

Right outside my front door is an ice-cold winter playground.
“Mom,” I shout. “Have you seen my snowshoes?”
“I’m going out for a walk in the woods.”

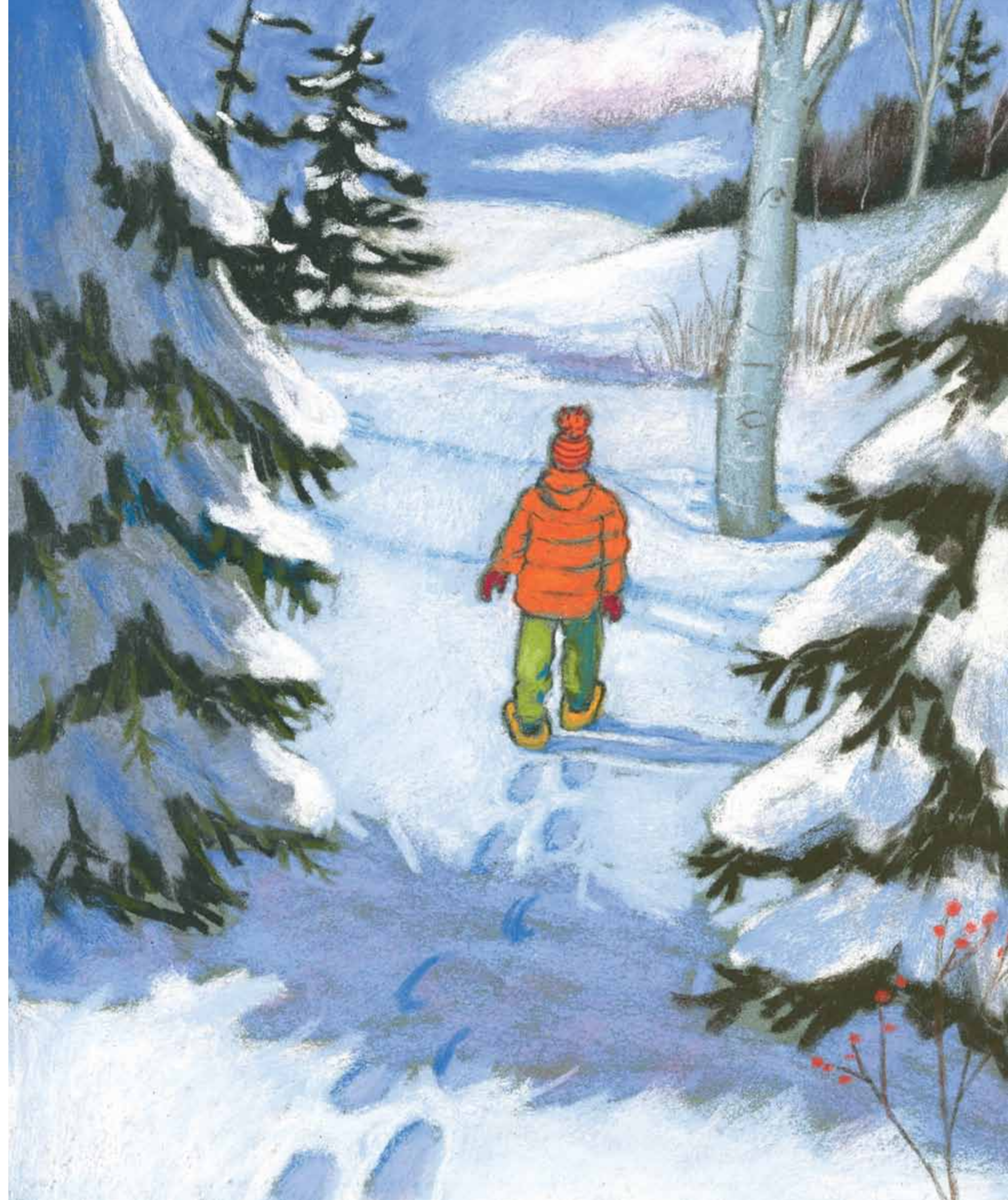
Pflump, Pflump, Pflump.

My snowshoes push the deep snow down under my feet.
The forest is cold in the morning.
My hands are warm in my gloves.

The sun is bright and shines through the branches of the tall
evergreen trees.

I see my shadow.

I move quietly.





In front of me I see a big hemlock tree with patches of granite rocks circling the large trunk.

A dark hollow has been dug between the roots.

Who dug this hole?

I am curious and bend low to peek into the darkness.

Who is in there?

Two bright eyes shine out at me!
I know who it is.

