



“Why don’t you explore while I unpack?” Mum said. “I’ll be right here.”

Freya wasn’t sure. But the softly falling snow did look perfect for sledging.





... a white fox!



His bushy tail twitched in a friendly way as he padded closer to Freya.

“Hello,” she whispered, stepping outside.





The fox's fur shone like moonlight.  
He darted across the snow and looked back, waiting for her.  
For a moment Freya forgot her fear. She followed, keeping close the cabin.

At the edge of the trees, Freya watched as the fox began to hop  
from shadow to shadow. Where his paws touched the frosty  
ground, coloured sparks flew up from the snow.



Freya took a small jump. Snowflakes scattered in the air like stars.  
She smiled as they darted and dipped, sprang and skipped  
through the flickering forest.





The fox ran on with Freya. His tail swished from side to side,  
sending frosty fires spiralling into the starlit sky.  
“Let’s go faster!” Freya shouted happily.