



There once was a lonely old flea who lived next to the sea.
His house was on an island surrounded by the ocean.
The old flea was unhappy and didn't have any friends.
He spent his day being bored and drifting along.

One day the old flea met a beautiful white fox walking along the beach.
The white fox noticed the old flea while looking for seashells, a big bucket in her hands.
"What's wrong, flea?" the fox asked.
"Boredom," replied the old flea.
"Let's look for seashells, then!" the white fox suggested.
The white fox took the old flea's hand and pulled him along.
The old flea was scared at first. He wasn't used to others.

The flea and the fox spent the whole day looking for seashells.
They found so many that they couldn't carry them all, even with the fox's big bucket.
The flea never had so much fun in his whole life.
He didn't want the day to end, but the sun was going down. It was time to go home.
The flea was sad because he had finally made a friend, but their time was almost over.
"I'll see you tomorrow!" the fox said, running down the beach while carrying her bucket.
The flea was so happy! He waved goodbye to the fox, looking forward to her return.

From that day on the flea and the fox were good friends.
They went on many adventures, and experienced so much together.
They were always with each other, laughing and playing.
The old flea forgot his old ways. He was so happy.
He looked forward to each day with the beautiful white fox.

One day the white fox asked the flea to help her build a boat.
She wanted to cross the sea to an island far away.
The old flea asked the white fox why she wanted to do such a thing.
"Because it's my home," the white fox replied.
The old flea agreed, wanting to help his friend in any way he could.
Just like when they had first met, the flea helped the fox late into the day.
After a lot of hard work and using the flea's blanket as a sail, the boat was ready.
The flea and the fox admired the boat they had made together.
But the sun was going down and the day was almost over. It was time to go home.
This time the flea waved goodbye to his friend, knowing she would return.

The next day the beautiful white fox returned. The boat was ready to sail.
"Come with me," the fox asked the flea.
The flea was unsure about leaving his home. He was worried. It was all he knew.
But the old flea agreed, he wanted to help his friend in any way he could.
They pushed the boat to the surf, the fox climbing aboard.
The old flea waded into the warm water, holding the boat until the sail caught the wind.
The white fox offered her hand to the flea and the flea took it, joining her.
Together they rode the waves.

The journey was long, the sea was rough.
A huge storm overtook the two friends.
They rode the tiny boat, hugging each other for support.
The flea and the fox cried together. The lightning and wind and rain shook the boat.
Fear gripped them and loud thunder tormented them.

But it was soon over. They made it out okay.
Beyond the fading clouds, an island appeared.
Together the old flea and the white fox cheered. They were almost there!

The shore was near. The old flea used his strong legs to leap out of the boat.
Wading in the surf, the old flea pulled the boat to the shore.
He offered the white fox his hand. The white fox took it, stepping onto the beach.
The friends finally arrived at the white fox's island home.
The white fox hugged the old flea close. "Thank you so much for your help!" she said.
The old flea didn't know what to say. He only smiled and nodded.
By now the sun was going down and the day was almost over. It was time to go home.
Together the white fox and the old flea went looking for shelter.

The days passed. The white fox found many of her fox family and fox friends.
They all welcomed her with open arms. They spent the days playing and laughing.
It made the old flea happy that the white fox had found so many of her fox friends.
The old flea felt awkward in the presence of so many strangers. He was uneasy.
The old flea knew that this island wasn't his home. He didn't belong. He was a flea.
He missed the familiar peace and quiet of his home.
He decided to leave, to return to his own island. He wanted to say goodbye to his friend.
He looked for the white fox, but she was busy with her new friends.
The flea understood. It was okay. This is where she belonged. The flea was happy.
By now the sun was going down and the day was almost over. It was time to go home.

The old flea pushed the tiny boat into the surf alone.
Wading out, he used his strong legs to jump aboard.
Despite being happy, the old flea was sad, too. He looked back one last time.
To the old flea's surprise, the white fox was running into the surf after him.
She shouted and cried and reached out for him.
The white fox took the old flea's hand and pulled him along.
The boat sailed away into the distance.
On the beach the white fox hugged the old flea, tears in her eyes.
"Why were you leaving?" the white fox asked.
"I'm a flea," the old flea replied. He didn't belong.
"You're my friend!" the white fox cried, "I need you." She hugged the flea closer.
The old flea realized how important he was to the white fox.
Maybe there was a place he could belong, as long as he was with his friend.
By now the sun was coming up and the night was almost over. It was time to go home.
Together the old flea and the beautiful white fox lived happily ever after.

The end.

Dedicated to a beautiful white fox. I will never forget you.