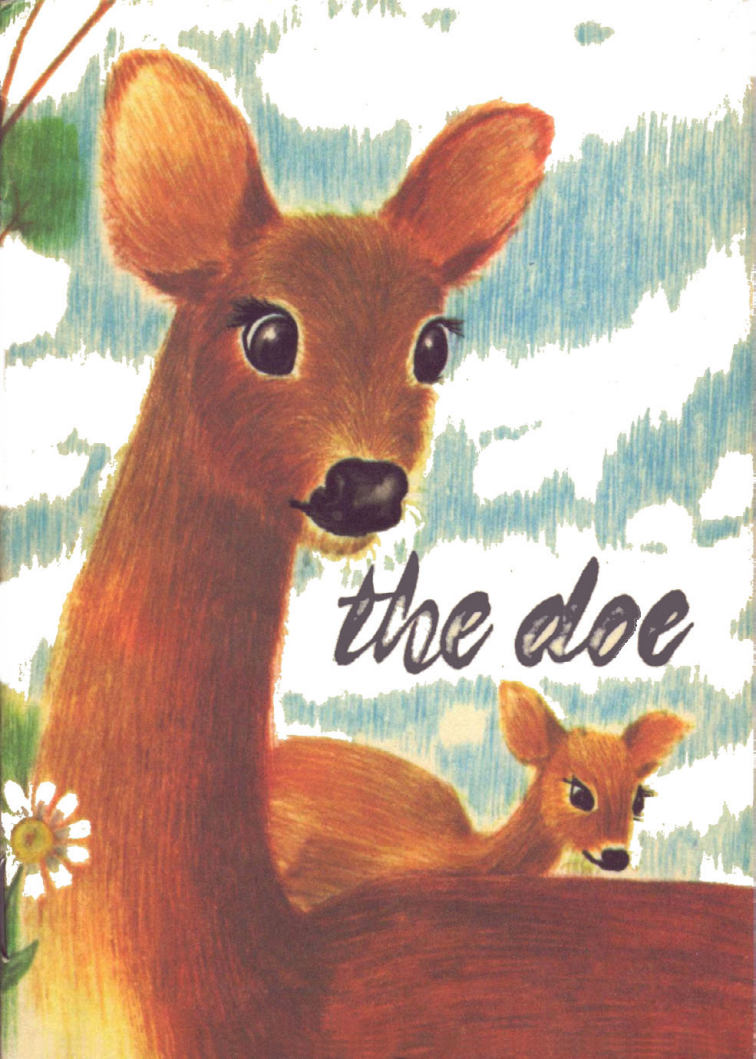
the doe

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A doe and her little fawn were sitting on the thick mossy earth, his velvety nose close to her head. They were very happy together in the warm sunshine.

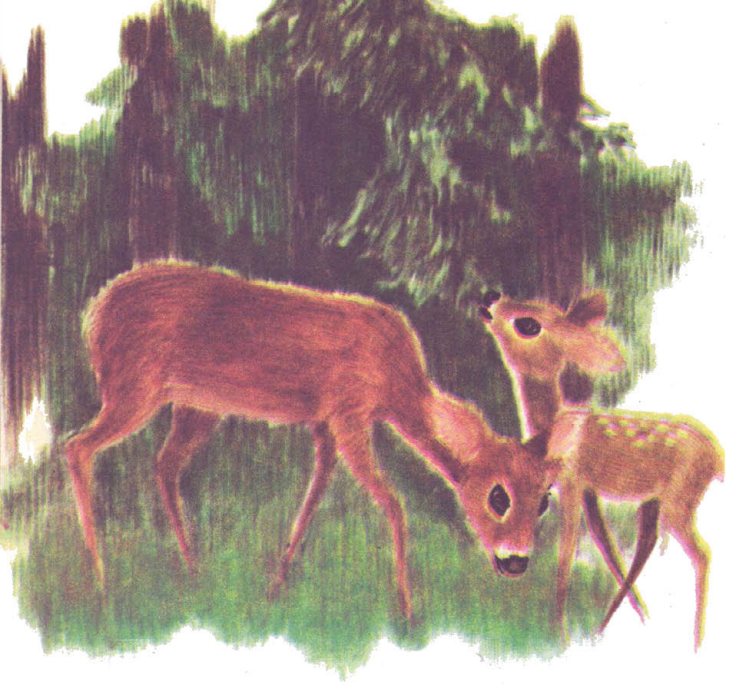
The fawn looked at his mother, she fondly licked his coat, her tongue brushing back the soft fur. The doe felt sad as she knew the time had come when her fawn was old enough to go out into the world without her. He must hunt for his food, and perhaps go much further away than she had travelled, and meet other deer. It would be exciting for him, but she would be left behind. How lonely it would be!

"I must be brave," the doe told herself. "I will not tell him I am

leaving him, but just run away." She would take him to the distant hills, and find a rocky ledge where he would be safe from the wicked wolves. She knew just the place among the rocks where only the sure-footed deer could climb. He would soon find new friends there. She jumped up and, calling to the fawn, they bounded away.

The doe took big jumps to see if her son could do the same. He followed her, jumping like an arrow and calling merrily as he raced along.

On and on they raced until they reached the forest. "Take care," the doe whispered and they went slowly and cautiously through the trees in the meadows until at last they reached the rough track. The mother felt sure they were nearing the rocky ledge. Fearful of danger, she stared into the leaves of the trees, thick and dark they were, and an enemy might be hiding there. The fawn was beginning to feel tired. He wanted to rest, but the doe went quietly on and he struggled on.



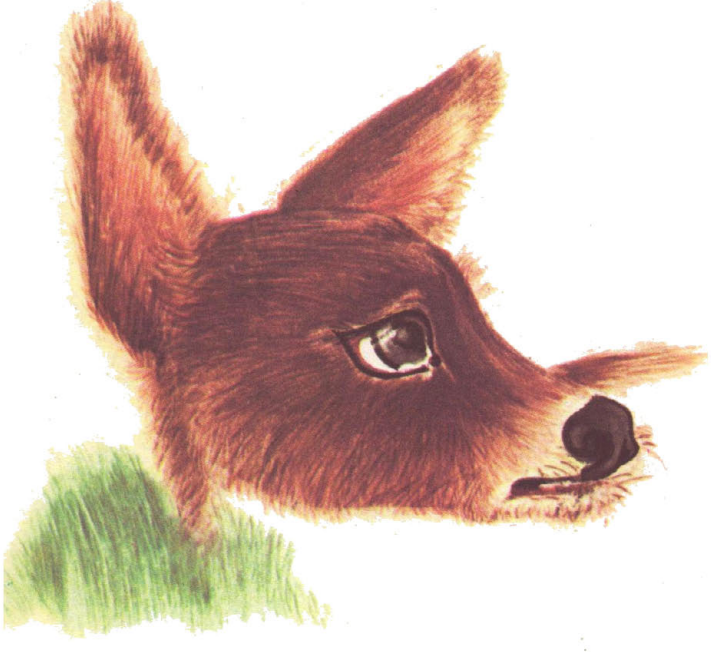
Then they came to a clearing and the fawn ran happily on. His mother stopped, alert and scared.

Under a fir tree she could see a wolf licking his lips and watching the fawn through the branches.

He was waiting to spring.

The doe knew the wolf, in one jump, would tear her fawn to pieces. She gave a deep, fearful roar, and jumped in front of the enemy.

When he saw a bigger meal before him, he forgot the kid and sprang on the doe.



The wolf's cruel fangs soon killed her, but she knew she had saved her fawn from death.

Terrified by the sound and the sight of his mother lying on the ground, the fawn ran away into the darkness of the forest.

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