

Weasel stalked between the trees. Hostile and starving, he watched a beautiful peacock and peahen strutting in the meadow. He had been unsuccessful while hunting food for his large family. In the twilight, he observed the birds. The pair was ignoring their nest. It contained two freshly laid eggs. Weasel was frantic. The birds' razor-sharp beaks made stealing the eggs a dangerous mission. However, tonight he was willing to put aside all wisdom, instinct, and fear to feed his family.

Desperate, Weasel crept closer to the nest. He kept a watchful eye on Farmer O'Neal, who was at the chicken coop. The farmer was blissfully feeding the chickens a stale loaf of bread. The birds had just finished their evening walk and were headed back to their nest. The farmer had no reason to suspect mayhem was about to take place in the barnyard. So, the mild-mannered man continued feeding the chickens.

Weasel grunted softly. His nose was twitching as he crouched closer to the nest. He reached it just as the birds arrived. Suddenly, Farmer O'Neal heard the peacock's shrill shrieking. He looked up and spotted Weasel frozen in fear, a front paw on an egg. He ran across the yard screaming and waving his arms! Slowly, Weasel backed away from the nest and then scurried off. Tonight, Weasel would have to look elsewhere for food for his hungry family.