













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







Mine!

SNÖGGLE

J.B. Priestley / Dibuxos de Júlia Moscardó











