At the top of the mountain, I gained the cabin, alone. I chopped wood and warmed it. I had an appointed task. To watch for fires. The air was snow, ash, or only milk. Fire had no foothold in the hills. Still, I stared out from the porch, no words rolling off my tongue. I watched the light paint a picture of the forest. I forgot how to spell. Time passed.

by ZACH DODSON

THE FOX by ZACH DODSON

FOLD FIRST, READ SECOND. Tear the bottom portion of this page off, follow the instructions, keeping the printed side out. Then, let the story unfold.