

Magic Eight Ball

By

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“It says you’re gonna die!” declared Spike loudly as he looked down into the viewing window of his ‘Magic Eight Ball Fortune Teller’.

“Does not does not!” yelled Spider while standing on his tip toes and pulling on Spike’s paws. He was trying to get the ball to where he could see it too. They were Grey Foxes and brothers; a little less than a year apart. Their mother would tell anyone who asked that it had been a good year... or a bad year, depending on how the two were behaving.

Spike finally relented and with a motion that popped Spider on the nose, let his brother see the word that had come up into the little viewing window.

“What’s it say?” Spider asked as he looked at the indecipherable word. He couldn’t yet read.

“It says ‘No’,” replied his brother.

“That’s it?”

“Yup.”

The punch to his stomach took him completely by surprise, and he doubled over.

“You lied to me!” Spider yelled, and the fight was on. He’d actually only punched straight out, and that with his eyes closed, but with their size difference the blow had been directly to Spike’s bread basket. Before any real damage could be done, their mother had them both by the scruff of the neck. Holding them arm’s length, she marched them to opposite corners of the living room as if they were fighters in a ring. The only difference was; this time out was a punishment and their noses were firmly pressed to the wall.

Not more than a minute after she’d gone back to the kitchen both kits were peering around the corner at her to make sure the coast was clear; and then they were hiding behind the couch and shaking the magic eight ball again.

“Ask it a question,” Spike whispered to his brother.

“Are we gonna have pie for desert tonight?”

Spike sniffed the air and then flicked him in the forehead with a forefinger making a quiet pop.

“Owwwww..... whatcha do that for?!” he asked holding the spot with a paw.

“Shhhh... That was for asking something you already knew the answer to. Not only can I smell it cooking, Ma had us pick the blueberries this morning.”

“I wanted to know if your stupid ball would know that too,” Spider replied defiantly.
“Shake it up and see what it says.”

Spike stood, his upper half now visible from behind the couch, and shook the black ball as hard as he could. When he stopped, he looked closely at the viewing window. As he did, Spider emerged from the further end of the couch and climbed up on the cushions so he could look over his brother’s shoulder.

“No.”

“SEE?!... SEE?!... SEE?!” Spider yelled loudly, jumping up and down on the cushions.
“IT’S JUST A STUPID PLASTIC BALL... IT DON’T KNOW NOTHING!”

Spike slapped him on the head out of pure anger. He didn’t like being proved wrong by his little brother.

Spider, taking great offence at the slap, snatched the Magic Eight Ball from his brother’s paws and ran towards the kitchen.

Spike literally dove over the couch, did a somersault, like he had seen in his favorite Saturday serial movie ‘Fox In the Hen House’, and bounced straight up at a dead run.

Both kits came to grips in the hallway between the living room and the kitchen; there they struggled for control of the orb.

“Here now!” their mother yelled at them from the kitchen. “You’re both supposed to be in the corners!” She was standing next to the open window where she’d just placed the freshly cooked pie to cool.

Before she could say another word, Spike and Spider both gave a terrific pull. The ball got away from both of them. Up through the air it sailed... out into the kitchen and past a startled mother fox who did her best to catch it.

Down square into the middle of the pie it went and then onwards; complete with the now captured pie... out into the yard and the dirt.

Both Kits stood slack jawed as they realized at the same moment; the prophesy of the pie had just been fulfilled.

Without a word, their mother went out to survey the damage. She was quickly back with a very sticky pie covered Magic Eight Ball. Shaking it lightly, she asked it softly, "Magic Eight Ball... do ya think my kits are about to get the spanking of their lives?"

Looking down at the gooked up viewing window, she said, "Well what do you know... the answer is yes."