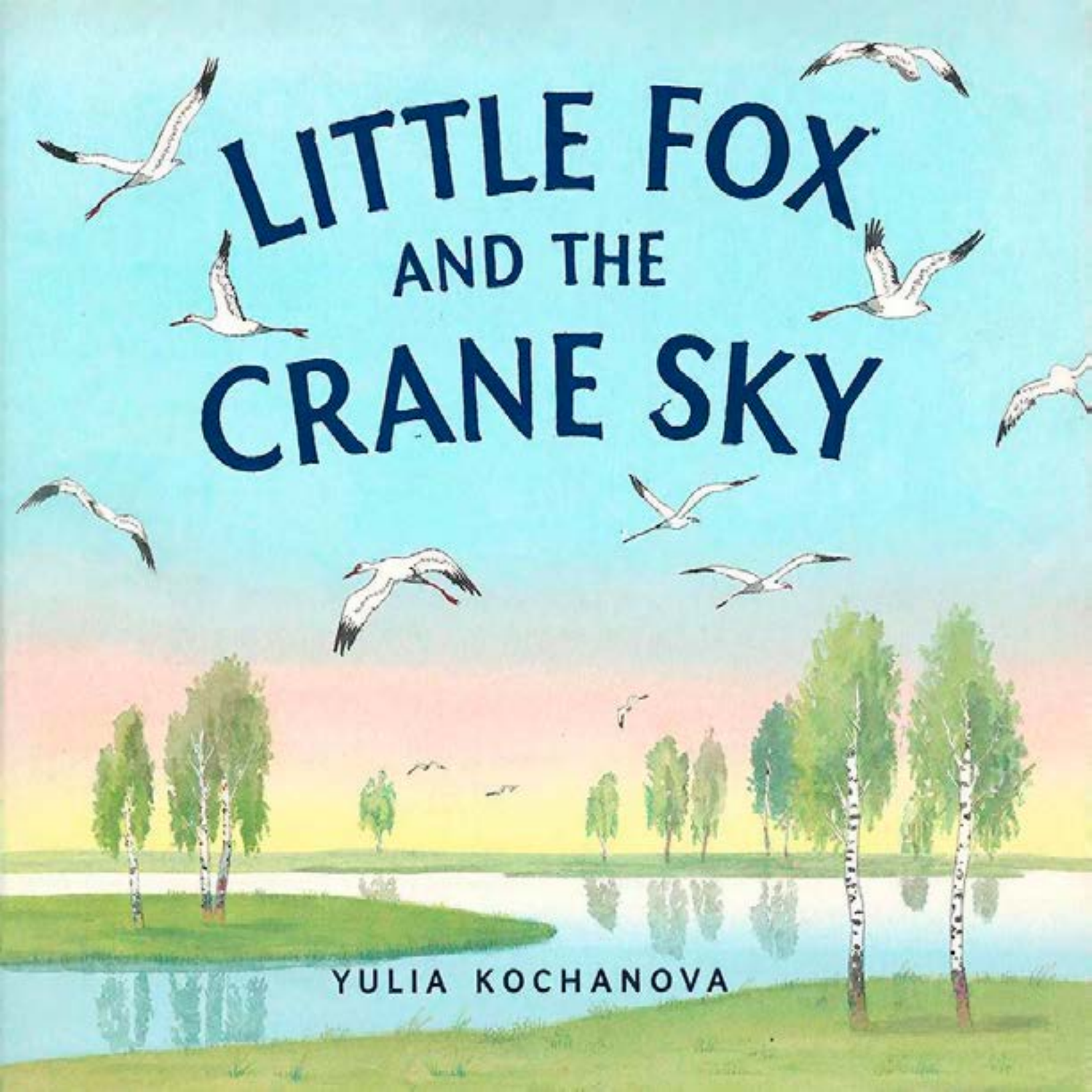
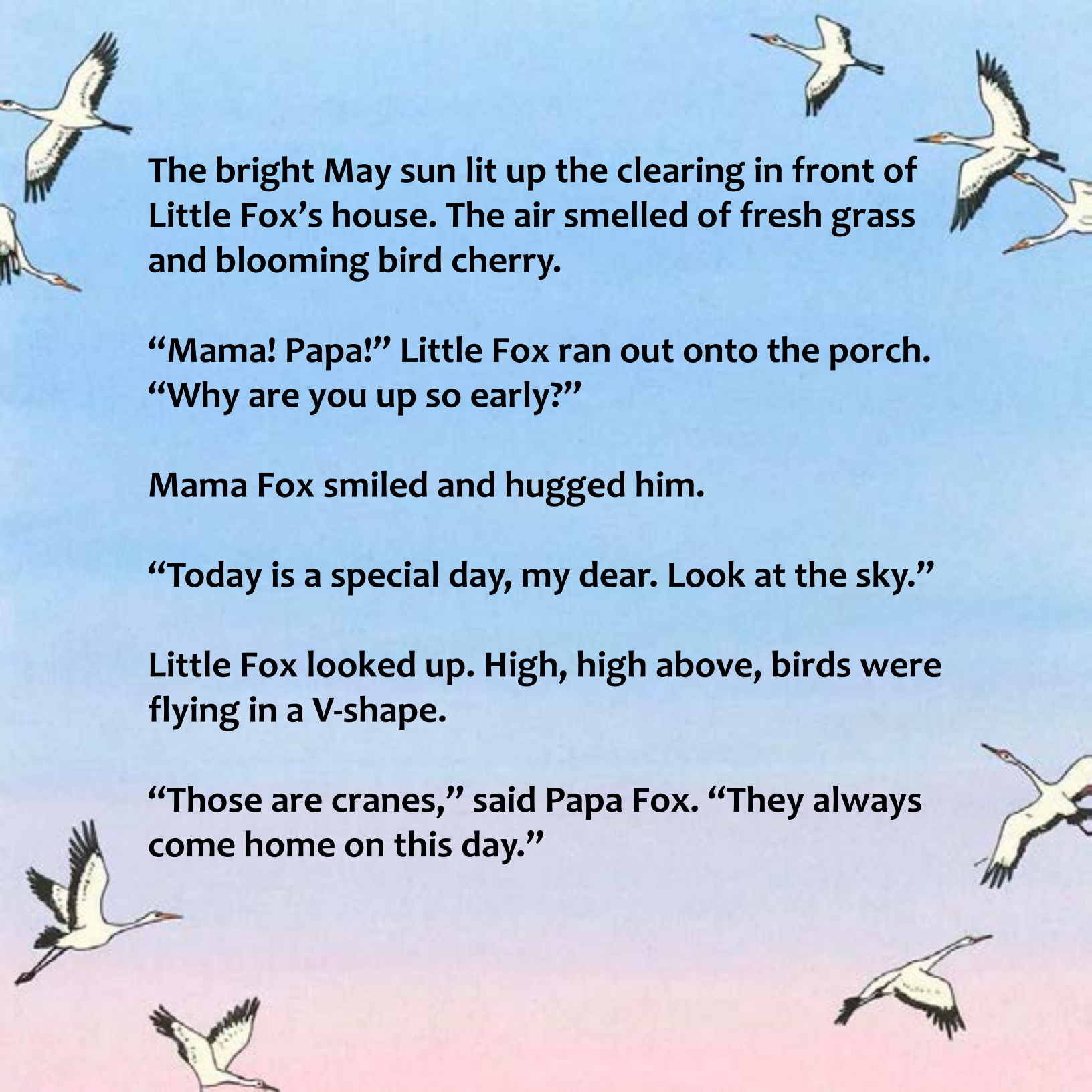

LITTLE FOX
AND THE
CRANE SKY
YULIA KOCHANOVA



The bright May sun lit up the clearing in front of Little Fox's house. The air smelled of fresh grass and blooming bird cherry.

"Mama! Papa!" Little Fox ran out onto the porch. "Why are you up so early?"

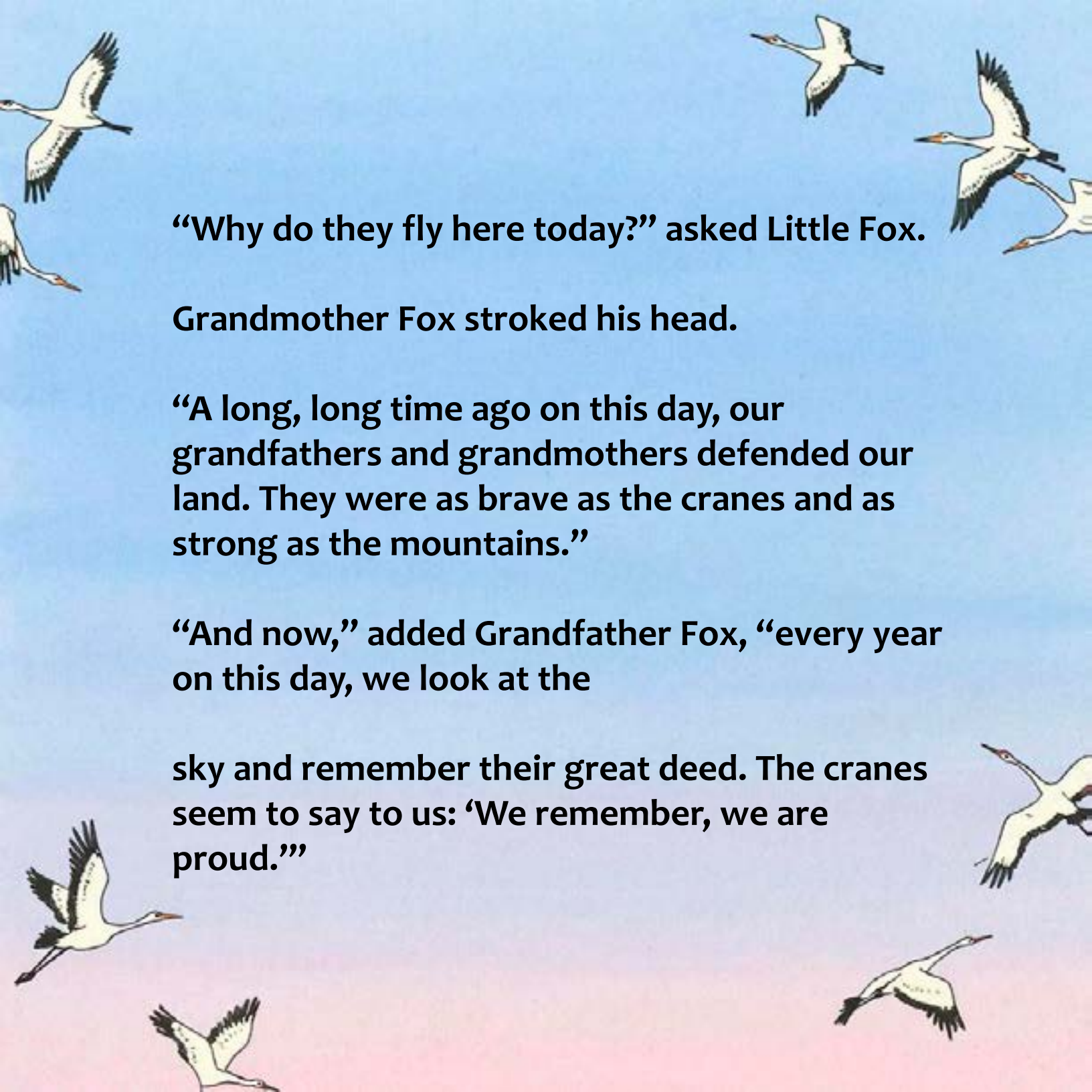
Mama Fox smiled and hugged him.

"Today is a special day, my dear. Look at the sky."

Little Fox looked up. High, high above, birds were flying in a V-shape.

"Those are cranes," said Papa Fox. "They always come home on this day."





“Why do they fly here today?” asked Little Fox.

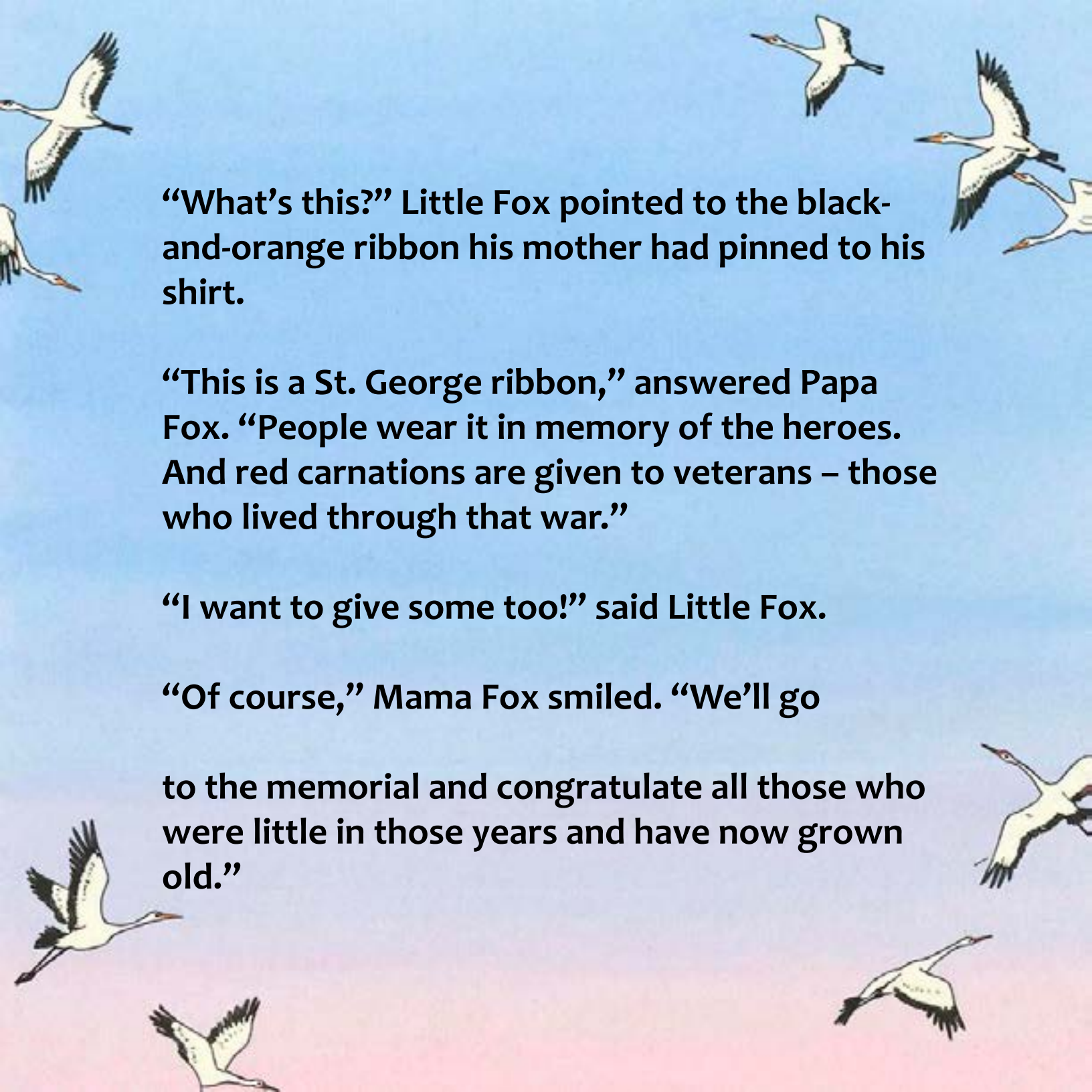
Grandmother Fox stroked his head.

“A long, long time ago on this day, our grandfathers and grandmothers defended our land. They were as brave as the cranes and as strong as the mountains.”

“And now,” added Grandfather Fox, “every year on this day, we look at the

sky and remember their great deed. The cranes seem to say to us: ‘We remember, we are proud.’”





“What’s this?” Little Fox pointed to the black-and-orange ribbon his mother had pinned to his shirt.

“This is a St. George ribbon,” answered Papa Fox. “People wear it in memory of the heroes. And red carnations are given to veterans – those who lived through that war.”

“I want to give some too!” said Little Fox.

“Of course,” Mama Fox smiled. “We’ll go

to the memorial and congratulate all those who were little in those years and have now grown old.”