



Dragon Cat and A Little Fox

By: Darla Wolf

Told by the Dragon Cat, Minka Ray

Many days hath past, since the enchanted little red fox arrived with my mistress. Tis now time for the Greenwood Faire to come again and I am still not pleased with that fox living in our cottage and drinking my cream. I have tried many ways to get rid of him, but all have seemed to fail. Even the Royal Hunter would not remove the fox when I asked him, something about Royal Orders.

Each morning, before my early morning sleep, I would fly after my mistress as she walked to the goat pen for the delicious milk they give. The goats were big, brown, and did not like flying cats. I would land and sit upon her shoulder, to stay away from their horns and I would ask her the most important questions I could think of, with sadness griping my voice.

“Must that fox have to be here? Must I share my cream? Can we not trade him in for a bag of catnip or fish?”

My mistress would reply with the answers that make my tail twitch with irritation. “Yes, Rua must stay here, because it was a Royal Order, and thou knowest it. Yes, thou dost have to share, tis good for thee to share, and Rua taketh not much. No, we shallt not trade him in for thy fish or catnip.” Darla would sigh and pat my head. She would always tell me that I am a good girl for sharing and being nice to Rua. Rua, a fox who was really a man that had met a beautiful blue Pooka named Olivia, who enjoyed turning people into foxes, to teach them a lesson.

Today I didst not feel like being nice, so I stuck my little black nose up in to the air and with a flap of my black feathered wings, I left the Lady to her chores. Why did she have to name that

fox? It was such a simple name, Rua, the Gaelic word for red fur, but naming the fox can form an attachment and I couldst not have that fox taking over my home. I knew what the answer was going to be, I knew that one should not go against the Queen of England, or the Princess of the Fae, but I didst not want to share the cottage and my Darla, with a fox, they are mine, my home. They have been mine ever sense my father was returned to the “Land of Fae” years ago.

Soaring on the cool morning breeze, I headed to our vine-covered cottage and through the open window gap. As I was heading to my soft hanging bed, I saw the red fox curled up by the fireplace. Around his neck was a golden collar that Princess Tatiana placed up on Rua, which helps to keeps him here, and out of trouble. Seeing him laying comfortably in his basket, I just had to muddle up his nap. Landing on the fireplace mantle and swishing a soft black and white paw, I watched as a small, unlit candle fell towards the fox. With a grin, I enjoyed the yelp sound that came from the fox when the candle hit the floor next to Rua, startling him from his sweet slumber. Glaring up towards the top of the fireplace Rua barked his annoyance but I was busy cleaning my paws I could not be bothered with his trivial way of speaking. Deciding that my cute black and white paw was clean enough, I laid down on the mantel to sleep and wait for the delicious goat cream.

The lovely day changed. The cottage darkened as a fierce storm raged in the sky and the sea rocked us back and forth, splashing water all around. Fire was crawling around our paws, while laughter danced in the air. Darkness descended and encircled, while thunder boomed within my ears.

Bolting awake from the thunder dream that sent shivers down my spine, I found that I was propelling me off the fireplace mantel. Tis well that I can fly, as otherwise I would hath landed upon that vile fox. Claws caught the mantle, and I was quick settled, should one call it that. Laying there with fur standing on end and drawing in a breath sharply, I tried to remember the dream, which faded away as fast as the thunder sounded within my ears. Why did that dream scare me so much? Thunder does not bother me. What was that with the long ears that were blue? I wish I could remember, why could I not remember?

“Minka dear, art thou alright? Did’st thou have a dream that scared thee?” My mistress called from the door, with a look of concern on her face.

“Here have some warm cream to calm thy fur.” My Darla had the small bucket of cream. Excitement bloomed within me, when I saw that bucket and I spread my wings to glide towards the milk. All the worry about the dream faded away when I saw that beautiful yummy cream. My mistress Darla placed two plain clay bowls onto a small wooden table, which was for my food and the fox’s. I notice that the fox beat me to the table, but I did not care, there was cream to be had.

When the cream was licked completely clean from the bowls we all headed out to the garden to pick some vegetables to have at the Faire. The sun shone through the leaves all around, dappling the ground with bright light like pools of warm amber. The garden was popping with green plants, sitting comfortably in their little rows. The little fox yipped and danced around the garden, while chancing to frighten small rodents from the plants. Turning about he dug up a big orange carrot and placed it into the basket my mistress held in her hands.

“Thank you Rua. Thy help is greatly appreciated.” My Darla praised the fox. With a happy yip Rua raced back to help dig up more vegetables for the basket, and dirt started to fly in many different directions. Laughter rang out from the trees and bushes surrounding our glade. The sound was like tiny bells dancing among the trees. The tiny Fae that resided in the woods have found the fox very entertaining in his antics. It is never a good thing to get the Fae’s attention, which was how this fox got the way he is now.

Laughing along with the Fae, Darla exclaimed, “Thy excitement is grand, but do not dig up all of the plants, some will still produce later in the season. Thou art a silly fox.”

“He be filthy, as a muck pen filled with wet pigs.” said I. “Nay, Minka dear, say not so. Tis unkind of thee” Just watching Rua made my paws twitch to be clean. That fox was covered from head to tail tip with dirt. It was not uncommon for him to be such, but at least he decided to help today. Rua was not the best at offering help on most days.

“yea dear Mistress, tis true that this day his filth came from being a help, which is a wondrous fyne change” I snickered. Darla made a face at me and I assumed an innocent look. Darla laughed and continued working in our garden.

When the work was through and the basket filled, we collected a net and headed for the next chore. We were heading towards the small clear river that ran through the woods to catch delicious, sweet, silver fish. I enjoyed

these times with my Lady and the taste of the fish. The fish were destined for dinner and the Faire along with the vegetables. Catching the fish is not my best talent, because I always seemed to get wet, but I was determined not get wet from the cool water this time. I am better at hunting for rodents and some birds. My job is to be good at pointing out a fish and fly above to try to direct it towards my Darla’s net. Settling on a tree branch, I got comfortable and watched my mistress get her net ready to catch the fish. The little red fox sat near, watching as well and still covered with dirt.

“Tis one fish swimming towards your net, tis nice and big.” I hollered out when I saw a flash, which drew my attention. I hunched forward in excitement to watch the light glint off the fish’s silver scales. Twitching the tip of my tail, I waited for Darla to toss the net into the water and catch the fish. I should not have to fly after this one, or get wet. That was when a streak of red landed into the water.

“Art thou mad fox? You shall make our fish swim away.” I yelled at the fox. What was he thinking? Rua was jumping and swiping his paw into the water, splashing it everywhere. Round and round Rua chase that fish, as pearls of laughter rung out from the trees and rocks around the river. The Fae of the woods and water were enjoying this spectacle, but I was not. I wanted the fish.

Floating down from the tree, I tried to keep the fish from escaping and directed it towards my mistress to net it. This task was not the easiest one to do, with the fish swimming fast, and the fox sloshing water everywhere. All I got for my effort was a big wave of water landing on me, and quite drenching me. My fur became unsmooth and hanged down with water dripping from its ends. My wings grew heavy and I had to land on the bank quickly.

“Watch what thou art doing. Thy splashing has gotten me all wet and we shall lose all the fish.” Hissing at the fox did not make him stop what he was doing. That little fox just looked at me shrugged his shoulders and with a cheeky grin on his face pounced on to the big silver fish. The fox picked up the fish in his mouth and he started to carry it to the fishing basket.

“At least Rua was able to catch a nice fish for dinner. We will be able to catch more.” My Lady was not upset with the fox, she was laughing along with the Fae. I was upset that he caught the fish and got me wet. I was upset that my mistress and Fey thought this was a time for enjoyment. Glaring at the red fox, I jumped and pounced on the fox, than I stole the fish from him. The

fox yelped and a splash sounded, as he fell back into the water. Grinning I carried the silver fish to the basket, and placed it in.

“Minka that was not nice, he was just trying to help. Thou should’st apologize to him.” My mistress never really scolded me before thus and I knew my Darla was right, but I did not like the idea of saying sorry to that cheeky fox, which had changed our lives so much. I hung my head and scuffed my paw in the grass. I watched a bug crawl over a stone and tried to look abashed as I can be. That was when I heard my mistress beginning to laugh. Looking up at her, then following her gaze, I saw the fox climbing out of the water with his fur dripping and clinging to his body, worse then mine, and in his mouth was another big silver fish that he just caught.

He was a funny sight to see with water running through his fur. With a grin, that fox wagged his drooping tail, which pulled another burst of joyful laughter from the Fae and my mistress. The laughter was wonderful to hear. Then Rua walked over to us and dropped the fish at my paws. I stared at the fish and then looked at that grinning fox, I was stunned. How did he get another fish so fast and why did he give it to me?

“Thank thee,” I said and then gently put the fish into the basket. So maybe the fox, Rua, was not that bad to have about, if he can catch more fish, and at least now he was clean.

That night we had a very good meal of cooked smoky fish. When the food was gone and everything was clean, my mistress let the fire die down and blew out the candles. She headed off to her bed in the loft with a metal bed warmer filled with hot coals. I will sleep with my Darla tonight, to share the warmth and this night I decided to allow the fox to curl up on our warm bed. He caught two fish for us and helped make my Darla laugh. I guess I can share my mistress and home with this Rua, but I do not have to like sharing my cream, and I will still enjoy terrorizing him. Tomorrow is the first day of the Faire and we need sleep to enjoy all that the Greenwood Faire has to offer, and I must remember to cancel the “Fox for to Sell” Ad. Maybe tomorrow, I will think of something fun to do, maybe something with the huntsman’s hounds, but tonight I will sleep with a full belly.

The End For Meow

