

The Sparrow

Once upon a time there was a non-conforming sparrow who decided not to fly south for the winter

However, soon the weather turned so cold that he reluctantly had to start to fly south

In a short time, ice began to form on his wings, and he fell to earth in a farmyard almost frozen to death.

A cow passed by, and crapped on the sparrow.

The sparrow thought this really was the end.

But... the manure warmed him, and defrosted his wings.

Warm and happy and able to breathe, he started to sing.

Just then, a large cat came by, and hearing the singing, investigated the sounds.

The cat cleared away the manure, found the chirping bird, and ate him.

The Moral of the Tale

If somebody craps on you, it does not necessarily mean that they are your enemy.

If somebody rescues you from the crap it does not necessarily mean that they are your friend.

And if you are happy and warm in the crap ... keep your mouth shut!

