



“Once there was a family of foxes.”



The Liar Family



Once there was a family of foxes. There was Father Fox, Mother Fox, Brother Fox, Sister Fox, and newly born Baby Fox. They lived in a comfortable den hidden in the hills. Everyone in the animal world knew them as the Liar Family. In short order, dear Reader, you will learn how they got their name.

“Now remember,” Father Fox instructed his family, “the bigger the lie, the better the lie. And think about this: If anyone is so foolish as to believe us, don’t they deserve the consequence?”

All of the foxes nodded in agreement with the words of the older fox. Lying was a long tradition in their family and was not to be questioned.

“Now, Mother Fox. I know you must stay home with Baby Fox, but Brother and Sister Fox need to come along with me. We must go out and collect our dinner through the use of cunning and deceit. Time to be off!”

Out of their secret den crept the three foxes early on a cold morning. They were in search of some ill-gotten gain. The more trickery involved, the better.

Back in the den, little Baby Fox smiled up at his mother and said his first words. “Mother Fox, what beautiful teeth you have!”

“All the better to tear into a fat little rabbit!” his mother replied. Baby Fox was horrified thinking about a cute little bunny. He was confused by his mother’s words. Not knowing what else to do, he nodded off to sleep. Meanwhile, the three other foxes were on the prowl to lick clean an unsuspecting farmer’s barnyard.

“See that plump chicken over there?” asked Father Fox. “Go trick her into coming with us, Brother Fox.” So Brother Fox went over to the chicken and began a series of lies that his father had carefully taught him.