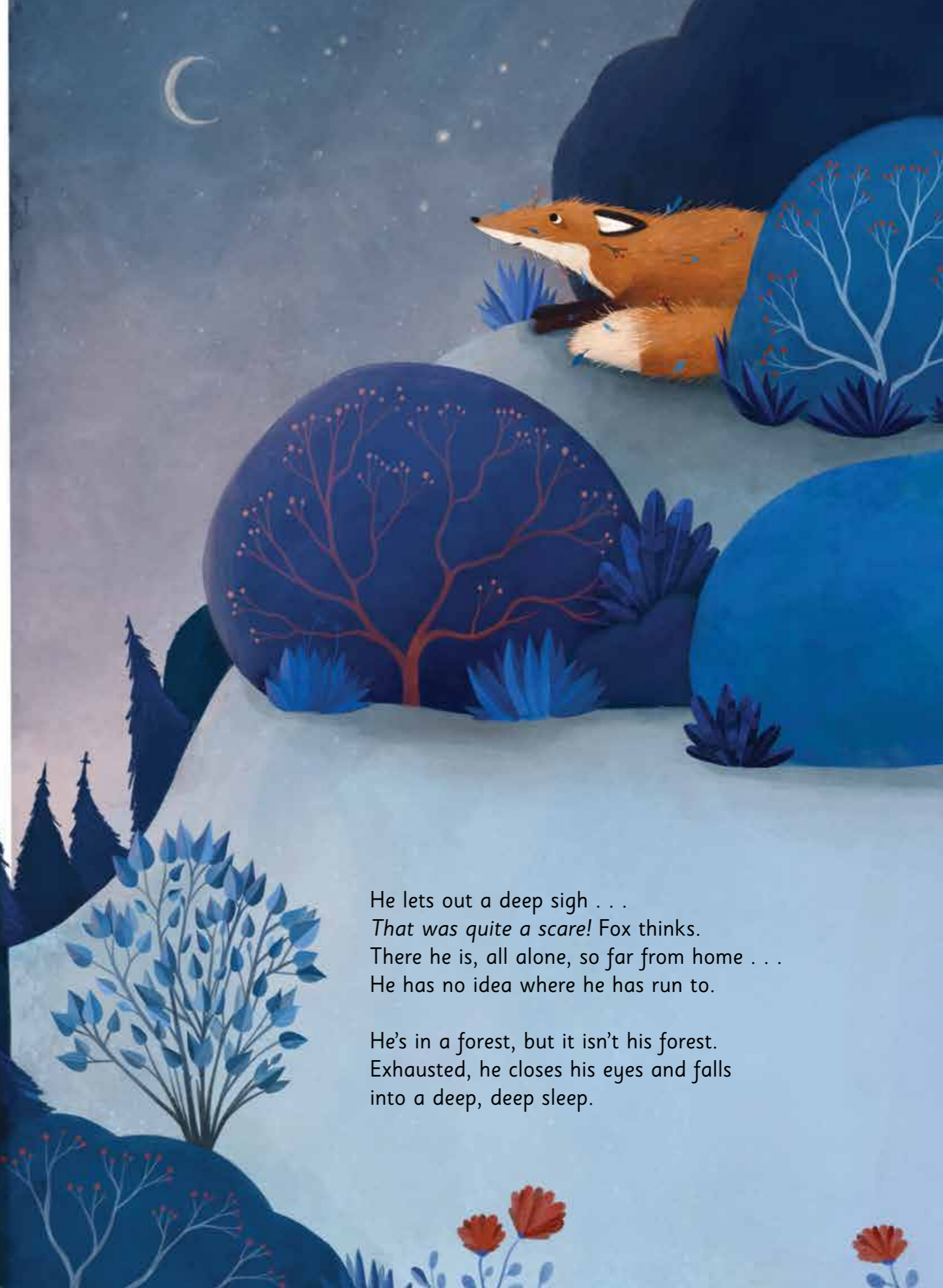


Early in the morning, while still sleeping in his den,
Fox is suddenly disturbed by a pack of dogs.
The dogs are so close, he hears them sniffing.

Fox has no time to think, he gets up and runs.
He barely escapes; fortunately his den has another exit.



Fox keeps looking over his shoulder.
He can still hear the dogs barking.
With his tongue hanging out of his mouth,
he runs, panting heavily, through the forest.
After a while the barking of the dogs fades away.
Did he succeed in escaping them?



He lets out a deep sigh . . .
That was quite a scare! Fox thinks.
There he is, all alone, so far from home . . .
He has no idea where he has run to.

He's in a forest, but it isn't his forest.
Exhausted, he closes his eyes and falls
into a deep, deep sleep.