The sun rose, and Little Fawn opened his sleepy eyes. He felt warm and safe, for, as always, his mother was there to look after him.
But today Mother Deer said to him gently, "You're a big boy now and you must be brave. I will not always be here, and you must learn to take care of yourself. Come, Little Fawn, I will show you how."
Little Fawn followed his mother through the dark, thick woods until they reached a clearing. At the edge stood a shack that smelled strongly of Man. Suddenly Little Fawn did not feel big or brave.

“Mother,” said Little Fawn. “What if Hunter comes with his sack and his fearsome dogs?” “Hunter is clumsy,” said Mother Deer, “and his dogs are, too. Your ears are sharp. You will hear him before he sees you. So run then, Little Fawn, for your legs are strong and swift.”
Mother Deer led Little Fawn through the trees to the edge of the woods, where Fox lay sleeping in the sun.
“Mother,” said Little Fawn. “What if Fox comes prowling? He will gobble me up.”
“Fox’s teeth are sharp,” said Mother Deer, “but his scent is strong. You will smell him, Little Fawn. Then you must run, for your legs are long.”
Mother Deer and Little Fawn tiptoed back into the meadow. Little Fawn looked all around, and up towards the sky. “Mother,” said Little Fawn, “what if Eagle spies me with his fine big eyes, when he soars overhead?”
“When you see Eagle, Little Fawn,” said Mother Deer, “you must stay as still as a rock. You must not move so much as an ear. Then he will not see you from the sky.”
Mother Deer and Little Fawn started back towards the herd. But then they heard a crack and a snap, and Hunter crashed through the trees, his dogs at his side. “Run, Little Fawn!” cried Mother Deer.
Mother Deer and Little Fawn ran. They ran as fast as their strong, long legs would carry them. They ran as swift as the wind, through the trees and deep into the wood. Soon they were out of sight. Hunter called off his dogs and stomped away, his sack empty.
He was no match for Mother Deer or for Little Fawn.
Though Mother Deer ran fast, Little Fawn ran faster. Soon he had left Mother Deer behind, and when he turned to look back, she was no longer in sight.

“She will come soon,” said Little Fawn, and he lay down to wait for her.
No sooner than he did so, he heard rustling. He could not see Fox, but he could smell his strong and powerful scent.
So Little Fawn sprang up again and ran. He ran as fast as his strong, long legs would carry him. He darted this way and that, through the trees and back into the open meadow.
Fox dashed after him, but Little Fawn was too quick. Soon Fox lay exhausted in the long grass.
“I’ll get you another day,” he sulked.
Once again, Little Fawn lay down and waited for Mother Deer. He could no longer smell the strong scent of Fox. He could not hear Hunter stomping and clomping. But above him, Little Fawn saw Eagle with his great wings, swooping towards him.
For all the world, Little Fawn wanted to run, but he remembered what Mother Deer had told him. He stayed as still as a rock. As Eagle swooped closer, Little Fawn began to tremble. He was sure his ears would twitch.
Closer and closer came Eagle, until Little Fawn could hear the beat of his wings. But Eagle sailed on. He did not see Little Fawn.
Little Fawn was tired, and grew sleepy as he waited for Mother Deer to find him. Then, suddenly, he heard a sound – a sniffy, snuffly sound – moving towards him. Little Fawn listened with his sharp ears. The sound was too dainty for Hunter. “Oh dear, what shall I do?” thought Little Fawn. “Should I run, or should I stay?”

Little Fawn sniffed with his sharp nose, then leapt up from where he was hidden. Now he knew exactly who it was...
“Hello, Mother,” cried Little Fawn. “You’ve found me at last. But why are you crying?”
“Because I thought I had lost you,” said Mother Deer, nuzzling him. “I did just as you told me,” said Little Fawn. “I’m quite safe.”
“And you always will be,” replied Mother Deer.