

The Thieves and the Cockerel

A classic fable by Aesop, adapted by Benjamin Gale

Narrator: Two thieves were prowling around the streets late one night, looking for a house to break into.

They were tired and hungry.

They yawned loudly and their bellies rumbled.

They weren't very good at their jobs; they usually made far too much noise.

Already tonight they had had some misfortune.

They had climbed over a fence, scraped through a bush, fallen into a pond and scrambled on to the driveway.

They managed to wake up the house owner, one of the servants, and worse still, a guard dog!

They were close to giving up when they came across a house that looked dark and empty.

Thief 2: Let's try this one.

Narrator: They crept around the corner, and they were in luck.

The furthest left window was open.

Thief 1: Heyo we might be in luck here this one opens!

Follow me in.

Narrator: They went around the dark house carefully, well, as carefully as they could.

Thief 1: Shhh.. What was that?

Narrator: They snuck through the living room where a fire was smoldering.

They slipped through the kitchen where a tap was dripping.

They moved stealthily along a corridor where a clock was ticking.

But no matter where they looked, they couldn't find anything good to take.

They even dared to go upstairs.

One of the thieves tentatively opened a door.

The other peered in over his right shoulder.

Thief 1: (frantic hushed whispering) Heck there's someone in there!

Thief 2: What?!

Thief 1: Close the blinkin door!

Thief 2: Do you think he w...

Thief 1: I don't think so he was snoring like a Walrus.

Thief 2: We better split

Narrator: They went out through the back door and into a courtyard.

One of them stumbled over something, he bent over, and, to his surprise, found a cockerel which he had just woken up.

Cockerell: Ow! Intruders! COCKADOODLeuffff.....

Narrator: The thief had managed to grab the cockerell's beak and silenced the bird before it could sound its alarm.

He picked up the bird and quickly put it in his bag.

Cockerell: You'll never get away with this you know, I have friends in high places.

Narrator: They made their way out through the garden and rushed back to their den.

Thief 1: "I hope there's some meat on him, he's not very heavy"

Thief 2: "Better than nothing though"

Thief 1: "mmm"

Thief 2: "At least we'll be able to fill our stomachs tonight"

Thief 1: "That's true yeah"

Narrator: The thieves' hideout was in a cave on the hillside overlooking the town.

They had made it quite homely, and it wasn't so bad.

One of the thieves started a fire, while the other got the cockerel out of the bag.

The bird had, on seeing the fire, immediately guessed what was happening.

Cockrell: Please gentlemen, please don't kill me. I can be very useful.

I crow every morning to wake up the honest folk so they can get to their work bright and early!”

Thief 1: “Exactly!”

Narrator: said the thief who was stoking up the fire.

Thief 1: “The likes of you make it impossible for us poor thieves to go about our business and make a living. Into the pot you go!”