

Fredrick the Freaky Fox

At dawn Fredrick the Freaky Fox was spying on his soon to be breakfast. Fredrick was a despicable fox. He murdered ten times his body weight every day. Fredrick wore stolen clothes. He had a shotgun in his paw. His statue like ears were listening for the clucking of chickens coming closer and closer and closer. His squinting eyes stared at the big fat tender chicken pecking at the seeds. His furry snout was sniffing so much it sounded like snoring. His long pink tongue was licking his lips, saliva was drip dropping like rain falling from the sky.

“You’re dead meat chook...!”

Ryan

