

One's Own Children Are Always Prettiest

by Sir George Webbe Dasent
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A sportsman went out once into a wood to shoot, and he met a Snipe.

'Dear friend', said the Snipe, 'don't shoot my children!'

'How shall I know your children?' asked the Sportsman; 'what are they like?'

'Oh!' said the Snipe, 'mine are the prettiest children in all the wood.'

'Very well', said the Sportsman, 'I'll not shoot them; don't be afraid.'

But for all that, when he came back, there he had a whole string of young snipes in his hand which he had shot.

'Oh, oh!' said the Snipe, 'why did you shoot my children after all?'

'What! these your children!' said the Sportsman; 'why, I shot the ugliest I could find, that I did!'

'Woe is me!' said the Snipe; 'don't you know that each one thinks his own children the prettiest in the world?'