















And he does.  
Back to a warm room,  
where his mother smiles but gently warns,  
“She can stay till she is strong,  
but the wild is where fawns belong.  
A house is not a home for wild things;  
wild things need to run, and soar, and swim.”

The boy nods,  
and on his lips a name comes:  
“Alba.”





MERRY



CHRISTMAS







# SNÖGGLE

**J.B. Priestley** / Dibuxos de Júlia Moscardó











