

Episode 5:

The Fox

Past woodland and thicket another place lay,
A place where the sky seemed to stretch out all day.
With wide open gorse and winds that could bite.
Days filled with fear of what stalked in the night.

As the winter closed in on those cold open fields

A fox, slick and red took to his heels.

Behind him, he sensed, a chase had begun,

It was him who was surely the prize to be won.

The wind blew so cold and brought with it a sound

Of shouting, barking and thundering ground.

The terrified fox knew that now was the time.

He must run! It was danger! As fear filled his eye.

Across open field with nowhere to hide,

Nowhere to curl up safely inside.

He glanced straight ahead as his eyes bit with cold,

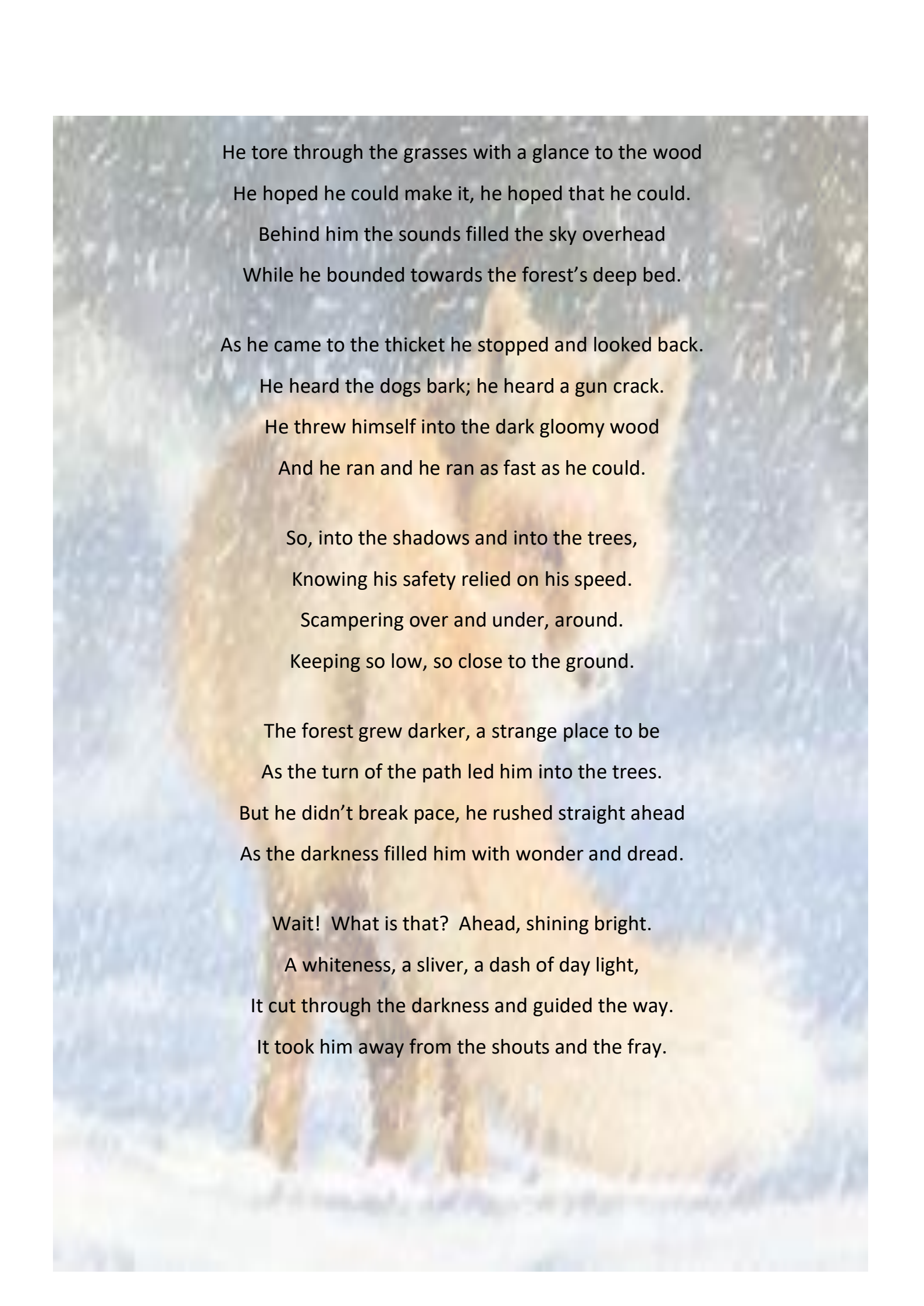
And there, a deep wood! Safe, dark and bold.

On now, and faster, he pushed through the rain,

As his pace rose a whisker then on once again.

From heel up to toe he darted with speed,

Past bramble and lichen, with a wish to be free.



He tore through the grasses with a glance to the wood

He hoped he could make it, he hoped that he could.

Behind him the sounds filled the sky overhead

While he bounded towards the forest's deep bed.

As he came to the thicket he stopped and looked back.

He heard the dogs bark; he heard a gun crack.

He threw himself into the dark gloomy wood

And he ran and he ran as fast as he could.

So, into the shadows and into the trees,

Knowing his safety relied on his speed.

Scampering over and under, around.

Keeping so low, so close to the ground.

The forest grew darker, a strange place to be

As the turn of the path led him into the trees.

But he didn't break pace, he rushed straight ahead


As the darkness filled him with wonder and dread.

Wait! What is that? Ahead, shining bright.

A whiteness, a sliver, a dash of day light,

It cut through the darkness and guided the way.

It took him away from the shouts and the fray.



He hid in the growth surrounding the glade.
He held his breath tight and watched from the shade.
He saw her, that girl, with the house and the ash
As he stepped from his cover and into their patch

She heard the fox stir at the edge of that place.
His eyes asked a question as she glanced at his face.
She knew he was frightened, so she rushed to his side
And she and the ash showed him just where to hide.

And now he was safe, under ash root and ground.
He could no longer hear that terrible sound.
As the ash stood above to guard the brave fox
And Asker brought bedding, food and warm socks.

She stroked his soft ears and sang him sweet songs
Of how she had waited for him for so long.
So now they are three in their safe little space
As the moon watches on from the curve of his face.