

VUK

STUP AND KARACK – VUK'S FIRST HUNT

S7 T3
L2

This is the third part of a story.
Read it and then... Create it!

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True, he had let Myu get away, but Myu was much too big for such a small cub.

With some effort, Vuk pulled the heavy duck onto the sandy bank and then sat down to catch his breath. Vuk felt he had now reached adulthood.

„What's Karack going to say?" he thought. He was excited in anticipation of the praise he expected.

„Here he comes," thought Vuk, hearing movement along the bank from where he believed Karack had been waiting. Vuk squatted down covering Tash so the old fox wouldn't be able to see it straight away.

Then an unfamiliar smell hit Vuk's nose and the little fox shuddered in fear.

It was the smell of a strange fox den. This meant it wasn't Karack coming towards him through the thick grass.

„Why doesn't Karack come?" he asked himself. „He must've heard that there's a stranger on the bank." Vuk didn't shout. He waited to see what would happen next.

The other fox approached and when he stopped, he could clearly see Vuk's green sparkling eyes. The foreign fox now saw Vuk was only a cub. „Whose son are you? And what are you doing in my hunting grounds?" he snarled.

The younger fox's eyes blazed aggressively. He lay on top of Tash, guarding his first kill. He would protect it with his life.



Take notes of the
most important
information from the
text!

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„I am Vuk, son of Karg, and I'm not giving you Tash. I caught it – so it's mine!” answered Vuk, flashing his tiny, sharp teeth.

The larger fox sneered, „Well, my little one. We are proud of our family, aren't we? Haven't you heard: Old Vuk, your great-granddaddy, is just a fairytale and your father – well, he died screaming in the jaws of the bandy-legged dog. If you don't drag your hide out of my way, I'll push you into the water with Unka, who has a big mouth and fat, googly eyes. Now go!”

Vuk still didn't call for Karack's help, even though the fox approached him threatening to tear Tash away and to push Vuk into the stream. Then the stream would carry his shame rather than his praises.

The wind shifted and the foreign fox halted abruptly. His eyes became as thin and cruel as the winter stars.

Then he spoke. This time, his voice was dripping with honey. „So, you're the son of Karg and the great-grandson of Old Vuk and Karack's little nephew. Karack whom I respect so highly... And look! You've already caught Tash. Wonderful! The great Karack's taught you well. Karack's the first among foxes and this hunting ground is his. I was just passing. Please tell him I'd like to ask for his permission...”

Vuk was standing lower down the bank so he couldn't understand the change in tone. Why was this stranger now grovelling when moments before he had wanted to push him into the water? Suddenly, Karack's eyes flashed high on the bank and he dived at the other fox, ripping into his fur.

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„Go now, Stup. While you still can!” Karack growled.
„You’re like Siy, the snake. Your tongue’s cold and disgusting. Siy eats young birds out of their nests and you would have attacked this young fox if you hadn’t smelt me coming.”

Karack shook Stup once more, who then broke free and bolted, crying into the reeds. But from a safe distance, he bellowed back, in a voice full of anger, „Karack, you toothless dog! Never fear, your little nephew and I are sure to meet again. And then I’ll shake him out of his skin. May worms chew your hide and Krou, the crow, play with your eyeballs! Just you wait!”