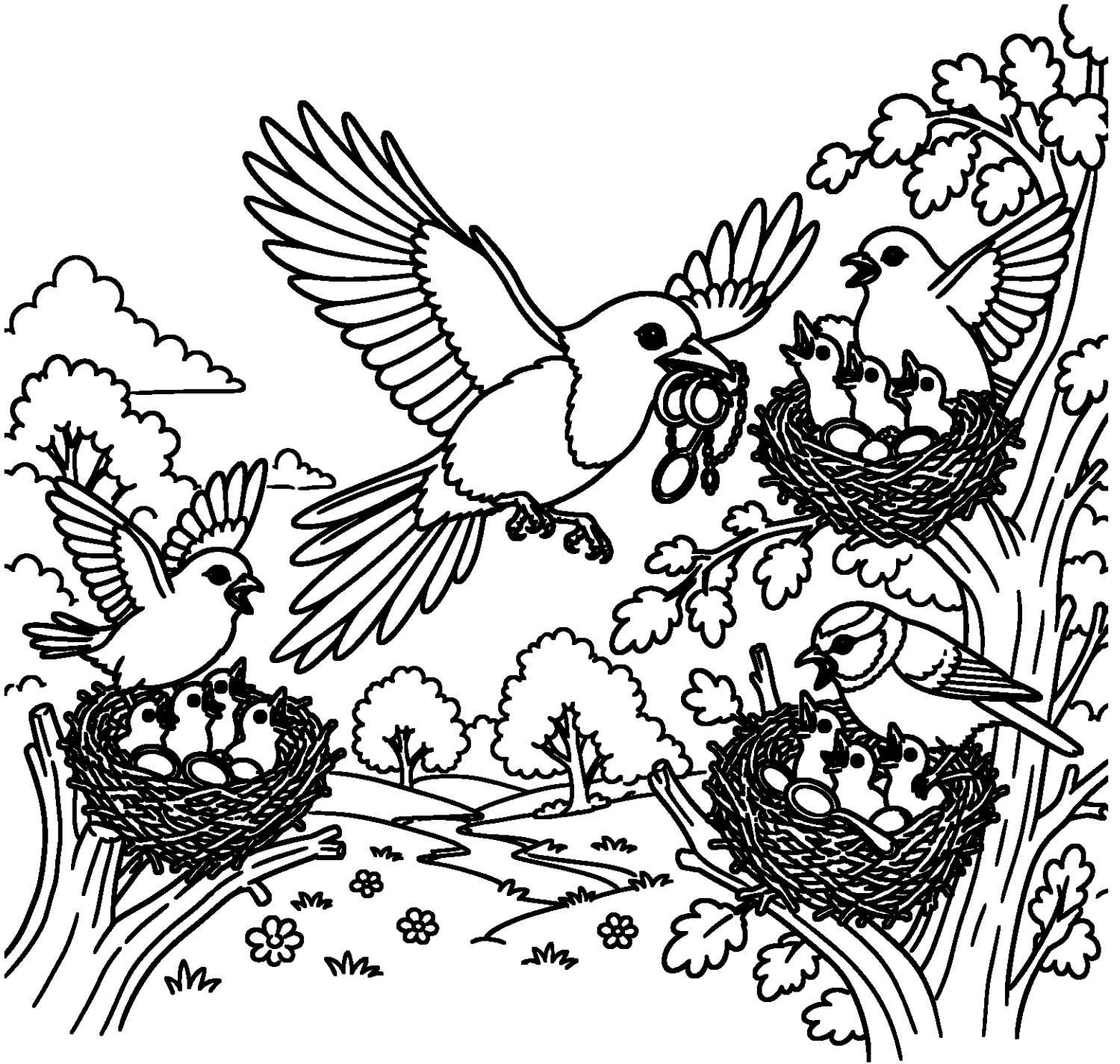


Thievery

The Thieving Magpie

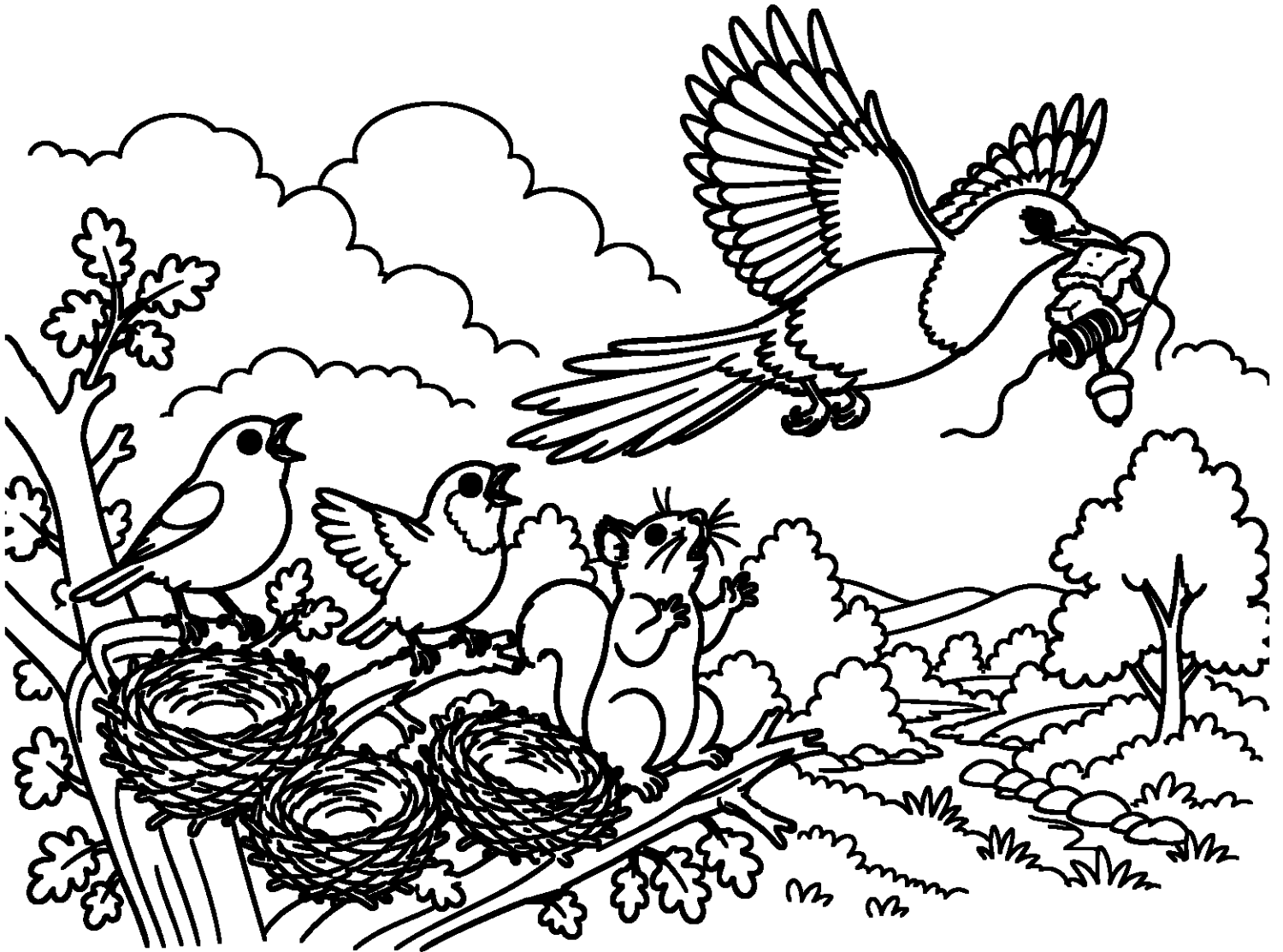


The Thieving Magpie



A magpie stole what wasn't hers,
The shiny rings, the silver burrs.
She'd swoop and snatch from every nest,
And hide her loot inside her chest.

The Thieving Magpie



The robin's food, the sparrow's thread,
The acorn from the squirrel's bed —
"It's mine if I can grab and fly!
I'll steal them all, I am not shy!"

The Thieving Magpie



But soon no bird would come or stay,
they'd guard their homes and fly away.
Alone the magpie sat on treasure,
her thievery had known no measure.

The Thieving Magpie



And in her cold and shiny home,
she sat with all her things — alone.
So there she thought, and chose that day
to give back all she took away.

The Thieving Magpie



Moral

A pile of stolen, shiny things,
can't buy what honest life would bring.