

foxes. In a few moments they came running to see what was the matter.

"How did this happen?" they asked. "How is it that you are lying here with the Rock on top of you?"

"I challenged it to try and catch me," Wolverine replied, "and when I fell, it rolled on me."

"Then it serves you right," his brothers replied. "The Rock has treated you in just the way that you deserve."

They now tried to move the Rock, but push and pull as they might, they could not stir it one inch. Wolverine was getting very impatient by this time, and at last he said irritably, "If you cannot move the Rock, I shall call my other brothers, Lightning and Thunder."

He called aloud for them to come. He had scarcely finished when a dark cloud came rushing towards them from the Southwest. Forked lightning flashed from it, accompanied by terrible peals of thunder. The