

Mud Fight

By

Vixxy Fox

“I AM VORON!” cried little Christie Fox as she dropped a huge rock into the pool of mud. Thick glop splattered everywhere, covering her new dress. “YOU WILL FEAR ME OR I WILL MAKE YOU PAY!” she roared.

Leaning down, she picked the rock back up, hoisting it above her head with some difficulty. Dropped from this small height, it splatted back into the mud pool showering her once again; and she laughed a musical little vixen laugh.

“OOOOoooo” she said, pointing a finger at the place where the rock now rested, “You mud people just have no idea how powerful I am do you?”

She began dancing around in the puddle, kicking and sloshing gray gloppy mud in every conceivable direction. Her pretty stockings and new shoes became saturated with the stuff. This seemed to tickle her even more. Giggling madly, she began jumping up and down as if jumping rope without the rope. Her delicate sun bonnet blew off of her head and sailed some feet away from the splash zone as if it had a thought of preserving itself.

Stopping, she pointed at the puddle again as if it were a live thing. “VORON DEMANDS THAT YOU SURRENDER!”

The puddle glurked at her and a bubble surfaced.

Putting her paws on her hips, she glared at the spot where the bubble had come from. “What do you mean I could never defeat a true enemy?” She raised a petite foot to stomp on the spot when it glurked a second time, followed close on by a galopgalork. This, seen in a different light and through different eyes, might possibly have looked exactly like a frog fart. To Christie’s imagination, it was conversation. She gasped, and lowered her foot slowly. “But... if you are not the true enemy, who is?”

The mud puddle remained silent, which forced the little Fox to once again pick up the rock and hammer it down upon the pretend mud person. “TELL ME!” she shrieked.

The resulting tidal wave of scooshy smooze splashed her face to the point that all to be seen through the grayish covering were her eyes.

As she watched intently, small bubbles collected around the partially submerged rock, floating like a myriad of mud creature body parts. A larger bubble formed, floated, and then broke. “Balurp.”

Her eyes narrowed as she slowly turned around and looked in the direction of the family's den. Of course... that was it... the true enemy of Voron was just all too obvious.

Teddy Fox sat on the couch reading a comic book. His back was to the front door and he was so wrapped up within the story, he didn't hear his sister come in.

"SURRENDER TO VORON OR FACE THE CONSEQUENCES!" she roared at him.

The tod jumped straight up and spun around, startled beyond reason. His angry glare quickly changed to a look of utter astonishment. They were supposed to leave for church in just a matter of minutes. "What on earth did you do?" he managed to ask his sister softly. "Mama is gonna have a complete conniption."

Christy, standing in her super hero attack position, looked from her brother, to the comic book he held. "That's my Voron comic book," she said in a low growl.

"Really," Teddy sneered at her, "And what are you going to do about it Mud Pie? After Mom's done with you, you'll never get to read another one... so I guess it's all mine. Unless you think you can take it back." He held it up high and began to laugh cruelly; just like Voron's arch enemy the Mud Dauber.

"So you want the consequences then," she hissed at him. "And thus it shall be!"

Bursting into tears, the little vixen turned and ran crying in the direction of their mother's room. "MOMMMMMMYYYYYY TEDDY PUSHED ME INTO A MUD PUDDLE!"

Her crying quickly kicked up a notch; turning into a long banshee wail of doom.

Teddy's mouth dropped open; the now forgotten comic book falling from his paw.