

Amplified Fable based off of *The Donkey, Fox, and The Lion*

By: Grade 9 Student

There once lived a daring but skittish dog and a very prim cat who were great friends. Their names were Oliver and Sheba. One thing they both loved was to go exploring in the dark, moist, and scary forest they both lived next to. Except there was one problem, Sheba was extremely terrified of the dark, so they could only go to the forest at midday when the sun was brightest and highest. But there happened to be one other problem, Sheba would only go if Oliver is with her to protect her from all the dangers that lurked in the forest. Oliver was quite alright with this plan, because he went exploring whenever he got the chance.

One fine summer day, Oliver and Sheba were playing together in the yard having tons of fun wrestling with an abandoned plastic water bottle, just like two kittens straddling a ball of yarn.

“I sure am getting hot. Are you?” said Oliver, starting to pant.

“Yes. Extremely and terribly hot. I feel like a loaf of bread baking in the oven!” replied Sheba.

“Shall we go to the forest to cool off?” questioned Oliver.

“Yes! What a wonderful idea, Sheba!” So off they trotted into the scary, yet refreshingly cooling forest.

When they arrived in the deepest part of the forest, Oliver started to hear the sound of branches snapping and leaves crunching.

“It sounds like someone or something is following us,” Oliver thought to himself. As they continued their walk, Sheba thought she kept glimpsing what looked like an animal with golden fur moving alongside them.

“I need to remind myself that Oliver will protect me if worse comes to worse,” she silently thought in her head. Then from nowhere in particular, a horrible and fearsome lion pounced right in the middle of their path.

“Help! Help! A horrible lion has come to devour me!” cried Oliver who had already started to run away.

“Now what will I do with no Oliver here to protect me?” Sheba thought, frantically. Then she started to think up a dangerous but thought-out plan.

“Very good day, fine sir,” said Sheba, trying not to make her voice quiver with Fear.

“Hello pitiful cat, who is a disgrace to feline kind. What do you want?” the lion replied with scorn in his voice. “Where has your dog-friend gone to? I was going to have him for my lunch.”

“He has run away, but I can fetch him for you if you promise to not eat me. I am extremely terrified of lions,” replied Sheba, almost about to sprint herself because she was so scared.

“That would be wonderful,” the lion said gleefully.

Then Sheba started walking in the direction that Oliver had run away. When she found Oliver, who was shaking uncontrollably in bed. Finally, after much convincing, Oliver followed Sheba back into the forest. When the lion saw Oliver and Sheba coming, he crouched in the brush, and waited alongside the path until they were right in front of him. Then quick as a blink, he ate both of them because he was quite hungry. And that was the end of Oliver and Sheba.

The Fields of Treachery

By: 11th Grade Student

It only took five seconds to agree. Donkey knew he was safe only because the Fox’s eyes never faltered. Silver linings of wisdom glittered back at him as he accepted her offer. People assumed Donkey was naive, but he knew Fox would shield him from any danger. Her brown tail twitched as they walked toward the fields. Leaping from rock to rock, the unusual pair found a cold brook. Sipping the water, Donkey realized something odd.

“Fox,” Donkey remarked, “Why did you want to hunt with me?”

Lifting her head slowly, Fox studied Donkey before replying, “Why, don’t be silly Donkey.” She strided slowly over, her eyes never leaving his. “I need your strong legs, your wisdom, and your courage as we go into those horrifying fields.”

Donkey couldn't help but puff out his hairy chest as they continued to march towards the fields. He was proud, telling himself he could eat a lion if they came across one. The green grass stood tall from afar as they admired the great fields. The morning sun shone down on all little creatures that passed, a brilliant golden glow on the earth. Donkey and Fox couldn't help but smile at each other, both racing towards the grass.

Fox was quick, her orange paws taking her far into the field before Donkey could. His hind legs failed to take him any further.

Panting, Donkey called out, "Fox? Fox?! Where are you?" He only took two steps before he heard a yelp a couple of paces in front.

His ears perked up, and he trekked the grass with caution. The closer Donkey got, the more he sensed something was wrong. The air smelled of rotten meat and a tang of blood. His hoof hit something hard, taking him off balance. Peering down, he saw the skull of some animal; clearly staring back at him as he shivered. Continuing on he heard voices, the Fox's and a deep, raspy echo. In a quick second, he stared at a black hole and Fox gazed down below from the side.

Her face showed fear and horror, and her paws unsheathed into the coarse dirt. The animal came out from his hiding place and sat beside her. The Lion licked his paw and cleaned himself, his claws shining in the sun. He lifted his head, and suddenly his ears perked up. The Lion's face lit as he smelled something in the air, the breeze betraying his spot. His evil grin sent both Fox and Donkey goosebumps.

His mane shook as he cried, "So Fox. Where is this Donkey? I can clearly smell him. His fear reeks."

Fox turned her head towards Donkey's direction and nodded for him to come. Her eyes fooled him again, and he walked out from his hiding place. When Lion glared at him, his legs wavered. Lion's mane was stained red, and his teeth hung out of his mouth, waiting for its next victim. When he went to sit next to the Fox, he tripped.

Lion crackled and cried, "This is your offering?" He strolled over to Fox. His claws grazed her ear, a trickle of blood falling from her ear. Fox whimpered and Lion sneered. "I am not satisfied, Fox." He spit next to her precious coat and called to Donkey.

"Donkey," his voice echoed maliciously, "Come." Without hesitation, he trotted over to Lion. Lion's strides were that of hunger and impatience, his eyes blood red. He stopped at the side of the hole and uttered, "Get in the pit." Donkey knew he

had no option. The pit was pitch black, but it was either the pit or Lion, and Lion appeared irritated. He glanced at Fox, her eyes closed. Donkey wanted to see her eyes, the ones that got him in this mess in the first place. But, Lion snapped. He roared, scaring Donkey into his leap of death. As he jumped, he heard one final word from the Fox before all was dark.

“Please-”

The Donkey and the Fox
By: 9th Grade Student

The Donkey and the Fox had agreed to work together to survive in the large forest they called home. The Donkey was big and strong, but not very clever. The Fox, however, was not as strong, but what he lacked in strength he made up for in cunning and cleverness. One bright sunny day, the Fox and the Donkey went out into the verdant summer forest to hunt.

They had not proceeded far before they met a Lion. The Lion growled at the two, and the Donkey, hearing the growl, gave a terrified bray.

“Flee, my friend! Flee if you value living!” The Donkey fled, but the Fox stayed. Instead of running, he approached the Lion, head lowered in submission.

“Noble sir,” said the Fox, his voice silky. “If you would be so kind as to not harm me, I will capture yonder Donkey for you as a sign of my gratitude and respect for you.”

“And how do I know you will do this?” rumbled the Lion. The Fox looked hurt.

“I would never dare even think of breaking a promise! Besides, I bear no love for that clumsy creature we call the Donkey.” The Fox turned to leave.

“If it is not done by sunset today, I will hunt both of you down without a drop of mercy,” the Lion called after him.

The Fox ran back to where he and the Donkey lived.

“My dear friend,” said the Fox to the Donkey. “Let us go hunting once more. The Lion is no threat to two strong beasts such as us. Why, I frightened him away all by myself”

“I am dreadfully sorry for my cowardice,” said the Donkey. “If it is true that you frightened away a Lion by yourself, then I am indeed lucky to have so courageous and skillful a beast as my friend. Of course I will come hunting with you.”

The two creatures again went out into the green forest to hunt. As they walked, the Fox heard the nearly noiseless steps of the Lion following them. As they passed a deep pit that the Fox knew of, the Fox gave the Donkey a mighty push that sent the Donkey tumbling into the pit. As the Fox turned to speak to the Lion, the Lion pounced, pinning the Fox under his huge paws.

“Noble sir, I have captured the Donkey. He is in the pit. Now would you kindly let me go?”

The Fox said, his voice hinting at fear.

“I have nothing but contempt for groveling cowards like you, willing to betray anyone to survive. How long before you turn on me?” So saying, the Lion killed the Fox, and then the Donkey.

Scarlet

By Carolina Rivera-Torres
10th Grade Student

It was a brilliantly bright morning in the Himalayan mountains, the white snow reflecting every ray of the sun. Despising the beauty of the morning, Scarlet, a red fox, slunk along a cliff top path, too embittered by past memories to care about the world. It was a year ago that she was left alone in the world, and had had to learn how to survive by herself. Scarlet remembered that night vividly. Her mother and brother had been caught by a snow leopard; every detail of that day was seared in her mind and could never be forgotten. It was on that night she decided to survive no matter the cost. So far Scarlet had succeeded, but it had come at a price. Fearing everything had made Scarlet sly and deceitful; she would and could do anything to get out of a bad situation. Every time she escaped by a treacherous act she became more afraid. And so she had lived for a miserable year, lying and cheating when necessary, so lonely that she hid it from herself and the world.

As Scarlet trotted along the path, oblivious to her surroundings, a musk deer darted along the path, and, as both were not looking where they were going, they crashed.

“Hey!” said Scarlet. “Watch where you're going!”

“Oh, sorry,” replied the deer meekly. “I thought I saw a wolf so I started to run.”

“Wait, what? Where is the wolf?”

“I only thought I saw a wolf, but it could have been a shadow. And my name is Wallace, by the way.”

“Wallace, If you did see a wolf, don’t you think we should do something about it? But if it was only a shadow we can’t be hiding like mindless ignoramuses.”

“Well, If you put it that way - but now that I think about It, I think it was a...”

“Wolf!” yelled Scarlet. “Run, NOW!”

“Wait!”

The two animals ran like shooting stars, Scarlet in the lead with her red tail flying, not caring if she left Wallace behind. Struggling to keep up, Wallace finally collapsed as they reached the entrance to a cave. Scarlet had already disappeared inside and Wallace struggled to enter.

“ Fox.” panted Wallace. “Help me!”

“My name is Scarlet and why should I help you?”

“You're going to leave me here?!?”

“Fine. Give me your hoof and from now on, don’t say anything.”

Scarlet grabbed Wallace's hoof and pulled him through the hole. As Wallace came through the hole, he opened his mouth to say something. Scarlet hastily put a paw over his face and pointed to the bear sleeping in the corner of the cave. Wallace's eyes went wide, but he didn't say anything. Scarlet wrote in the snow at their feet - If we had come into an ordinary cave the wolf would have followed us and it would have been much worse than running for it. But the wolf won’t dare come into a bear's cave. Wallace could not write so he nodded to show he understood.

The freezing air in the cave swirled with particles of snow as the two animals settled for a

long wait. Scarlet paced while Wallace lay down in a corner of the cave. Thinking about the events of the last ten minutes, Scarlet wondered why she had helped Wallace; she had never done anything like that before. Was she, Scarlet, becoming sentimental and weak? No, she couldn't be! Then why had she helped Wallace? After much deliberation she came to a conclusion: all the people who I didn't help didn't trust me, and I didn't trust them. They would have done the same thing had the situation been reversed. But Wallace was different. He had trusted her - and somehow she had not been able to leave him out in the cold. Angry at herself for her apparent weakness, she curled up into a ball and abandoned herself to her thoughts.

Scarlet awoke as light from the sunrise entered the cave. She yawned and walked stiffly over to Wallace, put her paw over his mouth and shook him. Wallace jumped and would have shouted if he had been able. Once Wallace realized what had happened, he stood up and made his way to the entrance with Scarlet in front of him. Scarlet darted through the hole and then helped Wallace through.

“Goodbye Wallace,” said Scarlet airily. “Nice meeting you.”

“Wait! Please, I need your help. I am so shy and clumsy - I need your protection.

“You need my help?” replied the incredulous Scarlet, with an inward leap of excitement which she quickly extinguished. “Well, I don’t need anyone.”

“Well, I do! Please, will you come with me even if it's only for a day?”

With reluctance, Scarlet spoke. “Okay. Only today and only because you insist. We’ll go this way. I know a place where we can both find food.”

Both animals started on their way. After half an hour had elapsed Scarlet paused, nervously, and sniffed the wind. Sensing Scarlet’s anxiety, Wallace’s ears twitched. Suddenly, Scarlet's eyes dilated with fear as through the whiteness the silhouette of a snow leopard came into view. Scarlet was taken back a year ago; the face of her mother and brother filled her mind. The fear she had suppressed for so long came charging through her like an electric shock, drowning every other emotion. Her mind, numb with terror, took control of her like a dream. She mumbled something to Wallace and, taking up a clump of snow, waved it like a white flag of truce. Still in a trance of fear, Scarlet approached the snow leopard. She whispered a few words into the leopard's ear. As Scarlet slunk back to Wallace, she thought about what she had arranged; it was the only thing she could have done. As she stood beside Wallace, the world seemed to go into slow motion. The leopard began to lope. In Scarlet’s mind, every jump was slowed down unbearably. Too late, Scarlet realized the fullness of what she had done. How could I

have betrayed Wallace for my own life? But it was too late now. It was nearly over. The leopard was only a few feet away. It was done. Is the leopard coming for me now? Betraying Wallace had done nothing. *My Life is over. This is the end.*

By: 11th Grade Student

It happened one day that while the donkey and the fox were out gathering food, they stumbled upon a delightful meadow, in which flowed a cool stream.

“Oh, look at those berries!” Donkey cried out, trotting to the spot where the luscious fruit
Grew.

“How nice for you,” Fox muttered sarcastically. The fox wasn’t one for being excited about anything. He hadn’t had a good day since he’d hooked up with that imbecile donkey. But he supposed she served her purpose in the bargain. They hadn’t been attacked since they joined each other.

As the donkey nibbled at her fruit, the fox realized how hungry he was. He decided that it was a waste of his time to sit around waiting for Donkey to finish her berries.

“I’ll go get some food for myself while you’re eating,” he suggested. But the donkey became nervous and didn’t want the fox to leave her.

“What if something happens while you’re gone?” she said worriedly.

“Now, didn’t I tell you not to worry?” The fox spoke soothingly. “I said that you would be perfectly alright as long as you’ve got me.”

The donkey agreed, so the fox was on his way.

After a short period of walking, the fox had seen nothing substantial for eating. There were the usual squirrels, chipmunks, and birds; nothing he would enjoy. He did wander across a deep pit, where his first thought became of food. He was disappointed to find no creatures in the bottom, but it mattered little. He would have no way of getting out again, so he pressed on.

Suddenly, the fox heard something moving in the brush. He stealthily crept behind a clump of bushes, before a lion sauntered out into the clearing. Fox’s heart started racing. The lion was so big, what was he to do?

The lion lazily lounged against a large rock, watching his surroundings intently. The fox pondered on how to approach the beast. He couldn't get away without stepping into the lion's vision and even if he tried to make a run for it, that lion could outrun him in an instant.

Just as the fox was beginning to panic, the lion spoke.

"I know you're there," he growled. The fox nearly jumped out of his skin. How did the lion know he was there?

"If you were wondering, I can smell you. You're a dog, if I'm not mistaken," the lion was going to have fun with this little dog.

The fox stepped out from the bushes, trembling. The lion was amused that he had guessed so close as to what creature it was. He started asking the fox questions. One could tell it got rather lonesome around there.

"Your most gracious majesty, why have you detained me?" questioned the fox, fearing the worst.

"Do I look hungry to you?"

"Not particularly-"

"Well I am," The lion thundered, "And it's just about my meal time!"

The lion began to saunter over to the fox, licking his gleaming teeth.

"Your majesty, please! I offer you a gift," he blurted out before realizing it. "There is a plump, healthy donkey that I may secure for you, if you but spare me."

The lion pondered this proposition momentarily, before wholeheartedly agreeing to it. He made the excuse of not thinking the fox big enough for a meal anyway. The fox informed the lion on what to do and scampered off. While still in earshot, the lion called out a warning.

"Remember your place, sly one. Wherever you go, I can smell you out."

The fox raced back to the pasture where he had left the donkey and spotted her on the bank of the creek, drinking up some of the cool water.

"Quick! Donkey, follow me!" he shouted. "I have found the most delectable patch of

berries you have ever seen!” The donkey ran madly after the fox, as berries were her favorite treat.

“The patch is straight ahead, keep running,” the fox assured her. She was terribly dismayed to learn that there were no berries, and that she had fallen into a deep pit. At this time, the lion lunged out from the bushes. But instead of going for the donkey, he headed straight for the fox. With one blow from his mighty paw, the fox was pinned to the ground.

“What are you going to do?” the fox yelped in pain.

“I’m going to eat you, that’s what I’m going to do,” he hissed.

“But you promised I’d go free!”

“Then I suppose that makes two empty promises,” he chuckled, glancing down at the donkey. His head turned back to face the fox, and in an instant, he was dead.

The (Short) Adventures of the Rabbit and the Turtle

by Eli Fluharty
Grade 8 Student

Once upon a time, deep in a dark, dense forest, there lived a turtle who slowly made his way through the woods, vigilantly searching for something to eat. Suddenly, a noise startled the turtle, and he quickly retreated into his shell. He peeked out bit by bit, still unsure of what he had heard, and spoke, “Who goes there?” He said this boldly, although he was still a bit scared about that sound. What could it be? “Perhaps a hawk,” he worried, “or maybe...” He was interrupted by a small voice responding to his call. “It’s only I, and I mean you no harm,” said a voice. The turtle fully came out of his shell and saw what he had been afraid of was no more than a small rabbit, also hunting for food in the woods.

“Hello, Rabbit,” the turtle greeted, trying to pretend he had not been afraid.

“I hope I didn’t frighten you,” the rabbit said.

“No, no, not at all– I’m just a bit, um, ah, cautious is all,” the turtle carefully replied. With that, the two agreed to look for food together, so that they might be more successful in finding something to eat.

After some time, and finding nothing, they heard a large noise in some blueberry

bushes. The turtle wanted to look as brave as he acted, so he went into the bushes, leaving the rabbit behind. As he came through the brush, he fixed his eyes on a large black bear. The bear had not seen him yet, for he was looking for blueberries. Finding none, he growled, "Why must the birds always eat my blueberries, and leave me hungry?" Hearing this in the presence of a hungry black bear, the turtle was very afraid and started to go into his shell, when he remembered something.

"Bears are strong," he realized, "and even if I did go into my shell, this bear could easily eat me, and I would have no chance of living. If I try to escape, he will no doubt hear me escaping through the leaves." Desperately searching for a way to survive, he quickly fabricated a plan, should the bear spot him.

The turtle finished his plan none too soon, for the bear grew tired of searching for berries that were not there, and was turning to go back to his cave when he spotted the turtle. "Are you the one who has been eating my berries?" he thundered, "If so, you will pay dearly." As the bear raised his paw to strike the turtle, the turtle quickly said,

"O Bear, if you would only listen to me, I can find you a meal much better than Me."

"You? You crawl at speeds so slow an inchworm would be faster than you," said the bear, "What makes you think you can find me food?"

"I can get you a rabbit for dinner if you would only listen to me. Just through those bushes, there is a rabbit. I have been gone for a while, so he will come looking for me soon. I will tell him to come, to eat some of these berries for food, and you can capture him, if you would only let me go free." The bear agreed to his plan, and the turtle cried out, "Rabbit! There is nothing to be afraid of in here, and I have found some blueberries!" This brought the rabbit hopping as fast as his legs could carry him toward the patch, for he was very hungry. Not spotting the turtle or the bear, he sat down and looked for berries. The bear saw the rabbit and grabbed him as the rabbit was about to scold the turtle for eating all of them, and at the same instant, the bear grabbed the turtle, who carried them both back to his den, where he enjoyed a large, nice supper.

The Donkey and the Fox of the Forest

By Hazel Faire
9th Grade Student

It was one of those days when the fog lay thick, surmounting every tree, weaving

in and out of the cold branches. The cool air wafted into the wood creating an eerie atmosphere. A red fox sat at the edge of a pool of water, his stomach growling as he thought of the last time he ate, it was winter and the food was scarce as the amount of predators were great. The fox trotted over towards the donkey drink at the edge, "How now my good friend, I hope you are faring well," he said.

"As well as any donkey could be in the winter." The donkey said.

"How do you find the idea of hunting with me?" said the fox slyly,

"I don't really hunt," said the donkey. "But I would appreciate your protection, as two are better than one." The fox and the donkey, having come to a shared protection of themselves, began to walk among the forest.

A branch in the distance snapped loudly, echoing into the still dark wood. The fox's ears perked up; he prowled along the edge of the fog, sniffing the air.

"I will be back," the fox said stealthy, "You stay here, there may be a chance of some fresh meat tonight." And before the donkey could explain that he only ate plants the fox was gone. The donkey stood there thinking of his wonderful shrub at home. He was a gentile animal, who did not think of himself.

Meanwhile, the fox edged closer and closer to the sound: a muffled noise and a howl. Behind him crouched a silver wolf, as large as a lion, his silver coat glimmered in the moonlight. The fox knew there was danger so he thought quickly, "I have a friend waiting in the forest for me, if I capture him for you, then will you spare me." The wolf thought for a moment and pondered the proposal offered by the fox. It seemed like a perfectly good idea in his mind, so he accepted it.

The fox trotted back to the donkey all the time looking towards the spot where he knew the wolf was watching. An idea came fleeting across his mind, as he considered making a run for it, but he thought it would turn out better for him if he did as the wolf had said. As he led the poor unsuspecting donkey toward a deep pit, he began to feel bad for his actions, he was betraying the donkey who was under his protection. Unfortunately, these thoughts came to mind too late; the donkey tumbled head over heels into the pit.

The wolf thought fast, if he just took the donkey, he would miss the fox, so he leapt at the fox just before the fox ran away. After he made a fine meal of the fox, he was able to do whatever he liked with the donkey. He looked down at the cowering animal and decided to let it go. The donkey was a sad skinny looking thing and would not provide

much satisfaction, besides, the wolf did not have an appetite for him. The donkey walked out slowly and warily, as the wolf stared at him, then he brayed then ran as fast as he could go. The wolf sighed constantly and settled down dozing off.

Perhaps the fox deserved his fate, after all he had betrayed the one who was under his protection. Why would the fox betray the donkey and not expect the same betrayal from the wolf? All the same, the donkey shouldn't have even come into the risky company of the fox. Betraying a friend also hurts you, as the fox learned, and be wary to trust other people to help you and instead help yourself.

The Donkey and the Fox

9th Grade Student

One day, a fox was in the forest. It was a large and beautiful forest; the trees, mainly pines, firs, junipers, and cedars, with a few errant mountain laurels lower down, were very thick, and a carpet of brown needles covered the ground. The fox was strolling about nonchalantly when she came upon a tasty-looking donkey. The donkey did not notice her until she was very close. Then the fox leaped at him and tried to bite him.

“Oi!” said the donkey. “I’m not food!”

“Oh yes you are,” replied the fox. “You have lots of protein. And I’m sure you taste good too.”

“I do not,” answered the offended donkey.

“How would you know?” asked the fox.

“How would YOU know?” returned the donkey.

“Maybe you’re right. You probably don’t taste very good after all,” the fox said.

“Well, there’s no need to be mean about it,” the donkey replied.

“Do you mean you DO taste good?” asked the fox.

“I—well—no! I mean, I don’t know, because I’ve never eaten myself, obviously. But I don’t think I would taste very good.”

“Oh well,” said the fox. “I guess I won’t eat you then.”

“That’s good news,” the donkey remarked. “I suppose I won’t eat you either.”
How kind, sniggered the fox to herself, but she said, “How about we enter into a partnership for our mutual protection?”

“Say what now?” answered the confuzzled donkey.

“I don’t eat you, you don’t eat me (not that you would), and no one eats us cause there are two of us! Sound good?”

“OK,” the donkey replied with alacrity.

The next day, they went back into the forest to hunt. The fox caught a water vole by the bank of a small stream, and the donkey found some succulent hawthorn berries. Then they caught sight of a large lion.

She was light brown, sort of golden, with a long tail and sharp fangs. While the donkey was investigating a shrub, the fox approached the lion warily.

“Are you lost?”

“No,” replied the lion. “Why would you think that?”

“You’re not native to this environment,” answered the fox.

“I can hunt where I want to, can’t I?” asked the lion.

“Sure, of course.”

“Say, fox, what do you taste like?”

“Um, meaty, kind of flavorful, actually, because I have a varied diet!”

“It was a rhetorical question! Also, you should NOT know how you taste.”

“I bit myself once, just in case someone asked me that question. So thanks for asking!”
said the fox cheerfully.

“You’re bizarre,” the lion remarked.

“Thank you!” the fox smiled.

“I have a discerning palate,” the lion said. “So I am going to eat you, and we’ll see if you were right.”

“Let’s not and say we did,” suggested the fox.

“Ha, ha.”

“Wait, I have a better idea!” the fox exclaimed. “How about I help you catch that donkey, and then you can eat him instead of me.”

“Alright. You trap the donkey, and I will eat him.”

“See you later!” said the fox. “Cheerio!”

The lion went away. Then the donkey approached the fox.

“Why were you talking to that lion?”

“She wanted to eat us, but I convinced her not to,” lied the fox.

“OK!” said the donkey.

The next day, the fox woke up early. She went into the forest and found a place where a tree had fallen. There was a cavity in the ground where the roots had been. She dug it deeper, until it was deep enough to trap the donkey. Then she washed in the steam and returned to where Donkey was.

“Let’s go hunt some more. I’m hungry,” the fox said.

The donkey acquiesced, so they went into the forest again. The fox was in front, and she led the donkey to the pit. Then she shoved him in.

“Oops! My paw slipped! Don’t worry, I’ll go get help!”

“Right,” the donkey called up. “Hurry, though. There are some gross grubs in here.”

The fox went to where the lion had told her to meet, a large rock in a clearing of the forest. It was granite, with pale green and orange lichens growing on its surface. The lion was sitting atop the boulder.

“I have captured the donkey, as promised,” the fox announced. She led the lion through the forest until they came to the pit. .

“Here you go!” the fox announced. “Dinner is served!”

“But it’s morning!” the lion retorted.

“‘Dinner is served’ sounds better than ‘breakfast is served’, though,” the fox replied.

“Yes, but it’s not accurate!”

“Oh, well,” said the fox. “Bon appetit!”

“I’m going to eat YOU, too!” the lion declared.

“Um, rude!” said the fox. “Also, why?”

“1) I’m hungry, 2) Serves you right for betraying Donkey, 3) I want to see if you were right about your flavor.”

“OK, I can see that,” the fox conceded. “Make sure you tell me about the flavor when you’re done! I’m sure I’ll find it enthralling!”

After the lion was finished with the fox, she jumped down into the hole and ate the donkey. When she was done, she licked her lips and said, “My, my, I do think the fox was right about her flavor!”

THE END!

The Donkey and the Fox (and the Lion)

By: Grade 8 Student

The Donkey had never gone into the forest before. He had always stayed in the meadows where he was born, munching on the wide variety of grass and wildflowers that resided there. The forest was a faraway place, almost out of a story. Towering pines and sycamores stood every few feet, giving shade to the smaller trees and bushes. Thick vines curled around the tree trunks and spread across the ground, obscuring sight in every direction. So, one early summer’s day, when a fox walked boldly up to the Donkey and asked if he would do him the favor of traveling into the forest as his companion, the Donkey was inclined to refuse.

“But surely you, the bravest of donkeys, would never think of being frightened,” the Fox said smoothly,

“I’d rather not,” the Donkey said. He had a gentle, drowsy sort of voice, one that was accustomed to a life of peaceful laziness.

“It would be an adventure! And besides, by going into the forest together, we would be ensuring safety for both of us. I would protect you, although a donkey so mighty as you would hardly need it, and you would, in turn, protect me.”

The Donkey resisted for a little while longer, but in the end, the Fox’s flattery won him over, and together, they set off towards the forest.

The forest was only barely in sight when they started, but it quickly grew nearer and larger as they proceeded towards it. The Donkey plodded willingly on, while the Fox ran briskly beside him. When they got to the treeline, the Donkey hesitated, but remembering how the Fox had called him brave, cautiously put a hoof across the line where the grass ended and the thick roots and trees began. This was nothing he had ever felt before. The soft carpet of pine needles and old leaves sank down beneath his hooves like the meadows the morning after a fresh spring rain. He took another careful step.

Soon he had forgotten about his fear and was gazing in awe at the forest. He had seen trees from a distance, but up close they were so much bigger! The Donkey didn’t know what to make of it; it was so unlike the meadows. As they walked, the Fox began to sing. The Donkey couldn’t understand the words, but he liked the tune.

“Oh here I go a-hunting,

Among the prickly pines

With the sycamores that sway and bend,

And th– oh!”

The Fox suddenly broke off, and the Donkey turned to see what had startled him. He did not have to look far. A great tawny beast, with four giant paws, had stepped out from behind a tree. The morning sunshine caught in its mane as the animal tossed it, making it look like fire. It was a lion.

“Who are you?” it said, with a voice as deep as the sea. The Fox, trembling, went up to the Lion and quickly whispered in his ear. After a moment, the Lion nodded. “Very

well. There is one over by the stream. See that he falls into it.”

“I wonder who the Lion can mean,” the Donkey wondered. He did not have much time to think, though, for the Fox turned frantically back to him.

“Run!” he yelped, sprinting off into the trees. The donkey followed, but he would soon learn that this was a mistake. For the Fox, zig-zagging between and around trees, came to a sudden halt, and the poor Donkey, unable to stop himself, slid past the Fox and suddenly felt himself falling, down, down, down, into a deep hole. He now knew whom the Lion and the Fox had meant, and was angry at the Fox for his trickery. The Donkey was feeling so sorry for himself that he almost didn’t hear the Fox pleading with the Lion, nor the end of the Fox. What he did hear was the Lion coming to the edge of the pit.

“You look larger than the Fox; a better meal. You shall be my dinner.” The Donkey, somehow feeling sorry for his companion, no matter what he had done, asked,

“What about the Fox?”

“I have already taught him the lesson he needed to learn,” the Lion replied.

“What lesson?”

“Lies and betrayal never solve problems or help you succeed. Quite the opposite, in fact. The Fox needed to see the consequences of his actions, so I ate him.”

“But I never betrayed anybody,” the Donkey thought.

The Donkey, the Fox, and the Lion

By: 8th Grade Student

In a thin forest there once lived a fox and a donkey. They both lived close to each other, but they were not friends and never talked when they crossed paths. Then one hot summer there was a famine and food became scarce.

“Let’s team up and hunt together! We’ll each get half of the food, and with two of us we’ll be safer,” proposed the fox one day.

The donkey, who was about as good at hunting as a rotting piece of wood, decided that this would be a good way to get food without doing too much work. The next morning they both set off in search of something to eat. It was an especially hot morning so they headed towards the watering hole to get a drink.

They had just leaned down to drink, when they realized a lion was watching them from not far away. The fox, who was a very cunning sort, immediately devised a plan for his own safety. He comforted the donkey, who was starting to panic, and told him that he would talk to the lion.

The fox walked boldly up to the lion. He talked quietly so the donkey wouldn't hear.

"Sir," he said, "I have this amazing idea. If you promise not to hurt me, I'll trap that donkey over there - heh heh, but he's not too much on the bright side. You know what I mean."

The lion agreed and the fox walked back again. "He promised not to hurt us," he lied.

"Still, I think we should go hide. I have heard that lions don't keep their word."

The fox led the donkey into a dark part of the forest. Little sunlight filtered through the leaves, and strange sounds filled the air. The donkey blundered on behind the fox, trying to avoid walking through the thorn bushes or swampy areas. He never once doubted his companion.

Soon they came to a cave. "Quick, I can hear him coming!" said the fox, "Go into that cave. I'll try to talk to him again."

The donkey did as he was told, and fell right down a twenty foot shaft. The lion walked out of the bushes, and seeing that the donkey was his, he ran forward and knocked down the traitor with a single blow.

Penguin and Seal
By: 9th Grade Student

Once upon a time in the vast Atlantic Ocean, the water waved back and forth in endless unison.

In these waters lived Seal and Penguin. They were attempting to cross the deep blue sea to get to the fresh waters. The Arctic Sea was bountiful with fish and space to swim around. They came together for their mutual protection. However, Seal had a secret: he only cared for himself. As they were crossing the dangerous terrain Seal noticed an orca in the distance. Seal, who was like a cunning fox, thought only about himself.

Sly Seal told gullible Penguin to wait on an iceberg. Then Seal approached the orca with care: "Hello, dear Orca. I hope you are well; sadly, we are after the same thing: tasty morsels. If you let me pass, I will give you the location of a particular delight."

Orca thought about his words carefully and slowly responded. "I'm interested in your deal, but will I end up just like your acquaintance?" Cunning Seal quickly responded that he would never betray a new friend. Orca agreed to let him pass. Orca had a trick up his sleeve. Seal pointed to where Penguin was resting, and Orca let him through.

Hungry Orca swam over and ate the Penguin in less than a minute. Orca then swam behind Seal, and enjoyed his second meal of the day.

The Donkey the Fox and the Lion

By: Grade 7 Student

It was a sunny, hot day, as the Donkey trotted towards the forest's edge. It was summer, and the tall trees of the forest swayed in a gentle breeze. As the Donkey gazed into the forest's leafy depths, he noticed a hungry looking fox coming towards him.

"Good morning," exclaimed the Fox, "I was just going to the forest to hunt, if you are headed into the forest you can come with me." Then, lowering his voice and peering carefully into the forest's leafy depths the fox whispered, "The forest can be dangerous. We should go together; it will be safer for both of us." The Donkey was glad to have company, so he agreed and together they went out into the forest to hunt.

At first the Donkey found the walk enjoyable, for it was cool and the Fox was an interesting companion, but as they traveled deeper into the forest the Donkey began to feel uneasy. The foliage grew denser, and the sunlight was almost completely blotted out.

A gloomy fog began to creep along the forest floor. The Fox too seemed on edge. Suddenly a growl erupted from the forest, a little way ahead, breaking the silence.

“Look,” the Fox whispered nervously. “There is a lion coming along the bend in the path, it will not be long until he reaches us!”

“What should we do?” cried the Donkey, “there is no time to run.”

“I will go and speak with him,” said the Fox, and quickly he hurried to meet the approaching lion. The Donkey watched as the Fox talked with the Lion, and returned with the great beast stalking beside him.

“He has promised to let us hunt in this forest freely,” and then the Fox added craftily, “I have a little surprise for you just beyond the bend, come you shall not be harmed.” The Donkey did not notice the sly smile on the Fox’s face, and so the Donkey, looking uneasily at the Lion, followed. The three reached the bend of the road, and the Donkey noticed a deep pit before him. Suddenly the Donkey felt the Fox push him from behind, he slipped and fell, landing hard at the bottom of a pit.

“Help me, Fox,” the frightened Donkey cried, “the sides are too deep and I cannot get out.” There was no reply, and the fox turned away. Then the Donkey realized that the fox had betrayed him. The Fox had arranged that he, the Donkey, should be handed over to the lion on the condition that the Fox should be unharmed, and he had thought that the Fox was his friend! The Fox turned to the Lion.

“I have secured the Donkey for you,” he said, “now I will be able to continue my hunt, as we agreed.” Scarcely had he uttered the words when the Lion pounced on him.

“Yes,” growled the Lion, “you have secured the Donkey for me, but I will have you also.”

The Donkey, the Fox, the Lion and Me

By: 9th Grade Student

It happened on a lazy summer day when the sun was directly overhead. I was perched in my tree feeling terribly happy and thinking how wonderful it was to be me when a Donkey entered my view. Quite surprised to see a Donkey in the middle of a forest, I was even more astonished when I noticed a Fox at his side. At first, I thought perhaps the Fox was hunting the Donkey, but that notion was soon put to rest when I heard them talking like two friends. In all my bird years, I had never seen anything like it, and so I made my way down to a lower branch to listen in. This is what I heard:

“My dear Donkey, how lovely it is to be in partnership with you, on such a nice day too!”

“Well, I would say that we wouldn’t last a minute without the other in this forest, perhaps getting shredded to pieces by some wild animal or completely lost,” the Donkey shuddered.

“Yes, indeed,” replied the Fox with a sly grin.

“Say, do you know where we are?” asked the Donkey, clumsily tripping over a stick as he looked around them at the dense foliage.

“Yes, of course.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, of course,” the Fox said again.

“Well then,” said the Donkey, attempting to sound confident and heroic, but failing miserably, “We should start this hunting thing, I think.”

At this point, I knew something was going on but was still surprised when I swooped forward and saw a Lion up ahead, nearing the Donkey and Fox but still hidden by the greenery. I could tell, from experience, that this was going to be good. Not that I enjoyed animals eating each other, but there was never much to do around here. So I chose my spot carefully on a low but concealed tree limb and settled down to enjoy the show.

“Well, well, what do we have here?” The lion purred.

The Donkey froze, panic flooding him. But the fox, his mind working as he perceived danger, trotted calmly up to the Lion and spoke in a low voice so the Donkey would not hear,

“How about a deal? If I secure the Donkey for you, great Lion, you will kindly let me go free without harm. Do we have a deal?”

The Lion smiled, displaying his sharp teeth glinting like the sun. “I suppose so. A donkey would be a good enough lunch for me.”

“Do I have your word?”

“You have my word.”

“Well then,” said the Fox, raising his voice, “Donkey, my friend, let us travel this direction.

It seems that the Lion has agreed to hunt with us.” And with a confident air, he led the way.

I followed a short way behind the party, sensing that the Fox thought he had it all under control.

“Oh, those arrogant foxes. They think they know everything, don’t they?” I said to myself with a shake of my feathers.

For I myself had more faith in the Lion who hungrily licked his lips as he trotted behind.

The Fox slipped behind the Donkey, unnoticed, and as they neared the hidden pit, he gave a push and the Donkey fell into it.

“Remember the deal,” warned the Fox, backing up.

I knew what would happen before it did, and watched as the Lion turned to the Donkey crying for help in the pit and then suddenly caught the Fox in his claw and devoured him before turning to the Donkey once more. I was disgusted by the foolish Donkey, the selfish Lion, and the arrogant Fox who thought he knew everything. And once again, I marveled how much better it was to be a bird.

The Donkey and the Fox

By: Grade 8 Student

One day a Fox snuck into the pasture where a Donkey was quietly grazing. This particular fox was known to all the wild animals of the surrounding countryside for lying and selfishness. The sleek, well fed Donkey did not know of the Fox’s reputation because he was a farm animal, and he was not informed on the doings of wild creatures.

The Fox spoke up, catching the Donkey’s attention, “Donkey, I have a request to make, that you will always protect me. In return I will protect you.” The Donkey, who readily became friends with any one who asked, happily agreed.

The next day the Fox entered the field again, whining, “Come along now, Donkey. I am going to the forest to hunt. You promised to protect me so you must come too.” The Donkey cast one sorrowful glance at the lush pasture he was leaving behind, and followed the Fox, determined to be a faithful friend whatever the cost.

The late summer morning was warm and clear. The grass ruffled around them in the green meadows like a calm sea, as the friends trotted towards the forest.

The Donkey and the Fox had not gone far into the dense, dark forest when the donkey cautiously whispered, “Mr Fox, I glimpsed a lion overthere through the trees...There he is again and he is coming closer!”

The Fox, who had been eyeing a squirrel, exclaimed, “Stop talking! You are breaking my concentration!” Nevertheless, he looked around and stared at what he saw. The lion was in full view now. He was dangerous-looking but scrawny and disheveled. The Fox quickly regained his composure, calm and proud as usual.

He called out to the lion, “Mr Lion, I have a request...”

Their voices faded off as they walked a short distance into the trees. The alarmed Donkey thought to himself, whatever is the Fox doing conversing with such a dangerous looking lion like that! Well, he promised to protect me, so he must know what he is doing but nevertheless I should come up with a plan to rescue him if needed.

Meanwhile, the Lion and the Fox agreed on a scheme against the donkey. The Fox would capture the Donkey, and the Lion would spare the Fox’s life. Then the Fox hurried back to carry out the evil plan.

When he reached the Donkey, the Fox called, “Good news! The lion is wonderfully kind, and he wants to join us on our hunt, but first he has some business to attend to and he has given me directions on a good place where we can meet again shortly.” The Donkey thought, good old chap! I knew he would find a way to save us, and hurried after his friend.

The Fox led the trusting Donkey deeper and deeper into the forest. When he arrived at one of his rabbit traps, he stepped over it, and the donkey, not knowing it was there, got caught. The Donkey cried out for help, but when he realized that the Fox would not come to his aid, he wept great donkey tears. It was hard for him to believe that his friend had betrayed him.

Suddenly, the Lion leaped into view, grabbed the Fox between his paws and growled, “The Donkey is secured and can not run away. I will eat you first and then consume him at my leisure.”

Thus was the fate of the Donkey and the Fox.

The Donkey and the Fox

By: 11th Grade Student

The setting sun cast beautiful red rays through the legion of rough trunks and green leaves that tried to block it out. They felt faintly warm to the donkey, on whose flexing grey flanks the light rested. The Donkey gently plodded along behind his ally the Fox, a nimble blur of dirty orange fur.

Both animals had the unfortunate position of being a target for predators. After too many close calls, the Fox had approached the Donkey and made an offer of partnership. The two promised to protect each other.

The Donkey pondered their agreement as he walked. The Fox had explained that though he was small, his quick wit was his greatest strength and could get them through danger. In contrast, the Donkey's role had been undecided - in fact, never touched upon - and the Donkey wondered how he could be of use. After a few minutes of unsuccessful puzzling, he snorted and twitched his shoulders in a shrug, and decided he would find the answer later.

Suddenly the Fox snapped to a quivering halt, his body low to the ground, his eyes locked on something ahead. The Donkey squinted through the foliage and bit back a bray.

An adult lion was quietly stepping out of the shadows, eyeing the Donkey and Fox. He licked his lips as they curled into a cruel grin.

"Fox, why do you traverse this land with such a companion? Never have I seen such a foolish group."

The Fox's fur bristled with fear. He hissed, "Stay back, I'll take care of this!" and began warily creeping toward the Lion. He steadily lowered his head to the ground in respect.

"Forgive us, your majesty; we are but humble creatures in need of foo—I mean rest," he explained with a nervous chuckle, "And we were unaware that your kingdom was so great as to include this part of the forest as well. Please forgive this iniquity, and it will not happen again."

The Lion smiled grimly and said, "Your trespass is forgiven, but this deed cannot simply go unpunished; furthermore, I hunger." He began growling and coiling his muscles, ready to pounce with an earth-shaking roar.

"Wait, wait! I offer a gift!" the Fox yelped. The Lion growled and settled back into his regal posture.

"I am small and measly, but my servant is large and healthy. He will make a much more filling meal for such a king. Since he is so, uh, fast for his kind, I will arrange his capture."

Horror flooded the Donkey's mind. How could the Fox break their agreement like this? After a moment, he realized the betrayal was probably part of a master plan. To his relief, the Fox approached him and whispered, "Don't worry, I have a plan. Trust me, you'll be fine."

"Okay," the Donkey grunted. "What's your plan?"

The Fox twitched his ears towards a nearby clearing. "Get in that hole and stay there, okay? Stay there."

"Are you sure this is a good plan?"

"I don't have time to explain! Just trust me."

The Donkey snuffled heavily in his equine way and began trotting to the clearing. His tail flicked back and forth nervously.

At the hole, he gazed into its depths. It was about five feet deep, roughly rectangular, and one wall was conveniently sloped just enough for him to stumble and slide down to the bottom. He tried to crane his neck around to see what was happening, but the dirt blocked his view.

The Fox said in the distance, "Your majesty, your meal is—"

The voice was cut short by a terrible roar and a crashing thud. There was a high-pitched squeal, the sound of ripping flesh, and then silence. The panicked Donkey frantically tried to scramble back up the slope, but with each attempt the slushy dirt and rocks rolled back to the bottom with him.

The Donkey heard heavy footsteps from above as the Lion's mane, dripping blood, appeared in his view. The Lion laughed a low, mocking laugh, and sprung at the Donkey, claws gleaming in the sunset.

The Donkey and the Fox

By: 8th Grade Student

It was going to be a good night for hunting. The crickets were sweetly chirping, and as I slunk across the forest floor, not making a sound, I smelled the familiar odor of a donkey....and what was that? A fox. I licked my lips. Delicious. My stomach rumbled, a sign that it agreed too.

I had been catching prey since I was a small lion cub, so naturally I was King of the Forest. Anyone who dared to set a paw in my territory during my nightly parole had to be quite foolish or new to the forest. It didn't matter who, I leapt upon them and devoured them before they had time to plead their case. If they were new, they usually learned who was King after I had torn them limb from limb, as they were slowly being digested in my stomach.

The smell of fresh meat was coming closer, and I ducked behind a tree, waiting to pounce the moment they showed their faces. Sure enough, soon I heard the sounds and laughter of animals going on a nightly walk. I smiled. This was too easy.

As I listened, I heard the donkey say, "I'm very glad I have you by my side, dear Twilight, for protection and for a friend." Now that he was in view, I noticed that he was old and hobbled along. He would be easy prey.

Unlike the donkey, the fox whom the donkey had called Twilight was young and carried herself like an Egyptian queen, head high and chest produly puffed up in front of her. Her bright eyes glinted in the darkness, and a sly smile slipped onto her lips as she responded to the donkey. "Yes. Now that we have made a protection promise when we hunt, both our household's have been doing better."

The donkey nodded eagerly, getting too excited for his age. "And now that there's two of us, no beast dares to attack us!" He brayed happily.

The fox's nose twitched instinctively as she turned to face her partner. "Now, now Atticus, don't over excite yourself. We still should be on the lookout for night hunters."

The donkey, Atticus, stopped himself and took on a wise, elder disposition, his shrewd gray face growing red with embarrassment with the foolery he had just partaken of. "I am much older than you, Twilight, and if anyone should know about night hunters, it's me. When I was younger, I had a master who would ride on me and attach his goods on my sturdy back and have me take him to many places. However, he was too ambitious, and once when we were crossing a dreadful stream, I was swept away into the current and carried down the river. When I recovered from the horrible fall and injuries that came with it, I came into this forest at night, but to my misfortune I stumbled into something that immediately leapt on my back and attacked me.

I didn't see what it was, but I do remember a flash of night eyes like yours and a black mask with a striped tail. I managed to get away, but I had a large scratch on my back. You can see it here for yourself." Then he turned around to show the disbelieving Twilight, a small scratch in a mass of wiry gray hair.

I then took this opportunity to leap upon the donkey and fox, whom they had addressed each other as 'Atticus' and 'Twilight', startling the brainless animals out of their wits.

"A lion!" the donkey screeched, starting backwards into the brambles.

In response, I roared loudly, spitting on the couple in the process.

The cowardly donkey turned and fled into the brambles. The sharp thorns cut into his thin frame, but he continued to run until he thought I could no longer spot him, and stopped, catching his breath. Obviously, he was very old. I fought the urge to laugh, and instead rounded on his companion.

"Your friend is a fool and a coward," I snarled at the fox, who was rooted to the ground in terror. "Nevertheless, I will eat you both!"

"Wait!" a tiny voice piped seconds before I snapped the fox's small frame in two with my powerful jaw. The noise caught me unawares, and I'm ashamed to say I backed off a little. You must understand that I am very new to the 'King of the Forest' position, as my old father, bless his soul, had just died of old age.

"Your majesty, I will be happy to deliver that donkey into your clutches for you if you guarantee you will not eat me," the fox whispered slyly, smoothing back her fur as if she thought she was the Queen of the Forest.

I chuckled, a low, responding sound that echoed through the forest, making the crickets

go silent and the little fox quaver. “And why would I do that?” I wasn’t really interested, but part of me felt like talking tonight.

The fox gulped. “Because, if you eat me now, the donkey will hear my cries and run off into the night. If you go after the donkey, I will be able to escape, after I warn the donkey with my cries.”

“I am faster than that pathetic animal,” I growled, not used to being told what I could and couldn’t do by a much smaller creature.

“Yes, but he has the advantage as he has a head start. But if you let me deliver him to you, you can eat him instead, because he is bigger and more filling.”

I was ready to gobble up her right now, but her plan made sense to me. Well, my plan did. Let her think she is safe, I thought with a smile. “Very well,” I replied, “deliver the donkey into my clutches and I will grant you freedom. Now get a move on it! I’m very hungry, and I won’t wait for long.”

“Yes, yes!” she squealed hastily, and hurried back to the donkey, assuring him that everything was safe as I had granted them safety. At first I was worried they would break off running, but soon I realized that they were too naive and dumb to do so.

“Let’s go, Atticus,” I heard the fox say, nodding for me to follow as she and the trembling donkey started off.

Then they were gone. I followed from a distance, and when I caught up the fox was staring down into an old well that had been abandoned long ago. There at the bottom, the donkey lay, moaning about the pain in his head.

“I assume the donkey cannot get out?” I asked the fox, who nodded. “It doesn’t surprise me that an animal so low in the charts would betray their friend.”

With that having been said, I leapt upon the astonished fox, devouring her. “Stupid fox!” I cackled. “You didn’t think I would actually hold up my side of the bargain, did you?”

Kings of the Forest don’t make deals with petty little creatures like you! Once that foolish donkey was secured, all I had to do was pounce on you. Perhaps you should have thought before you made a promise that involved your death. You think that you are better than the donkey, but you are equally foolish!”

The fox made no response as she was dead, and I feeling no regret, pounced on the

donkey as well. It's true that I am the King of the Forest, but I am also the smartest in the whole land.

I finished my meal and licked my lips happily. Then I arranged the bones in a way to warn all of the other animals, and started back towards my home with my stomach full, satisfied with the night's hunting.

The Turkey and the Coyote

By: 8th Grade Student

Once it happened that there were a turkey and a coyote living on the same mountain. In time, they entered into a partnership for their mutual protection, for the surrounding wilderness was dangerous.

On one particularly dark and gloomy day, the coyote, who was beginning to feel hungry, said to the turkey, "It has been a while since we have had anything to eat, and I am beginning to get hungry. Let us go into the forest to hunt."

The turkey, who was not the brightest of creatures, simply gobbled, "If you say so."

The forest into which they headed was a wide expanse of pines that covered the mountainside like a blanket. The tall trees cast no shadow over the rocky needle-stewn ground, for clouds covered the sun. The coyote stayed alert as they entered the forest, and before long he spotted a panther crouching behind a boulder. Perceiving danger, he whispered "Stay here," to the turkey before creeping up to the boulder to reason with the panther.

"Please, we did not mean to trespass," pleaded the coyote, his face as pale as the sunlight. "If I can secure the turkey for you, will you let me keep my life?"

"You can live, if you keep your promise," the panther agreed.

The coyote, relieved, said, "Yes, of course."

The coyote was a clever beast, and had no intention whatsoever of letting the turkey find out about his scheme.

The turkey, on the other hand, was an ignorant creature, and noticed nothing strange. He went right on picking up seeds as the coyote trotted up to him. "Listen," the

coyote whispered, "I know how we can evade that panther, but you must do just as I say, or the plan will not work."

"You saw a panther?" Said the turkey, mildly alarmed.

"Yes, come, we must get away."

"If you say so," the turkey said distractedly.

The coyote then preceded to lead the turkey to a deep cleft in the rocks, which he planned for the turkey to fall into.

"Hurry, now you must hop into this pit," the coyote explained. "Do not worry, it's part of the plan and you won't be hurt."

The turkey, finding no reason not to, obliged. Then the panther, seeing the turkey was secured, pounced on the coyote and attacked the turkey at his leisure.

The Donkey, the Fox, and the Lion

By: 8th Grade Student

Of all the creatures found in the forest and surrounding areas, and all their differences and distaste for one another, the two animals unlikeliest to become friends are the Donkey and the Fox. These particular animals had become friends for the sake of mutual protection; a fox, after all, is witty and vicious, and a donkey, while generally lacking in smarts, can make for a good physical attacker. It was quite common in these times for similar kinds of alliances to be made between acquaintances, as the world was a dangerous place not to be dealt with or thought of in a carefree way. Much unlike today's times, where, as is the common knowledge, animals are much more civilized and gentlemanly than before, (now that all the humans are gone from the earth). In these alliances, the animals would usually spend much of their time with the other. While no real friendship was gained, the one acted as sort of a bodyguard for the other as they each went about their daily tasks and routines, usually in close proximity to the other.

In the unlikely pair of Donkey and Fox, they found themselves often eating their dinner near each other. The Donkey nibbling on the green grass, and the Fox devouring an unfortunate chicken or cheese that had been stolen from humans.

This arrangement between them worked for a good several months, until one day the Donkey and the Fox encountered a Lion. Lions were known as one of the most feared creatures around, and indeed the presence of lions in the forest was part of the reason that so many animals sought a protective relationship like the Donkey and Fox had.

The Donkey was very frightened of the Lion upon seeing him, and did not know what to do, simply standing in place, effectively petrified. The Fox; however, saw the encounter as an opportunity, and using his status as a fellow predatory animal, aimed to talk to the Lion.

After reassuring the Donkey and leaving him a little ways off, the Fox walked boldly up to the Lion, bowing respectfully and venturing to offer a scheme. The Lion agreed to hear the Fox out, and, after being given the permission to speak, the Fox explained his plan.

“If your highness would promise not to hurt me, I will lead that foolish Donkey over there into a pit I know of nearby. The Donkey will then be your feast, and I will be rid of him.”

The Lion considered this, and eventually agreed.

“Wonderful,” replied the Fox. “Let me now get the Donkey into the pit. Soon, you will have your dinner.”

Careful to not turn his back to the Lion, out of both respect and caution, the Fox made his way back to the Donkey, who had been watching the exchange but did not hear any of the words said by either animal.

“I made the Lion promise not to hurt us. But, on the condition that we hide from his site until he has finished his business here. Now come, I know a place to do so.”

The Donkey, who was never much one for words, followed the Fox without protest. The Fox led the Donkey into a deeper part of the forest, a part where even the youngest animals knew never to go, for fear of not being able to escape its steep pits and deep swampy land. The Donkey hesitated at the edge of this land for a moment, but continued forward without voicing concern. The Fox had gotten him out of dangerous situations before, if anything happened he would be alright in the end.

Before the Donkey knew it, he found himself led into a deep pit.

“Stay here.”

The Fox hastily scrambled up the side and whisked away before the Donkey had time to react, leaving him dumbfounded. The Donkey may not have been as intelligent as the Fox, but he wasn't an idiot. The Fox had trapped him here on purpose. The Donkey knew he couldn't escape from the pit on his own, and so his only choice was to sit and wait for whatever doom the Fox had planned for him.

Meanwhile in the clearer part of the forest, the Fox approached the Lion with a triumphant smile; the Fox's last mistake. Seeing from the Fox's expression that he was successful in trapping the Donkey, the Lion killed the Fox as soon as he got close enough to pounce without any chance of the Fox escaping. The Lion tossed the body to the side. He knew this forest well and saw where the Fox had led the Donkey; he'd find him soon. He prowled in the direction of the waiting Donkey, anticipating the large meal. Both the Lion and the Vulture would eat well that day, one of them on the betrayed, the other on the traitor.

The Deceptive Fox
By: 9th Grade Student

There once was a donkey and a fox who had agreed to stay together for their protection. One morning, while the sky was still spangled with the colors of the sunrise, they went out into the bush where they could find food. The bush was full of cacti and scrub-bushes. The ground was clay-brown and hard-packed because there had been no rain for several months. As they were tramping through the scrub-bushes, they encountered a mouse. She was trembling and looked scared.

"Oh!" she said, "Do not go this way! A great lion has just walked past and declared that he will eat the next animal that comes along! He told me not to tell this to anyone, but I cannot let you be eaten by the lion!"

The donkey was sympathetic toward the mouse and was ready to turn back as she had advised them, but the fox wished to continue ahead.

"My dear friend," he told the donkey, "How can we be sure that this mouse, this small mouse, is not leading us into a trap herself? No, we must continue on our way. The donkey was unhappy that they could not follow the advice of the mouse, but she was afraid to disappoint the fox, so she followed him, all the while lamenting over what would happen to the mouse.

“Bother that useless farm-beast.” muttered the fox under his breath, “She is always hindering me! What a mistake it was for me to join up with her! I must devise a plan to rid myself of her, for she is like a parasite to me now.”

The donkey, oblivious to this deceitful plan, trotted on, completely at ease. They were drawing near a large river when the fox spied a small mouse in the underbrush. He pounced on it immediately.

As he pounced, the mouse squeaked, “I tried to help you, and this is how you reward me, a visit to your foul stomach?”

This so enraged the fox that he downed her in one gulp. He licked his lips and turned to his companion. “Now,” he said, “We are rid of that superfluous rodent.” But the donkey did not hear a word that he had uttered. She was braying in paranoia as she saw a giant lion rise out of the bush. As she tried to flee, her leg got tangled in a scrub-bush. She struggled to wriggle free, only to make it worse. But to her surprise, the lion turned to the fox who was just swallowing the mouse. When he saw that a gigantic lion was upon him, he shrank back against the skeletal remains of a baobab tree.

“Now, Fox,” the lion growled, “You will become my dinner as that mouse just became yours!”

“No, I beg you!” the Fox pleaded, “I wish to propose a treaty. If I will give you this donkey who is much fatter and larger than I, will you let me go free?”

After a minute’s thought, the lion agreed. “Very well, Fox, you must lead Donkey into the trap I have made for you, and you will walk away unscathed.”

The donkey, being out of earshot, had not heard a word of what was being contrived.

When the fox approached her, she cried in delight, “Oh! Did the lion release you? Will we be harmed?”

“Oh, no!” The fox said, “We are quite safe.”

The donkey, being satisfied with this, walked gayly ahead of him. At once, she found herself on the edge of a deep ravine and turned around to retreat, but found her way blocked by the fox.

And without letting the poor donkey utter another word, the self-centered fox shoved his companion into the pit.

As he turned around to the lion, pleased with what he had done, the lion sprung at him and ate him before turning to the ravine to devour the donkey.