



# Reginald and the Wily Fox

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Reginald the Cock, a magnificent rooster with a bright red comb, clucked anxiously in the bustling farmyard. Twelve fluffy, yellow chicks zipped around his feet, making his "To-Do" list of finding seeds and inspecting fences feel impossibly long. He sighed, wishing for just a moment of peace.



Hidden behind a vibrant green bush, a sleek, orange Fox peered out with glinting eyes. A wide, hungry grin spread across his face as he watched the busy Cock and his lively brood. He wasn't interested in just one chick; he dreamt of a feast.



The Fox, with a swish of his bushy tail, stepped into the sun-drenched yard. He smoothed his fur, put on his most charming smile, and approached Reginald with a purring voice. "My dear friend," he began, "you look utterly swamped with all these precious little ones!"



Reginald paused his frantic counting, a flicker of suspicion in his bright, beady eyes. He looked from the Fox's overly sweet smile to the sharp glint of his teeth. This offer of "help" felt less like assistance and more like a thinly veiled trap.



Standing tall and puffing out his chest, Reginald crowed loudly. "That is indeed a tempting offer, Mr. Fox!" he declared, "But my top priority this week is 'Security Protocol.' In fact, the Farmer's Great Dane is due any second to review our 'No-Fox Policy'!"



Just as Reginald finished, a deep, resonant "WOOF!" echoed from around the corner of the barn. The Fox's ears twitched wildly, and his charming smile instantly melted into a look of pure alarm. The sound was getting closer.



The Fox's legs started to tremble, and his tail tucked so far between his legs it almost disappeared. "Th-thirty seconds?" he stammered, his voice suddenly squeaky. "Oh dear, I just remembered I have a super urgent meeting in the next meadow!"



With a panicked yelp and a blur of orange fur, the Fox spun around and darted away. He vanished into the dense woods faster than a startled rabbit, leaving a trail of dust and a faint whiff of fear behind him.



Reginald watched the Fox disappear with a triumphant gleam in his eye. He then turned back to his twelve chirping chicks, who were now happily pecking at a stray berry, completely oblivious to the danger they had just avoided.



"Alright, team," Reginald clucked, puffing out his chest with pride. He mentally checked his list. "Step one: Don't get eaten—Complete! Now, back to our practicals, like finding the juiciest worms!" His chicks chirped in happy agreement.