

A Foxes Tale

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A story about the bond between brothers.

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The bright and vivid lights were slowly switching on in the large city, like flowers blooming in a field. Everyone seemed to be heading home. Children were called to return to their safe and warm homes, by their mothers. Men and Women alike in their bright, or dull, old or new cars, headed home after a long days work. Some also head towards bars and other such places for some late night entertainment.

But one lone stranger stood out from the rest, something seemed awkward about this individual. Long red bangs hung loosely in his face. His long flaming red mess of hair was tied back in a loose ponytail; bright yellow eyes scanned the area around him. His build was sleek yet slightly muscular; his features were sharp like a fox. His age looked somewhat of a teen, but his features shone of maturity. Clothed in a yellow hooded sweater and a pair of worn out jeans he seemed almost like any other, but something was oddly almost magical about him. No human eyes would notice the strange but almost natural features he bore. Through the eyes of a stray dog that trotted by, it noticed the two elegant red and white tails of a fox, and the black dainty ears mounted on top of his head. This creature was no human, but a shape shifting fox, a Kitsune.

What are you doing here so far away from home, cousin? It barked. The stranger said nothing but bent down and gave the canine a friendly pat on the head along with a smile, showing his pointed fangs. The fox gave it one final scratch behind the ear before going on his way. ***Goodbye, cousin*** the dog whined, and gave a bat of his tail before dodging into a nearby alleyway.

He dug his hands deep into his jeans pockets, and breathed in the crisp night air, it had a tint of mustiness to it from cars, buses, factories, and other human pollution. "The air is much cleaner in the forest..."he snorted, his yellow orbs sadden at the thought of human cities one day taking over his woodland home, "humans...keh, who can understand them."

He leaned against the rusty old railing overlooking the bright city. "What a shame..."he mumbled staring at the ever extending city.

Toby trudged through the dense green forest. The smell of earth and trees filled his nostrils. His long red tipped white hair trailed behind him, like a banner in the wind. He wore a worn out pair of navy pants along with a grass stained shirt; that was once white. Small delicate black fox ears were mounted on top of his head, ever alert, listening to anything that stirred. His fluffy red and white fox tail swished eagerly from side to side, his golden eyes were alert and darted cautiously around.

There it was, a magnificent blue butterfly was perched on a foxglove plant, and it sat there sipping on the

sweet nectar of the flower. Toby couldn't help but smile at the sight; then silently he crept up to the butterfly and then without any warning at all, he pounced. The butterfly easily evaded his move and the fox rolled into a bush of hawthorn. Laughing and giggling he yelled after it, "Hey! Come back here!" He dashed forward after it, his face shone with happiness of a child.