

# FOXLAND

ALEXEY RYBALKO



**BOOK #1**  
ELEMENT OF METAL

**THE ART OF  
SPONTANEITY**



# Alexey Rybalko

# Foxland

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## **Аннотация**

Fantasy, describing the growth of consciousness of protagonist Fox through the adventures in a world created by himself.

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## In Place of a Foreword

Once Zhuangzi had a dream that he was a butterfly.

He was very upset in the morning. His friends were surprised by such state of the Master and asked him:

“What happened? We’ve never seen you so much upset”.

Zhuangzi responded:

“I’m puzzled, I’m at a loss, I can’t understand. At night I had a dream that I was a butterfly”.

One of his friends laughed and said:

“Nobody is ever worried about their dreams. When you wake up your dream disappears. Why are you worried about it?”

“The matter is not about it, – Zhuangzi replied. – I’m puzzled now: if Zhuangzi can be a butterfly in his dreams, maybe a butterfly probably has a dream that it’s Zhuangzi”.

From “Zhuangzi” Taoist treatise.

# Prologue

Tusks of black cliffs and caves stupid grin  
People among the mountains negligible  
It creeps up, it clings to snow,  
For fog and water fast flowing rivers.

...Cracked rock and the avalanche went down  
And claimed it as a grain of sand

Ariya band, "Tusks of black cliffs".

**But wanted I to tell you not about that how dangerous is  
to climb mountains high...**

# Episode 1

## The Great Discoverer

Once Fox saw a movie about treasure hunters. And it dawned on him that in fact it was not necessary to work to get rich: it's enough to find more gold and sell it more expensively. And that's all! Haha!

He decided to become a gold digger. But here's the tough luck: where and how to find gold? Well, he put on a hat with wide brims and slots for the ears on his head and went to the Magpie. He knows, in fact, that she loves, a rogue, sparkling things, no doubt, and she can tell where to find a gold.

“Hey, do you hear me, Magpie, here is your golden ring on your finger. Tell me, where did you get it?”

“My husband gave it to me.”

“And the golden necklace?”

“I've exchanged with a Jackdaw for pearls. Do not bother me, I'm resting.”

“Listen, Magpie, here you have golden cufflinks on your wings, I want like these to myself too, how to get them?”

“Why are you haunting me? Gold and gold...”

“I want to learn how to mine gold, so I ask, where do you get gold?”

“What is there to ask? Keep close to people ... “she said, and

flew away, displeased with the disturbed rest.

Fox has wandered to human settlements. He began to look narrowly. People are just like people. They are walking and walking, messing around. Well, yes, sometimes they do have some gold in the form of earrings, rings and other small things, but who will share? He even tried to ask for gold from people, but they even can not be approached. On the least occasion, they hound dogs, or they run for the gun.

Fox wandered into his native forest. He had thought and decided to ask the Mole. He burrows under the ground, no doubt, knows where and how to dig a gold.

“Tell me, Mole, do you see a lot of gold below the surface of the earth?”

“What kind of question is that? I even don’t see you, far from gold! I’m blind from the birth. And what do I need gold for? My business is the ground!!! I dug a tunnel – I found a worm! And I need nothing more.”

“Well, at least do you know someone, who could tell?”

“How should I know? If my memory serves me, on the clumsy oak the Grey Crow lives. He lived a long life, flew everywhere. Ask him, and maybe, he’ll tell you something”.

Fox went to the most dense thicket of the forest to the clumsy ancient oak tree. The farther he walked into the thicket, the darker it was. There is forest’s darkness and dampness. There is a real horror! In the middle of the forest there was a stiff oak, the high one. Probably the highest oak in the world! At the very

top of that oak the Grey Crow sat. He was as old as the oak tree.

“May the peace be with you, Grey Crow!”

“Caw!! What did you say?!”

“Hello, Uncle Crow!” – Fox shouted even louder, so that a deaf crow could hear him.

“For what did you come to me, Redhead? And who are you? Squirrel or Groundhog? I became blind and old.”

“I’m a Fox!! With the question I came!!! I want to find gold! A lot of gold!!! Tell me where to look for it?”

“Are you a fool, or what? Why do you need a lot of gold? Well, I’ll tell you. Caw! Stand up in the open field and close, caw! your eyes, turn around yourself a hundred times. And then open your eyes and go in the direction you are straight looking at. Go further until you reach the edge of summer. And when you get there, stop and there will be a gold for you! Caw!”, shouted the Gray-haired Crow and fell into a sleepy forgetfulness.

Fox stood for a long time with an open mouth, trying to understand and comprehend what was said, but only understood nothing. That’s why he decided to do everything exactly as the Crow said. He circled in the field with his eyes closed, and went where his eyes were looking, without turning to the right or to the left.

Many days he kept going and nights. In the heat and in a thunderstorm he kept going. Fox came in one nice day to the top of the mountain and realized that he was tired. He sat down on a rock to rest, and became thoughtful and sad.

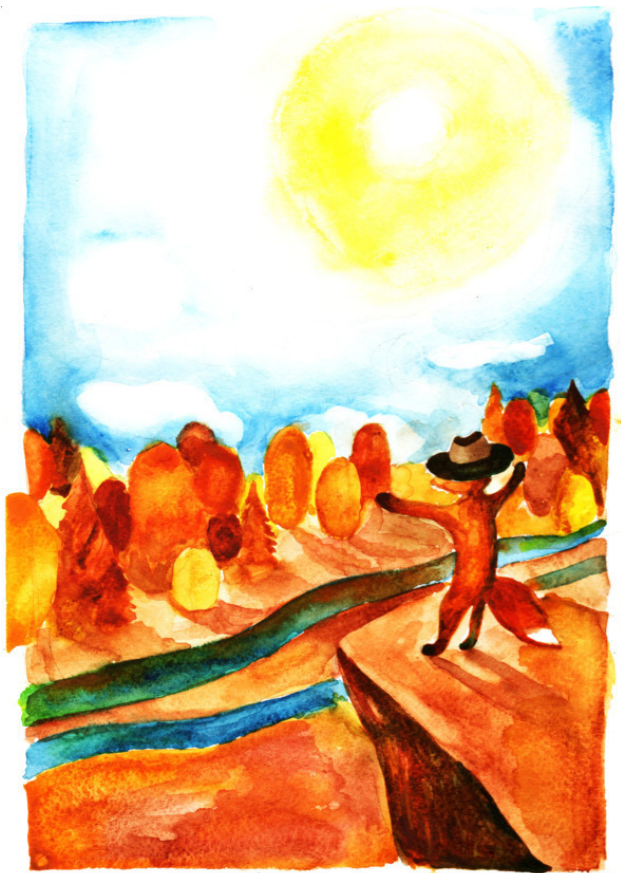
“He deceived me, apparently, damned raven! He took me for a fool! I went for a long time, but I did not see what I was looking for. Where is my gold?! I walked many days, it’s already end of the summer... Stop! – Here Fox dawned, – today is the last day of summer!!!”

He jumped up and looked around. The top of the mountain was bathed in the ultraviolet sunlight, and from the mountain freshness he was dizzy, so that the world filled with bright colors. He ran to the cliff and saw below the autumn forest, all in yellow and orange colors, which could be seen among the white clouds.

“I’m at the end of Summer! And here is a lot of gold!!!” exclaimed Fox.

Right there Fox was a pioneer, since no one else was in this country! Cause nobody climbed this mountain and did not breathe the mountain freshness, from which you see bright colors and where the Golden Forest appears at the end of Summer!

It was right here where Fox founded his fictional country – Fox Land.



# Episode II

## Golden Autumn Forest

Remember how Fox was happy on the edge of the cliff, breathing in the fresh mountain air? And how could he have founded his fictional country? Nobody asked this question?

I'll have to tell you a very unusual story, friends. For even myself, the author, did not expect with what incredible adventures our red-haired friend would collide, before he could create a real fictional world – Fox Land!

Well, let's start to approach the answer?

Fox was so dizzy at the moment of joy that everything swam in his eyes. Bright circles went in the eyes. And he wanted to be in the Golden Autumn Forest, which could be seen from the cliff below. But that's bad luck, how do you go down there? He got up on the edge of the cliff and thought about it.

Then Fox suddenly touched something soft and fluffy. He looked round in fright – it was a small Cloud.

“Don't the clouds consist of fog through which one can pass, do they?” thought Fox.

“Yes,” – a thin voice appeared in Fox's head, “but as you now have an euphoria, you have a different perception of the world and you see and feel the world around differently. Ah, yes, hee-

hee-hee, I almost forgot, in this state you can talk to inanimate objects, hee-hee-hee, “giggled the Cloud with a thin voice, “yes, yes, what seems lifeless, actually is alive!”

Fox was taken aback by this turn of events, and for several minutes he could not utter a word, only an unconnected mooing could be heard from his lips. After coming to his senses a little bit, he spoke:

“Ah, but what else can I d-do?”

“Well everything! Hee- hee-hee. Do you want to have a ride?”

“Ah, can I?”

“Well, yeah! Sit down!”

Fox first gently touched the cloud with his paw. It was soft and pleasantly cool. He cautiously sat on the edge, and then, having relaxed, flopped back with his back. It was nice. He fell into the Cloud, like into a soft feather bed. The cloud exuded cool freshness. It rolled him around the top of the mountain and returned him back. Such a ride took his breathe away!

Fox realized that if he does not sink through the clouds, then you can go down the clouds like the stairs, just skipping over them, if they are lined up from the cliff to the forest below! (It didn't cross his mind that he could go down on one cloud as on an elevator, ha-ha, and even more: he could fly himself in the air, because he could do anything now!)

“The Cloud! Ask, please, your friends to line from the cliff to the Golden Forest! As a stairs! I want to go down!”

“As you wish, my friend!” appeared a thin voice in Fox's head

again.

And in one minute clouds of different shapes and sizes, as well as colors (yes, that's it! The clouds were colored!) lined into the ladder, just like Fox wanted, after what he easily jumped from cloud to cloud. Jump-jump-jump-jump!

Fox was limitless happy! After all, now he was in the Golden Autumn Forest! And all the gold was now under his feet. Actually, it was autumn fallen leaves, but Fox was not at all embarrassed.

After all, what makes you happy should be inside you.

– EIIIIldorradoo!!! – Fox screamed in ecstasy – now I will live here and this will all be mine! Hurrraaaay!!!

And so our friend Fox has found his wealth! Let this wealth was not material, but now Fox felt free. He felt self-sufficient. He found his promised land, opened the whole world. It remains only to equip this world and to live, but this is already in our next narratives. In the meantime, let's say to you: "Bye! Until next time!"

# **Episode III**

## **Meeting with White-browed Taoist**

On what did we stop? Oh yes! Fox could not enjoy his wealth! Yes!!! His joy was great! He wandered about his Golden Autumn Forest days and nights, enjoying the golden colors and fragrance of plants. However, even something good with time bothers, if there is no novelty in it. This is the property of the mind: it is constantly asking something new, for the majority of those who lives on the Earth and who knows how to think live by the mind. With each passing day, Fox's joy became less and less. He felt that he was missing something. He felt lonely and sad. There is no one to share his joy. And it's boring. There's no one to say hello even.

“I've already walked here,” Fox thought, “I know a lot here in the forest. I should go where I have not been. I wonder why I didn't think of this before?”

Fox was walking, where his eyes were looking... Golden spruce, crimson oak, amber birch, green-yellow grass with golden tint. Yes, it was a fairy tale in reality, but he became bored of it. Thick shrubs with red leaves on orange branches... But nothing revived this beauty. Only occasionally a lazy breeze was confused in the tops of trees. All this led to a painful mood, and it was hard on the soul. As if yesterday you had a holiday, and

in the morning you woke up alone, abandoned by everyone. And something you want, and what – you do not know, but if you find out, you will understand that you do not want. Also you want to go far away, but you don't want to go...

So he walked, thinking. Suddenly he felt wet cool water with his feet. He was so immersed into himself that he didn't notice how he stepped into the creek with his feet. This led Fox to himself. He looked into the mirror-like surface of the water. It was blinking with gold. Even the water wore autumn colors here. It seemed that even the air was golden here. From this on the soul was even more cloying.

Without taking off his hat, Fox plunged his head into the stream. The water gently washed his head. It was felt as it became easier, as the mind became clear, as it became easier on the face. Fox carelessly fell into the water. The coolness, like an electric shock, splashed the whole body. This clarified his mind more. In the soul was joyful emotions, and he began to jump into the water, then dipping into the water and breathing the air out under the water through the mouth, then jumping out for a new portion of air. All the blues has gone somewhere. His head was spinning from oxygen. He gently lay back and let the water carried him downstream.

It was unusual! The coldness of the stream and the state of weightlessness from being in the water.

“What a blue sky!” Fox caught wild astonishment, as if for the first time in his life he had seen the sky, – “after all, not

everything is the same color! This world has a lot more colors than I suspected! (Fox forgot all about the multicolored rainbow colors that he had recently seen, having had breathing in the fresh mountain air for the first time).

Fox seemed to discover the whole world for himself. The color is blue... Indigo... It's so calm and peaceful. He was so immersed into the contemplation of the sky that he forgot about the coldness of the water. He was carried away by the state of weightlessness, and he didn't notice how imperceptibly he rose above the surface of the water. Didn't you forget? After all, he was in a world where much imagination decides, if you can use it right.

And he sailed, lying on his back above the surface of the water, until he dozed off. The reality gradually turned into a dream... And a flock of clouds appeared in the blue sky. This time they were snow-white and fluffy, like cotton wool. The soft murmur of the water cradled and calmed down, and the clouds grew lower and lower... Imperceptibly a small cloud has separated from them.

"Probably this is the Cloud, which is my friend," Fox thought with a smile on his face.

"Maybe a friend," came the velvet male voice in Fox's head. The cloud became lower and more and was taking the form of a human face.

"Who are you?" thought Fox, he already understood that you can communicate mentally.

“Look and answer yourself,” a voice answered with a friendly note in his voice.

The human face became gradually more distinct. Before Fox appeared a gray-haired Chinese with gray long brows and a long gray beard.

“Are you an old man?” Fox asked in surprise.

“Ha-ha-ha-ha!” The image in front of him laughed softly. “I’m the White-browed Taoist from the Transcendental Huashan Mountains. My name is White Cloud.”

“It’s strange,” said Fox. “Now I start to have ‘cloudy’ friends. The last time I talked with White Cloud.”

“It was me.”

“But how? Why?”

“I was the same as now, but your consciousness was not ready to perceive me, that’s why you saw me in the image of White Cloud.”

“It’s amazing! But why now do I see you as I see you?”

“Ha-ha-ha! You have experienced a changed state of consciousness, and it expanded, revealing to your mind the formerly hidden. No one can see more than he can realize.”

“Why are you here, hermit?”

“I’m here because you are ripe. Haha.”

“How did I ripe? I hope I’m not a fruit or a vegetable?”

These words amused White-throated Daos. Fox was like a little child.

“You matured in order to see more than you saw before. I’m

here to show you the Path, so you will not get lost. I will teach you to use your imagination so that you can make the world around you better and more beautiful, so that you and your loved ones were always happy. I will teach you to be **IN HARMONY WITH YOURSELF...**"

The image of the hermit gradually disappeared in the air, and echoes in the head continued to sound fading: "In harmony with yourself... In harmony with yourself..." Gradually, Fox woke up and lost his weightlessness from surprise. He thumped himself into the water, plunged into it with his head, and after emerging from the water he saw the ordinary world. A world where there was already no Golden Autumn Forest, a world where nature played with natural colors, where everything was real. The world which wasn't empty, and which was inhabited by completely familiar creatures: animals, birds and people.

# Episode IV

## Reflections

*He who returns from a journey is not the same as  
he who left.”*  
*Chinese proverb*

...So, our red-haired friend returned to the world familiar to us. And what do you think, where could he get to? Heh, to his native land! Just imagine! In some strange way! Having taken his hat that floated beside him, Fox went ashore and after catching his breath, was surprised to find that on the bank of the river his native forest was coming to an end! On the opposite shore, already began the fields with human settlements in the distance.

After he got back his breath, Fox looked around.

“Brrrr! What is this? Some kind of delusion!” he couldn’t help himself and said aloud.

He bit his paw to make sure he was not asleep right now.

“Ouch! It hurts! – Fox again exclaimed aloud, – I do not sleep, that means, now it’s real. I hope I have not lost my mind.”

“Ha-ha-ha-ha! Those who are in the right mind do not talk to themselves!” – came a piercing voice with a touch of arrogance. At the top of the birch, the Magpie observed what was happening.

Fox jumped in fright and looked around, but after haven’t

noticing anyone, he pricked up his ears.

“Who is it? Really, haven’t I waked up yet?” He tried again to bite his paw. This time stronger. It became even more painful. – Oooh! What kind of dreams are those where the pain is felt when you bite yourself?”

“You are clearly crazy!” the Magpie instructively said.

“Aaaaaa!!! – Fox clasped his head, – stop talking! Where are you?”

“Stop panicking!” I’m here, upstairs! Here I look at you and think: “You have become too strange”. Once you were asking about gold from me, and then disappeared from the forest. All the animals now and then whisper about where you could go. Some say that people allegedly caught you in a cage; some say you found gold mines somewhere. The other day Jackdaw brought news on the tail. She says so and so, he found Eldorado. The mysterious country of gold and wealth. If you haven’t died in cells of people, then, therefore, you should be rich? Huh? But, apparently, your wealth drove you crazy.

“Eh! Magpie, you scared me badly! Such a thing happened to me! Here you will not believe, as if in a fairy tale I has got! – and our hero told everything that happened to him after he asked advice from Grey-haired Raven.

“Well yes! Come on!” – blurted Magpie, having heard the story of Fox, “listen to that old raven more! He’ll tell you! Yes, he doesn’t remember his name, probably, and you are asking a piece of advice... Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Fool!” Magpie laughed

arrogantly. “Well, why I’m here still with you, there’s no time. I need to fly faster and tell others that you finally showed up in the forest,” and Magpie flew away without even saying goodbye.

Such insolent behavior would enrage Fox that he would have climbed the tree behind her, although he could not climb trees. But not this time. For some reason, there was peace and self-sufficiency. Feeling of lightness and carelessness. How wonderful it is! Probably everyone would be envy him.

Fox lay with his red back on the soft green grass, biting a blade of grass in his teeth. He looked at the blue sky with his clear fox eyes. Rare pinnate clouds floated across the sky. The blue, bottomless sky further emphasizes the state of rest. It seemed so bottomless that you are drawn to fall. Fox even began to catch himself that, with a long glance at the sky, his head began to spin, as if he were looking not upwards, but on the contrary – down from a great height. He was struck by how, at that moment, he was far from the world’s distractions, from everything that had never given him rest before, from everything that could seem a matter of life and death before. He carried his imagination to heaven and imagined that he was looking down from somewhere and saw himself. Here he is, red-haired, lying with a blade of grass in his teeth, so small. Somewhere on the other side of the river people in the settlements are just like ants. Everyone is with his own joys and sorrows. But all this is nothing compared to a huge sky that existed millions of years before the appearance of living beings and the same will exist after their

disappearance. Fox was a bit ridiculous from the fact that more recently he was obsessed with finding a lot of gold. But if he wasn't, he would not go to Grey-haired Crow for advice, and an amazing story would not have happened to him, and he would not luxuriate here on the green grass, thinking about what happened.

How amazing it is: the expansion of consciousness pushes the horizon of thinking further away and thoughts of a different order come into your head, as if you raise a step higher. Much, what was complicated before becomes clear now. Questions are born in the head. Many questions... other questions... which he never asked before. But they are not imposed and do not force to look for answers – the answers appear by themselves. Through the time. Or someone appears who answers the question.

Fox also had different thoughts and questions now. He didn't stop at them. He let them flow like water. Gradually, the thoughts dissipated and left somewhere. The mind was devastated. A clear thought emerged in his head: only Grey-haired Crow would be able to explain to him much, no matter how Crow considered him crazy. Fox quickly got up, spit out the blade of grass:

– Yes, only he! – said loudly, sharply raising his index finger up...

To be continued...

# Episode V

## White crow

*Who thinks he is able to do can do. And who is not able to do thinks he can not. This is an inexorable, indisputable law.*

*Pablo Picasso*

“Yes, only he!” said Fox loudly, sharply having raised his index finger up, abruptly stood up and went into the thicket of the forest to the clumsy oak, on which Gray-haired Crow sat day and night, meditating.

Fox walked through his native forest and was glad to see again the places where he used to walk every day. Well, they were now perceived as something different. As if they became a bit unfamiliar. Hmm, strange feeling! Isn't it? Native, but at the same time different.

“Look, look!” – there were thin voices, “strange one is coming! Wink-wink! A rich eccentric! Magpie told the truth! He is back!”

A flock of tits was sitting on tops of the trees. They gaily exchanged glances and giggled.

“Let's go! We must tell the others so they know!..” they cheerfully left.

And Fox went on calmly. He realized that it was useless to be

angry. Now everyone will look at him askance. All due to the fact that he disappeared once in search of gold and then told everything to Magpie. And Magpie's that gossip, do not tell her too much.

"Mm, the black sheep is coming," Elk said to his wife, Elk Cow, nodding toward the passing Fox.

"Uncle Elk, why did you call him a black sheep?" a small baby gopher asked the Elk.

"Yes, why? He's not a sheep, and he can not bleat at all", his friend Little Mouse added.

"And quite re-e-ed," they added in chorus.

"The black sheep are called those animals that are not like everyone else. They are strange and odd. By themselves. Like this Fox, for example."

"Ah-ah, I see," answered the little gopher". – Little Mouse, let's run, and we'll see where the black sheep will go!

"Black sheep! Black sheep!" – Little Gopher and Little Mouse fled in the distance, teasing Fox, but seeing that he did not react to their jokes, they gradually left him.

"Truly, he's strange. He doesn't even being teased," said Little Mouse, "it's better to play on the lawn".

Meanwhile, Fox was walking through the forest thicket. And the farther into the depths he advanced, the thicker the forest was and the darker. Oh, creepy, man! Brr! Even the sky is not visible beyond the treetops. No ray of the sun can break through

here, it's gloomily. Although the day is clear and the sun shines brightly. As if you fell in an unknown world of terrible tales.

Finally Fox managed to get to the clumsy oak.

“A-ah! The black sheep came! Caw!” Gray-haired Crow seemed to be waiting for him, “Well, get up to me, tell me what you came with! Har-har-har!” The Crow laughed in a senile voice.

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