

Poco Loco Zorro

Part 1

There was once a little fox that would run through the woods yapping at the birds and playing all day, his parents told him not to go beyond the trees because there were terrible monsters who lived there. The little fox was curious about what the monsters looked like but was also scared; one day he was playing chasing a bird and before he knew it he was in a field, away from the trees. Looking around he couldn't see anything, "where are the monsters?" he said to himself. Carefully he surveyed the land, there was nothing to see. Just then a bird landed next to him.

"Hello", chirped the bird, "What are you doing here?"

"I was playing and without realising I went past the last tree, and now I'm here. It's very exciting".

The little fox was alert, looking this way and that, but still there was only him and the bird.

"I know where you can find even more excitement", tweeted the bird, "just over that hill is a house..."

"What's a house?" interrupted the fox

"A house is like a den, but above ground and made out of stones; it is where people live", the bird hopped forward in the direction of the hill.

Cautiously the little fox followed the bird up the hill towards the house, "I wonder what a people is?" he said to himself, too shy to ask another question, "Perhaps they are the monsters!"

This thought made the fox stop still in his tracks, "What is wrong little fox?" asked the bird, "Why have you stopped?"

The little fox looked around and in a delicate voice asked, "Is a people a monster?"

The bird laughed in a musical chirping, "A PERSON, is not usually a monster", he explained, "But in groups, they can be".

The little fox looked confused, the bird continued, "Most people are on the whole sensible and even kind, but for some reason the more of them that there are together, the less intelligent that they seem to get. They are truly a unique species, capable of great deed and thought, their main flaw, however, is that they fear that which they do not know or understand".

The little fox shook his head, "That makes no sense, I have always been told that two heads are better than one, so the more of us there are the stronger we are, how can these people have that backwards?"

The bird flapped his wings and raised slowly into the sky, "They are, all too often, less than the sum of their parts, m'boy, but they are still capable of greatness. They just need to understand that different does not mean bad and that there are many ways to accomplish a common goal, where most, if not all of them, can be happy"

With that the bird flew away, leaving the little fox at the top of the hill, all alone. Looking down the hill he saw something far off behind a thin stone hill, he didn't know that it was called a wall. Just then a butterfly flapped its wings and floated past the little fox's nose. "Hello", said the little fox, excitedly, "Have you seen any people?" The butterfly just kept on floating around; it didn't answer the little fox. The little fox chased the butterfly, jumping this way and that gradually heading down the hill, closer to the stone wall. The little fox had forgotten about the creature he saw, he was having too much fun running after the butterfly.

"Hello there", a voice said, with a twang of surprise, "Aren't you gorgeous!" the little fox stopped and slowly turned. What he saw was very strange, it stood on two legs like a giant bird, but it had no

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wings or beak, it didn't even have feathers. The creature had fur on its head but nowhere else, its body was very strange looking, 'maybe they are like snake', thought the little fox, but whatever was covering its body was definitely not scaly.

Slowly the little fox backed away, but the creature jumped forwards and grabbed the frightened little animal. The little fox wondered if this creature was a person, or if it was something else. "You are so adorable" the creature whispered into the little fox's ear. It began to stroke him, gently from ears to tail; the little fox liked this very much.

The creature took him into the house, still stroking him. "Please don't eat me" said the little fox to himself, "please don't eat me".

"Oh you're shaking", said the creature, "what kind of person am I, here, come and sit by the fire, I'll get you something to eat".

"It IS a person", the little fox smiled to himself as he was placed on some fur, on the floor. A strange orange bush was in front of him dancing, "this is strange", muttered the little fox, stepping closer to the bush. His face got very warm.

"Back away from the fire sweetie", the person said as it came back, "it'll burn you".

The person placed something on the floor next to the little fox, "eat up"

The smell, from what had been placed down, was delicious. The little fox leaned in and grabbed what was there, turning and hiding behind an odd shaped mound. "You don't have to hide behind the chair", the person said, "I won't bite you".

This scared the little fox, was the person going to eat him after all? Was it fattening him up with whatever this amazing tasting food was?

The little fox felt safe behind the chair so he dropped what he had in his mouth, and looked at it. It had a bone; it looked sort of like a bird leg, but with no claws or feathers. It was so easy to bite into, not like what his mum and dad would bring him to eat.

Very soon he had eaten all the tender parts and was left with a bone, which he gnawed on.

The person stood there throughout all this, watching. The little fox looked up and saw a puddle of water, he wondered if it had been raining, but they were in a cave... a house. Slowly he came out from behind the chair, approached the puddle and lapped up some cold refreshing water. The puddle was strange; its sides were high and thin. "There you go little fella" the person said, "Nobody can say that Val Allen isn't a courteous host". She stoked the little fox again, he really liked that.

"OK little dude", Val said at last, "I guess I'd better let you get on home". She carried him to the bottom of the hill, where she had found him, placed him gently on the ground and said, "Come visit any time", she waved, turned and walked away.

The little fox bounded away up the hill, down the other side and back into the woods, heading home.

To be continued...