Long ago in a distant land a young girl lived in a wooden house in a forest. Her name was Lucy and she lived alone with her parents.

Late one afternoon, Lucy left her house to feed the ducks. The air was damp and misty and melted snow covered the ground. She froze. In front of her laying on the cold earth she saw her beloved ducks covered in blood. A wave of sadness rushed through her. She knelt down wondering what on earth had happened. Who or what could do such a thing? It was then that she noticed a track of tiny paw prints in the white snow leading into the dark forest.

Panic stricken, she rushed through the trees, frantically searching. She bent down and there on the ground she found a single duck feather. The culprit must be close she thought to herself. With a face like a dark storm she drew a sharp knife from her coat pocket and crept through the thick undergrowth.

Suddenly, a creature sprung out of the bushes and flew over her head. It was an arctic fox with an enormous fluffy tail and black legs. Her heart thumped inside her chest as the animal stared into her eyes. It paused for a moment before disappearing over the hill. Lucy ran as fast as she could to keep up with the fox as it raced away through the trees. Her lantern swayed from side to side shining a thin beam of light into the woods.

She spotted the fox crouched behind a bush and in a flash pounced onto its unsuspecting body. Its two beady eyes stared up in fear as she held her knife to its throat. During that brief moment, she felt a strange emotion and sat back. The fox took his opportunity to flee.

As day turned into night, large specks of snow drifted slowly to the ground and Lucy began to feel cold. She could see the white clouds of her breath in the air and began to get colder and colder. The snow began to fall more heavily and Lucy started to lose her sense of direction.

After a while Lucy started to struggle and she felt more and more tired. Exhausted, she stumbled and tripped unable to lift herself from the ground. She managed to roll over. All she could do was watch the moonlit sky above her.

From out of the shadows tip toed the fox towards Lucy. She felt his wet nose touch her face as he wrapped his furry coat around her body like a warm snug duvet. Lucy was overcome with tiredness as her eyes closed and she fell asleep for the night.

The next morning, Lucy awoke and the fox was gone. Had it been a dream she wondered? Over the hills raced her parents and embraced her in their arms. She hugged them tight and over her mother’s shoulder she looked at the fox and the fox looked back. She had a warm feeling in her heart.