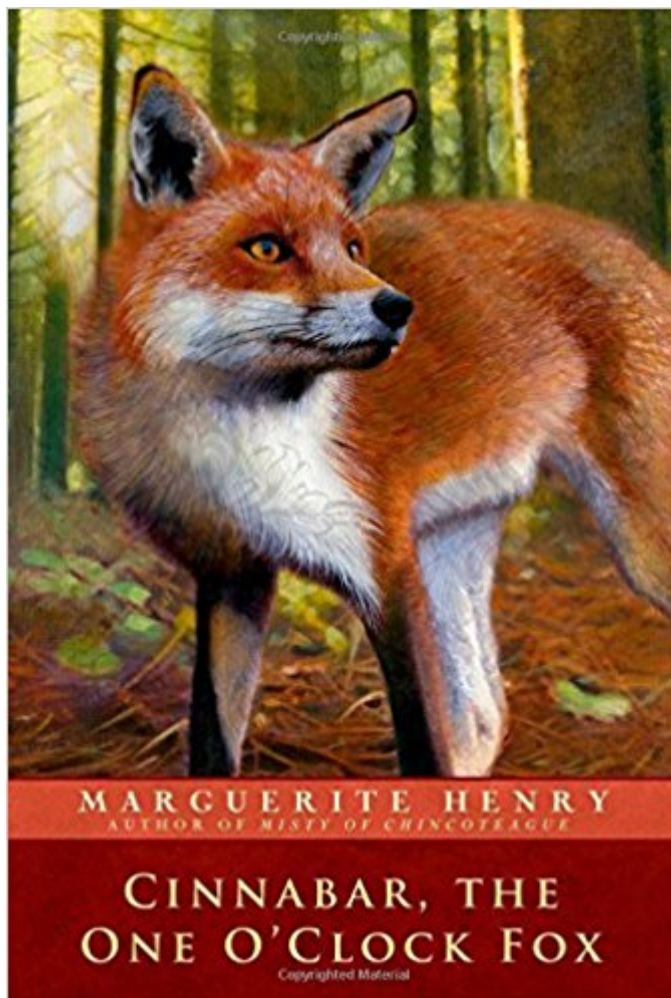


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Cinnabar, The One O'Clock Fox



Synopsis

George Washington meets his match in a wily fox in this legendary hunting tale from Newbery Award-winning author Marguerite Henry, back in print by popular demand. Cinnabar is a fox. He lives in a den with his family, Vicky and four little cubs. He's a hardworking fox who does everything he can to ensure that his family has what they need. But during fox hunting season, he likes to have a little fun: Every hunt day, promptly at one o'clock, Cinnabar shows up and runs until nightfall. Can the huntsmen ever catch this clever fox? Based on an old legend about fox hunting in the area around Mount Vernon, Cinnabar pits one very wily fox against George Washington himself—and the result is a wild chase for all! This beloved story from Newbery Award-winning author Marguerite Henry features the original text and illustrations with gorgeous new cover art.

Book Information

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Age Range: 8 - 12 years

Grade Level: 3 - 7

Customer Reviews

Marguerite Henry was the beloved author of such classic horse stories as *King of the Wind*, *Misty of Chincoteague*, and *Stormy: Misty's Foal*, all of which are available in Aladdin paperback editions. Wesley Dennis was best known for his illustrations in collaboration with author Marguerite Henry. They published sixteen books together.

Cinnabar, the One Oâ™Clock Fox 2> 2> It was April in Virginia. The brooks and runs on George Washingtonâ™s estate were overflowing in their hurry to join the big Potomac. Pussy willows along the banks were swollen to plumpness. And everywhere, the woods and meadows were alive with cheeps and chirrings and little feet scampering. One morning just before the break of dawn, when the moon was still shining brightly, four little fox cubs were born in a den tucked away in a sassafras thicket. Cinnabar, their father, had been out all night, hunting. He wanted to bring a nice plump hen to his wife, because she liked nice plump hens. And if ever there was a time to please Vicky, as he called her, it was now. This very night. Cinnabarâ™s masklike face, with its slanted amber eyes, looked up at the great white face of the moon. But that is not what he saw. He saw instead the warm coziness of his own den. And there was Vicky, still busy at the nestbox weaving a mattress of grasses and reeds. He knew what that meant. It meant furry little foxesâ™ any moment now. He bayed his happiness to the moon: âœYapp yurr. Yapp yur-rrr.â • He disappeared into a tangle of honeysuckle and hauled out the fat hen that he had cached away an hour before. Then he pawed deeper into the tanglewood and gathered up four good-sized barn mice. He took them one at a time and placed them side by side neatly and securely underneath the henâ™s wings. âœMy stars and garters!â • he barked to himself. âœItâ™s been a capital night for hunting!â • Grabbing the henâ™s neck in his mouth, he flung her over his shoulder and trotted off toward home. Cinnabar was a big, red, magnificent fellow. Courage and heart showed in the very look of him. A rough scar across his nose and a nick on one ear in no way marred his handsomeness. On the contrary, they gave him a gay and gallant air. They spoke of battles wonâ™ over eagles and buzzards and hawks and weasels. Cinnabar was, in truth, afraid of nothing. Neither of dark nor of storm; nor of hunters nor hounds. He was free and unfearing, the very spirit of the wilds. With a windblown movement he went gliding along, his brush of a tail stretched out full. His lively ears pricked to and fro, catching every sound of the night. Pine needles singing. Frogs playing their bassoons. Birds beginning to stir and twitter. It seemed to him that the morning was coming in with a peculiar gladness. Silently he left the big trees behind and trotted down a little avenue of hemlocks. Fast as he traveled, his imagination went faster still. He could almost hear Vickyâ™s cry of delight when she spied not only the plump hen, but the four good mice as well. âœHow she likes hens and micel!â • he mused. âœBetter than grouse and grasshoppers. Better than anything! . . . except me!â • he chuckled, as he shifted his burden to the other shoulder. Chatting and laughing and happy in himself, he threaded his way through the sassafras thicket that hid his den. But as he approached the opening, he stopped dead. What were those strange sounds? He thought he heard small trills and

whimperings. "Criminy, criminy, and by Jimminy!" he exploded. "I must be a father. I hear puppy voices. Unmistakably, I do." Parting the ferns that screened the doorway, he pattered softly through them. Then wriggling forward on his belly, he bunted the hen down the dark entry and finally emerged into the warm comfort of his own den. He blinked his eyes at the brightness. A wick burning in an oyster shell gave off a yellow light, and the fire in the grate was a red glow. "That you, Cinny?" a voice came muffled. In reply, Cinnabar barked two short barks and one long. It was the family signal, and it meant "Good hunting tonight." He saw Vicky now "up on one elbow, half sitting, half reclining in the nestbox" and he could hear her tongue strokes, licking, licking, licking. Little shivers of excitement raced up and down his spine. How many pups would there be this time? Two? Four? Nine? Twelve? "I shall be quite content with three," he told himself as he took a step closer, "and I hope they all have blue eyes. Blue eyes bewitch me." Vicky was eager to tell about her babies. She gave four quick, happy barks. "Oh! Four is a jolly nice number," Cinnabar assured her. "It will be easy to provide for them." He laid the big white hen in a splash of firelight, hoping Vicky would notice. But she was concerned only with her young ones. "My dear," said Cinnabar with a proud grin, "have you thought of names for the funny snub-nosed things?" "Cinnabar! They are not funny snub-nosed things. Oh, yes, they are," she laughed, contradicting herself all in the same breath. "Well, anyway, I've named the two little boys." "So?" asked Cinnabar, shoving the hen closer. "Yes. And I do hope you like family names." "For instance?" "Rascal for my brother, and Pascal for my father." "I like them indeed!" Cinnabar nodded in approval as he plucked at his whiskers thoughtfully. Then reaching into the nestbox he fondled the fuzzy little creatures. "Hmmm" how about Merry and Mischief for the vixens?" he asked, looking all merry and mischievous himself.

This photo of the book was completely deceiving. The book I received was nothing like the one pictured. It was a faded lackluster cover with a label pasted across the title "Cinnabar." Very disappointing. I'm a fan of this author and illustrator and was hoping to add this to my collection. I could not believe these "2guys" were asking over \$23 for this book. I ordered another Marguerite Henry book from another seller and was very happy with the book. It was just over \$5.00.

I remembered this book from childhood. I've always loved foxes, so decided to search for it. Of course, I found it on Amazon, at a good price. This is a new printing of the original book, smaller format, I believe, but all the wonderful B&W illustration. I didn't realize that it was by the well-known author of 'Misty of Chincoteague', and I didn't remember that the story involves George Washington! So glad I

bought it!

This a a fabulous book for youngsters who are interested in nature and the wildlands. Last year I often took my binoculars to the edge of my husband's property to watch a den of foxes as they grew from pups to foxes. It was one of the most wonderful experiences of my life, and I think that is because, as a child my favorite book was Cinnabar, the One O'Clock Fox! I bought several out of print copies to share with grandchildren and neighborhood youngsters.

Foxes are my favorite animal. I would recommend this book to my friend Catalina because she likes animals(and foxes especially) I chose five stars because I really like this book about Foxen (fox family's) that acts like a human.

This story really captivated me as a child. The illustrations are in black and white, but they are superb. It's the story of a clever fox who just loves to elude the hounds and snag a nice meal for his family while he's at it. I bought a used copy recently and reading it was such a joy and brought back wonderful memories. Anything by M. Henry is great. I also watched the movie "The Fantastic Mr. Fox" recently and thought, whoever wrote that must have been a fan of this book because I thought there were several similarities, even though no credit was given.

This is a very enjoyable book, especially since we love Mount Vernon and frequently go there. My 9 yr old was very interested in how the fox "thought" and how he planned his mischief. I highly recommend this for ages 7-10 or so.

I am thrilled that this title has been reissued. It is a new, larger size illustrated by the talented Wesley Dennis. One of my favorite childhood books.

Sweet story about a fox family. A classic all children will enjoy having read to them.

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