

Follow, Follow



First, I step into the snowy woods behind my house. Whoosh! I hear the cold wind blowing across the morning sky.

Next, I see tiny animal tracks leading up a big hill. I hear my boots crunch in the snow as I follow the tracks. I feel the cold sting my fingers.

Last, I spot a fox hiding near a bush. It looks at me and runs off. I smile. I was excited to tell my family what I had found.