

Circle of Life

The vicar and his wife were blessed with a beautiful son who they named Adam. By the time he was five they were teaching him stories from the bible, and at six he was learning the commandments. Their life was as perfect as could be. Their vicarage was on the edge of a village, surrounded by thatched cottages and woodland. Adam was a clever and happy child, loved by all the congregation.

He had an affinity with animals and was fascinated by foxes. He used to tell his parents ‘When I existed before, I was a baby fox. I lived in the woods down the road.’ They were concerned about his vivid imagination, and prayed for him.

One Sunday evening, having finished their roast dinner, Adam asked to go for a walk. ‘But it is cold and damp, wouldn’t you rather stay in the warm?’ ‘I only want to go out for a few minutes Mum, I just want to look at the moon.’ Reluctantly she agreed. ‘Let me put the rubbish out first.’

She buttoned up Adam’s coat, and took his hand. As they reached the lane, they spotted a small fox with something in its mouth. It was stood as if frozen in the road. Adam yelled ‘Mum, that fox is going to get run over, I must help.’

The foxes were concerned for their cub. At six months old he should have been preparing to leave home to fend for himself, but he refused to hunt or kill, quoting, 'Thou shalt not kill.'

'Why do you say that?' asked his Mother.

'I learnt it when I lived in the vicarage.' he replied.

One cold Sunday evening, they decided to be cruel to be kind, and sent him out, instructing him not to return until he had food for the family. The cub was distraught. He hid in the hollow trunk of a tree, deliberating. He knew it was morally wrong to kill.

Cold, hungry and scared, he decided to walk to clear his head. He came to the place where the cottages stood, and watched as the vicar's wife threw something (which smelt rather nice) into the vicarage dustbin. As she returned to her house, closing the door behind her, he made his move. He crouched down and stealthily crept across the road. He jumped up, knocking the dustbin over and retrieved the still warm chicken carcass.

Head held high in pride, feast clasped firmly in his teeth, he began his journey home. As he reached the lane, a thought came to him. 'Thou shalt not steal.' In confusion he froze in the middle of the road. He spotted a little boy, around six years

old. The boy pulled away from his mother's hand 'Mum, that fox is going to get run over, I must help.'

The car was travelling at great speed, the driver spotted the boy and the fox, he braked as hard as he could, but felt two thumps as the woman screamed.