**The little fox is looking for luck**

In the middle of the forest, at the thickest spot, lives the little fox with Mama Fox in a cozy burrow. At night he is roaming the forest with his mother.

He knows the familiar smell of the paths at night and is almost already as clever as his mum! By day, the little fox cuddles up to his mum dreaming of being big and clever.

One afternoon - the air already smells of fall and the first trees are shedding their leaves - Mama Fox says:

“We won’t go outside today, I am not feeling very well! Don’t be sad! With some luck I will be healthy again soon.”

The little fox is pacing back and forth in front of the foxhole. He wants to go into the forest with his mum soon again! But didn’t she say she needed some luck to get well again?

He stops and looks into the deep forest. “Luck. I am going to find you,” he mutters and sets off.

The little fox has long left the familiar paths when he meets the squirrel.

“Good evening,” he says politely. “I am looking for luck! Can you tell me where to find it?”

“Of course,” he replies busily. Quick, quick!

And is already swiftly climbing up the next tree.

“Luck is underneath the earth,” he calls from above.

“Because that’s where my acorn lies that I just buried.”

“Hehe! I’ll be lucky if I manage to find it under the thick layer of snow in the winter. Hehe!”

The little fox is watching the squirrel bustle around. “He must be mistaken! Acorns that lie buried under the earth won’t make ma healthy again!”

He carries on looking and after some time meets the magpie. She is sitting high up on a fir tree in her nest. “Lovely magpie, for sure you know what luck is,” the little fox says expectantly.

Someone who lives as high as you do has to have a good view!”

“Caw, caw, caw,” the magpie blusters disdainfully. “Four-legged creatures! You know nothing about the world. What else could it be but something shiny and sparkling?” She quickly spreads her wings over her treasure. “Are you sure?” the little fox asks suspiciously.

“Caw, caw, caw! Of course I am sure, you greenhorn! But you have to look for yourself!”

The little fox carries on, thinking. “How should all these shiny and sparkling things help ma get healthy again? The magpie must be wrong, too.”

A gust of wind blows through the trees,

and suddenly the forest becomes strange and mysterious.

The little fox is really happy to meet the rabbit. “How are you, rabbit? Can you help me to find luck?” The rabbit’s whole body is shaking.

“L-l-luck is, i-i-if I am n-n-not eaten by a-a-a fox,” he stammers and hobbles off as fast as he can.

The little fox shakes his head. Such a coward!

“Do you think someone as big as you fits into my stomach?” he calls after him but the rabbit can’t hear him anymore.

The little fox had been roaming the forest for many hours now and it has become dark. At the edge of the forest he catches sight of the humans’ illuminated houses. “Why haven’t I thought of this earlier? I am sure the humans know where I can find luck for mum.”

As fast as he can, he runs towards the one house that shines the brightest. A little boy is standing in the garden waving his hand.

I’m looking for…. something for my ma. It’s called…..luck! You know….she is not feeling very well,” the little fox says out of breath.

The little boy’s parents come out of the house and take him by the hand. “Don’t go too close to the animal! Who knows, maybe it is sick,” says his father. The family goes back into the house, leaving the little fox in the garden all alone. “It’s not me, who is sick, it’s my ma,” he calls after them sadly.

Slowly the little fox trots back into the forest. Why can’t anyone help him? Luck really must be something special! Suddenly he can see something glow in the dark. The little fox carefully sneaks closer and finds him self looking into the clever owl’s eyes. “Good to see you, good old owl,” he calls out relieved.

“Aren’t you the most intelligent animal in the forest?

Please show me the way to luck!”

The owl looks at the little fox inquisitively. “Go back home,” she whispers and flies away.

It is very silent in the big, dark forest. What shall he do now? If not even the clever owl can help him, no other animal in the forest will know where to find luck.

With the first sunrays tickling his nose, the little fox arrives at the foxhole. His stomach is growling and his legs are tired. “How lucky I am that you are back!” calls Mama Fox and tenderly rubs her nose against her son’s. And she doesn’t look sick anymore!

A little confused, the little fox looks to the ground: “Ma thinks I have brought her luck!”

After having eaten, the little fox happily cuddles up to Mama Fox.

“I have to tell you something, Ma,“ he says quietly.

“It wasn’t me who has brought you luck!”

Mama Fox is smiling, tenderly blinking at her child.

“Luck, my darling, lives in each and everyone of us! You don’t have to go looking for it,” she then says. “We only have to see it! You know I am very lucky to have a child like you!”

The little fox feels warm and cozy inside. He is happy and thinks he now knows what luck is. “So, that’s what it is. It’s very easy and it’s in each and every one of us – and is always there! Well, if that’s so, I’ll go to sleep now.”

(Translation by Cäcilie Kovács)