

Story on A Thirsty Crow

One summer day, a crow got very thirsty. It searched for water hither and thither. At last, it saw a jar at a distance. It flew down to it. There was a little water at the bottom of the jar. But it was too low for the crow. The crow tried to upset the jar. But the crow was not too strong to do it. The crow was in a fix what to do. Suddenly the crow saw some small pieces of stone near the jar one by one. As a result, the water came up to the brim. The crow then drank water from it to his heart's content and flew away with a joyful mind.

Or,

A Thirsty Crow and His Plan

A crow was very thirsty and wanted to drink. He flew from one place to another in search of water. At last, he found a jar in a garden. There was some water in the jar. But it was at the bottom and out of his reach. The crow tried to turn the jar over and over again. But it had no effect. Suddenly, he noticed a heap of pebbles nearby. Then he hit upon a plan. He took some pebbles. Then he dropped the pebbles into the jar one after another. The water in the jar rose up little by little. When the water came to the mouth of the jar, the crow drank his fill. Then he flew away.

Or,

A Thirsty Crow

There was a crow. On a very hot summer day, he was feeling very thirsty. He flew from place to place in search of water, but he could not find it anywhere. He was very sad and disappointed at not getting a drop of it. At last, he saw a jug of water. He flew down to the jug and sat on its edge. When he craned his beak to quench his thirst,

he, saw to his great discouragement, that the water was just at the bottom. His beak could not reach such a low level of water. He even tried to overturn the jug but could not. It was too heavy for him to move. When he was just about to fly in despair, he thought of a plan. Suddenly his eyes fell upon some pebbles lying near the jug. He flew to them, picked up the pebbles one by one, and dropped them into the jug. Slowly and slowly the level of water rose and came up to the neck. The crow was overjoyed to see this. He dipped his beak, quenched his thirst, and flew away.

Moral: Where there is a will there is a way.