

# GOODNIGHT

Eleven-and-a-half Good Night Stories  
with Fox and Rabbit



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## First Story

Fox and Rabbit lived quite far away, in a bright little house beyond the molehills.

One night Rabbit came racing home across the fields and up to the door, which Fox had locked because it was almost midnight. Inside, Fox was lying awake with a hollow feeling in his belly. He had been up three times already for something to eat. A bowl of pasta with sauce. Another bowl of pasta with sauce. Then a bowl of pasta without sauce, because the sauce was all gone. But the hollow feeling was still there.

When Rabbit knocked, Fox opened straightaway.

Rabbit was too out of puff to say a thing, so Fox went first.

“Rabbit, I can’t sleep! There’s a hole in my belly, as if something’s missing!”



“I haven’t said good night to you yet,” panted Rabbit.

“That must be it!” said Fox.

“Good—night—Fox!” Rabbit puffed.

“Good night, Rabbit!

Fox sighed happily, slammed the door, sank back into bed, and fell fast asleep.

“Fox! You forgot to let me in!” Rabbit called through the door. But he didn’t want to wake his friend, so he curled up on the doorstep and went to sleep.

When Fox got up the next morning he couldn’t open the door.

“Huh, it’s Rabbit. He must have forgotten to come inside, and now he’s asleep on the doorstep.”

Fox didn’t want to wake his friend but he needed to buy some things for breakfast. He didn’t think of going through the window: he climbed up the chimney instead. Black from the tip of his snout to the tuft of his tail, he set out for the village.







The baker mistook him for the wolf in the leather jacket and quickly gave him a cake before the wolf could threaten him.  
The butcher pressed a string of sausages into his paws.

And the grocer threw a cabbage at his head.  
Fox was starting to have a funny feeling, so he ran straight home. He had all he could carry, anyway.



Back at the house, Rabbit had woken and come up with the idea of climbing in through the chimney. Inside he slipped into Fox's bed, which was still warm.

When Fox came in, there was no sign of Rabbit, but a black smudge was lying in his bed.

"No wonder they were giving me strange looks! I left my shadow at home."

He didn't want to wake his shadow, so he set the table very quietly.

Rabbit woke to the smell of cake—or was it cabbage? He got up and took his usual place at the table.

"Yikes!" yelped Fox when he turned and saw his shadow waiting quietly at the table.

"Yikes!" squeaked Rabbit when he saw the wolf in the leather jacket.

Then they gathered their wits.

"Fox?" said Rabbit.

"I thought you were my shadow," said Fox. "You're pitch-black, and everyone in the village was giving me strange looks."

"I expect they mistook you for the wolf in the leather jacket. You're pitch-black as well."

They racked their brains but couldn't think why they looked so different. In the end it was Rabbit who worked it out.

"It's night dust. It must have stuck to us because we went to sleep so late."

"We'd better go back to bed and sleep it off then," said Fox.



Worn out from all the sausages, cake and cabbage, they curled up under the covers just before lunchtime and slept until the next day.

In the morning they were still pitch-black.

Luckily Elephant came to visit and took them for a swim in the lake. And afterwards they looked just like Fox and Rabbit again.

The bedcover was clean too. Elephant had brought that along and given it a wash. Elephants clearly aren't stupid! ★

