

Move Your Tail In Time To The Music

by

Vixxy Fox



Truth hides in plain sight. It's buried in the details of our every day existence and becomes lost to time and history which only ever looks at the larger picture. Tens and hundreds of years pass on a single page with only an overview of the good and bad things that happened. Case in point; when I was a child there were no sneakers as we know them today. There were only the canvas shoes with rubber soles called Red Ball Jets; and those were only used for gym class because; 'They got no support and are bad for your feet!'

Real shoes were made of leather.

Because of this you did not get them wet by stomping through rain puddles. You wore a pair of 'rubbers'. No, this was not a sexual device; it was a rubber overshoe that made everything nice and water proof at puddle depth. They were very stretchy and you simply pulled them on over your shoes. It was also a very painful point of ridicule amongst schoolchildren should you be seen wearing them. For this reason you dared not show up to school with them on, but get a spanking if you were caught not wearing them by your parents who had to pay for your shoes.

I bet you didn't know that... unless you're my age.

"One two three, one two three, one two three... no no no... NO! That is not how you do it!" Duroc released Wirewolf's paws and took a full step back. "How is it a fella who climbs the masts of a pitching and rolling ship with all clarity cannot even keep step when I'm count'n outloud?"

It was Sunday with no guests so the kitchen was closed for the day as was every other business in the valley. For this reason, the pair had the dining room all to themselves as Miss Buns and Miss Vixxy were off to the church's Seventh Day Market Social looking for bargains.

"I can dance a pretty good jig," the Wolf countered and then began to demonstrate.

“Will you stop that?! There is no tippy tap stomp’n in a waltz.”

The Whackadoodle Inn’s gardener did as requested and then blinked. “What?”

“You asked me to teach you how to dance a waltz so you wouldn’t embarrass Miss Vixyy at the spring dance. We’ve been at this now – in secret – for three days and you’re still walking on my feet. It is a dance of lovers and you have to move with the music which is a three count not the compound beat of a jig.”

“Maybe if you’d let me lead I wouldn’t do that,” the old sailor countered.

“Do what?”

“Step on your toes.”

“So you’re say’n you’re doing it on purpose?” The former boxer’s look was suddenly harder as his temper spiked.

“I did not say that, nope. I only suggested that if I was to lead I might not step on your toes so much.”

The Pig tapped his chest with one finger. “Just so you know; I’m the lenient one when it comes to toe step’n. In fact, a particularly dirty trick in boxing is step on the other guy’s foot as you punch him so he’ll lose his balance and go down. Depending on what kind of match it is you might be able to give him a good kick or two.” He gave his friend a wink and then added, “You step on Miss Vixyy’s toes and I give her enough patience to make it to the third time and then she’s gonna give you a good kick in the chops.”

The gardener’s knees went slightly together at the mental image this caused. “Ohhhh... she wouldn’t do that. Not in front of the entire village.”

Duroc gave him an even harder look whereupon the Wolf acknowledged through a clearing of his throat that the afore mentioned happening might truly be a possible. “Uh ya... gotcha mate.”

The kitchen door opened and Walter Skunk came out his paws clutched around a steaming cup of coffee. He still looked half asleep.

“Nice of you to show up,” Duroc quipped.

“It’s a long walk from upstairs,” the Skunk chuckled, “And I was up late. You said meet you in the morning but you failed to designate a time. You’re lucky I’m a light sleeper. I only woke up cuz I heard you two thumping around down here.”

“Where’s Victoria?” Wirewolf asked.

“Still saw’n logs.” Arriving at his small band stand, he yawned and then managed to stretch without spilling the coffee. “And that’s where I’d rather be you can sure betcha Bob.” Setting his cup down on the table located there he picked up his banjo and slung the strap over his shoulder. “What kind of music do you two lovebirds want?”

“Not funny!” Duroc and Wirewolf said in one voice.

“But play a waltz,” the old sailor added.

“But I’d much rather see a jig,” said a smoothly accented voice from the foyer entrance to the dining room.

All three males turned to what their ears told them was feminine. What they found was a white vixen Fox clothed in a plain gray dress and a shawl. Over her head was a bulky telephone operator’s headset.

“Who are you?” Duroc managed.

The Fox curtsied to him. “Oh my, beg pardon, my name is Bering and I’m the new telephone girl.”

“Victoria needed help,” Walter explained, “I thought you both knew.”

“Well... Miss Vixxy did mention someth’n about someth’n,” the gardener muttered, “But tell the truth, she was prattering on and on and I might not have been paying all that much attention. All I took away from the conversation was someone’s coming from somewhere far away.”

“That’s got you in trouble before,” the boxer muttered.

“Ireland,” the Fox offered.

“That’s a good fur distance,” Wirewolf muttered, one eyebrow going up. “I’ve been there more than a few times. The beers good and th’e people talk funny... but you can understand them cuz they’re actually speak’n our language too; just funny like.”

“Actually,” she said with a smile, “I thought you were the ones talking funny... but I can understand you sure enough.”

The laughter was all round and warm, after which Walter picked out the notes of a jig just to put a tease on Duroc. Wirewolf smiled a big smile and tippy tap stomped the same rhythm without raising his arms from his sides. “Told you I could dance,” he said to Duroc when he finished, “But it’s a single’s dance.”

The Fox reached down and raised her shirt up off of the floor just enough to clear her lower legs and then matched the Wolf’s dance to the very last stomp. “I see we have something in common,” she told him, dropping the long hem so it once again covered her legs.

“Well I’ll be a bare polled brigantine in a squall,” the gardener managed.

Duroc snorted a laugh and Walter burst forth with flurry of banjo picking that mirrored both their dances which left the pair with their arms down and skirt up dancing a wondrous foot stomping cacophony of rhythm.

When they were done they were laughing again, the Wolf near out of breath and the Fox looking as fresh as if she’d just stepped off the boat that brought her to this far country. The switchboard bell jangled then and she hurried back to her duties.

“What’s her name?” the Wolf and Pig asked softly of Walter, not having actually understood a lot of what she’d said.

“Bearing,” he told them, beginning to play a waltz. “I believe you two requested a dance? Is there any particular song you’d like me to play?”

“It doesn’t matter,” the Pig growled, “So long as it goes ‘one two three, one two three’. He then held his arms out to the gardener and sighed. “One more time,” he growled, “And go easy on my feet.

“I don’t know how I’ll ever repay you for your patient kindness,” the Wolf told his friend as he came forward to take his place, “Maybe I can teach you some fancy knot tying.” Before they could begin, however, the lithe Fox with the odd accent was back.

“If I might?” she asked with a curtsy. “The only thing I will request is quick release should the jingle jangle go off. If it does I’ll have to run but I think it’ll stay Sunday quiet for a time.”

“By all means,” Duroc told her. “Just mind your toes; he’s hopeless.”

“I think not,” she replied, “Anyone who can dance a jig like that can certainly dance a waltz which is much easier since it’s so slow and flowing.”

“Like a following sea on a moonlit night with the wind at your rear quarter and all gentle like.”

“Exactly! So you’ll lead then?”

Wirewolf looked at the boxer and winked. “And I thought I’d never get the chance.”

A week later when the entire village turned out for the Spring Dance there was indeed a certain inn keeper who was quite surprised at the polish a certain gardener gave to the Waltz of Spring. She quietly whispered in his ear that she would return the favor later that night.

His lips were sealed as to the lesson however, and his secret was kept as secrets are supposed to be kept by friends because that’s just the way it’s supposed to be.

Oh yes... that little story about the rubbers; you may have guessed it had nothing to do with the story. It was just a bit of a flash back to a bygone era of youth. I'm not so sure you can even buy the darned things any more.