

He said goodbye to his brother who was already washing the breakfast dishes.

“Goodbye,” said Morton, “and be very, very careful.”

Warton started up through the long tunnel that led to the top of the old stump they lived under. When he stepped out he was dazzled. The brilliant snow glistened and glittered, and the deep blue sky was filled with puffy white clouds that drifted over the tall evergreens. Snowbirds twittered gaily as they hopped from branch to branch.