliff because he insulted the Delphians, was already current in the fifth century B.C.

Socrates turned Aesop into verse as he was awaiting execution, he seemed attracted by their earthy wisdom. The most significant ancient thinkers who were attracted to the fable were, however, interested in exploiting them as rhetorical devices which can be used in persuading a public audience of some point of view. In keeping with this, the most important collector of ancient Aesopia is the philosopher Demetrius of Phalerum, who studied with Aristotle and became both the ruler of Athens, the librarian at the Great Alexandrian library, and an important proponent of Aristotelean rhetoric.

Aesop was apparently born an ugly mute slave, but was granted the power to speak and craft fables in return for his generosity to one of the attendants of the goddess Isis. Having gained a knack for logoi, he engineered his way to Samos, where he became the slave of a philosopher called Xanthus and was eventually known to be able to outwit and out-philosophize the philosopher who owned him.

The Dog and His Reflection

One day a dog snatched a piece of meat from a butcher shop. On his way home, he had to cross a narrow bridge over a stream. By chance, he peered into the water and saw his own reflection in it. He mistook his reflection for another dog with a bigger piece of meat. Thinking he could chase the dog away, he snapped at the other dog. As he opened his mouth, he dropped the piece of meat he was carrying into the water. He lost both his meat and the meat he hoped to gain. He then thought to himself that greediness can cause one to lost everything.

The Dog and His Reflection (slightly expanded version)

One day a dog snatched a piece of meat from a butcher shop. “What a delicious meal I am going to have,” he said to himself. As he was crossing a narrow bridge on the way home, he looked into the water and saw his reflection. Thinking it another dog with a bigger piece of meat, he said to himself: “That looks like a dog with a huge piece of meat in his mouth. I think I’ll growl at him and chase him away. Then I’ll have his meat and my meat too.” But as he opened his mouth, the piece of meat fell into the water, and he lost what he had. “My,” he thought, “*greediness can cause one to lose everything.*”

What 3 strategies were used to expand the fable?

- 1) _____ (mark with underlining)
- 2) _____ (mark with brackets)
- 3) _____ (mark by circling)

The Crow and the Pitcher

A thirsty crow was looking for water, but could find no brook or stream. At last he came to a farm. Outside the door of the farmhouse, he spotted a pitcher of cool water. But he couldn't reach down far enough to drink it. First he tried to tip the pitcher over. Then he tried to break it. Finally, he hit on a plan. He picked up some small stones and dropped them into the pitcher. When the water came to the top, he was able to quench his thirst. "*Necessity,*" he thought, "*is the mother of invention.*"

The Crow and the Pitcher (expanded version)

A crow was dying of thirst. "I'll be a dirty bird if that sorry goose didn't tell me the farm was out here," he said, as he flapped over the green cactus and dry desert landscape. "I've been flying for the past thirty minutes and haven't seen as much as a second hand birdbath."

His eyes were bloodshot, and his tongue hung half out, and he was ragged, all of which made him look like a breathless, panting, bedraggled dog. With every flap of his wings, it looked as if he might quit and crash headlong into a cactus or some other spiny desert plant.

"I should have stayed back in the city," he thought, "instead of going on this wild goose chase."

For a moment he forgot his thirst and weariness, as he remembered the description of the farm. There was tall corn growing, and irrigation. Best of all, though, was the huge birdbath and an equally wonderful bird feeder, both of which stood in the big yard under the shade trees, surrounded by lush, green lawn.

Water! The reflection startled him so much, that he practically crashed into a cactus. He made a fast circle to see what it was. He had seen no brooks or ponds, but here, all of a sudden, he saw the flash of sun rays reflecting off of water. There it was, sure enough, a pitcher with water in the bottom of it, standing beside a small dirt and stick hut.

Down he swooped with happy exclamation, "I'll slurp it and burp it! I'll rain it down my head and shake it and splash it!"

The farm was all but forgotten. He lighted on the brim of the pitcher, and reached for the water.

"Well, jerk my feathers out if this isn't the deepest pitcher I've ever seen!" He bent over, his neck and body reaching downward in a diagonal slant toward the water, but stretch as he might, he could not get his parched beak into the water.

"It doesn't matter," he squawked, "I'll fix it good with a couple of hard pecks. When it breaks, I'll catch up the water before it's lost."

With this, he hopped down and began pecking. Easily at first, but soon with all his might, he hammered his beak into the hard clay, but he only succeeded in making a few dents, and he ended up with a very sore beak.

"Well," said he, "I'll break it with stones then." He hopped over to the edge of the clearing to a pile of stones. "This one's a regular boulder," he said, as he looked the pile over. "I'll smash that thing to dust. Here's one that ought to do it." He picked up the stone, and flying over the pitcher, he dropped it. It fell inside but didn't even dent the hard clay. He tried again and again, most of the stones falling inside the pitcher. After a time, he decided to rest.

"I believe I'm famished and must die on the spot," he croaked, coming to light once again on the pitcher. His sides were heaving, and his tongue was so swollen, he could hardly squeak.

To his surprise, he looked down, and saw that the water level had risen within reach. Without a word, he stretched down and began to drink.

When he could hold no more, he stopped, and hopping down, made his way into the shade of the hut. Resting, he began to meditate on his profound experience. "*Necessity*," he thought, "*is the mother of invention*."

Question:

What descriptive strategies did this writer use to expand this fable? (ex. sensory details...)

ASSIGNMENT DUE FEBRUARY 21, 2021 -- An Expanded Fable

First, read the expanded version of "The Crow and the Pitcher" and analyze how it was expanded from the original.

Next, expand the following fable using direct quotes and descriptive details.

The North Wind and the Sun disputed as to which was the most powerful, and agreed that he should be declared the victor who could first strip a wayfaring man of his clothes. The North Wind first tried his power and blew with all his might, but the keener his blasts, the closer the Traveler wrapped his cloak around him, until at last, resigning all hope of victory, the Wind called upon the Sun to see what he could do. The Sun suddenly shone out with all his warmth.

The Traveler no sooner felt his genial rays than he took off one garment after another, and at last, fairly overcome with heat, undressed and bathed in a stream that lay in his path.

Persuasion is better than Force.

_____ **My paper is between 175 and 190 words.**

_____ **I have read my paper aloud to check for smoothness of style.**

_____ **I have labeled all of my sentence types.**

COUNT AND LABEL the types of sentences found in your paper. You need to have at least one of each type.

_____ **- ed**

_____ **"ly"**

_____ **preposition**

_____ **VSS**

_____ **"ing"**

_____ **clausal**

_____ **subject**