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The Bunny and the Fox

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In a wood at the edge of a meadow there lived Mother Rabbit and all her children, in the finest brier patch for miles around. Mother Rabbit was extremely proud of her home and was well known for her wonderful carrot receptions.

Her one worry was her youngest son, Bunny Bonnie. Rabbits are naturally curious creatures, but Bunny Bonnie was curious beyond all reason — and sociable in a way that made his mother nervous. He simply had to go to every party given in the wood, even parties he hadn't been invited to.

Now one day a fox moved into the neighbourhood, and everyone was on edge. Most of the small animals left food at his doorstep to keep him busy and away from their families.

The fox noticed Bunny Bonnie immediately — he was always the one scampering around while the others hid. One afternoon the fox stopped him on the path.

"I'm pleased to see you're a brave rabbit," said the fox warmly. "Not like the others, trembling and leaving me offerings. I know why they do that, of course. They want me well-fed at home so I won't go wandering near their burrows looking for something extra." He chuckled. "But I find it quite insulting. Just because a fox has sharp teeth doesn't mean he's cruel. I am, in fact, a very kind creature."



Bunny Bonnie should have known that a truly kind creature doesn't need to say so. But he forgot — forgot completely — that foxes are famously sly.

"I would be honoured," said the fox, "if you would come to supper with me this evening."

"I'd be delighted," said Bunny Bonnie.

That afternoon, while Mother Rabbit was busy hosting a carrot reception, the fox sat outside his front door waiting. He was chuckling softly to himself, and his eyes were sharp and hungry. When he spotted Bunny Bonnie running up the

path, he called out in his friendliest voice:

"Hello there, Bunnie Bonnie! Come in, come in."

"Hello, Mr. Fox! I'm terribly hungry — I came straight away without stopping for any of Mother's carrots."

"Good," said the fox, with a grin. "I have something far better than carrots planned for supper."

"Oh? What's that?"

"You," said the fox.

But Bunnie Bonnie was already gone — one great bound and he was racing for the brier patch. He reached it just ahead of the fox's snapping jaws, dove in deep, and never again left his family for new friends.

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