

The Fox and the Map



Finn the fox loved maps. He drew one for every path in the forest and kept them folded inside his little red bag.

One morning, he went to visit his friend Olive, the owl. Rain began to fall, and the ink on his map ran across the paper. Soon Finn could no longer tell which path led to Olive's tree.

He sat beneath an oak and listened. He heard the stream on his left and remembered that it flowed past Olive's home. Finn followed its gentle sound. Along the way, he recognized a patch of blue flowers and a large stone shaped like a heart.

At last, he reached Olive's tree. "Did you find your way without a map?" she asked.

"I did," said Finn. "The forest was showing me the way all along."



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