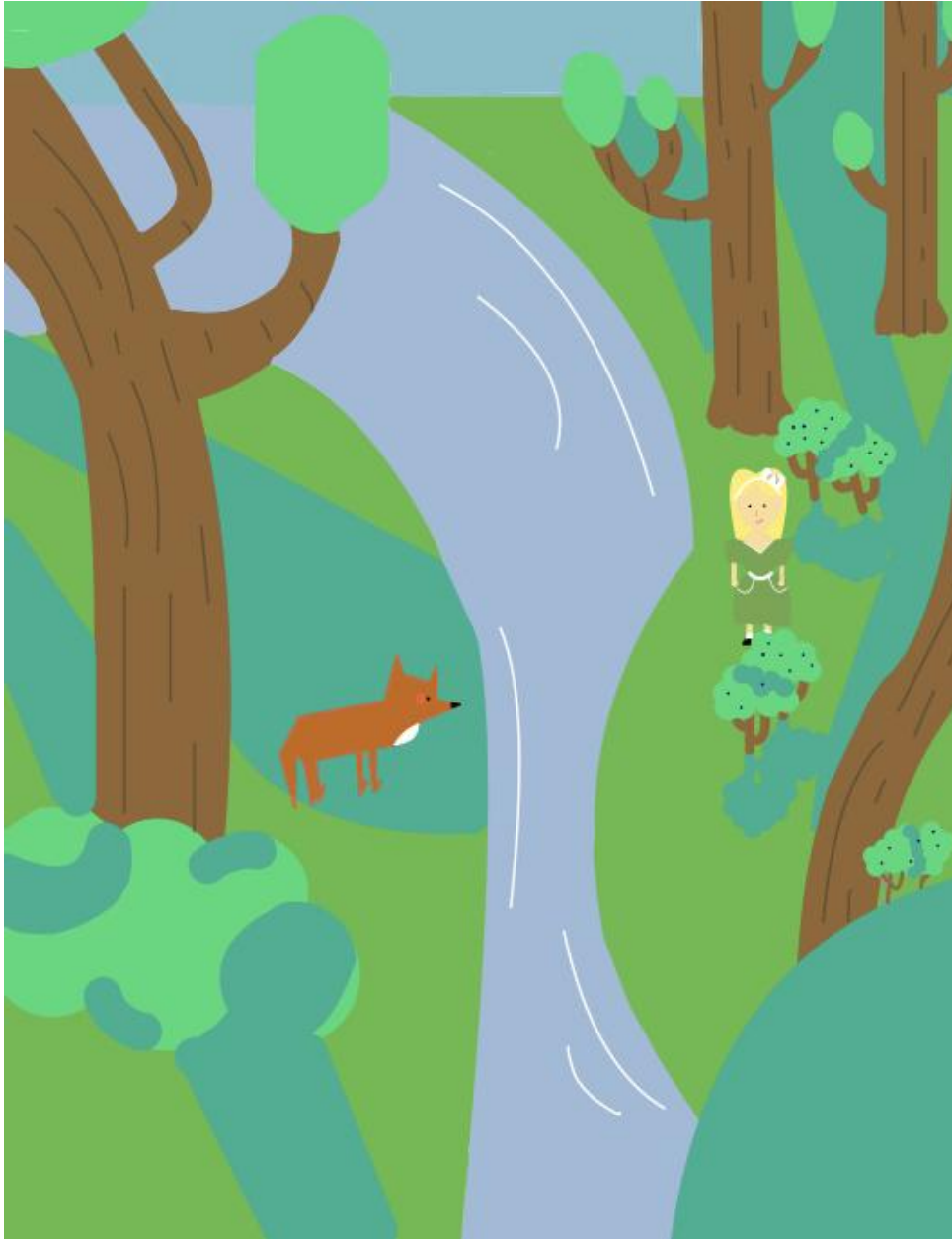
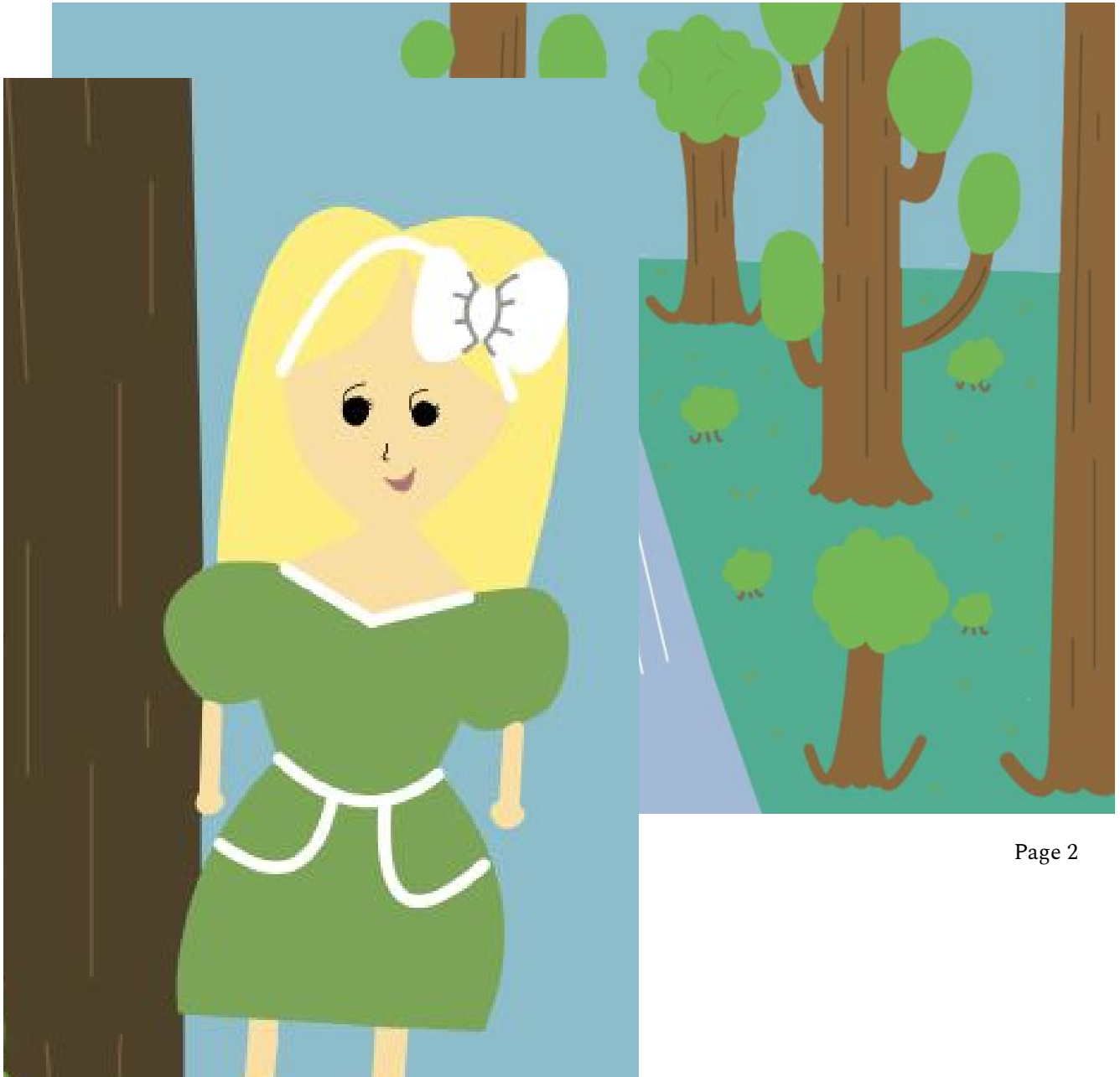


Kenya and the Three Kits



Blackberries have always been Kenya's favorite fruit. On a crisp Sunday afternoon in autumn, she set out to a nearby wooded area not too far from her home to pick some for a blackberry pie her mom would bake later. She was looking forward to enjoying her mother's famous blackberry pie. She didn't make it often.



The floor was covered with a layer of warm toned leaves and the tree branches were bare. The sky was blue with little clouds that would cast overhead from time to time. On this day, Kenya decided to wear her favorite fern green poofy dress. The ruffled sleeves are what made it her favorite. Along with that she wore a little white headband with a bow and black Mary Jane shoes. That dress made her happy, she felt like a princess.

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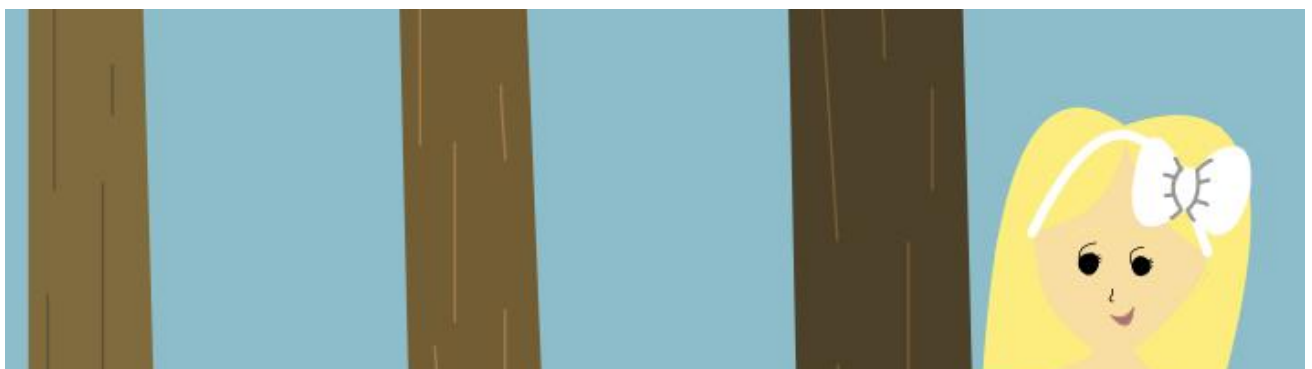


Kenya strolled through the woods for a few hours, taking in nature's company. She saw little rabbits, squirrels and even chubby little chipmunks.

She was always an animal lover, treating them with kindness and friendliness. However, Kenya was struggling. The blackberries seemed to be difficult to find today. It was early fall, so the blackberry season was coming to an end.

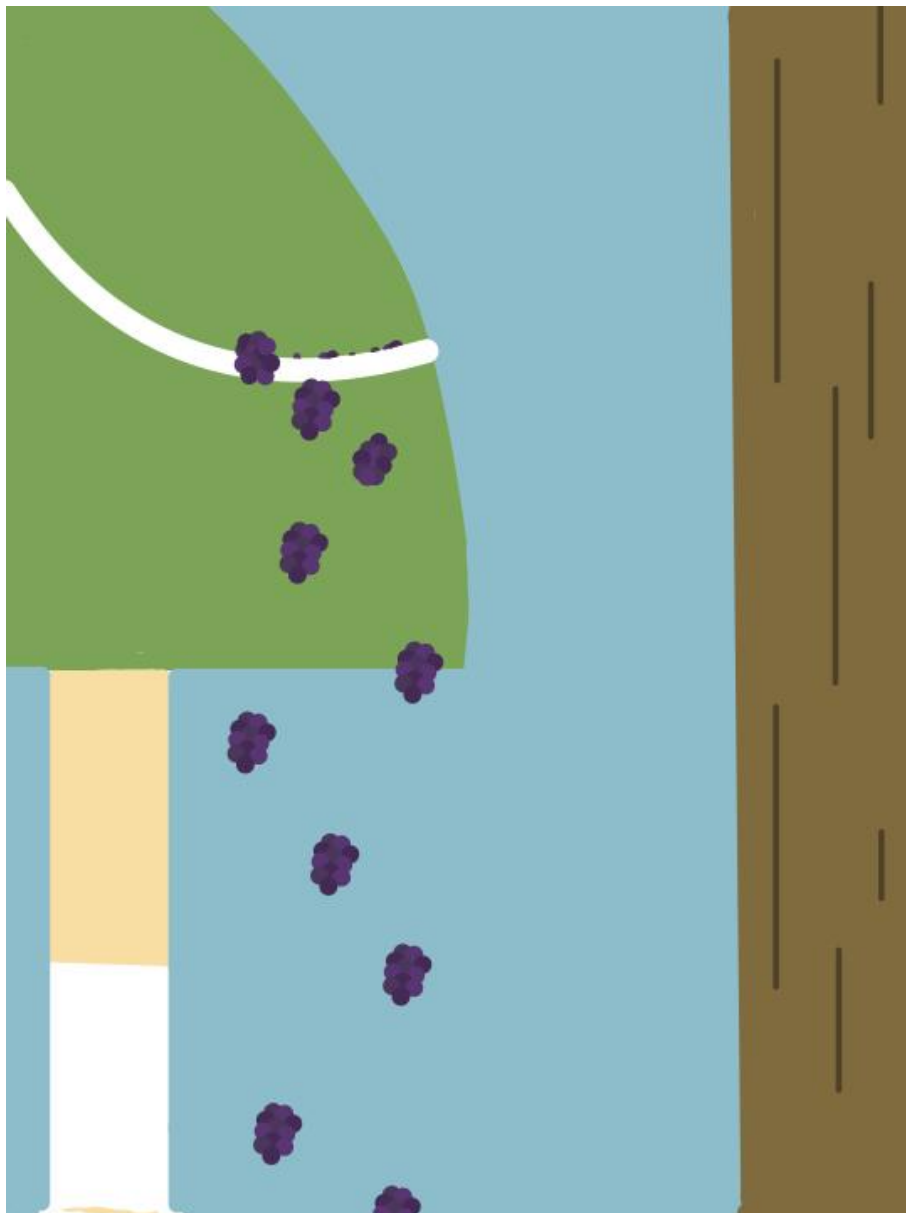
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She didn't give up though. Kenya was determined to find just enough berries for her mom's blackberry pie. She was too excited to let it go. Therefore, she set out deeper into the woods. She skipped and galloped through the woods for a few minutes until she finally came upon a bush full of berries! Oh, how Kenya filled with joy!



As she scoped out the area, she found that there were several bushes with berries. There were tansy, blueberries and rue too. She began to pick the blackberries over its stems, one by one with her tiny ten year old fingers.

“ One... Two... Three...,” she counted to herself. She stuck with just picking the blackberries and left the other berries. Her dress pockets were beginning to overflow. She didn’t like tansy very much either anyways.

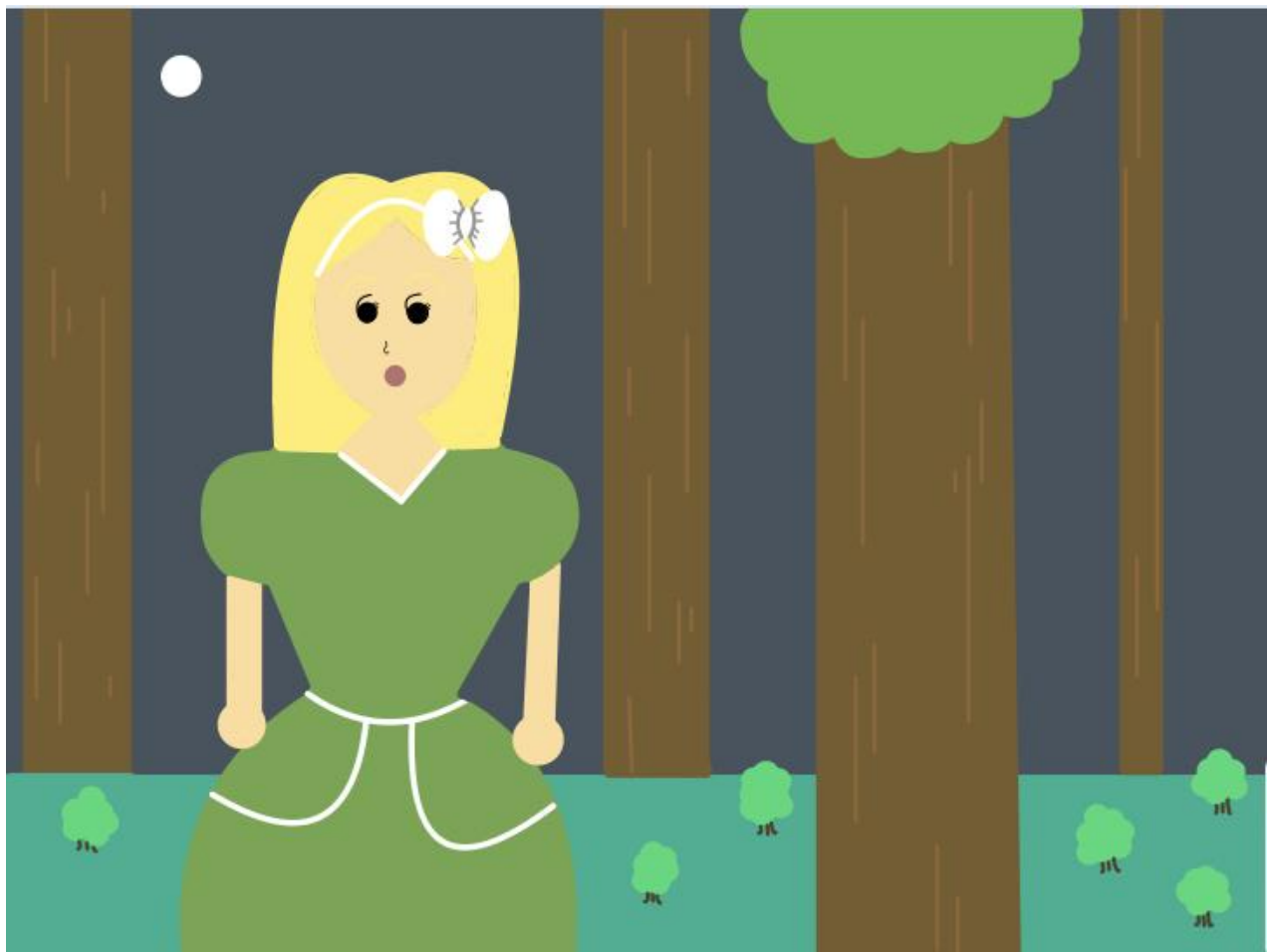




Kenya sauntered leisurely along the woods for a little longer after picking her final batch of blackberries. With each step, the leaves crunched beneath her Mary Jane shoes and her hair blew with the slight autumn breeze. It was a good day for Kenya. She saw her furry friends, chummed around with nature and was going home to her favorite dessert.

When she noticed it was becoming dark, she decided to turn around and head back home. But in spite of that, Kenya realized she lost her way back home. She slowly turned in a circle with curiosity, thinking of the direction in which she came from. She could've gone one or another way but she couldn't tell as there was no trace left behind.

Kenya had gone too deep into the woods.

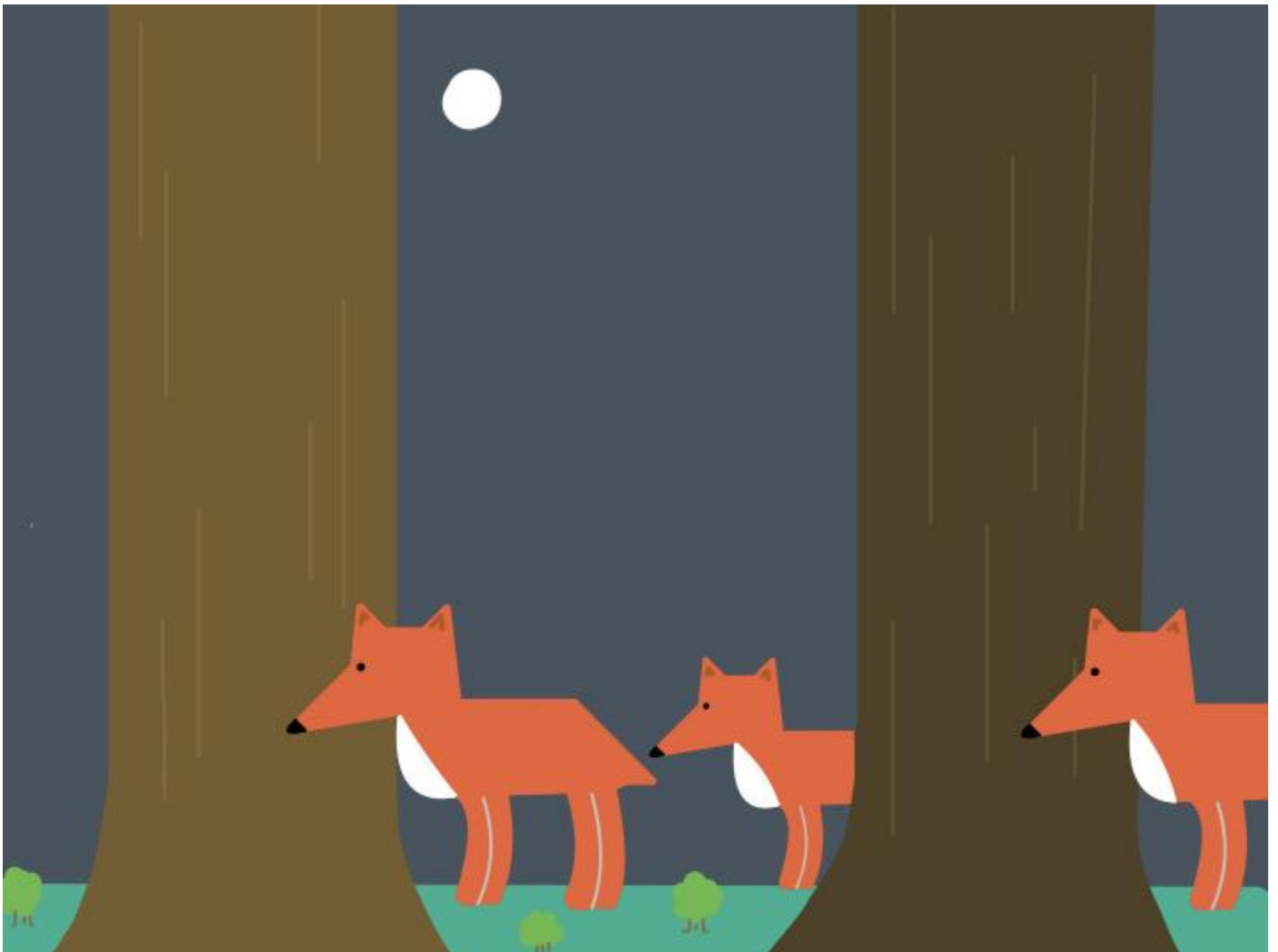


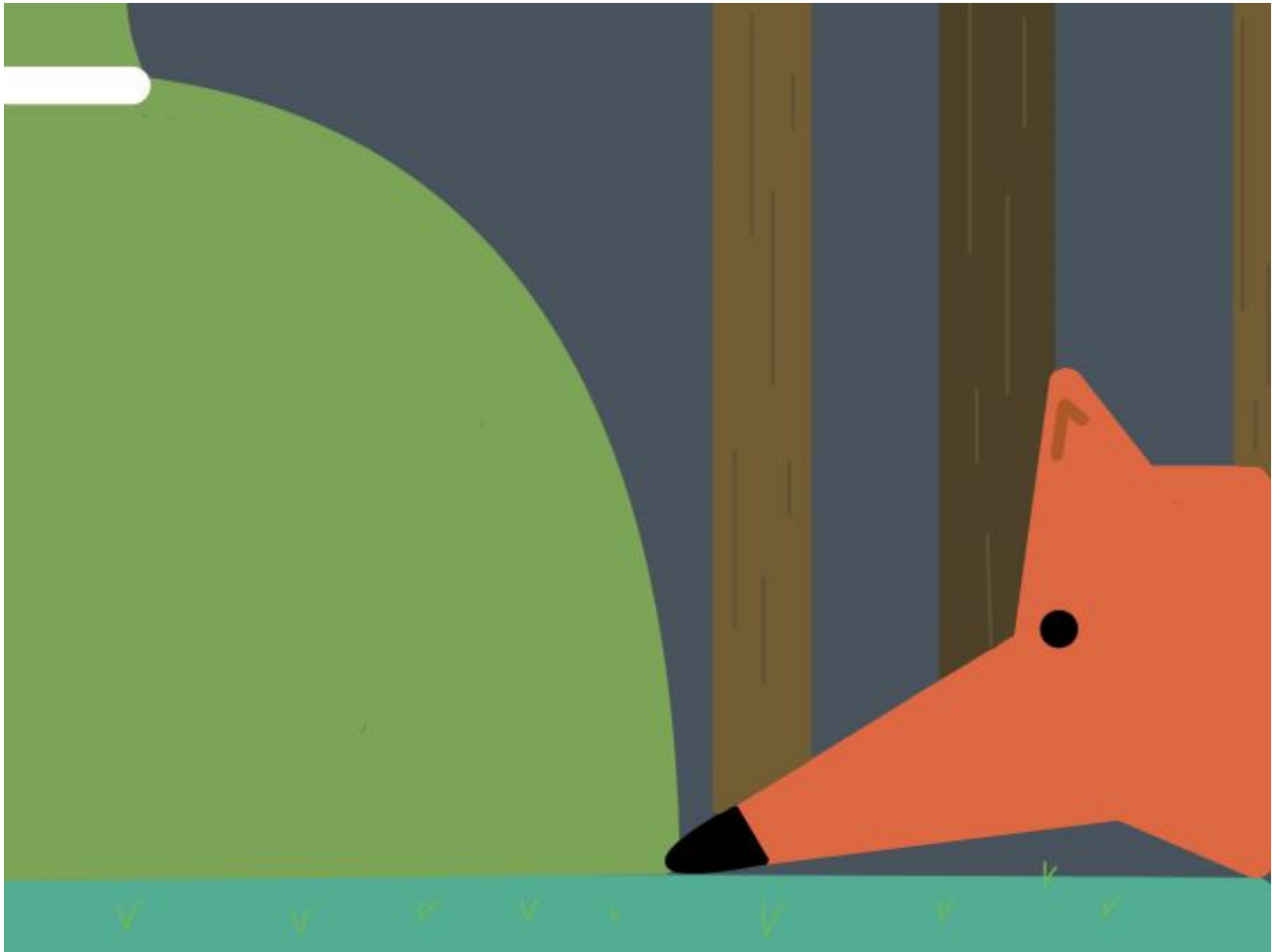
A state of panic ran through her body. So many thoughts began to run through her mind and her tummy started to fill with nervous flutters.

She was hopeless, having no knowledge of how to head back home after going too deep into the woods. Kenya drops to the ground, in a pile of leaves, and cradles herself, sobbing. How can such a good day end so dreadfully?



There is rustling in the distance that Kenya couldn't hear through the noises of her weeps. It was getting dark faster and she feared what was out there in the darkness that she couldn't see. She was in despair till something exposed through the thick tree trunks. Out of nowhere, three small orange kits appeared from between the trees and approached her.



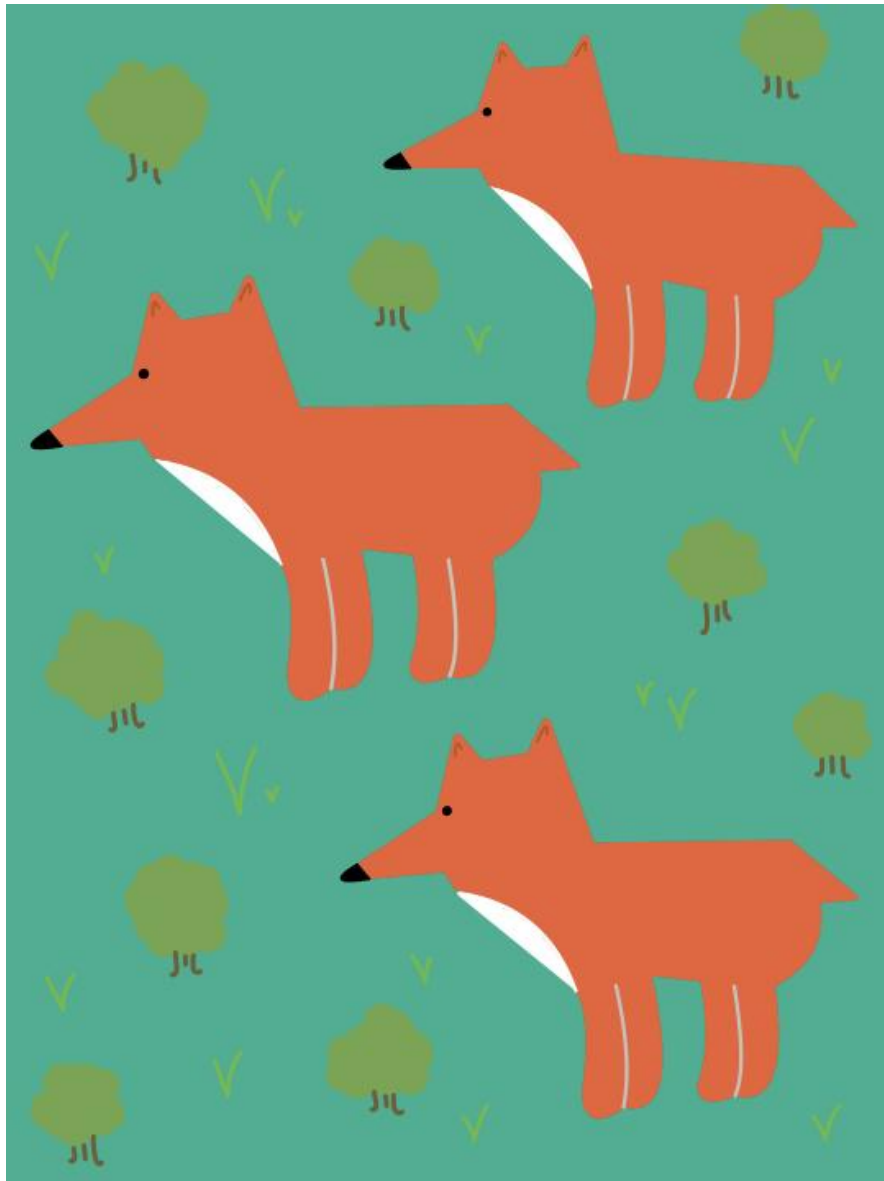


Kenya doesn't notice the three foxes, her head was faced down in her arms. This was until one of the kits nibbled at the bottom of her dress to gain her attention. It's plan was successful.



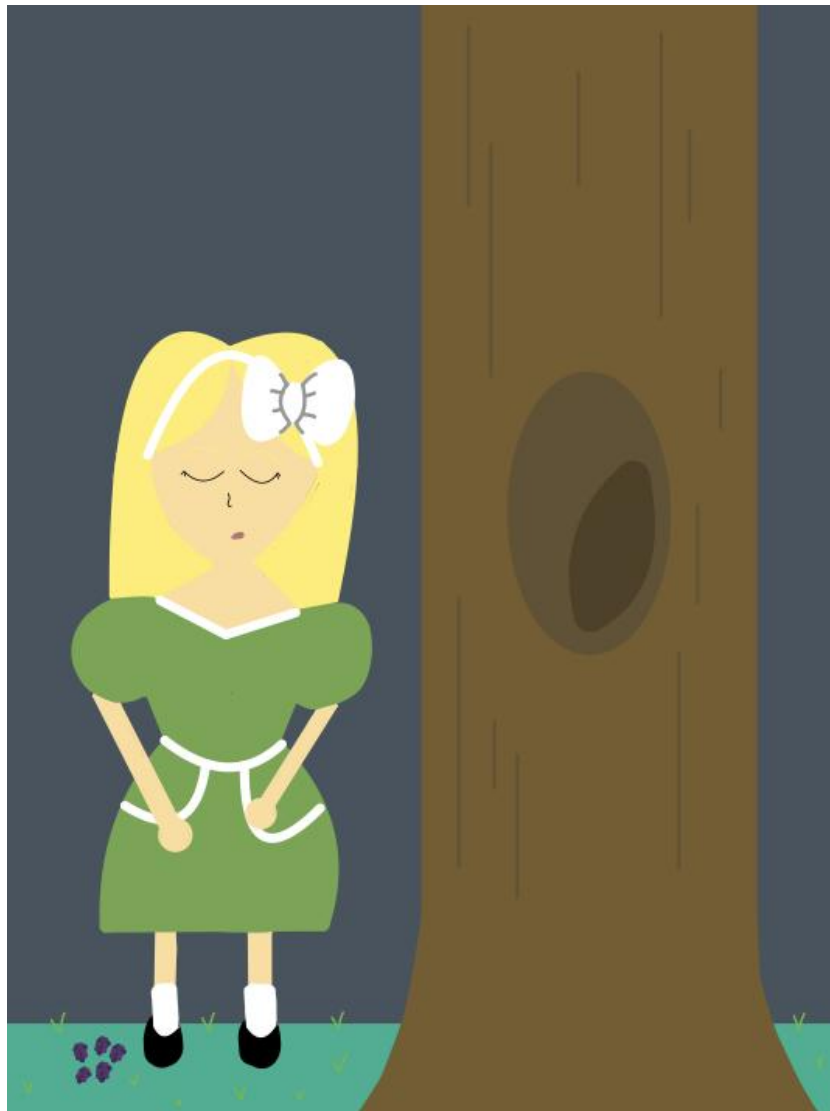
Kenya's head shoots up from her arms and sees the three kits in front of her. Startledly, she crawls backwards on her hands to gain some distance from the kits out of fear they were going to hurt her. Although, the kits weren't there to hurt her.

The three kits collectively moved a few inches backwards. This was their way of saying that they mean no harm. Instead, they were there to help her. Kenya looks at them confused, thinking why aren't they doing anything.



The kit in the middle turns it's snout in one direction then looks back at Kenya, with somewhat gentle eyes. Without words, the kit is trying to show her the way out of the woods that was in the direction of her home. Kenya picks up on this gesture and stands up to reveal that she understands them.



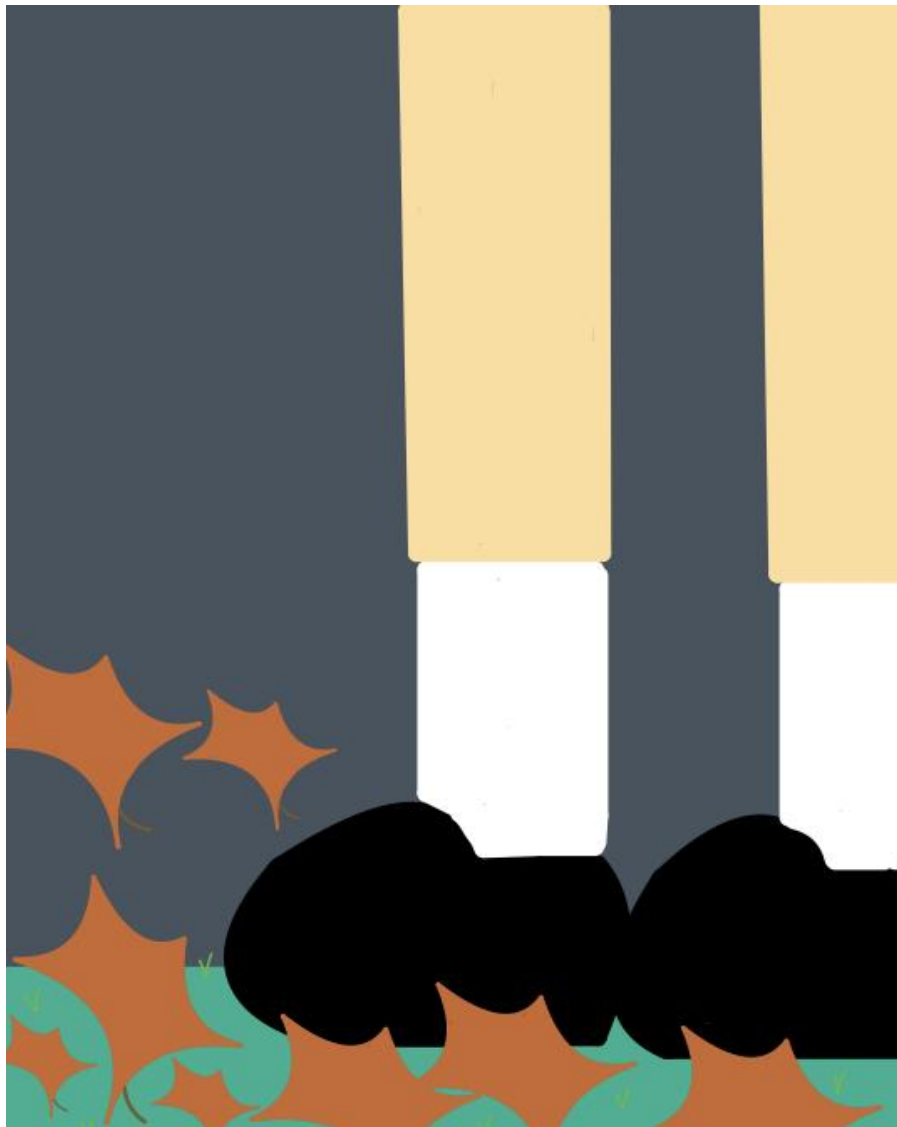


Before beginning their journey, she brushes off her dress and adjusts her bow then wipes off her tear stained cheeks. She gathers the few berries over the ground that had fallen out of her pockets as well. Then, she takes a few steps forward, signaling that she was ready.



As they walked, one kit was directing her in front of her and the other two were on both sides of her, but behind her. It was like they were protecting her from the dangers of the woods as they escorted her home.

The walk could have easily been one to two miles. It was chilly and the slight wind swept up the leaves by her feet that were on the ground. The sun has almost completely set now and Kenya could hardly see into the distance. Although, she felt safe within the presence of the three baby kits.





Kenya safely escaped the wooded area with the help of three baby kits.

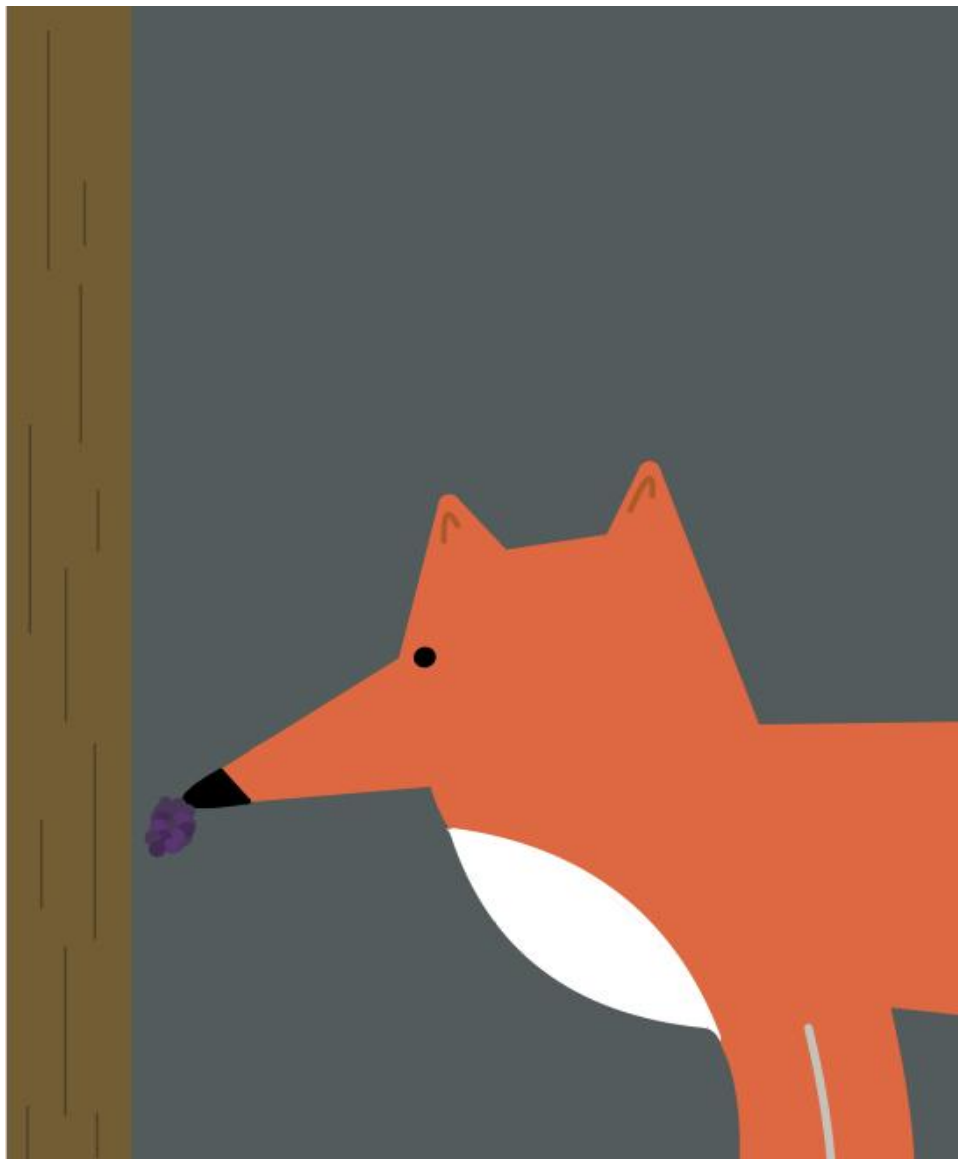
Once they reached the clear path way to Kenya's house, she turned back to face them. The kits stood aligned facing back her.

“Thank you baby foxes,” she thanked with with a smile
Kenya tossed each of the kits one of the berries from her pockets. This
was her way of showing them how much she appreciated their help.

“One for you, one for you, and one for you,” she said as she
dropped a berry in front of each fox.



Each of the foxes sniffed their designated berry in front of them. They took them in their mouths and began to eat them. Kenya watched with a smirk as she saw their satisfaction.





Once they finished, Kenya was going to go home. Just as she was about to turn back down the path to leave, she heard something reply.

“ You’re welcome,” one of the foxs said.

She turned back around too quickly to face the foxes, but she was too late. She watches the three baby kits run into the blackness ahead.