

As the sun went down, it left the farm in darkness, all that was left was the dim glow of the moon and the flicker of the stars. For many nights now the farm had been stalked, it was waiting for the opportunity to strike. Its fur was orange and white however, a blur when it ran. It moved fast but silently able to sneak up on its prey without it knowing. Its teeth were razor sharp and pointy like daggers, they shone white with a hint of red. This was a deadly and intelligent animal, it knew its job, as this was a mother with two hungry cubs that needed fed. The heat of the summer had been harsh on the foxes making food more valuable than ever.

For many nights now it had come to the farm, stalking the chicken dens, waiting as this was an opportunistic animal, it was always on alert, it was always watching. Now was the time, the farmer had left in a rush, leaving the gate into the chicken den open. The chickens were large, their feathers were smooth and glowed in the moon light, it was exactly what the fox had come for. The fox knew its job, kill the chicken, and leave before the farmer knows. It had done it many times before; hunting became a second nature. She couldn't leave without food or the cubs and she would go another night without it.

As the fox crept further and further towards the chicken den, being careful not to get seen by one of the chickens, it had stepped on a fallen branch. The crack was loud in the silent night for a split-second time stopped, nothing moved, there was complete silence. There was an uproar of squawks from the chicken, awakening the night. Everything was chaos, the fox darted, trying to catch any chicken that it could. Suddenly there was a gunshot, it echoed through the night sky and made the birds scatter. It was the farmer his face had gone a dark shade of red with anger, as he slowly lowered the shotgun. He was now aiming at the fox that stood frozen in fear it was confused and scared, how could this have happened? Then there were the cubs, alone and hungry unaware of the situation that was rapidly unfolding, would she get to see them again? Would they be safe?

'Dad stop! Let it go!' A voice shouted from the upstairs of the house; it was a little girl who looked down in horror at her father. 'Dad please stop, it is an innocent animal, let it go, please!' the father had turned around only for a second to see tears streaming down his daughter's face. When he looked back at the fox, it had gone. It had vanished into the night, returning to its much-loved cubs. However, that night they did not starve, as the mother had grabbed a stray chicken that had wandered off into the woods, for the first night in days they ate.