

The

**F O X**

*and*

The

**W O L F**

*A Thirteenth Century  
Fable*

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The  
FOX  
*and*  
The  
WOLF

Vincent Torre  
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master gardener. Now, since he was very thirsty, in the midst of matins he stole all alone up to the well, for he thought to remedy his distress. He came to the well and drew water—I tell thee the Wolf was heavy enough. The Friar pulled with all of his might until he caught sight of the Wolf. When he saw the Wolf sitting there, he cried out; § The devil is in the well. ¶ They all came rushing up to the well with pikes and staves and stones—each man came running up with them. Woe to him that had no weapon. They came to the well and drew up the Wolf. Then the wretch had enemies enough, who were eager to tear him with their great Hounds and to beat him soundly. Well fiercely was he mauled, and jabbed with staves and spears. The Fox certainly had deceived him, for he found there no kind of bliss, nor forgiveness or remission of blows.

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