

The Fox and the Rabbit

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It was a quiet summer morning at the pond. The water was sparkling, and the grass was green and high. Mr. Moose was casually eating the grass for his daily meal, and the ducks were swimming looking for fish. The frogs, on the other side, were trying to catch their breakfast. Mr. Fox was crouching in the tall grass, near the ducks, eyeing one of the slower ones. He shifted slowly and got ready to pounce. "Hello, Mr. Fox! Nice day, isn't it," Mr. Rabbit said.

Mr. Fox jumped up, startled, and watched as his breakfast flew away from the noise. He, then, turned to Mr. Rabbit and looked at him, annoyed, but carefully. Everyone knew of the strange lights that flashed at night from Mr. Rabbit's tree and all the bizarre happenings there, so everyone, including Mr. Fox, stayed away from him and his tree. Although, today, Mr. Fox was very hungry, and he could barely keep himself from devouring the plump rabbit in front of him. "Yes... yes... very nice day."

Mr. Rabbit said, "Say, you're not going anywhere tonight, are you?"

"Well, no..."

"Then, why don't you come over for dinner. At around 7:30 should be fine," Mr. Rabbit quickly looked around, "I'll be going, then. Lots of work to be done."

And so, Mr. Rabbit ran off. Mr. Fox licked his lips and returned to his den, deciding that his stomach could wait a few more hours.

Mr. Fox slept for the rest of the day to forget his hunger. In his dreams, he dreamt up ways to cook Mr. Rabbit. He could make rabbit stew, roasted rabbit, or fried rabbit. He could also make hamburgers out of him, or he could bake himself a rabbit pie. In fact, Mr. Rabbit was plump enough that he could try all of them.

When he woke up it was almost time for dinner, so he hurried back towards the pond. Everything was dark and shadowy, except Mr. Rabbit's tree. It was lit up with pale green light that caused all of Mr. Fox's senses to be at high alert. He came to the foot of the ominous tree, and, ignoring his instincts, he knocked on the wooden door. By this time, Mr. Fox was starving, and his mouth watered at the thought of rabbit burgers.

A few minutes later, Mr. Rabbit opened the door. Mr. Fox entered a bright living room lit up by shining sphere in the center. "What is that?" Mr. Fox asked, pointing at the sphere.

"I call it a tree lamp. It uses the tree's energy to give light. I made it myself," Mr. Rabbit said proudly, as he motioned Mr. Fox to sit down on the dining table.

Then, he said, "Wait here. I'll go get your dinner."

Mr. Rabbit went into the kitchen and brought out a grand tray. The tray was large enough to even fit Mr. Fox. Then, as Mr. Rabbit put the tray on the table Mr. Fox noticed that the tray only held a measly, bite-sized morsel of roasted chicken. Mr. Fox exclaimed, “That’s all?”

Mr. Rabbit replied, “Don’t worry. The rest will be ready soon. Very soon.”

Mr. Fox shrugged and swallowed the piece in one gulp. After waiting for a few minutes, Mr. Fox ran out of patience. “I don’t mind eating it raw. Because, I should be going home soon. I’m getting very sleepy...”

As soon as he said that, Mr. Fox slumped forward, seemingly dead.

A few nights later, Mr. Rabbit sat in his brightly lit living room, eating dinner. He looked at the tree lamp with a crazed look in his eye and started to laugh madly: a terrible, horrible laugh. He said, “Who knew foxes and ducks taste so similar?”