



BRER FOX *goes a-hunting*

Brer Fox Goes Hunting

A Georgia Tall Tale

retold by S.E. Schlosser

Well, it was a crisp autumn day, don't ya know, and Brer Fox, he decided he wanted to go hunting. He'd made his peace with Brer Rabbit a few months back, and he thought it would be a fine thing if they went hunting together. So Brer Fox stopped by Brer Rabbit's place and invited him to come along.

"No sir, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit. "I'se tired today and intend to take it easy."

Nothing Brer Fox could say changed his mind, so Brer Fox went hunting alone. And what a grand hunt it was! He ended up with a bag full of game, and was whistling merrily as he headed down the road toward home.

After spending a lazy day in his garden, Brer Rabbit was feeling a mite peckish, and was wishing he'd gone hunting with Brer Fox, on account of all the good game he could be cooking up right this minute if he did. Then he got an idea. Maybe he could still get some of that there game.

Brer Rabbit went running down the road in the direction of the woods, listening for Brer Fox. When he heard Brer Fox a-whistling as he trotted down the road, Brer Rabbit laid himself down on the road and pretended to be dead. A moment later, Brer Fox rounded the bend and spotted the big fat bunny a-laying beside the road. Whew-ee did that rabbit look good. He was big and fat and round. Brer Fox poked at Brer Rabbit a bit, and even turned him over. What a fat tummy he had! But then he shook his head and said: "I reckon this bunny's been dead a long time. He won't be good eatin' after all this time. I'd best leave him be." And Brer Fox went on down the road.

As soon as he was gone, up jumped Brer Rabbit. He took a short cut through the meadow and got ahead of Brer Fox. Then he lay back down on the road and played dead again. Well, when Brer Fox saw a second fat, dead rabbit, he decided he'd better do something about it. Chuckling with delight, he set down his heavy bag of game next to the "dead" Brer Rabbit, and thrust him inside it. "I'd best run back and get that other fat bunny afore someone else does," Brer Fox said to himself. Leaving the heavy bag where it was, Brer Fox hurried back to the place he'd seen the other "dead rabbit".

When Brer Fox was out of sight down the road, Brer Rabbit scrambled out of the bag, gathered the game up in his arms, and ran home to make him some stew. A few minutes later, he saw Brer Fox stalking down the lane toward his house. He looked plenty mad, did Brer Fox. Brer Rabbit grinned and called to him: "How was yer hunting, Brer Fox?"

Brer Fox glared at him and said: "Not so great, Brer Rabbit. All my game seems to have run away on me!"

Brer Rabbit laughed and laughed at him. "Well now, that's too bad. But I jest so happen to have a spare bag full of game right here. How 'bout you sit down and have some stew with me?"

"You rascal! I outta make you really dead 'stead of jest playin' it!" shouted Brer Fox.

But Brer Rabbit only laughed at him until finally Brer Fox laughed too. Then they both sat down and had some stew.