The Wandering Fox

The fox was having a hard time, so she decided to become a pilgrim and go on a pilgrimage.
She got dressed up and set off. A bear came toward her and asks:
"Where are you going, fox?"
"To pray to God... Come with me. I'm going myself and will lead you."
"Let's go."
They walked and walked, and a wolf came toward them:
"Where are you going, fox, where are you taking the bear?"
"To pray to God... Come with us. I'm going myself and will lead you both."
And he went along.
They walked and walked, and a hare came toward them:
"Where are you going, fox, where are you taking the bear and the wolf?"
"On a pilgrimage... Come with me. I'm going myself and will lead you."
And the hare went along.
They walked and walked — there was a pit in the road. How to cross it?
The fox laid down a pole and says to the bear:
"Your legs are thick, your paws are wide: you'll cross and not fall!"
The bear went. The moment he stepped, he tumbled into the pit and was killed outright.
The fox says to the wolf:
"You there, little wolf-brother, go ahead. Your paws are fine, your claws are sharp — you'll hold on."
So the wolf went — and tumbled into the pit, killed too.
The fox says to the hare:
"You, little hare, go. Your legs are thin, you're light as can be. You'll scamper across the pole in a flash."
The hare went — and splash into the pit, killed.
And the fox climbed into the pit and ate them all.
There's your pilgrimage!