



The bear awoke one spring, and off he went. As luck would have it, he met a fox. Apparently, this fox was dragging a string of fish.

"Where did you get them?"

"Oh, in the lake; you too ought to fish."

"Isn't it plain that I do not have a hook?"

"Just put your tail into the water. You will not believe how many fish will be sticking to it."

Anxious to catch fish, the old bear set out across the ice. Then he made a hole in it and set his tail down into the water. He sat there all night. In the morning, it is said, he yanked his tail out of there. Believing that there must be a huge number of fish attached to it, he yanked his tail suddenly. They say that he went sliding along the ice. But soon he started to sense something around the area of his posterior, as if in fact bees were stinging him.

When he turned to look, he saw that there were no fish. There was also no tail. So he went back to take a look at the hole in the ice. He saw his tail there. It was weaving, they say, very much as a river meanders. However, there were no fish.

Only then did he at last realize that he had been tricked by the fox. So he went out in search of him.

