

TSK..

Shiff

NOT HERE, TOO.

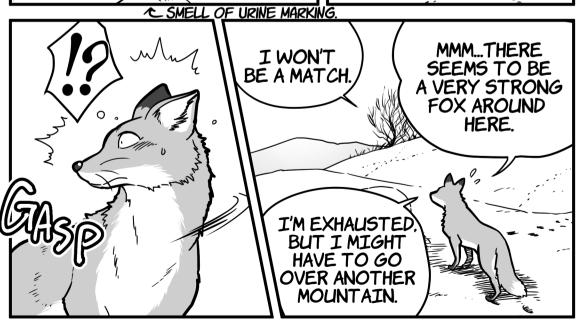
HIS SMELLS

A BIT LIKE MINE. FEBRUARY IN THE
NORTHERN LAND...
THE FOXES THERE
WERE WELCOMING
THE ARRIVAL OF
THE SEASON OF LOVE.

GOSH..



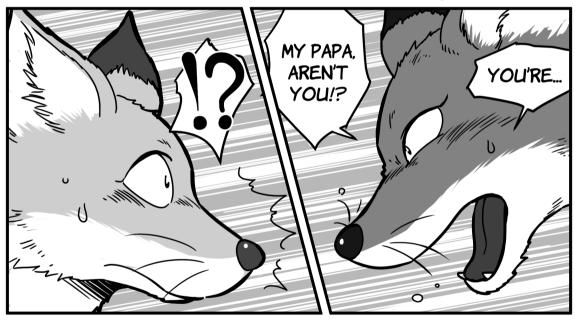
I'M STARVING..







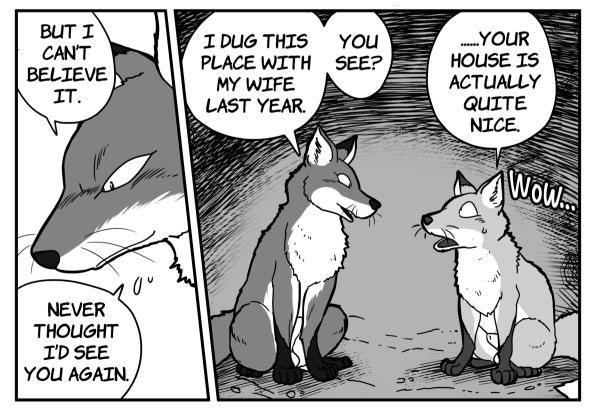
















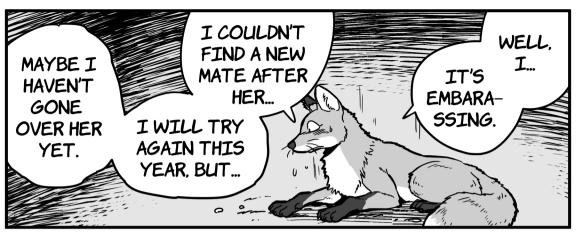
REALLY...I CAN'T TELL HOW SURPRISED I AM. HEX...YOU ARE SUCH A FINE TOD. A BREATH-TAKINGLY HANDSOME ONE, EVEN IN MY EYES.

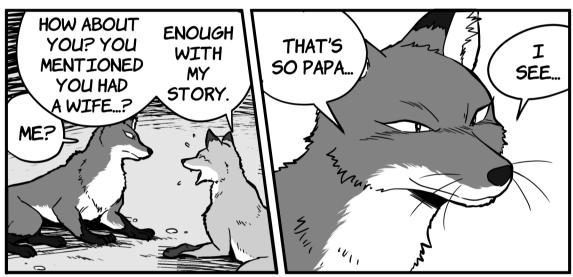


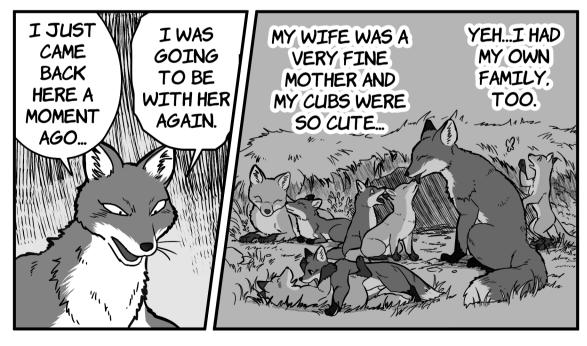




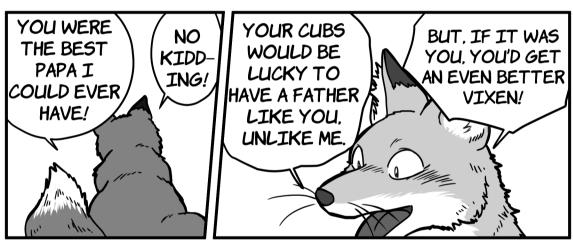
*MALE FOXES ARE SAID TO LEAVE THEIR MATE AFTER THE CUBS LEFT THE NEST AND WON'T SEE HER UNTIL THE NEXT BREEDING SEASON.









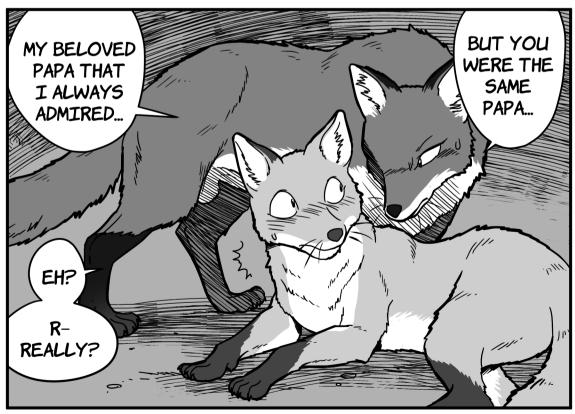






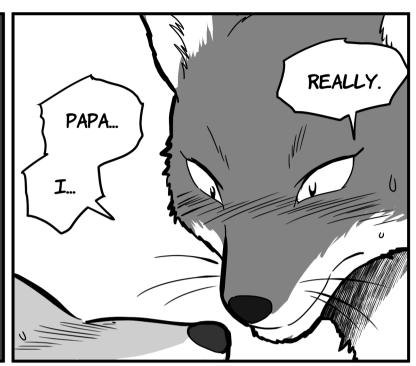






I WAS...

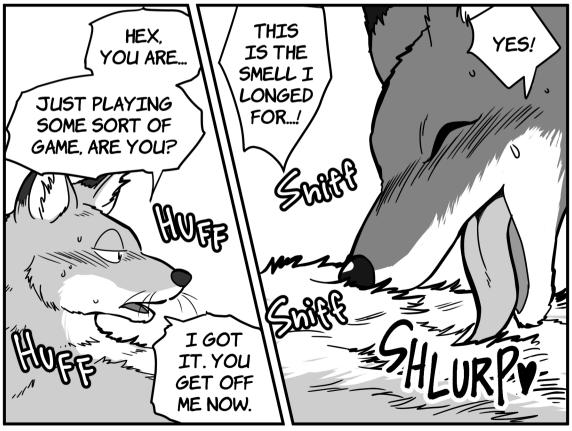
NO, I STILL...





HANG ON A MOMENT...WHAT'S GOING ON NOW?

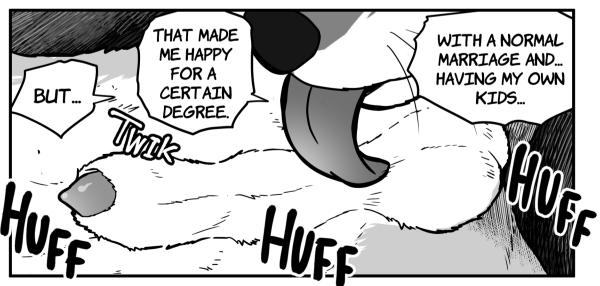




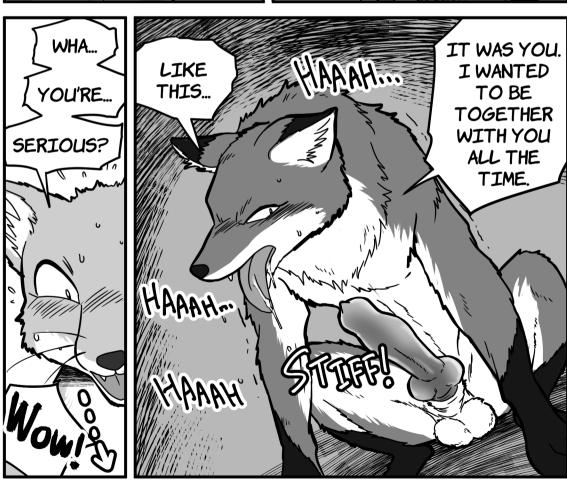


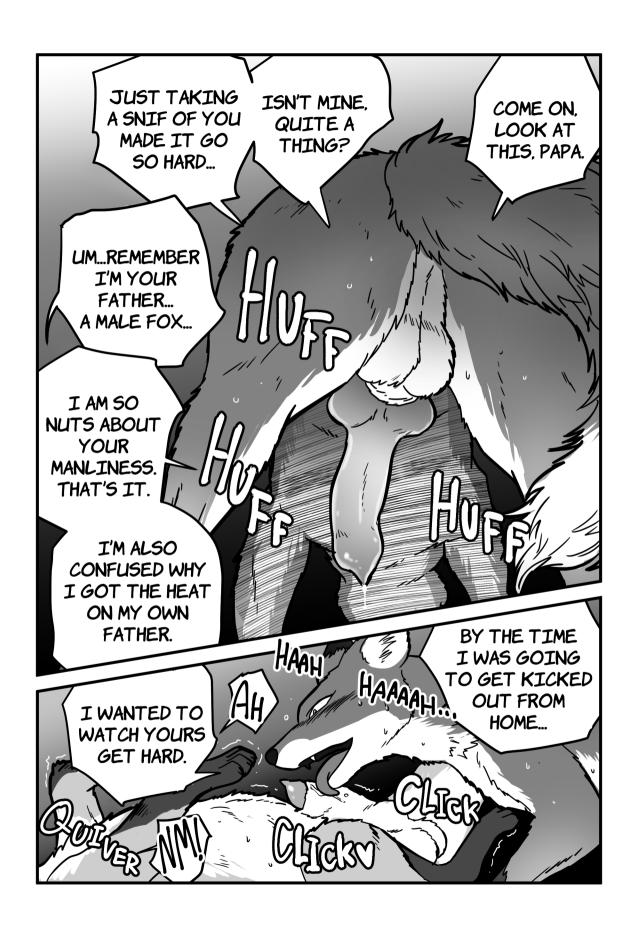


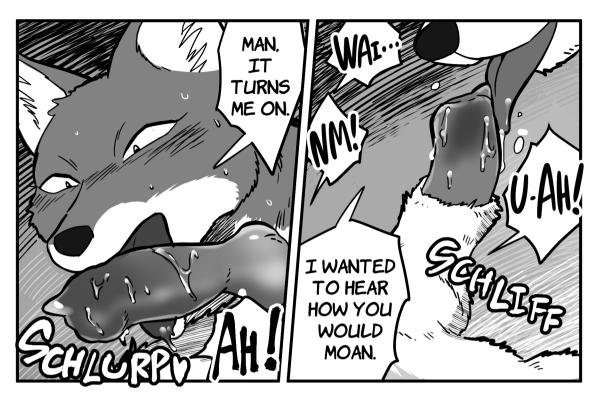


















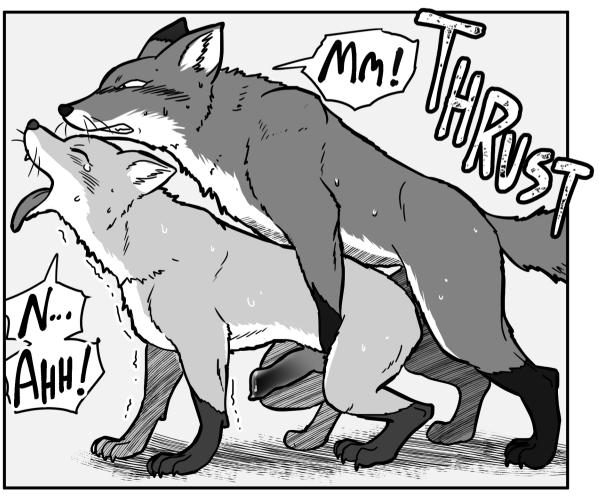






I'M SORRY...

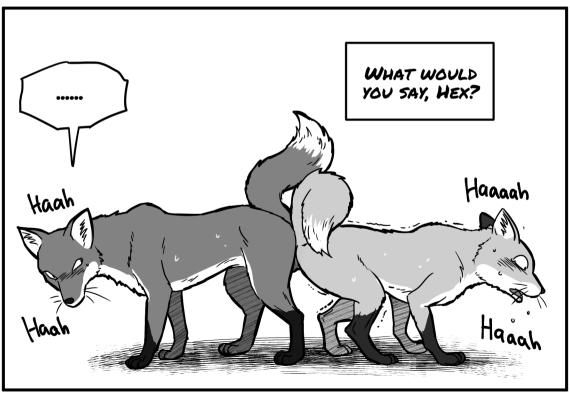




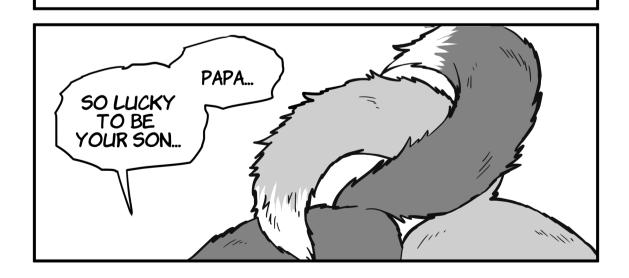












BEFORE I REALIZED... I SEEMED TO HAVE FALLEN ASLEER



