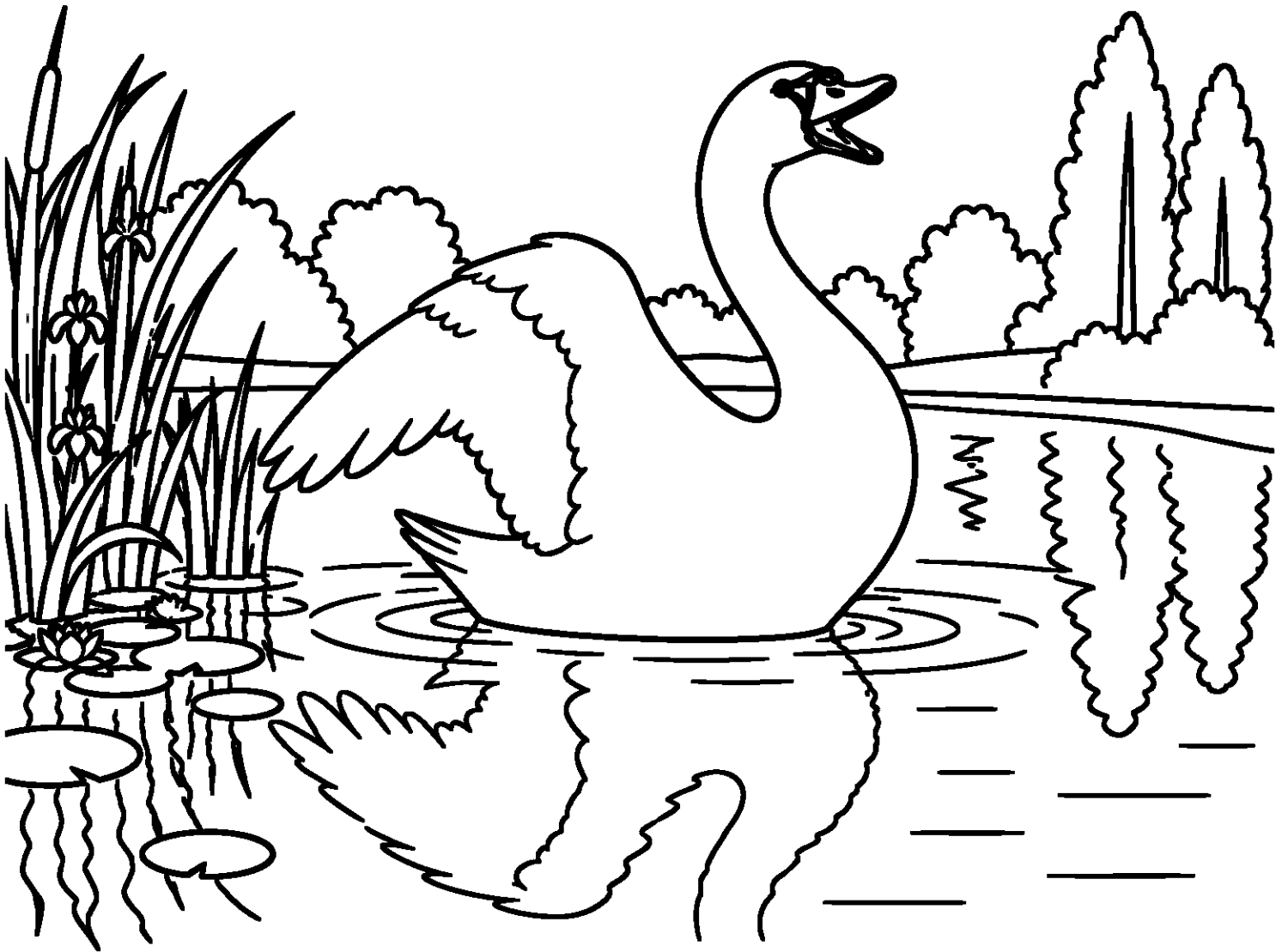
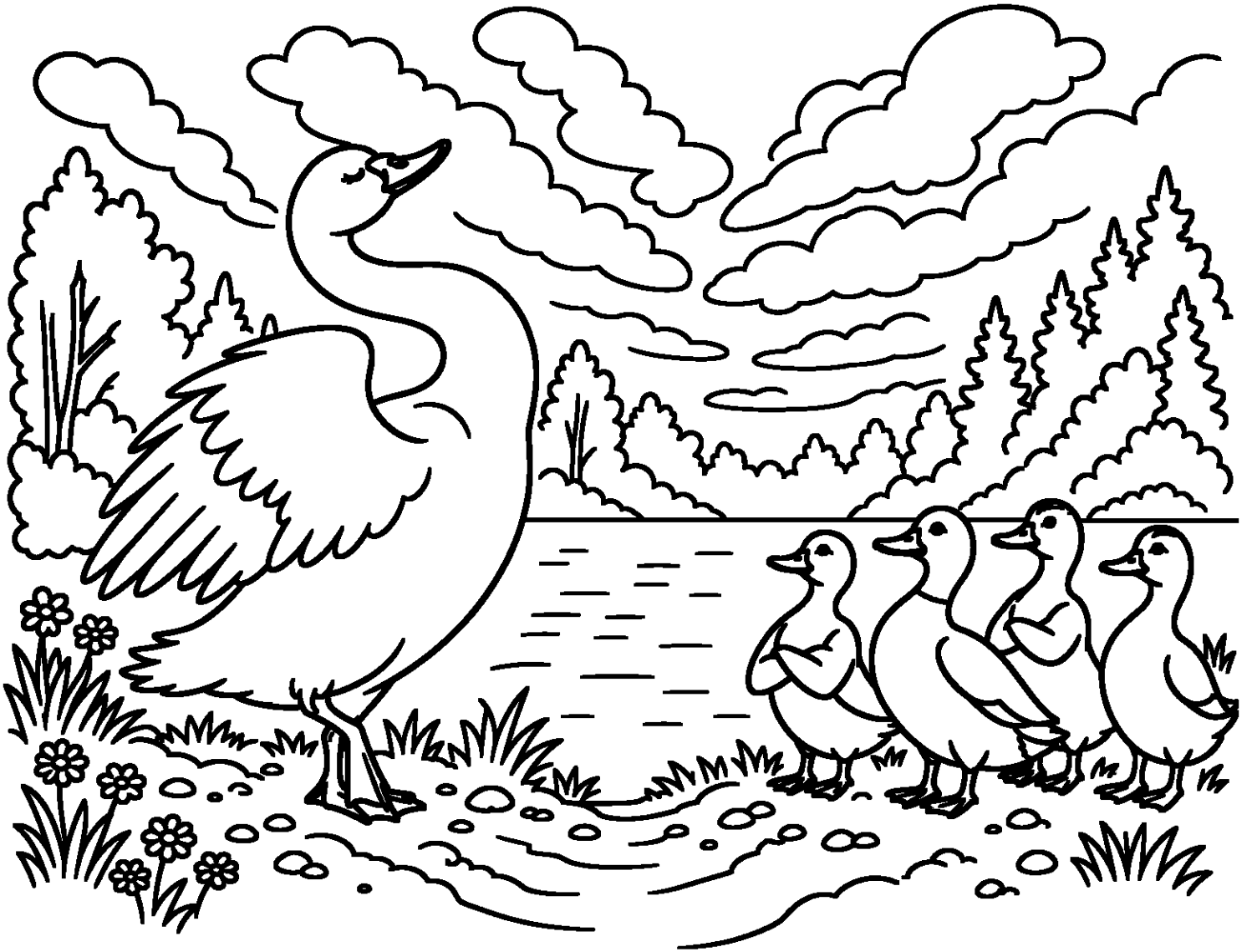


Boastfulness

The Bragging Swan

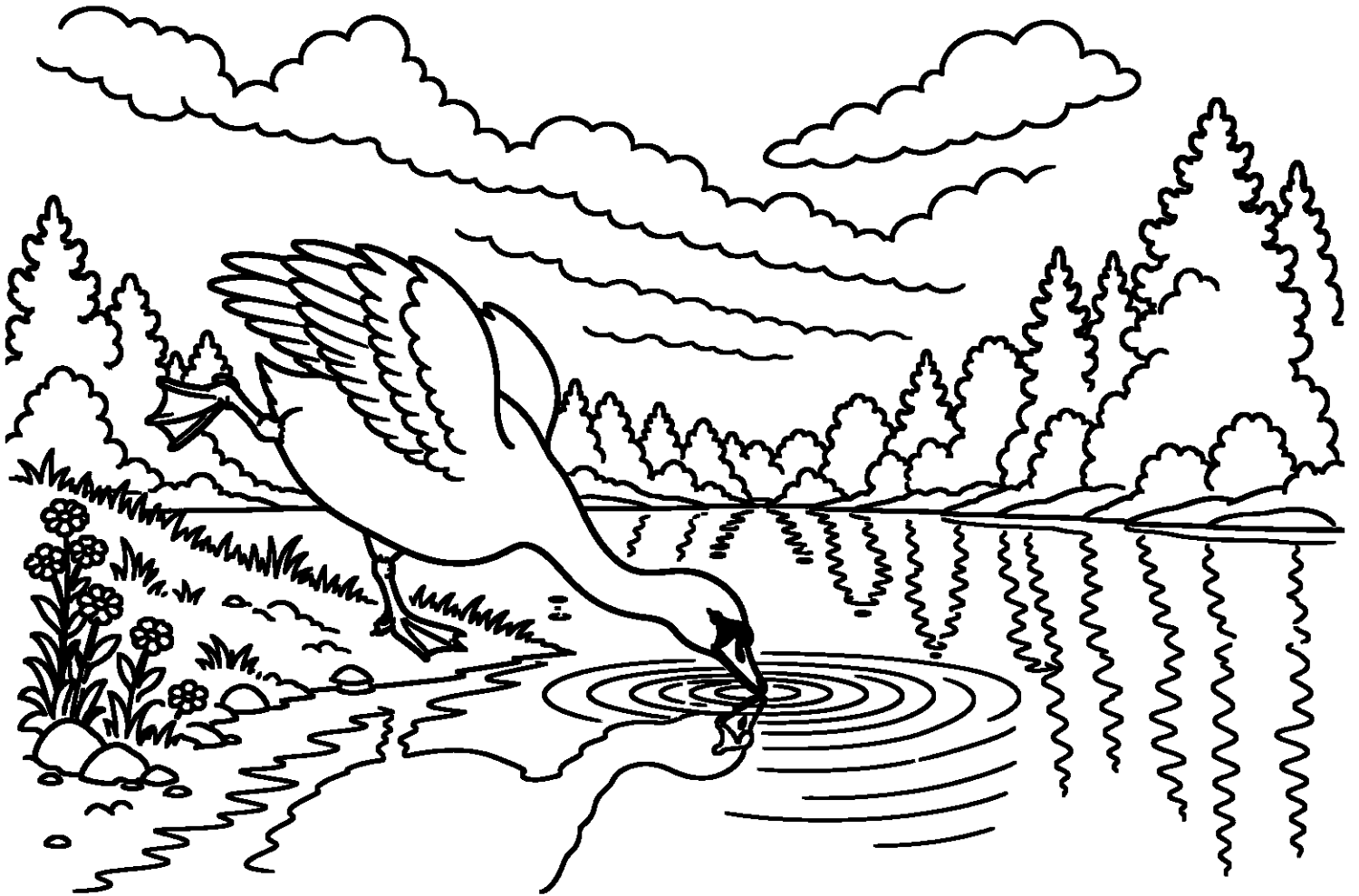


The Bragging Swan



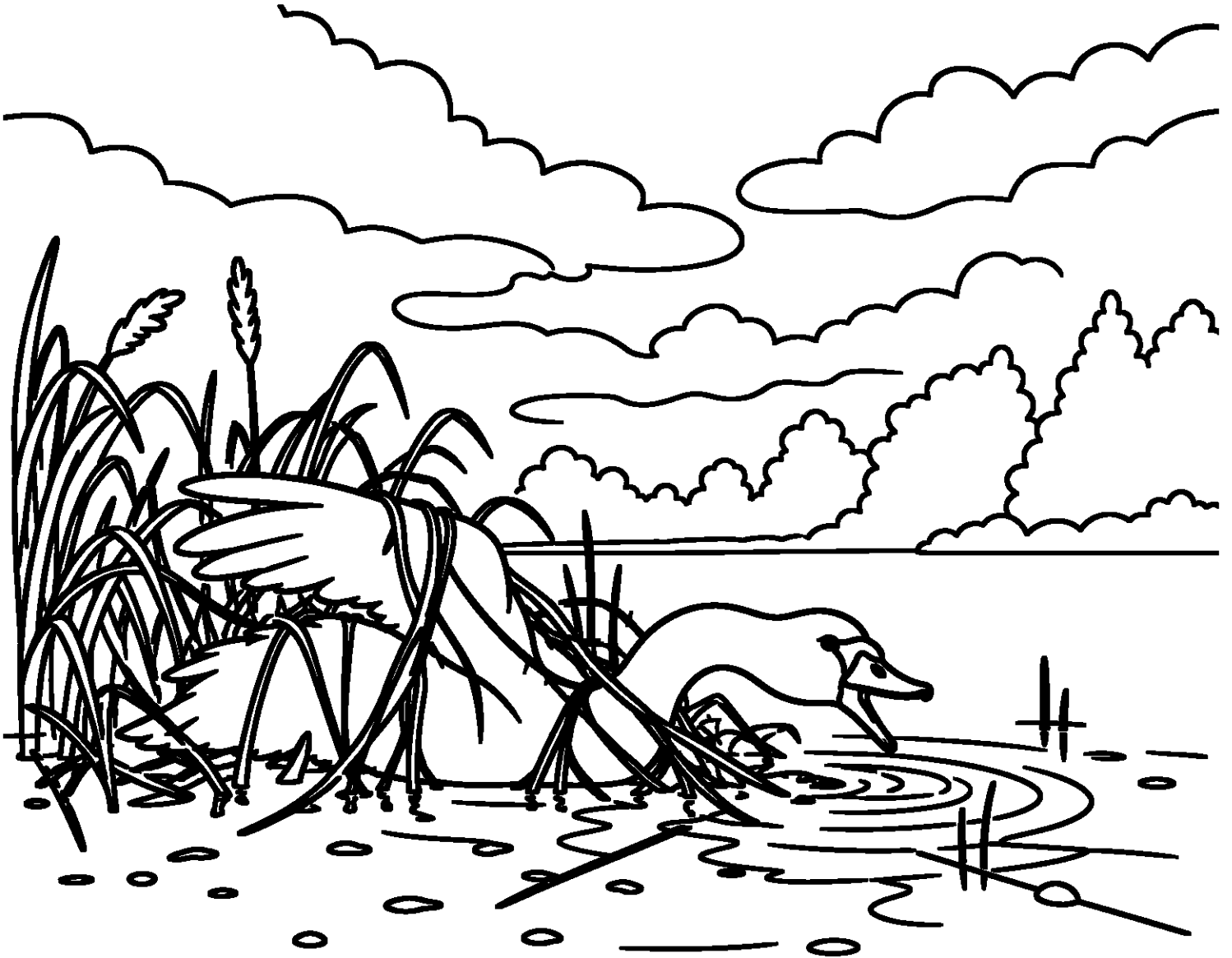
A swan whose call rang crystal clear,
Would trumpet loud for all to hear.
"My voice outshines the nightingale,
My beauty makes the bright stars pale!"

The Bragging Swan



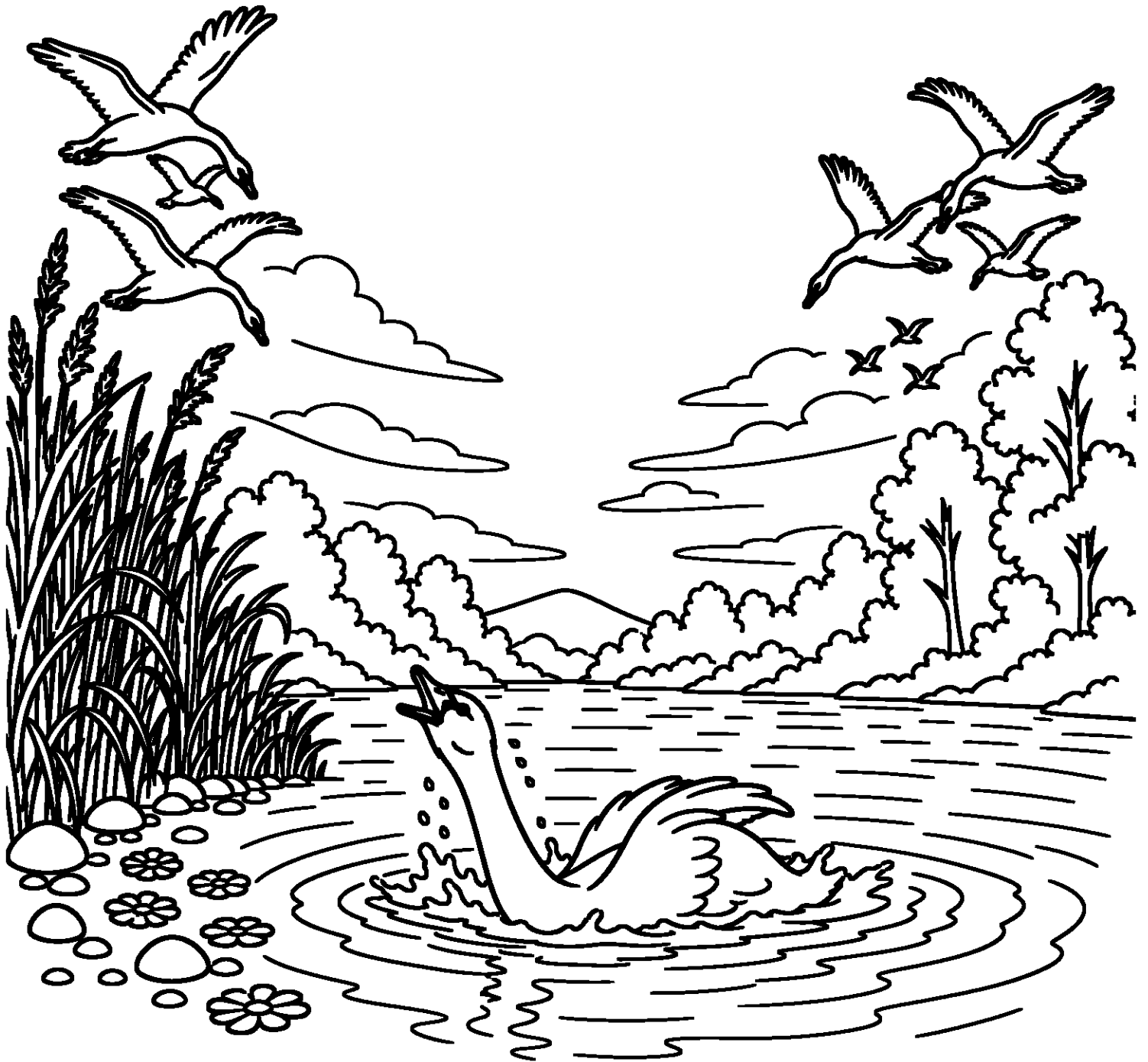
At every pond and lakeside green,
He'd strut and preen to make a scene.
"Observe my grace, my fine-arched neck!
No other bird is worth a fleck!"

The Bragging Swan



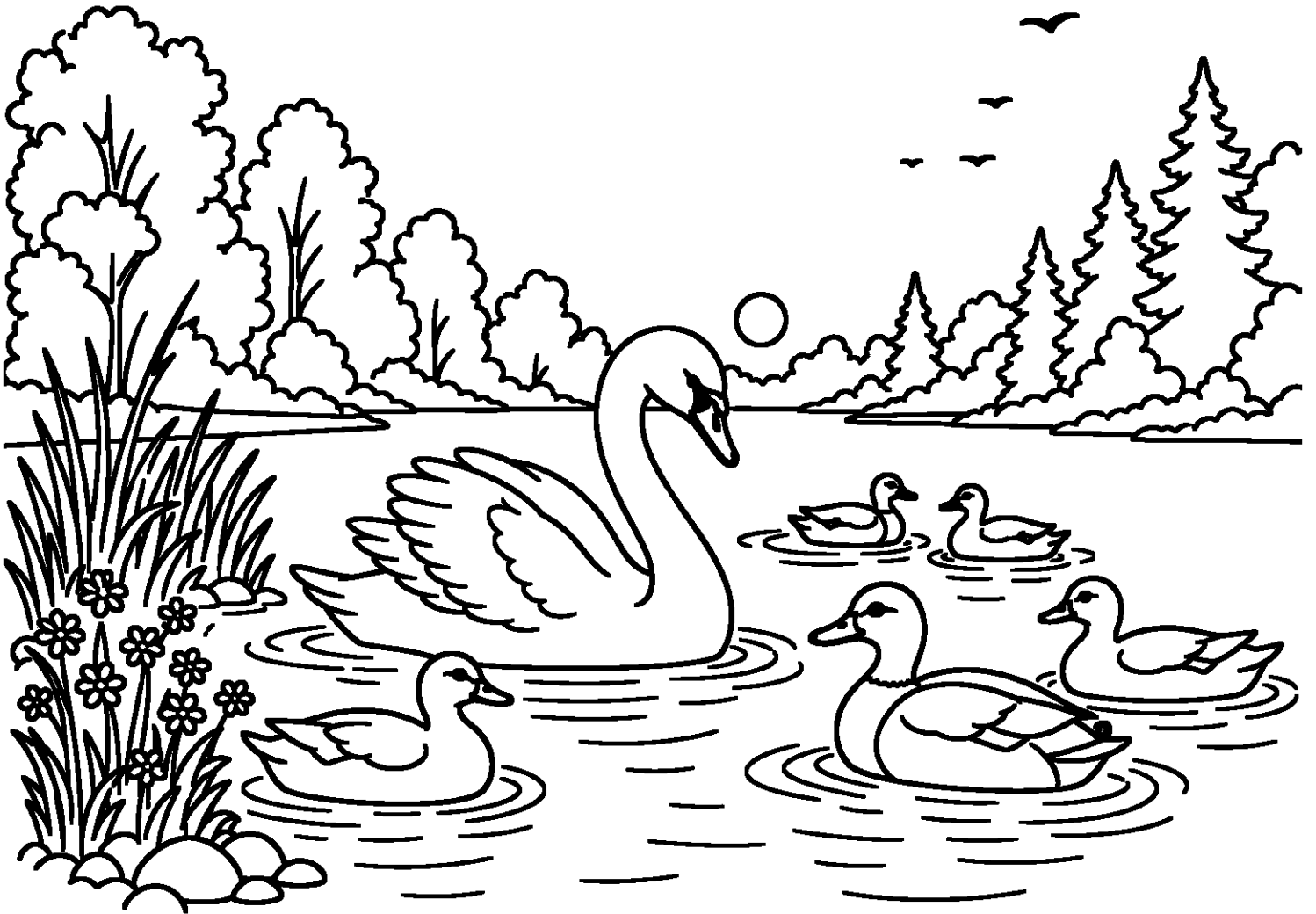
One dawn he saw his own reflection,
And preened his plumes to bright perfection.
So lost was he in pride's deep spell,
into the swamp beneath he fell.

The Bragging Swan



His boasts now were a frantic cry,
but those he mocked were up the sky.
The quiet swans went gliding by —
his bragging left him high and dry.

The Bragging Swan



Moral

Bragging loud won't make you tall;
a humble heart is best of all.