

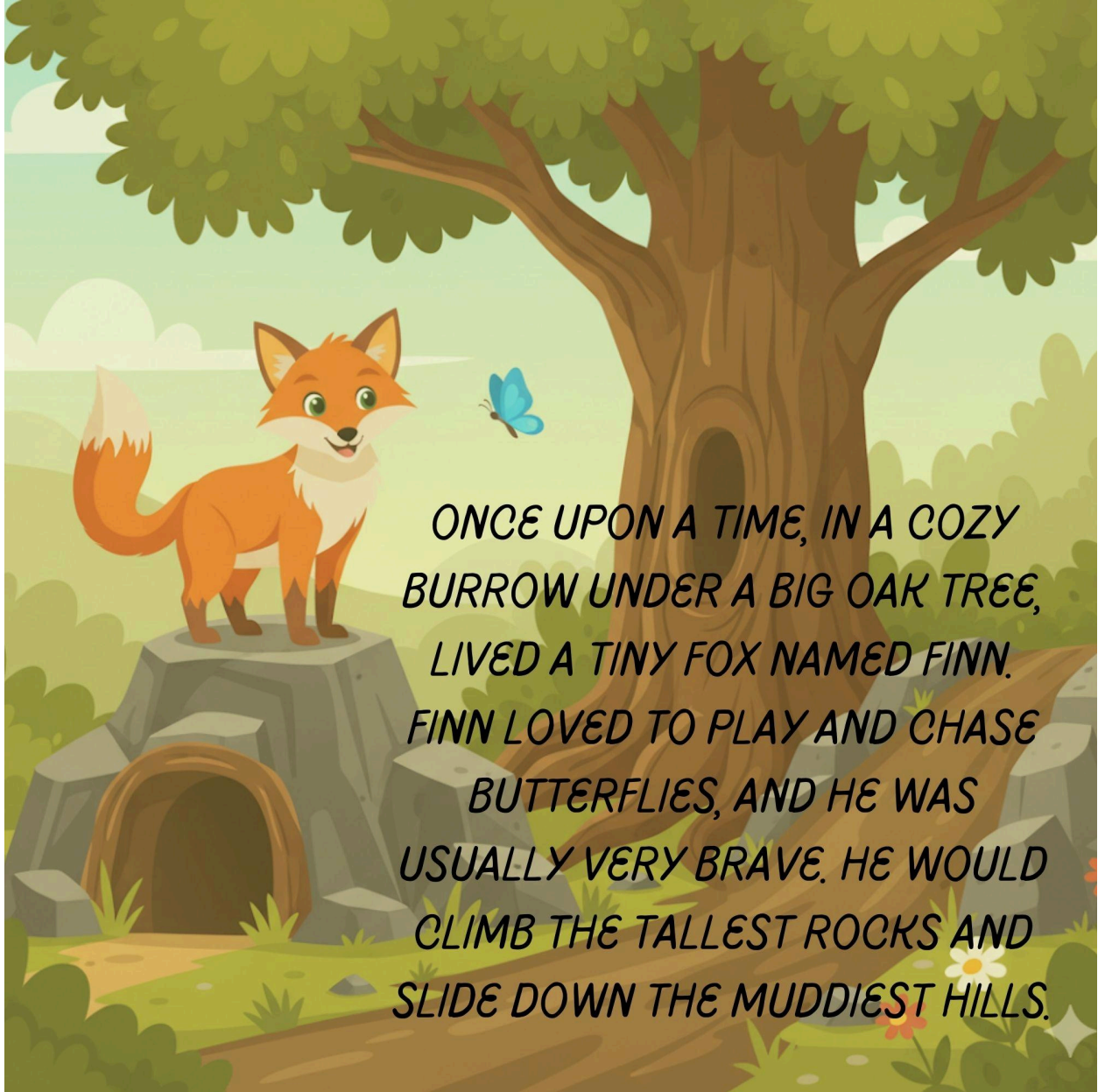
*THE LITTLE FOX WHO LOST HIS  
BRAVE*





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*ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A COZY  
BURROW UNDER A BIG OAK TREE,  
LIVED A TINY FOX NAMED FINN.  
FINN LOVED TO PLAY AND CHASE  
BUTTERFLIES, AND HE WAS  
USUALLY VERY BRAVE. HE WOULD  
CLIMB THE TALLEST ROCKS AND  
SLIDE DOWN THE MUDDIEST HILLS.*



*ONE SUNNY MORNING, FINN'S  
MOTHER GAVE HIM A BIG,  
JUICY RED APPLE. "TAKE THIS  
TO YOUR GRANDMA HAZEL,"  
SHE SAID. "SHE LOVES FRESH  
APPLES."*



*AS FINN REACHED THE BRIDGE, A TINY CLOUD MOVED IN FRONT OF THE SUN, AND THE STREAM'S WATER LOOKED A LITTLE DARKER THAN USUAL. SUDDENLY, THE BRIDGE LOOKED MUCH BIGGER AND HIGHER. "WHAT IF IT WIGGLES TOO MUCH?" HE THOUGHT. "WHAT IF I DROP MY APPLE?" HIS TUMMY STARTED TO FEEL FLUTTERY, AND HIS LEGS FELT LIKE JELLY. FOR THE FIRST TIME, FINN WAS SCARED OF THE BRIDGE.*



*HE STOPPED AND LOOKED AT THE WATER. HE  
WANTED TO RUN BACK HOME, BUT THEN HE  
REMEMBERED HOW HAPPY GRANDMA HAZEL  
WOULD BE TO GET THE APPLE.*



*JUST THEN, A WISE OLD OWL NAMED OLLIE  
FLEW DOWN FROM THE TREE. "HOO-HOO," HE  
HOOTED SOFTLY. "WHY THE LONG FACE, LITTLE  
ONE?"*



*I'M SCARED OF THE BRIDGE, FINN  
WHISPERED. "IT LOOKS TOO BIG."*



*OLLIE SMILED A WARM OWL SMILE. "BRAVE  
ISN'T ABOUT NEVER BEING SCARED," HE SAID.  
"BRAVE IS ABOUT BEING SCARED AND STILL  
TRYING."*



*FINN THOUGHT ABOUT THAT. HE LOOKED AT HIS LITTLE FOX PAWS AND THEN AT THE BRIDGE. IT STILL LOOKED A LITTLE SCARY, BUT HE HELD THE APPLE TIGHT AND TOOK ONE SMALL STEP. THEN ANOTHER. AND ANOTHER. HE FOCUSED ON HIS PAWS AND THE SOUND OF THE LITTLE BRIDGE BOARDS, ONE AFTER THE OTHER. SOON, HE WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE, THEN ALMOST AT THE OTHER SIDE, AND THEN... HE WAS ACROSS!*



*HE HAD DONE IT! HE RAN ALL THE WAY TO GRANDMA HAZEL'S HOUSE AND GAVE HER THE BEAUTIFUL APPLE. HE FELT SO PROUD, NOT JUST BECAUSE HE BROUGHT THE APPLE, BUT BECAUSE HE WAS BRAVE.*

***THE END***

