

The Edge of Heaven

by

Vixxy Fox



Miss Vixxy, taking a momentary leave of the noisy kitchen, slowly climbed the stairs leading to her living quarters on the third floor of the Inn. The very first time entering this room she knew it would be hers as the main window had a superb view of the entire valley. In these times people lived the seasons and the post summer days, still hot, found every window in the Inn open trying to catch whatever breeze might come their way. The trees, not yet changed to their autumn colors, rustled their leaves to this breeze and coupled with the sounds of the night normally brought her a peace not found anywhere else.

It had been a long day and even though it was early the Fox's body was weary. Evening was now full upon the Whackadoodle and this tiredness had come with the setting sun. The day had been full with everyone taking a turn at entertaining their small guest, who, as babies will, did a good amount of eating, sleeping, and pooping. Wirewolf had compared her to many a seagull he's had to contend with upon the oceans he'd sailed for which he'd been good naturedly swatted by the Fox and verbally chastised by all the females present. True to form of all newborns there

had been feedings and changings and more feedings and even more changings along with naps. The cute little girl had also gone through several outfits; all of which were quickly procured from anyone known to have young children. Hand-me-downs were a way of life and clothing made by the loving paws of a parent usually remained in service until they could no longer be patched. Five of these simple sleepers now adorned the clothes lines stretched out in the back yard.

“Vixyy has a granddaughter?” Todd Fox asked as his wife gathered up a very pretty outfit she’d been making for the child of a fellow parishioner.

“Well, it’s not ‘zackly her own kith ‘n kin,” Victoria explained, “But then again it is.”

“You’re making about as much sense as some varmint representing himself in front of the court,” the lawyer told her. Then considering whom he was talking to, he said more plainly, “That doesn’t quite make any sense Victoria. Is this a riddle?”

The Skunk smiled at him as that thought sunk in. “I suppose you could say it is. The baby appeared on Miss Vixyy’s bed this morning with a note explaining it was ‘his’ granddaughter.”

Todd’s wife appeared holding the prettiest little dress in her paws. “You must be referring to ‘Old Tom’,” she said, handing the dress over.

“Now I am perplexed,” Todd told her, “And who exactly might this ‘Old Tom’ be? Off paw by the moniker I would say he must be a Cat.”

“Not so a’tall,” Victoria replied, accepting the dress, “He’s a ‘hoomun’. Oh my, Missus Fox, but this is a handsome dress.”

Todd gave his wife a raised eyebrow in question and she placed a paw on his shoulder. “I’ll explain in a bit luv... and then I think I shall pay a visit to the Whackadoodle Inn; for which you will dress in your Sunday best and come with me.”

And so it had gone. Between word of mouth and the few jangling telephone bells now found within the valley, the whole of their small community was soon quite aware of their miniature guest. Though the situation could not ‘quite’ be summed up as bedlam, it certainly did create a busy environment. She even had to send Wirewolf and Bering off to the Marvin Field Mouse’s General, Seed, & Hardware Store to garner supplies. That was going to cost her, but she would make up for it in the end. Coffee and biscuits flowed from the kitchen like a spring time creek, all the while Walter kept a steady stream of music playing. Everyone was curious. With the exception of herself and a few of the others, none had really seen a ‘hoomun’ before. The fact that this one was just a baby made the experience even more delicious.