

The little boy and the fox

This is a story written for a very small boy who was having nightmares about a fox, which he had been frightened by when he saw it near the family's chicken shed. He was too young to say what was wrong but his mother guessed it might be about the fox so she wrote this story. When he woke in the night in panic, she told him the story over and over until he calmed down and went back to sleep. She told it again during the next day and all that week. Within a few nights the nightmares had stopped. He loved this story, his story.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who had six chickens that lived in an old tin chicken shed. There were five red hens and a big red rooster with a beautiful shiny black tail. Every day the little boy fed the chickens with wheat and scraps and fresh green grass.

One day the little boy heard his chickens squealing and squawking and making such a racket that he knew something was wrong. So

he ran out to see what was the matter and there, by the chicken house, he saw a handsome red fox.

"Oh no!" cried the little boy, "Go away fox! Go away fox! Leave my chickens alone!" "Oh no!" he cried again. "Go away fox! Go away fox! Leave my chickens alone!"

And that handsome red fox got such a fright that he ran away and never came back again.