By Sean Osborne

I looked down at bloodstained chickens, lying on the dark snowy ground in front of me.I could feel the warmth of the sun against my back as it rises above the mountain.I could hear the cicadas and birds chirping in the thick forest trees, that lay behind me.The cat like footprints were dark, and black.In an instant I was off as quick as a bullet I sprinted through the forest, powered by determination.

I bent down and picked up the feather lying on the ground in front of me.After pulling my dagger out of my side pocket, I slowly silently approached the rustling bush where the murderous fox was hiding.Suddenly the fox gracefully leaped over my head and scampered through the trees.Furious, I sprinted after him, determined to get my revenge. I waded through a white raging river.Then I saw my chance, quick as a flash I did a forward flip through the air and tackled the fox my knife to his throat.He was lying on his back looking up at me with a blank expression on his furry face, like he hadn’t done anything wrong.It took me a while to realize it but killing for food was this foxes natural instinct.I put my knife down, and watched as it sprinted away.

I felt the cold soft feeling of snow against my face.I had to get back home before The cold caught me.The wind was strong and cold as I tramped up the white snowy hill.Cold, I lay down, and went to sleep.Soon after that I felt a sleek furry body wrap itself around me.It was the fox!I lay my head on its back and dozed off into the night.

I felt the sun on my face. I opened my eyes, the fox ran back into the bushes.”Mother father,” I cried as my mother scooped me up into a big bear hug. As we walked away, I took a last look at the fox who had murdered my chickens, and saved my life.

