

The Fox and the Clay Star

Bruna, a fox, wanted to be the most admired animal in the forest.

“I’m going to wear a star on my chest,” she announced.

She asked for one in the sky, but the stars were too far away.

She looked for one in the river, but only found reflections.

She tried to cut one out of a golden leaf. The wind blew it away.

The owl, who had been watching her all afternoon, kneaded some clay. With her beak and wings, she shaped it into a star with five uneven points.

“It has one short point,” said Bruna.

“It’s the first one I’ve made,” replied the owl.

Bruna reluctantly put it on.

That night it rained. The animals ran for shelter, and the owl slipped on a root. Bruna carried her to the den.

When they arrived, the clay star had softened and had a feather mark in the middle.

“Now it’s even more imperfect,” said the owl.

Bruna looked at it. She remembered her friend’s tired wings and the journey they had made together.

“Now it shines brighter,” she replied.