

Feeling Foxy

By Jack Ryan

The wind whistled through my hair and ears, and it governed the chills that steadily combed down my spine. My green-brown eyes focused through the darkness that gave me most of my fears. I looked down upon my small border collie puppy, Porky. He stared right back at me, his eyes full of his loyalty to me. As compassionate as I was feeling for the little chap right then, I had to face my reality: We were lost. The trail that had meandered so peacefully through the forest had long deserted us, and the trees that had once been tranquil and bright were now foreboding. Porky looked at me. He was comforting me in my time of need.

A rustle emitted from the bushes, terrifying us and making Porky bark frantically. Another rustle came to my ears, this time more urgent. When I turned to the bush from which the noise came, the mysterious “leaf rustler” fell out. I was shocked, of course, because it was a fox kit. The cub’s large, blue eyes stared at me. I felt awful, because I could see it was more terrified of me. The kit whimpered, and tried to climb back into the bush. Finally, it just sat down and eyed me. Porky would not let me touch the little animal. I wondered what it felt like to be left alone, but I did not touch the kit. Its mother may return.

CRACCK!

A gunshot sounded through the forest. The once chattering birds and squirrels stopped. The forest became still. A voice came from within a thicket of willow bushes, loud enough for me to hear.

“We got her, Vern. This fox could go on the market for a lot. The pelt is so smooth, it was like we were meant to have her.” The voice ceased, and all that could be heard was the tramping of hunting boots in the mud. I turned to look at the kit, who was now curled up, whimpering. It was almost like it knew what had happened, but it did not. The kit sat down and called in barks to his mother, the mother it did not have. I thought what it was like to lose a mother.

I was suddenly seeing things from the kit’s eyes. I was alone. I did not have anyone, and if no one rescued me, I knew I would die. This was it for me, stuck between one of the animals who killed my mother and death.

I could not withstand the kit’s sadness when his dead mother did not call back. I scooped it up in my arms, only to find that its fur was soft and warm. I told it I would take care of it, and Porky would be a nice puppy. Porky looked gruff at first, but then nuzzled the kit.

“Sarah! Sarah! Where are you?” came my dad’s worried voice.

“Coming,” I yelled back, and the fox kit looked at me. I could tell it was content. It had a home, and knew it.