

The Boy and the Silver Fox



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

The Boy and the Silver Fox

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK



On the first snowy morning of winter, the boy pulled on his red pompom hat and mustard-yellow scarf. His blue coat was thick and warm, and his brown mittens kept his fingers snug. He packed a small satchel with fresh bread and stepped out into the quiet white world. The snow sparkled like sugar, and the air smelled of pine and frost.



The boy loved winter best of all. He crunched through the snow, leaving boot prints behind him. Birds flitted between bare branches, and his breath made little clouds. He wondered what he might find in the silent woods today. Maybe a rabbit, or a deer, or something magical. He smiled his gap-toothed smile and kept walking.



Then, beside a tall pine, he saw it: a silver fox, no bigger than a large cat. Its fur shimmered white with pale blue tips, and its ice-blue eyes glowed softly. The fox watched him from behind the tree, shy and still. Its bushy tail flicked once, then curled around its delicate paws.



"Hello," the boy whispered, kneeling in the snow. The fox stepped back, cautious and quiet. It didn't run away, though. It just watched with bright, curious eyes. The boy remembered the warm bread in his satchel. He broke off a piece and set it gently on the snow. "Here," he said softly. "It's for you."



The fox sniffed the air, then crept forward one light step at a time. Its paws left faintly glowing prints in the snow. It took the bread in its delicate mouth and ate it quickly. Then it looked up at the boy with softer eyes. The boy broke off another piece, and the fox came closer still. Something warm and new was growing between them.



All afternoon they stayed together. The boy shared the rest of his bread, and the fox trotted beside him through the trees. Its shimmer grew a little brighter with every happy moment. When the sun sank low and the sky turned pink and gold, the fox suddenly lifted its head. It seemed to be listening for something far away.



That night, the moon rose round and silver. The boy couldn't sleep, so he crept to the window. There, in the snowy yard, the silver fox waited. Its icy eyes glowed like two small lanterns. It looked up at the boy and gave a soft, friendly chirp. The boy pulled on his coat and hat and slipped outside.



The fox led him across the snow, and the boy gasped. Glowing footprints, golden and bright, trailed ahead of them! They sparkled like tiny stars fallen to earth. "Where do they lead?" the boy whispered. The fox trotted forward, tail high, and the boy followed. The footprints wound through the trees, past bushes, and up a gentle slope.



At the top of a small hill, the footprints stopped. There, half-buried in the snow, was a tiny star! It was a round ball of warm golden light with five soft points. It blinked and dimmed, frightened and cold. Sparkles drifted around it like golden dust. "Oh, you poor little thing," the boy said softly. "You're lost, aren't you?"



The little star blinked up at the boy and the fox. It flickered weakly, too cold and scared to shine. The boy gently scooped it into his mittened hands. It was warm, like a cup of cocoa. "Don't worry," he said. "We'll get you home." The star brightened just a little, and the fox's eyes glowed with approval.



The boy looked around, wondering what to do. The fox nudged his hand and pointed its nose toward the hilltop. "Up there?" the boy asked. The fox nodded and trotted ahead. The boy carried the star carefully, and the star's light grew stronger with every step. Together they climbed the hill, the star's golden dust trailing behind them like a ribbon.



At the top of the hill, the sky stretched wide and dark. The boy held the little star high. "Ready?" he asked. The fox beside him gave a happy chirp. "One, two, three!" Together they tossed the star up, up, up into the night. It spun and sparkled, then settled into the sky with a gentle glow.



The star twinkled brightly, the friendliest star in all the sky. Its golden light poured down like warm honey. The silver fox glowed too, its fur shimmering brighter than ever before. It looked at the boy with happy, shining eyes. The boy laughed, and the fox's tail wagged. They had done it together, with kindness and courage.



"We make a good team," the boy said, and the fox gave a soft bark of agreement. They sat on the hilltop and watched their star twinkle. The boy felt warm inside, even in the cold. He had made a true friend. The fox leaned against him, and they stayed there until the moon began to set.



When the boy finally went home, the fox followed him to the edge of the yard. "Will you come back?" the boy asked. The fox blinked its glowing eyes and dipped its head, as if to say yes. Then it vanished into the trees, leaving only fading paw prints in the snow. The boy waved goodnight and went to bed, smiling.



Every winter after that, the boy returned to the snowy woods. And every winter, the silver fox was waiting, its eyes bright as ice and its tail high. Together they would look up at their star, which always twinkled just for them. Kindness had made a friend, and their friendship shone as brightly as the little star above.