

FEARLESS FOXY

One beautiful summer morning fearless foxy was crouching in the high grass, sneakily trying to catch his prey. Fearless foxy was not just fearless, he was funny, silly and protective of his family. He was always hunting for food for them. He was wearing his favourite valour jacket and carried a swan-handled umbrella that could turn into a sword in case of a battle with the animals. His ears were as pointy as tacks, listening for chickens or any other animal for dinner. His eyes were as narrow as almonds, peeking at the chickens as they moved closer and closer and closer. His long snout was sniffing for any delicious aromas in the air. His whiskers twitched in excitement. His long pink tongue was licking his lips while saliva was dribbling from his mouth like a water fall.

“You’ll be soon coming into my mouth mister. Here I come!”

Adam

