

The Boy and the Fox



Çınar BİBER

The Boy and the Fox

Çınar BİBER



Every evening, a boy named Sam stood at his window with a small green notebook. He had warm light-brown skin, short wavy black hair, and a gap-toothed smile. Across the street, a rusty-orange fox with a white-tipped tail trotted past the houses. Sam wrote down everything the fox did. He loved watching the fox more than anything in the world.



Sam learned the fox's habits. The fox had black ear tips, white chest fur, and bright amber eyes. A small blue tag on its left ear showed it was known and counted. The fox was cautious and clever. It slipped through gardens and along fences like a quiet shadow. Sam drew pictures of the fox in his notebook and showed them to his mother.



In the mornings, Sam walked the same route to school. He saw the neighbor lady in her lavender cardigan, carrying a wicker basket. She had silver-grey hair in a neat bun. 'Good morning, Sam,' she said with a warm smile. The neighbor man in his green flannel shirt waved from his porch. Everyone on the street knew Sam and his notebook.



One evening, Sam saw something that worried him. The fox stood by an open bin, sniffing for food. Trash spilled onto the ground. The fox nosed through wrappers and old scraps. Sam wrote quickly in his green notebook. He drew the open bin and the fox beside it. 'That's not safe,' he whispered. He remembered that foxes are wild animals, not pets.



The next day, Sam saw the fox again. This time, it was near another open bin down the street. The fox looked hungry and tired. Sam knew that open bins could make foxes sick. He also knew that when people leave food outside, foxes come closer than they should. He made a plan. He would talk to his neighbors.



Sam knocked on the neighbor lady's door. She opened it, wearing her floral apron. 'Hello, Sam,' she said kindly. Sam held up his notebook. 'I watch the fox,' he said. 'It's looking for food in open bins. Foxes are wild animals. If we keep our trash safe, the fox stays healthy and safe too.' The neighbor lady listened carefully and nodded.



The neighbor lady said, 'That's a good idea, Sam. Let's tell everyone.' She carried her wicker basket and walked with Sam to the neighbor man's house. The neighbor man had strong arms and a trimmed beard. At first, he scratched his head. 'Foxes in my bins?' he said. 'I don't know about that.' Sam showed him the drawings.



Sam explained, 'Closed bins keep the fox out of our trash. That keeps the fox from eating things that hurt it. And it keeps our street clean.' The neighbor man looked at the drawings. Then he smiled. 'You're a smart kid,' he said. 'I can fix lids that don't close. I have tools and work gloves.' The neighbor lady clapped her hands.



That weekend, everyone on the street worked together. The neighbor man fixed every loose bin lid. Sam and the neighbor lady put up a small sign. It said, 'Please close your bins and never leave food outside.' The neighbor man went door to door. He told everyone why safe trash storage helps wildlife. People listened and promised to help.



Sam kept watching the fox. But now, the bins were closed tight. The fox walked along the fences and sniffed the air. It did not find any open trash. Sam wrote in his notebook, 'Closed bins mean safe foxes.' The neighbor lady brought him a glass of lemonade. 'You started something good,' she said. Sam smiled his gap-toothed smile.



One cool evening, Sam saw the fox near his garden. The fox stopped and looked at him. Its amber eyes were calm. Its white-tipped tail curled around its paws. Sam stood very still. The fox was not afraid. It turned and trotted away into the twilight. Sam felt a warm glow in his chest. The fox was safe because everyone cared.



The neighbor lady and the neighbor man came to Sam's house. 'The street looks better,' said the neighbor man. 'And I'm proud of how everyone pitched in.' The neighbor lady gave Sam a small book about urban wildlife. 'You taught us that kindness means being responsible,' she said. Sam hugged the book. He knew that wild animals need our care.



Sam wrote a new page in his green notebook. He drew the fox, the closed bins, and his neighbors smiling. Under the picture, he wrote, 'Coexistence means we all do our part.' He showed it to the neighbor lady and the neighbor man. They nodded and smiled. Sam felt happy. He had helped his neighbors understand something important.



Now, the fox visits the street almost every evening. It still has its blue tag and its bright amber eyes. It never finds open bins. The neighbors wave at Sam and say, 'Here comes our fox expert!' Sam blushes and opens his notebook. He writes about the fox's tricks and its quiet ways. The fox stays safe and the neighbors feel happy.



Sam learned a big lesson. Kindness to wildlife means being responsible. Safe trash storage keeps foxes healthy. Never leaving food outside keeps them wild. And closed bins keep everyone safe. The neighbor lady and the neighbor man agreed. Everyone on the street now helps. They all live together happily, side by side with the clever, rusty-orange fox.



The boy and the fox still share the same street. Sam watches from his window with his green notebook. The fox trots along the fences, its white-tipped tail high. They are neighbors now, safe and happy. Sam knows that small actions make a big difference. He smiles his gap-toothed smile and writes, 'The fox and I are friends.'