

## The Black Crow and the Fox with Golden Fur

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Revision by Tonia Leigh Wind - US 2006

### The Black Crow and the Fox with Golden Fur

Once upon a time, long, long ago...

there lived a small black crow, which lived alone in one of the many fig trees growing in a very large garden.

One lazy afternoon, with the sun setting on the horizon, a pitiful sound was heard coming from the crow.

He was crying.

Daniel and all his friends asked Daniel's father, why the crow was making such a noise.

Daniel's father replied that many years ago the little crow had a small, female black crow as its partner. Then one day a terrible thing happened.

Daniel and his friend's eyes were wide open with anticipation, waiting to hear what had happened.

Then Daniel's father said:

"Do you remember the fox with the golden fur?"

"Yes", replied Daniel.

"Well, the fox with the golden fur hunted the female black crow and ate her."

"Oh, that's such a shame", said Daniel and his friends.

"Well, it's completely true", said Daniel's father.

"Poor little black crow", replied all the boys together.

"Father?" asked Daniel.

"Would this be why the little black crow cries when the sunset arrives every afternoon?"

"Perhaps", said Daniel's father, "Who knows."

"Father, may I ask another question?"

"Yes", said Daniel's father.

"Do birds have feelings like us?"

"No", replied father. "Generally animals and birds have instincts, although some may say that occasionally birds and animals do indeed possess feelings."

"But, if the little black crow is crying, is it because he misses his mate? Is he in pain?"

"I really don't know", said Daniel's father.

Daniel continued to ask questions regarding animals and their behaviour.

“Father?”

“Yes, Daniel?”

“Father, I have noticed that lately the little fox has been coming on its own. What happened to its partner?”

Daniel’s father said:

“Well, the hunter came. He hunted the male fox, now the female is all alone.”

Daniel considered on all his father had said to him, then asked:

“Father, why do we have hunters nowadays?”

Daniel’s father sat and thought about his response for some time. Eventually he said to his son:

“Son, in reply to your question, the type of man who can do this sort of thing is actually much less than an animal, bird or even an insect.”

And continued...“Unfortunately, these types of people seem to only have instincts. When they came into this world they hadn’t fully developed enough to possess complete human feeling; unfortunately only instinct.”

It was getting dark. Daniel’s friends went home.

Daniel was about to ask more questions, but his father said to him:

“Daniel, come in now. Wash your hands, eat some supper, then go to sleep.”

To you, my dear friend, who is reading this little tale, tomorrow will be another day. Perhaps, if you dream a lovely dream for the little black crow, he will find himself another little female black crow.

If you sleep well enough, you might even dream a special dream of the lonely fox finding himself a beautiful new mate, one who has gorgeous golden fur, and together making friends with and telling other foxes that it is wonderful to have black crows as friends, and all of them living happily ever after.

THE END

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