

The fox wasn't wise like the owl, thrifty like the squirrel, hard working like the beaver, or determined like the robin. The fox was sly and secretive.	15 27
She slept most of the days away in her den with her kits curled around her. She went out to hunt only on nights when the moon was hidden by clouds. Not many of the other animals saw her during the day or met up with her at night.	44 61 76
"I know that nasty fox is stealing hens from the henhouse," the squirrel told the owl one afternoon as they sat on a branch and gossiped.	91 102
"That's why she doesn't show her red nose around here during the day. That thieving fox makes me angry."	116 121
The owl didn't say anything. She thought about the rabbit she'd caught that morning and held her tongue. What would the squirrel have to say about her after she'd heard that she ate rabbits for breakfast?	134 149 157
That evening at sunset as the fox slipped out of her den, her fur was a fiery red in the light of the setting sun and her eyes were black and clever. She was just about to slip under the farmer's fence when she heard someone snicker at her from a tree branch above.	176 193 209 211
It was the robin. "Good evening, fox," she said. "Where are you off to this fine night? There was a ruckus at the farm yesterday morning. I heard it when I flew over in search of worms. It seems some creature has been sneaking into the henhouse and stealing hens. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?"	227 243 257 269
The fox ignored the rude robin and slipped under the fence, but instead of heading toward the farm as she did most nights, she cut down to the river.	283 298
Beaver was working on his dam, and he watched with awe as the fox caught three fish in a row and tossed them on the shore. He'd always known the fox was as smart as she was sly.	313 331 336

The fox wasn't wise like the owl, thrifty like the squirrel, hard working like the beaver, or determined like the robin. The fox was sly and secretive.

She slept most of the days away in her den with her kits curled around her. She went out to hunt only on nights when the moon was hidden by clouds. Not many of the other animals saw her during the day or met up with her at night.

"I know that nasty fox is stealing hens from the henhouse," the squirrel told the owl one afternoon as they sat on a branch and gossiped.

"That's why she doesn't show her red nose around here during the day. That thieving fox makes me angry."

The owl didn't say anything. She thought about the rabbit she'd caught that morning and held her tongue. What would the squirrel have to say about her after she'd heard that she ate rabbits for breakfast?

That evening at sunset as the fox slipped out of her den, her fur was a fiery red in the light of the setting sun and her eyes were black and clever. She was just about to slip under the farmer's fence when she heard someone snicker at her from a tree branch above.

It was the robin. "Good evening, fox," she said. "Where are you off to this fine night? There was a ruckus at the farm yesterday morning. I heard it when I flew over in search of worms. It seems some creature has been sneaking into the henhouse and stealing hens. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?"

The fox ignored the rude robin and slipped under the fence, but instead of heading toward the farm as she did most nights, she cut down to the river.

Beaver was working on his dam, and he watched with awe as the fox caught three fish in a row and tossed them on the shore. He'd always known the fox was as smart as she was sly.