

Godmother Foxy-Loxy

A vixen was very fond of honey. She always ate so much meat that she rarely got a taste of it.

One day she said to herself, "I think I'll visit the bees and make myself at home." She trotted off to the bee-garden and sat down quietly in front of a hive. She put her paws down and soon fell fast asleep, dreaming of honey. When the bees saw her they didn't appreciate her being there and rushed angrily from the hive, flying at the vixen. Oh how she scuttled from the bee-garden! She ran so fast with her nose twitching and scolded the bees meanwhile, "Honey is sweet but bees are vicious!"

When she arrived home her whole face was all swollen and she had to lie down. She lay for a long time and thought and thought, for she still craved some honey. "I shall go to the bear and ask to live in his house. He has lots of honey, she said to herself. So off she went.

When she arrived she said to the bear, "Brother Bear, I have something to tell you." But the bear only muttered. Nevertheless, the vixen continued, "Now don't mutter so terribly, Brother Bear, because you'll only frighten me. Let the two of us live together. I shall keep house for you."

"All right—it's a bargain," said the bear. So they began to live together. The bear went out to forage and brought home meat for himself and the vixen. But oh, how she yearned for some honey! One day, she couldn't help herself so she said, "Do go, old dear, to the apiary and get some honey." There was nothing to be said so off the bear went. He certainly got plenty of honey—two hives full. "One," he explained, "we'll eat now. The other we'll hide for the winter." They ate and ate and in due time all the honey was gone from the one hive, but the other remained hidden in the loft, ready for the winter.

The bear waited patiently, but the vixen ached to get at the hive. She thought and thought about how to get the other hive and enjoy a feast. She would have climbed up into the loft but she knew the bear would immediately question her. So she lay for some time figuring out what she should do. Suddenly, “knock, knock” went her tail against the wall. The bear cried out, “What is that knocking?”

“Someone has come to invite me to act as godmother at a christening,” replied the vixen.

“Run along, then, and I’ll have a nap,” answered the bear.

She went immediately to the loft and got the hive and ate as much honey as she wanted. Then she returned, and the bear awoke. “Well, how did they christen your godchild?” he asked.

“Beginning,” the vixen said.

“What an odd name!” commented the bear.

“It’s what the priest gave. Why is it so odd?” the vixen asked.

“Well, well,” mused the bear.

The next day the vixen was lying down again when her tail went “knock, knock” against the wall. And the bear asked, “What is that knocking?”

“Someone has come to invite me to act as godmother at a christening,” replied the vixen.

“Run along, then, and I’ll have a nap,” answered the bear.

So once more the vixen went to the loft and had such a feed of honey that there wasn’t much honey left. She returned and the bear awoke. “Well, how did they christen your godchild?” he asked.

“Middling,” the vixen said.

“What queer names your godchildren have!” commented the bear. And the vixen replied, “What are you talking about? Why is it a queer name when there is a holiday like that?”

“Well, maybe,” answered the bear grudgingly.

The third day the vixen was lying down again when “knock, knock” went her tail against the wall. The bear awoke and asked, “What is always knocking and knocking?”

“Someone has come to invite me to act as godmother at a christening,” replied the vixen.

“How is it, old one,” said the bear, “that they ask you so often to be godmother at all their christenings?”

“Why, old dear, it’s because I’m so popular,” answered the vixen.

“Run along, then, and I’ll have a nap,” answered the bear.

So the vixen ran up into the loft and ate up all the honey and overturned the empty hive and then climbed down from the loft. Then she ran into the house, lay down and relaxed. The bear awoke.

“What did they name your godchild this time?” he asked.

“Overturned and Licked,” was the reply.

“What in the world! Those names have never been heard of before in heaven or earth!” said the bear in an amazed tone.

“What are you concerned about, dear love? Are you a priest that you should know?” inquired the vixen.

“Well, let it be your way!” he sighed.

But in due time winter set in and one day the bear commented, “We’ll have to have a feast of honey, old one.” So he climbed up the loft where he espied the empty hive.

“Sister Foxy-Loxy, did you eat this up,” he roared.

“No, not I,” whispered the vixen.

“Yes, you did,” roared the bear once more.

“May I never see yesterday, if I did eat it,” lied the vixen.

“You lie, vixen! You didn’t go to any christenings. You ate the honey instead. Now I’ll eat you!”

And the bear grabbed at her. She evaded him and darted from the house to the woods. How she scuttled! All he saw of her was a flash and she was gone—forever.