



LoveReading4kids.co.uk
is a book website
created for parents and
children to make
choosing books easy
and fun

Opening extract from
The White Fox

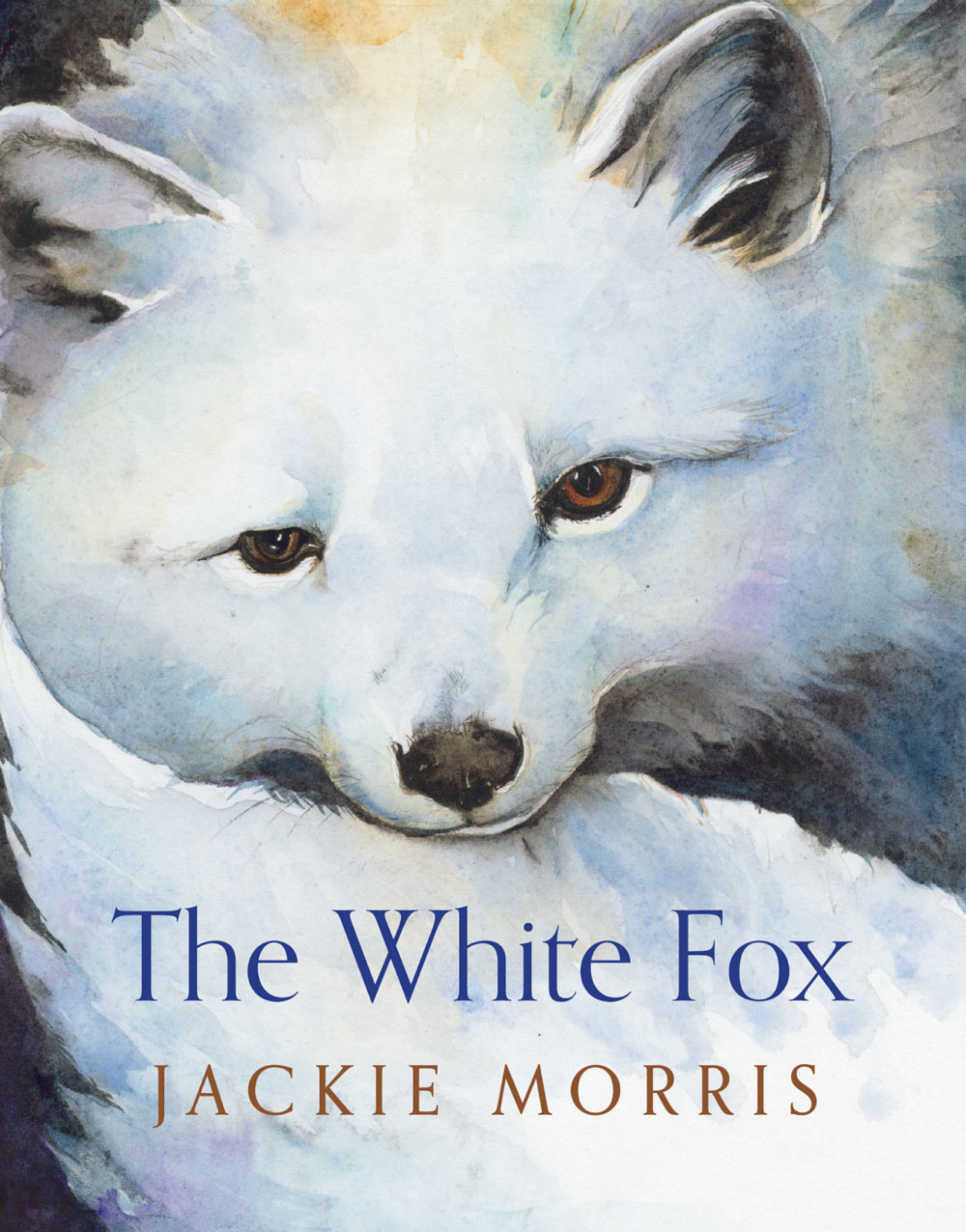
Written & Illustrated by
Jackie Morris

Published by
Barrington Stoke Ltd

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.





The White Fox

JACKIE MORRIS



*For Sara, who told me of the White Fox, and
for all those who feel out of place in the world*



First published in 2016 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd, 18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

Text © 2016 Jackie Morris
Illustrations © 2016 Jackie Morris

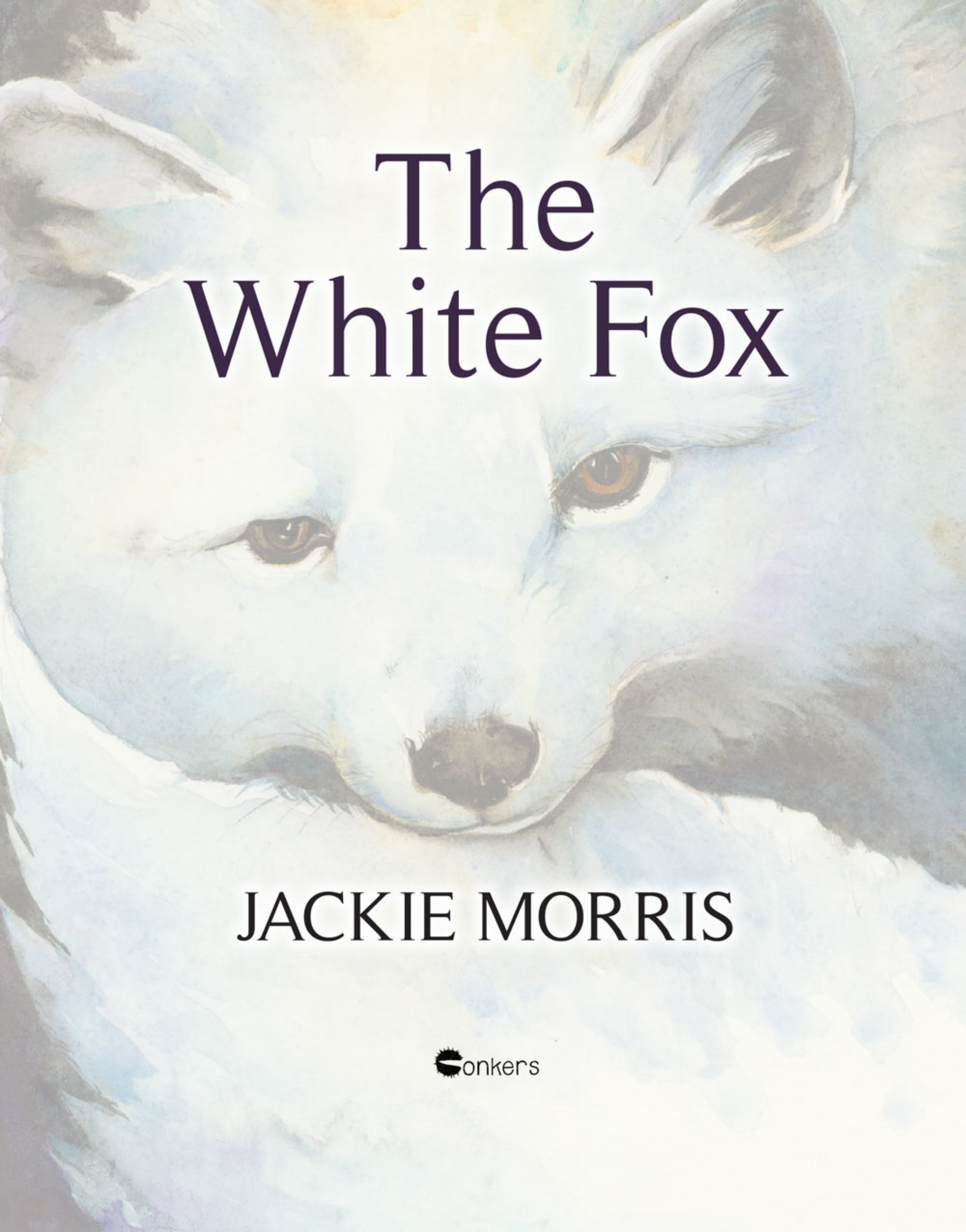
The moral right of Jackie Morris to be identified as the author and
illustrator of this work has been asserted in accordance with the
Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in
whole or in any part in any form without the written permission of
the publisher

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British
Library upon request

ISBN: 978-1-78112-522-9

Printed in China by Leo



The White Fox

JACKIE MORRIS

 onkers









The day the fox came, things began to change for Sol.

It was a white fox, a wild thing, alone in the city, lost, just like him. That's what Sol had thought when his father came home from work and told him about the fox as they ate a late supper together.

Just like him, except he wasn't completely alone. He had his father. But his father was always busy.





He never had time for Sol, didn't make time to understand him.

“At first the guys thought it was a cat, one of those feral creatures that act as if they own the docks at night,” his father said. “Then one of them saw it clear in the security lights, prowling in and out of shadows. An Arctic fox, large as life and twice as beautiful, living alone on the dockside. Amazing.”

Sol tried to imagine the wild white fox stalking along the docks, feeding on scraps left by the dockers, on mice and on rats.



“Where do you think it came from?” he asked his dad.

“Who knows?” his dad said with a shrug.

“Escaped from the zoo? It’s a mystery for sure. Did you get a card from your gran today?”

“Yes.” Regular as clockwork, Sol would get a postcard, a letter, on the same day every week, from Gran, from ‘home’.

He passed this week’s card to his father.

“Funny,” he said, turning it over in his hands. The card showed a bold Inuit drawing of an Arctic fox. He smiled at the coincidence. “Can I read it?”





Sol reached across, took the card from his father. He scanned the words, written in a formal, masculine hand. He wanted to read his gran's words himself.

“She says she hopes we are well, asks about school, says she has a birthday present for me, something we should go visit to pick up. Doesn't say what it is. Then it's all a bit confused. And she says Grandpa's finding it harder to go fishing on his own, so come. But they are OK.”

Sol's dad stared out of the window. It seemed he had stopped listening a while back.