



# The Cunning Feast

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A tall, menacing wolf wearing a tattered 19th-century black top hat and old trousers stands before a decrepit, crooked house in the dead of night. His yellow eyes gleam with malice, and his long tongue slips out to lick his sharp teeth as he knocks forcefully on the rotting wooden door.



The heavy door creaks open to reveal Reynard, a remarkably slender and diabolically cunning fox with piercing yellow eyes and a wicked smile. Clad in faded, oversized trousers, the fox eagerly licks his own jowls, his unusually long pink tongue dripping with anticipation as he welcomes his nocturnal guest.



Step inside, Monsieur Wolf, the feast will be served very shortly, Reynard whispers with a malicious grin, gesturing for the predator to enter his dimly lit abode. The wolf steps across the threshold, his gaze locked onto the slender fox, both predators sizing each other up while constantly licking their lips in hunger.



Suddenly, the towering wolf lunges forward with a feral roar, grabbing the slender fox tightly by his collar. I am going to devour you right now, fox, the wolf snarls fiercely, his sharp claws digging in as his enormous ears twitch with aggressive delight.



Despite being trapped in the wolf's iron grip, Reynard remains entirely unfazed and lets out a sinister, mocking laugh. No, no, you fool, the water in the cauldron is not nearly hot enough yet for a proper meal, the cunning fox wheezes out.



Curiosity and greed overcome the wolf, prompting him to release his grip and stomp over to the massive iron cauldron bubbling over an open flame. He leans heavily over the rim, squinting down into the steaming water to check the temperature, completely oblivious to the shadow creeping up behind him.



With a sudden burst of strength and a wicked shriek of laughter, Reynard shoves the heavy wolf from behind. The wolf loses his balance and plunges headfirst into the boiling cauldron, his furious screams echoing through the dusty, shadow-drenched kitchen.



The wolf thrashes wildly in the scalding water, desperately trying to climb out of the massive pot. Reynard stands safely on the rim, watching the chaotic struggle with sadistic amusement, entirely entertained by the success of his trap.



Leaning down close to the splashing water, the fox gives the defeated wolf a mocking flick of his long tongue. Hehehe, it is actually I who will be eating you tonight, the diabolical fox giggles, his yellow eyes dancing with cruel triumph.



The next morning, Reynard sits blissfully at his wooden table, his belly round and full as he licks the last remnants from his snout. On the table rest the polished bones and skull of the wolf, while the empty 19th-century clothes still float in the cauldron, prompting the fox to chuckle to himself about what a marvelous meal the idiot's tail turned out to be.