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http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=70630555

SelfPub; 2024

Аннотация

This story is about the power of kindness and the strength of friendship, even when people look different from each other.

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The Fox and The Rabbit

In the depths of the enchanting forest, where centuries-old oaks intertwined their branches, and a stream gurgled with crystal clear water, there lived a red fox. Known for her wit and agility, she hunted skillfully, foraging for herself and her cubs.

One day, while walking, the fox heard a heartbreaking squeak. Without hesitation, she rushed towards the sound, guided by maternal instinct.

To her horror, the fox saw a small, trembling rabbit, cornered by a huge wolf. Without hesitation, she rushed to the defenseless creature's defense.

The wolf, taken aback by such audacity, froze for a moment. He had never seen a fox protect someone other than its cub.

– Get away from him, wolf! The fox growled.

"What are you going to do to me, red?" The wolf grinned back.

– Do not underestimate a mother protecting a child!

– Yes, you're just a fox, a predator like me. – Here the wolf licked his lips. – Hey, Sister, can we eat it together?

– Yes, I am a predator. But I am also a mother! And I will not allow anyone to offend the cub, no matter who he is! – The fox shouted proudly.

The wolf, confused by the unexpected resistance, was

confused. He didn't want to mess with an angry mother who would do anything for her cub.

– I'm not interested in messing with you and your fluffy ball. – The wolf muttered after him, trying to get out of there as quickly as possible.

With a growl, but without much desire, the wolf retreated, leaving the rabbit unharmed.

The happy fox ran up to the rabbit and gently licked its trembling back. The little lump clung to the ground, still feeling the danger coming from the predator.

– Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you. – The fox said kindly. "Where are your parents, kid?"

The little rabbit, sobbing, said that he got lost during the game and could not find his way home.

The fox, touched by his story, decided to help him.

"Don't worry, I'll help you find your parents."

And so, the red fox and the fluffy rabbit set off on their way.

The little rabbit, sobbing, told me that his family lives in a hole under a large oak tree on the edge of the forest. He remembered frolicking with friends, but then he ran far away and couldn't find his way back.

The fox, thinking over the plan, suggested:

– Listen, jump on my head, and I'll carry you through the forest. This way we will move faster and be able to see the oaks from afar.

The little rabbit agreed without hesitation. He wrapped his arms tightly around the fox's red fur, and they set off on their way. The journey was long and tedious. The fox deftly maneuvered between the trees, jumped over streams and ravines, and the rabbit watched the beauty of the forest with interest from the height of the fox's head.

Suddenly, in the middle of the thicket, they heard a loud crackling of branches. A huge brown bear came out from behind the bushes. The fox froze, preparing for the worst, and the little rabbit clung to her fur in fear. But, to their surprise, the bear did not show aggression. He looked at them calmly and asked,

"Where are you going, you strange couple?"

The fox, trying not to tremble, explained that they were looking for the rabbit family's burrow under a large oak tree. The bear grinned and growled,

"I just know where this hole is. – Follow me.

And, to the even greater surprise of the fox and the little rabbit, the bear, leisurely stepping with his mighty paws, led them through the forest. He led them through the thickest thickets, past dangerous ravines and swampy swamps, always choosing the shortest and safest path.

Finally, they reached a familiar oak tree. The bear, nodding at the hole under its roots, rumbled:

– Here is your house. Knock boldly!

The fox and the baby rabbit, thanking the bear for his help,

ran to the hole.

The rabbit's parents were immensely grateful to the fox for saving their son. Since then, the Fox and the rabbits have become good friends. They often met in the woods, shared stories, played together and helped each other. This story was another proof that friendship knows no boundaries. After all, even a predator herbivore can become real friends.