

Sister Foxy-Loxy

A fox once stole a chicken and went off with it. She ran and ran, but soon night began to fall.

Suddenly, she noticed a small house, so she went up to the door, bowed politely and said to the people, “Good evening, good people.” And they replied, “God give you good health.”

“Could you give me a night’s lodging?”

“O Sister Foxy-Loxy, our house is small. There is no room for you to sleep.”

“It doesn’t matter. I shall crouch under the bench and wrap myself with my tail and so spend the night.”

The housewife agreed. “Good. Then you may stay the night.”

“But where shall I put my chicken?”

“Let her go under the stove,” was the reply. So the fox did just that. But during the night she got up quietly, ate the chicken and raked the feathers together.

The next morning she got up early, washed herself nicely, bade good morning to her hosts and said,

“I wonder where my chicken is?”

“Under the stove,” was the reply.

“I have looked—it isn’t there,” the fox replied. So she sat down and began to cry. “It was the only good thing I had, that chicken, and now somebody has taken it from me. Give me a duck for a chicken and we’ll call it square,” the fox said.

There was nothing to do but make amends, so the fox received a duck for her chicken. She put the duck in a sack and went off. She ran and ran, but soon night began to fall. All at once she noticed a little house, so she went up to the door, bowed politely and said to the occupants, “Good evening, good people.”

“God give you good health,” they said.

“Could you give me a night’s lodging?” she asked.

“O Sister Foxy-Loxy, our house is small. There is no room for you to sleep.”

“It doesn’t matter. I shall crouch under the bench and wrap myself with my tail and so spend the night.”

The housewife agreed. “Good. Then you may stay the night.”

“But where shall I put my duck?” asked the fox.

“Put her in the cattle shed, amongst the geese,” was the answer. So the fox did just that. But during the night she got up quietly, ate the duck and raked the feathers together.

The next morning she got up early, washed herself nicely, said good morning to her hosts and inquired, “I wonder where my duck is?” She looked in the cattle shed. Of course it wasn’t there.

The host said to her, “Probably when the geese were let out the duck was, too.”

So the fox sat down and began to cry. “It was the only good thing I had, that duck, and now somebody has taken it away. Give me a goose for my duck and we’ll call it square,” the fox begged.

There was nothing to do but make amends, so she received a goose in exchange. She put the goose in a sack and went off. She ran and ran, but soon night began to fall. Then she noticed a little house, so she went up to the door, bowed politely and said to the occupants “Good evening, good people.”

“God give you good health,” they said.

“Could you give me a night’s lodging?” she asked.

“O Sister Foxy-Loxy,” they replied, “our house is small. There is no room for you to sleep.”

“That doesn’t matter. I can crouch under the bench and wrap myself with my tail and so spend the night,” she said.

The housewife replied, "Good. Then you may stay the night."

"But where shall I put my goose?" asked the fox.

"Put it in the pen with the lambs." So the fox did just that. But during the night she got up quietly, ate the goose and raked the feathers together.

The next morning she got up early, washed herself nicely, said good morning to her hosts and inquired, "I wonder where my goose is?" she looked for it in the sheep pen, but it wasn't there. So she said to her host, "Wherever I have been such bad luck has followed me. Everything is stolen from me!"

The host replied, "Well, maybe the lamb stepped on it."

And the fox said, "That may be so, but you must give me your lamb for my goose."

There was nothing to do but give the fox a lamb. She put the lamb into the sack and went off. She ran and ran, but soon night began to fall. All at once she noticed a little house, so she went up to the door, bowed politely and said, "Good evening, good people."

"God give you good health," they said.

"Could you give me a night's lodging?" asked the fox.

"O Sister Foxy-Loxy," they replied, "our house is small. There is no room for you to sleep."

"That doesn't matter. I can crouch under the bench and wrap myself with my tail and so spend the night," she said.

The housewife replied, "Very well, then. You may spend the night."

"But where shall I put my lamb?" asked the fox.

"Put it in the cattle pen," was the answer. So the fox did just that. But during the night she got up quietly and ate the lamb.

The next day she got up early, washed herself nicely, said good morning and asked, “I wonder where my lamb is?” they search all over for it but, of course, could not find it. So the fox sat down and began to cry. “No matter where I go, I always have such bad luck. Everything is stolen from me.” The host said to her, “Our daughter-in-law was chasing the ox out to pasture. Maybe she let your lamb out, too.”

And the fox said to him, “I don’t care what you think, but you must give me your daughter-in-law for my lamb.”

The man and his wife cried, the son cried, the children cried—but all to no avail. So the fox took the man’s daughter-in-law and put her in her sack. Then she went out of the house for awhile. When the fox’s back was turned the son took the bag, untied it, let his wife out and put a dog into it instead.

When the fox returned, she took the sack with the dog inside and carried it off. As she ran along she said to herself,

“For the chicken, a duck,

For the duck, a goose,

For the goose, a lamb,

For the lamb, a daughter-in-law.”

She shook the bag and the dog barked, “Arft! Arft!” At this the fox said, “That wretched daughter-in-law sounds like a dog. Well, I’ll just take a look at her and see what she is like.” The fox sat down and untied the sack. She had no sooner untied it than the dog jumped out and snapped at her. The fox thereupon ran off and the dog went after her. They ran into the woods and for awhile it looked as though the dog was going to overtake the fox, but she managed to run into her foxhole and hide. The dog sat in front of it because he couldn’t get inside.

Presently, the fox began to talk to her ears. "Ears, my beloved ones, what were you thinking of when you were running away from that horrible dog?"

"We were hoping he would not catch up and tear your golden fur, dear sister Foxy-Loxy," was the reply.

"Thank you, my beloved ears. I shall buy you some golden earrings," said the fox. Then she spoke to her eyes. "Eyes, my beloved ones, what were you thinking of when you were running away from that horrible dog?"

"We were hoping, as we looked here and there, that he would not catch up and tear your golden fur, dear sister Foxy-Loxy," was the reply.

"Thank you, my beloved eyes. I shall buy you a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles."

Then she said to her feet, "Feet, my beloved ones, what were you thinking of when you were running away from that horrible dog?"

"We were thinking how we might run faster so that horrible dog might not catch up and tear your golden fur."

"Thank you, my beloved feet. I shall buy you a pair of little red shoes with silver buckles. And what, O tail, were you thinking of when you were running away from that wretched hound?"

But the tail got angry because the fox did not speak as lovingly to it as to the other members and said, "I hoped, as I waded in and out, that the dog would catch up to you and tear your golden coat."

The fox thereupon became angry at her tail and stuck it outside the foxhole. "Here you are, wolfhound," she said to the dog. "Take my tail and bite it as hard as you can."

The dog bit it so hard that it came right off and with that he ran away.

Then the fox went out amongst the rabbits. Those were the days when the rabbits still had long tails. When they was that the fox's tail had been bitten off they began to laugh, but she said to them, "It doesn't matter if I am tailless. I can still dance a good folk dance in a ring."

"How?" they asked.

"Like this," she replied. "But first of all, you'll have to tie up your tails and you can learn, too."

"Well, tie them up for us," begged the rabbits. So the fox tied up their tails and as for herself, she climbed up the village steeple and from there she called out, "Run for your lives! Here comes the wolf!"

The rabbits began to go in all directions and so tore off their tails. After that, when the rabbits came together, they saw they all had no tails. Then they began to question each other.

"Were you with the fox?"

"Yes, I was. Were you?"

"I was there also, brother."

So then they plotted to pay back the fox for what she had done to them. But she overheard them and, realizing that their plans were evil, quickly ran into the woods and they never hear from her anymore.