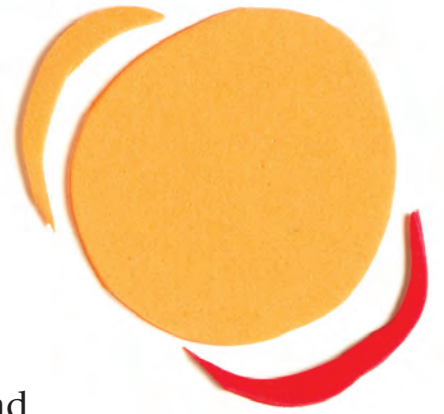


Long ago in the waters of the bayou, the crab and the crawfish used to be best friends.



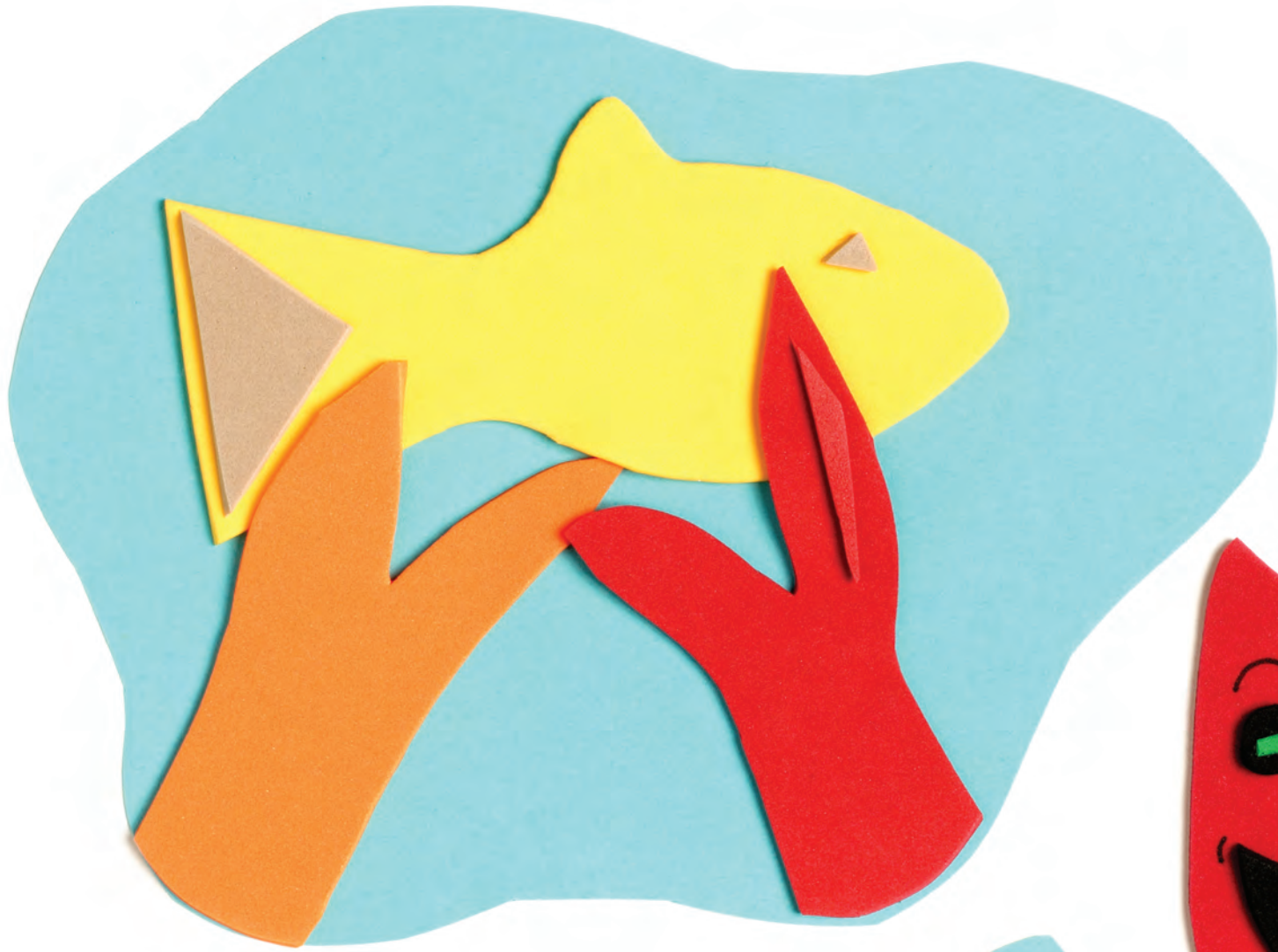


That is, until one hot, muggy day when Crawfish was feeling more lazy than usual. Crawfish was getting hungry, but he would not budge an inch to find a meal for himself.



Then Crawfish heard a loud commotion and saw Crab carrying a fish he had just caught in his claws.





Suddenly Crawfish had the *envie*, the craving, for fish, which caused another loud racket in his hungry stomach. Crawfish rubbed his belly, thought for a moment, concocted a plan, and said, "Sure is a hot one, eh Crab?"