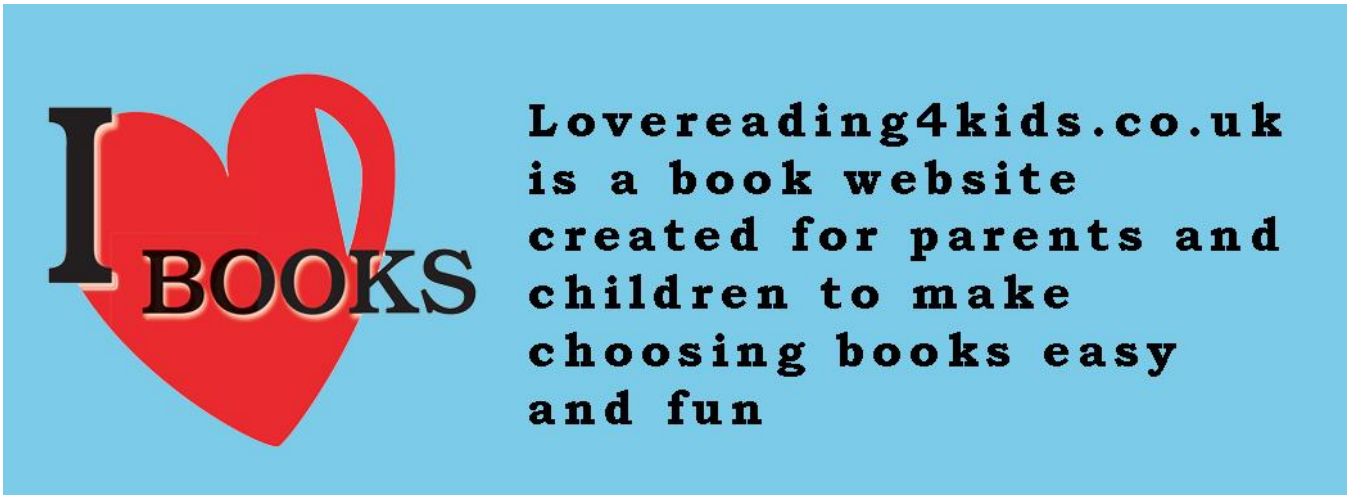


Opening extract from

The White Fox

Written & Illustrated by

Jackie Morris

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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

Sonkers

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Sonkers







1

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.