



The Fox's Moonlight Bicycle

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

The Fox's Moonlight Bicycle

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK



On the edge of the whispering woods, where the ferns grew tall and soft, a young fox named Fenn found something wonderful. A bicycle leaned against an old oak tree, its silver bell shining in the moonlight. Fenn's amber eyes went wide. He had never seen a bicycle before, and he had certainly never seen one glow like this.



Fenn touched the handlebars, and the bicycle hummed softly, as if it were happy to see him. He wore a soft blue scarf with a tiny moon emblem, and he wrapped it tighter against the cool night air. When he pushed the pedals, the wheels spun with tiny sparks of silver light. The bicycle was running on moonbeams! Fenn laughed out loud and rode in a wobbly circle.



Down the path came Owl Oda, her plum shawl wrapped around her speckled shoulders. She held a small brass pocket watch on a chain and gave Fenn a gentle smile. "The moonbeam bicycle chose you, Fenn," she said. "I keep letters that were forgotten long ago. Each night, someone must deliver them before sunrise. Would you help?" Fenn nodded so fast his ears flopped.



Oda opened a worn brown leather satchel and slipped the strap across Fenn's body. Inside were letters of every size, some tied with ribbon and some folded small. "Moonbeam power fades when morning comes," Oda said, tapping her pocket watch. "Ride quickly and be careful. Letters bring smiles, but only if they arrive in time." Fenn promised he would do his best.



That very night, Fenn rode through the forest with the wind in his fur. His fluffy tail streamed behind him like a russet flag as the silver-lit wheels hummed over roots and stones. He delivered a letter to a sleepy hedgehog, who read it and giggled. He brought one to a family of mice, who cheered and danced in a ring. Each smile made Fenn pedal faster.



Near the dark woods, Fenn met his friend Bramble the badger, who wore a green work apron with deep pockets. Bramble hooked a small lantern to his belt and walked beside the glowing bicycle. "The path gets twisty up ahead," Bramble said gruffly. "I'll light the way. But watch the sky, Fenn. Your moonbeam wheels are dimming." Fenn glanced up and felt a flutter of worry.



Night after night, Fenn learned the forest by heart. He knew which branch hung low and which stream splashed high. He delivered letters to owls, to squirrels, and to a grumpy old tortoise who smiled just once. "You're getting good at this," Bramble said, thumping his strong claws on the path. Fenn loved the rush of the ride, the sparkle of the wheels, and the happy faces at every door.



One evening, Oda's golden eyes were serious as she handed Fenn a letter sealed with a tiny red ribbon. "This one goes to Pip, a small rabbit who lives in the faraway den beyond the hill," she said. "Pip waits every night for a letter from a faraway friend. The trip is long, and the moon is already high." Fenn tucked the letter safely into his satchel.



Fenn pedaled hard, but the road to the faraway den wound through shadowy trees and over rocky hills. His moonbeam wheels flickered like candles in the wind. At the edge of the dark woods, Bramble raised his little lantern. "Moonbeam power is fading," Bramble warned. "You'll need to be quick and clever if you want to reach that den in time."



Fenn's legs grew tired, and his scarf flapped in the chilly breeze. "Maybe I should turn back," he whispered. But then he thought of little Pip, waiting by the den with a twitchy pink nose and one floppy ear, hoping for a letter. Fenn took a deep breath. "No," he said. "A promise is a promise. I'll find another way."



Fenn spotted a smooth, flat path along the stream where the moonlight pooled like silver water. He steered his bicycle onto it, and the wheels drank up the shining beams. They glowed bright again! Bramble hurried along the bank, his lantern bobbing. "Clever fox!" he called. "Follow the stream to the hilltop. You can make it!" Fenn pedaled with all his might.



Up the hill, the sky was turning soft and grey. Fenn's wheels sputtered and dimmed, and he pedaled slower and slower. Then he saw the den, small and cozy under a hawthorn bush. A tiny white rabbit in a green vest stood at the door, one ear drooping. "A letter for me?" Pip whispered. Fenn pulled the ribboned letter from his satchel just in time.



Pip opened the letter with trembling paws and read it aloud, and a wide smile spread across the small rabbit's face. "My friend remembers me!" Pip cheered, hopping in a happy circle. Fennel's heart felt warm and full. Bramble arrived puffing, and Oda glided down from the sky, her brass pocket watch glinting. "You kept your promise," she said softly. "That is the finest ride of all."



As the sunrise painted the sky pink and gold, Fenn's moonbeam wheels faded to quiet silver. He sat on the hilltop with Bramble and Oda, watching the light spill over the forest. Pip waved from the den below, the red ribbon fluttering on one ear. Fenn was tired, but he was smiling too. He had done his job well.



Oda patted Fenn's shoulder with a soft feathered wing. "Adventure is fun," she said, "but responsibility makes it matter." Fenn nodded, holding his blue scarf close. He had learned that riding fast and having fun was wonderful, yet keeping a promise to help someone was even better. He couldn't wait for the next moonlit night.



Back home, Fenn leaned the bicycle against the old oak tree and hung his satchel on a branch. The moon emblem on his scarf caught the last bit of starlight, and he yawned a happy yawn. Tomorrow he would ride again, delivering letters and smiles before sunrise. For now, the sleepy fox curled up in the ferns and dreamed of moonbeams, knowing he had done his job well.