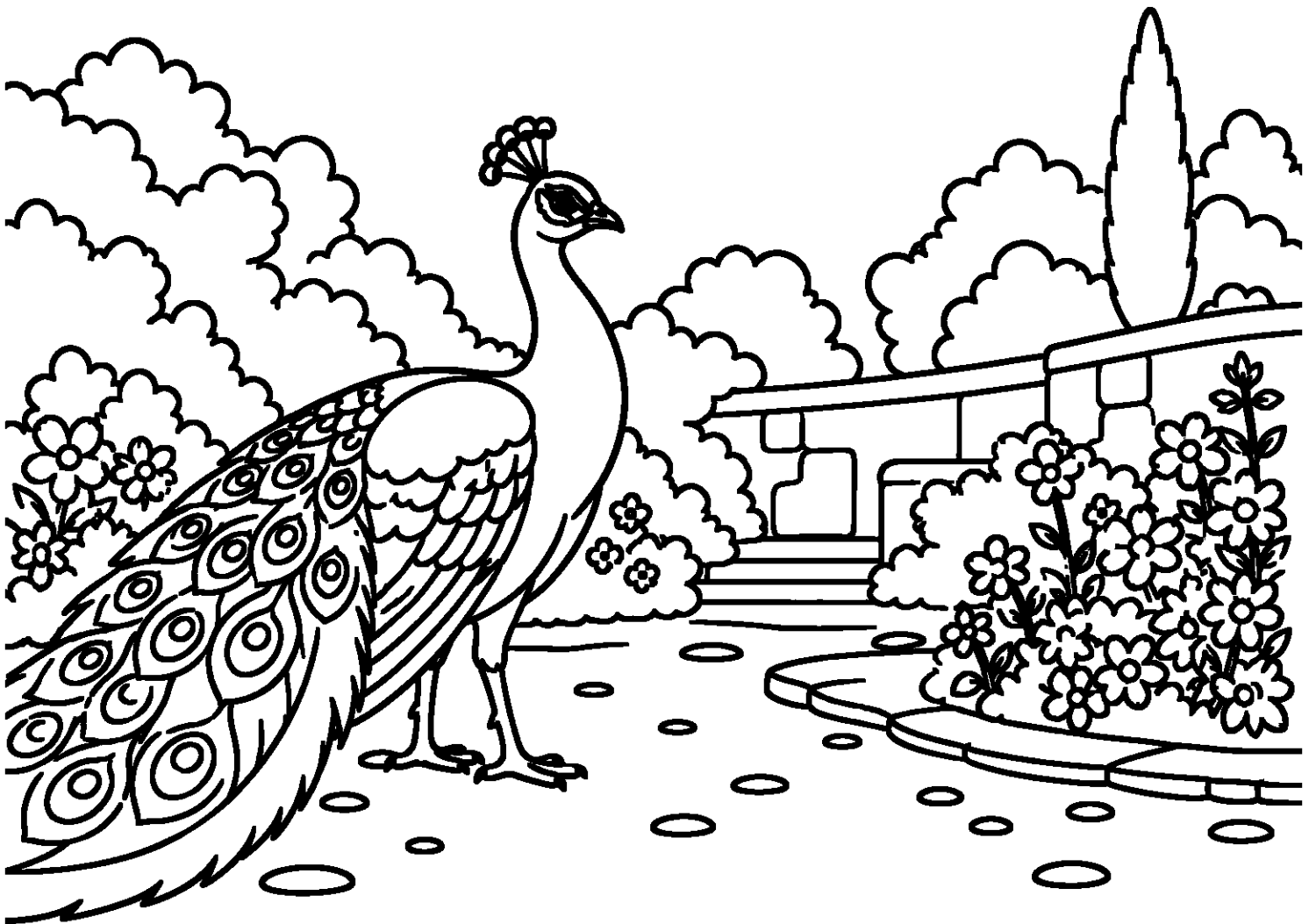


Vanity

The Vain Peacock

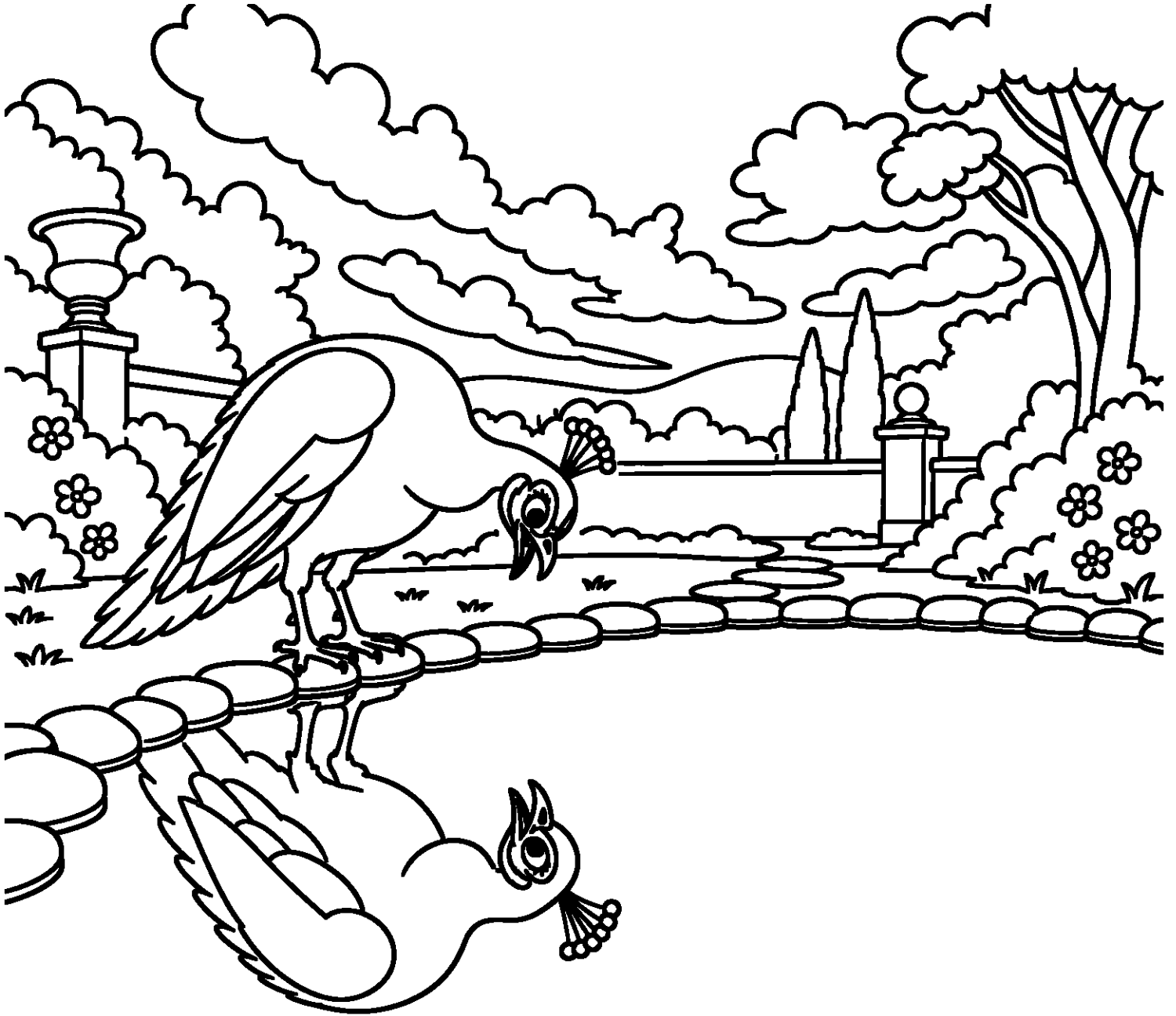


The Vain Peacock



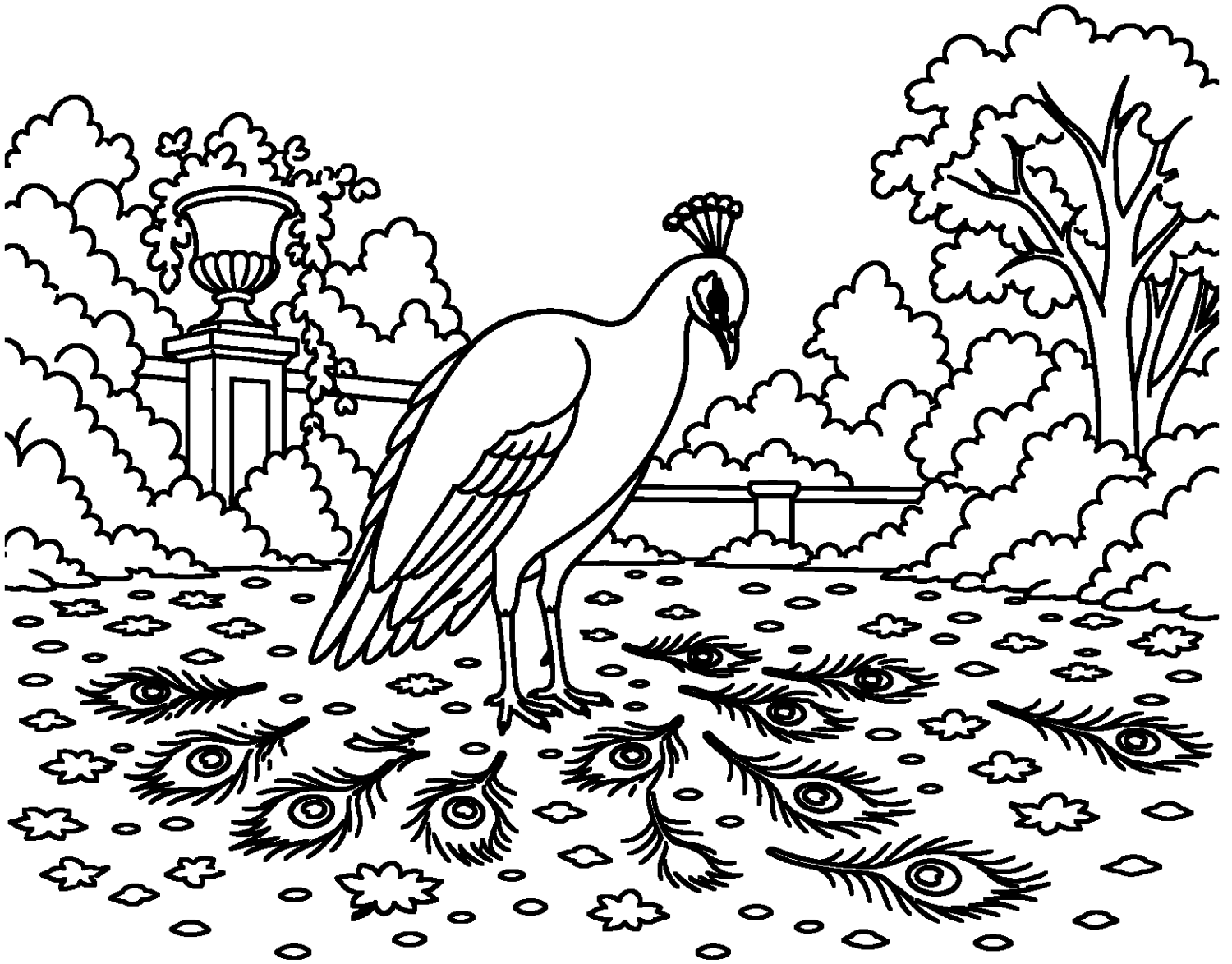
A peacock loved his own bright tail,
He'd preen and strut down every trail.
"No bird alive can match my hue!
The rest of you are dull — it's true!"

The Vain Peacock



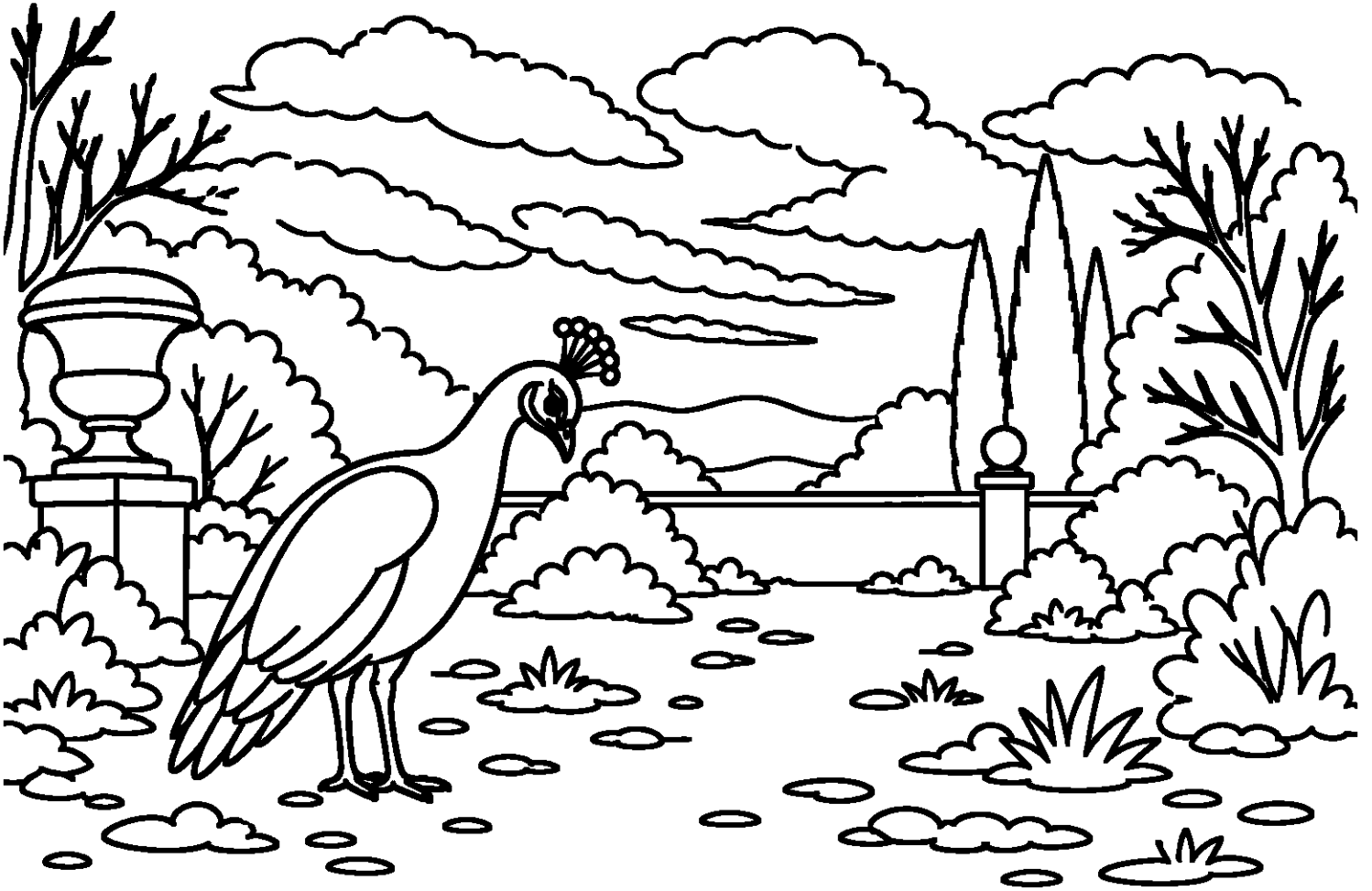
He'd spend his hours at the stream,
admiring his own colours' gleam.
He'd miss the games, he'd miss the fun —
he thought he shone above the sun.

The Vain Peacock



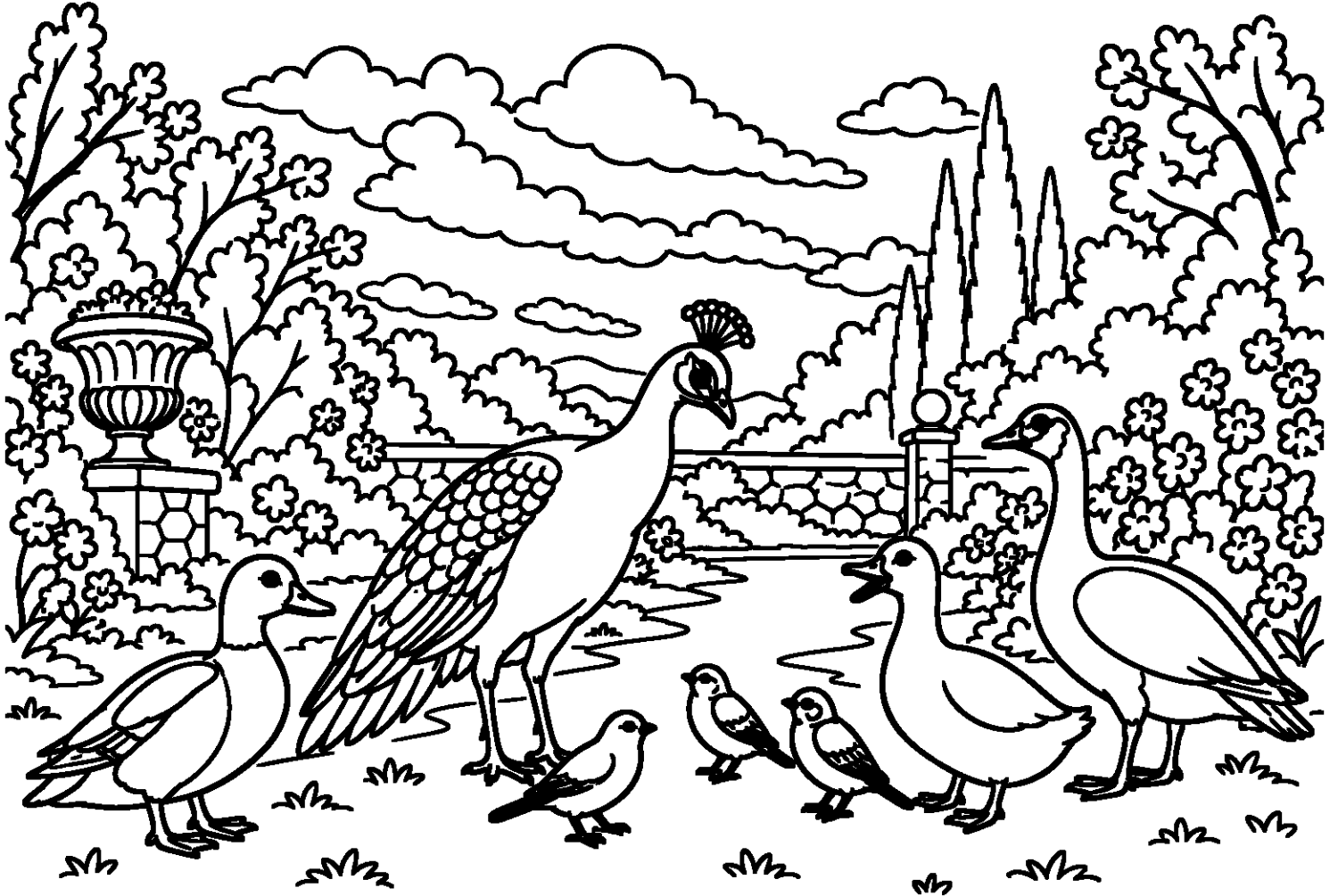
But when the autumn stripped him bare,
No friends were left to see or care.
His feathers gone, now proud no more —
a lonely bird, too vain at core.

The Vain Peacock



And in the cold he came to see
that looks are not all one should be.
For beauty fades when seasons fly,
but kindness never says goodbye.

The Vain Peacock



Moral

Beauty fades like autumn's gold,
but a kind heart never grows old.