

# THE FOX AND THE GRAPE

(PER UN LIETO FINALE)

THE FOX AND THE GRAPE MET AT LAST AGAIN. THE FOX HAD AGED POORLY. THE SPLENDID RED FUR WAS NOW COVERED BY A MELANCHOLIC SILVER VEIL AND THE ARROGANT SMART EYE SHOWED A FROST OF SADNESS. THE GRAPE WAS IN PERFECT SHAPE AND CUDDLED IN A BARREL IT HAD BECOME A SUPERB WINE.

"YOU RUINED MY LIFE" – SAID THE FOX

"AND WHY IS THAT?" – ANSWERED THE WINE

"DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG AND I TRIED TO GET YOU WITHOUT ANY SUCCESS? SINCE THEN I HAVE BECOME THE SYMBOL OF CONCEIT AND THE MODEL OF ARROGANCE!"

"MY DEAR FOX" ANSWERED THE WINE "YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE MAD AT ME. INDEED, YOU WERE A LITTLE ARROGANT THEN. BUT I DO LIKE YOU AND I WANT TO OFFER YOU A PRESENT: DO TASTE

ME NOW"

THE FOX LICKED A FEW DROPS OF THE RUBY PRECIOUS NECTAR DIRECTLY FROM THE BARREL.

A NEW SPARK LIT HER GAZE AND AT LAST SHE UNDERSTOOD.

THE VALUE OF A LONG WAIT DISTILLED BY THE PASSING OF TIME, THE VIRTUE OF PATIENCE THAT BRINGS FORTH WISDOM. SHE MADE HERSELF COMFORTABLE AROUND THE BARREL AND LICKED WITH SATISFACTION THE LAST DROPS CAPTURED ON HER MUSTACHE, THAT SHINED LIKE LITTLE RUBIES HER OLD FRIEND NOW WINE.

(FROM SALVATORE COLANTUONO)

LA VOIRE E IL VINO

