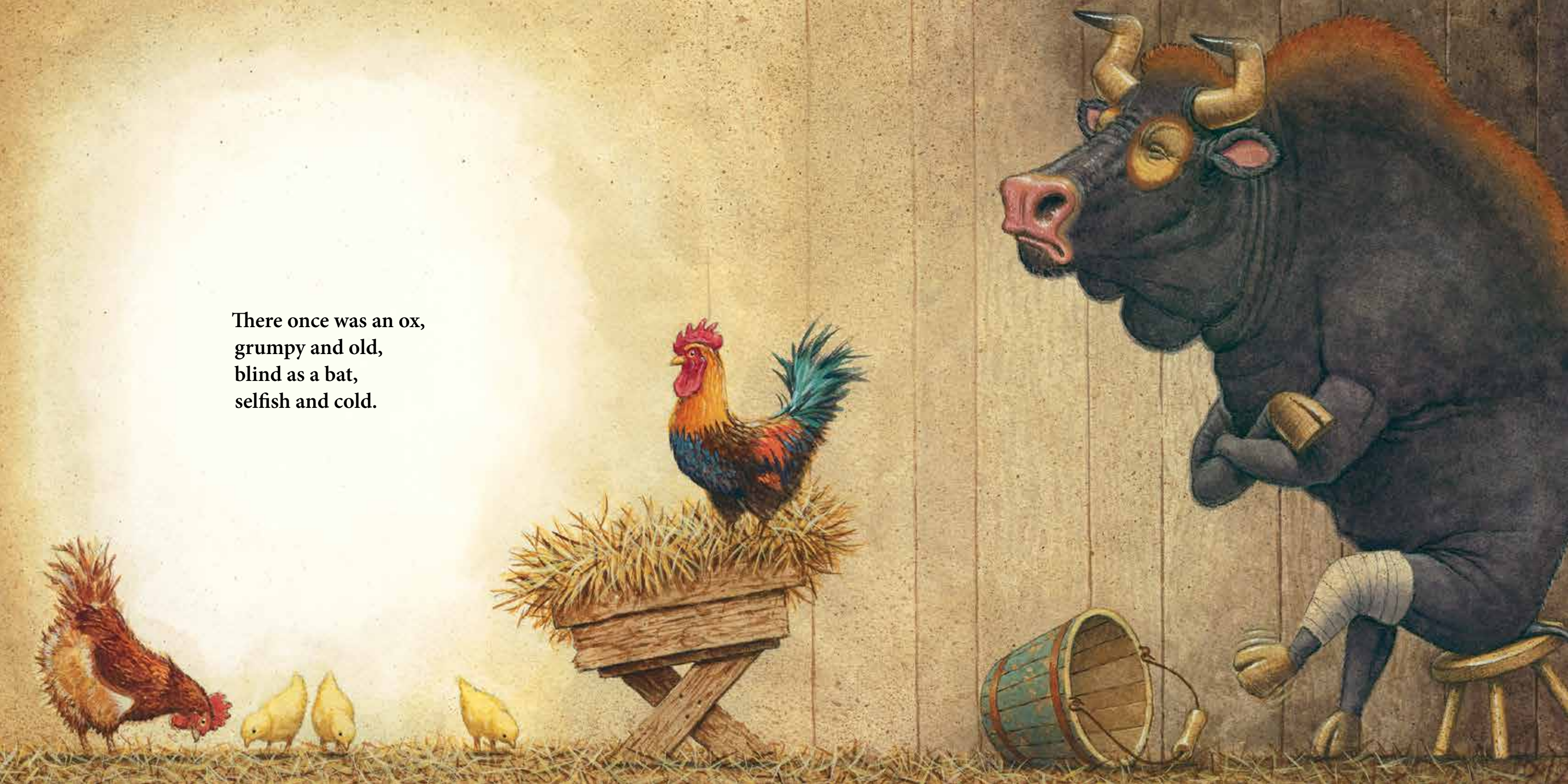


There once was an ox,
grumpy and old,
blind as a bat,
selfish and cold.

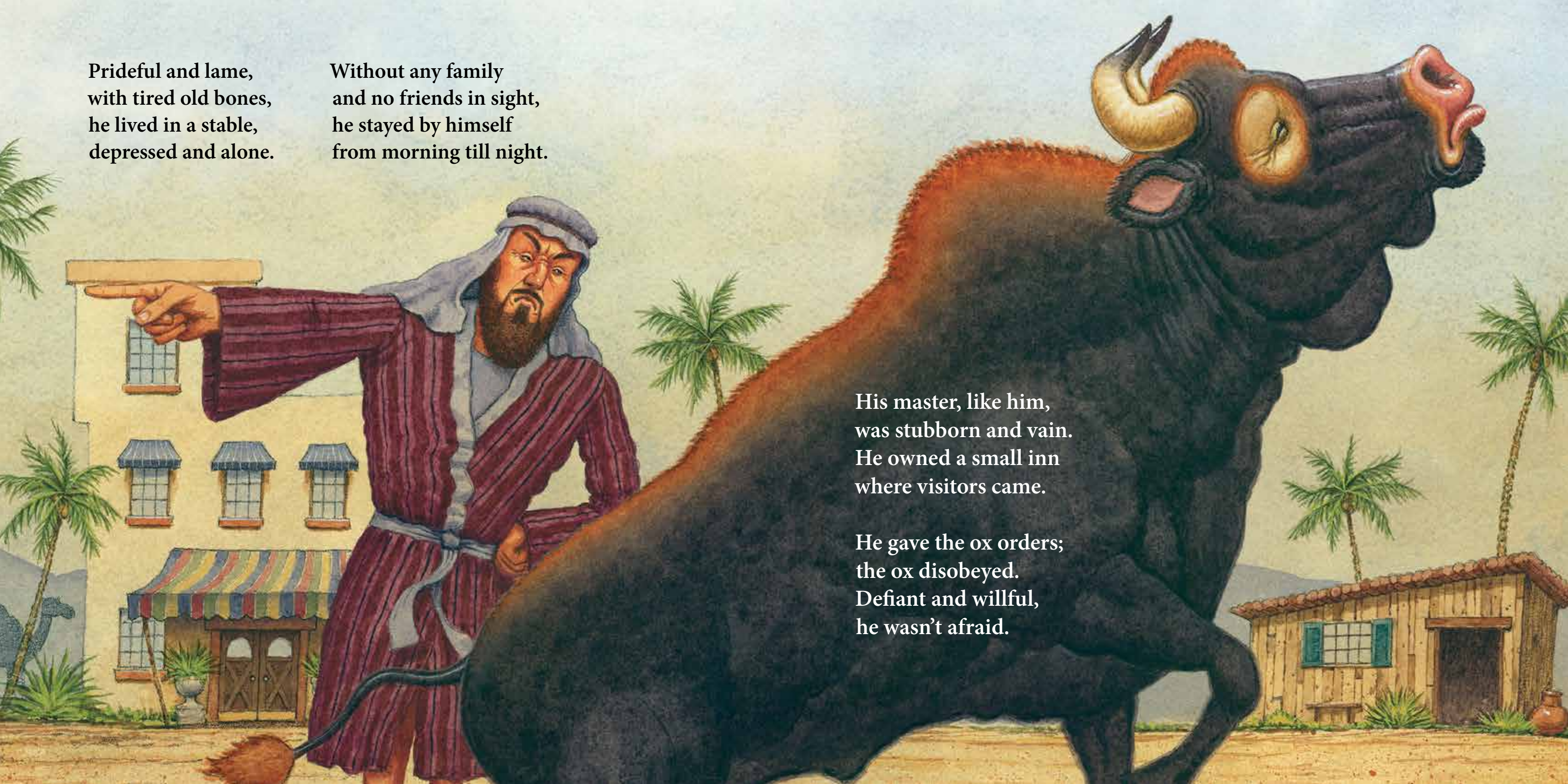


Prideful and lame,
with tired old bones,
he lived in a stable,
depressed and alone.

Without any family
and no friends in sight,
he stayed by himself
from morning till night.

His master, like him,
was stubborn and vain.
He owned a small inn
where visitors came.

He gave the ox orders;
the ox disobeyed.
Defiant and willful,
he wasn't afraid.

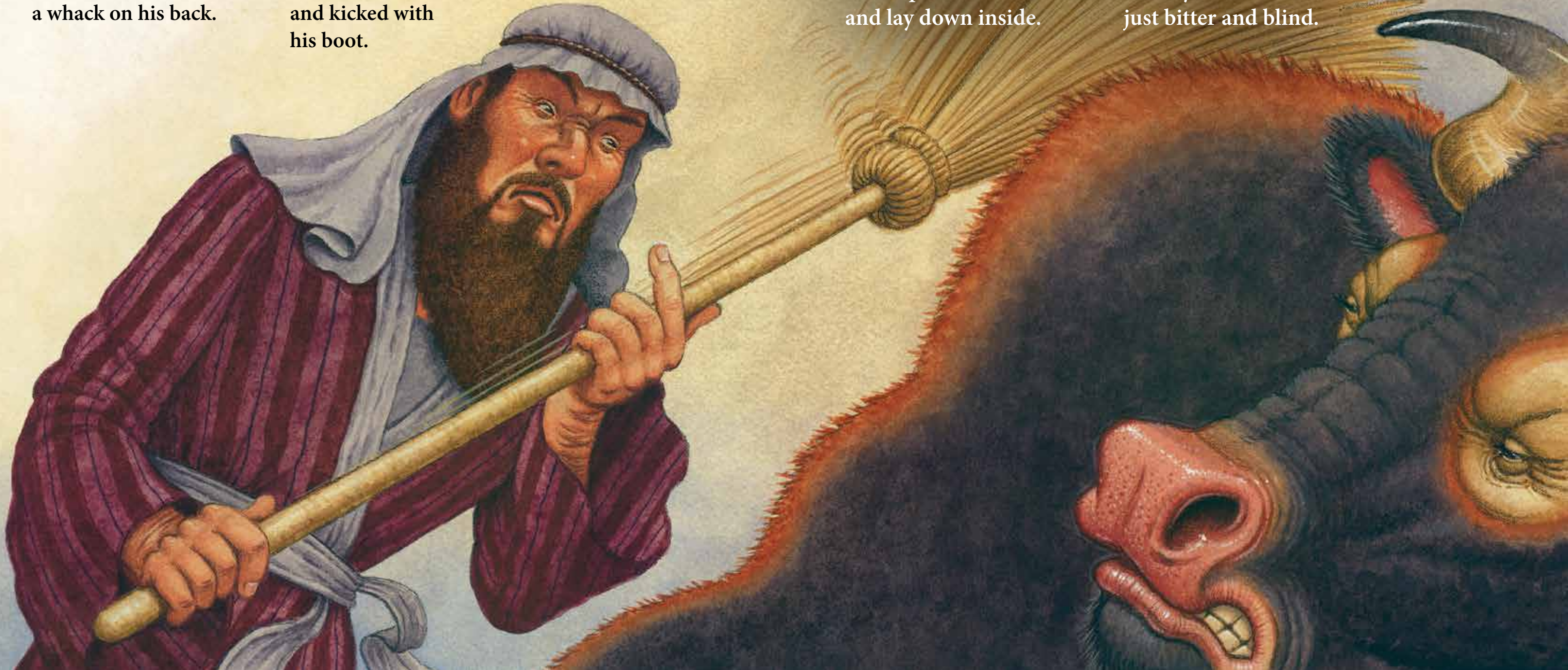


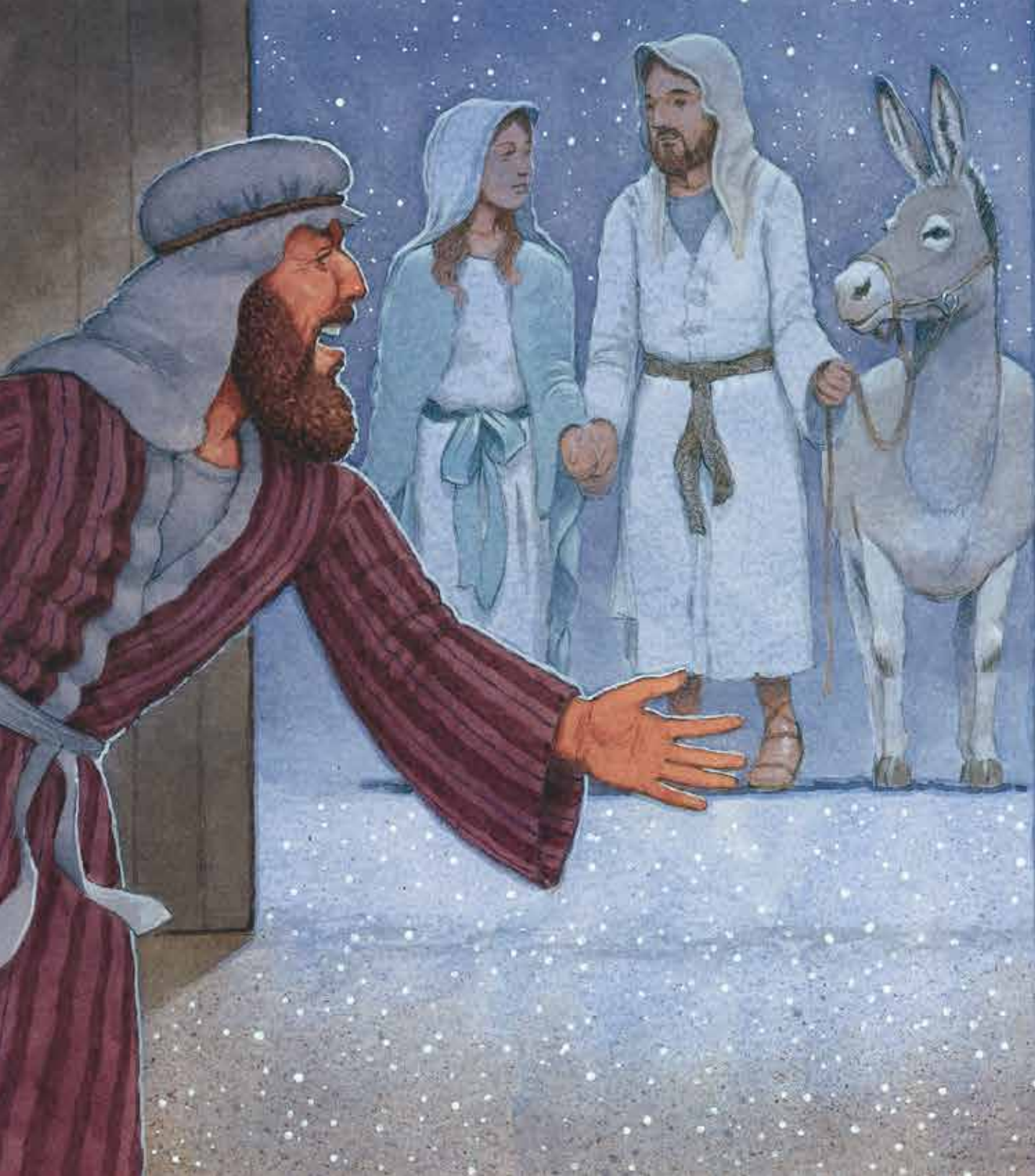
The man took a broom
and with a loud smack,
he gave the old ox
a whack on his back.

“You lazy and sightless
and smelly old brute,”
the innkeeper shouted
and kicked with
his boot.

The ox simply sneered
and grumbled with pride.
He limped to the stable
and lay down inside.

The stable was dark,
but he didn't mind.
He stayed there alone,
just bitter and blind.





Then one black night
the door opened wide.
A man and a woman
were standing outside.

The owner was with them;
he said with a grin:
“You’ll have to stay here—
no room at my inn!”

