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Little Fox woke up early. His room was cold and quiet. He pulled his blue scarf tight and put on his brown mittens. When he looked at the window, he gasped. The glass was covered in frost! It looked like a sparkly white forest. Little Fox pressed his nose close to see.

The frost made pictures! Little Fox saw tall trees with branches like lace. He saw a winding path and tiny animal tracks. It was like a secret map of the forest. "Mama, come look!" he called. Mama Fox came in her mustard-yellow shawl. She smiled and said, "The frost is an artist today."

Mama Fox sat beside him. "What do you see?" she asked. Little Fox pointed. "I see a deer running! And there's a squirrel on a branch." Mama nodded. "Long ago, the forest was full of stories. Maybe the frost remembers them." Little Fox's amber eyes grew wide. He wanted to find every story.

Little Fox looked at the frost again. He saw a tiny cabin with smoke curling up. "Who lived there?" he wondered. Mama said, "Maybe a wise old owl who told stories to the forest." Little Fox imagined the owl hooting softly. Then the wind blew, and the cabin melted away. "Oh!" said Little Fox. "It's gone!"

But new pictures appeared. Little Fox saw a family of rabbits hopping through snow. "They're looking for food," he said. "Did they find any?" Mama asked. Little Fox nodded. "Yes, a big pile of berries under a bush!" He giggled. The frost seemed to sparkle, as if it liked his story. A tiny frost spirit danced at the edge of the window, but Little Fox didn't notice.

Mama Fox brought two cups of warm cocoa. They sat together, watching the frost. Little Fox saw a fox cub chasing snowflakes. "That's like me!" he said. "I chase snowflakes too." Mama smiled. "And you catch them with your imagination." Little Fox felt warm inside. The frost pictures kept changing, like a storybook.

Then Little Fox saw a big stag with antlers like branches. It stood on a hill, looking over the forest. "He's the king of the forest," Little Fox whispered. "He keeps everyone safe." Mama nodded. "Stories help us feel brave." Little Fox puffed out his chest. He felt brave too. The stag faded, but its proud shape stayed in his mind.

Next, the frost showed a river frozen solid. Little Fox saw animals skating on it. "Look, Mama! They're playing!" he said. "Can we skate?" Mama chuckled. "Our pond is too small. But we can pretend." Little Fox closed his eyes and imagined gliding on ice. When he opened them, the frost had made a swirly pattern. "It's a dance!" he cried.

Little Fox noticed a tiny figure at the corner of the window. It was made of frost, with sparkly hair and snowflake patterns. "Who are you?" he asked. The figure twirled and vanished. "Did you see that?" he asked Mama. She tilted her head. "Maybe it's the frost spirit. It paints the pictures for you." Little Fox's eyes sparkled with wonder.

The frost spirit appeared again, just for a moment. It seemed to be painting a new story. Little Fox saw a bridge over a stream, with animals crossing. "They're going to a party!" he said. "With acorns and berries and dancing!" The frost spirit added a tiny fox at the end of the line. Little Fox laughed. "That's me!" he said. "I'm going to the party!"

Then the sun peeked over the trees. The frost began to sparkle and fade. "Oh no!" said Little Fox. "The pictures are going away!" Mama hugged him. "But you can remember them. And tomorrow, if it's cold, the frost will paint again." Little Fox nodded. He looked at the melting frost. "Goodbye, frost spirit," he whispered. "Thank you for the stories."

The frost spirit shimmered one last time. It left a tiny snowflake on the glass, like a gift. Little Fox pressed his paw to it. "I'll keep this one," he said. Mama smiled. "You can keep all the stories in your heart." Little Fox closed his eyes and remembered the deer, the owl, the rabbits, and the party. He felt happy and warm.

Mama Fox said, "Imagination is like frost. It makes everyday things special." Little Fox thought about that. He looked around his room. His toys, his bed, his scarf—all seemed a little more magical. "I can make stories anywhere," he said. Mama nodded. "Yes, you can." Little Fox hugged her. "Thank you for helping me see."

Little Fox put on his scarf and mittens. He went outside to play. The snow was deep and soft. He saw a twig that looked like a deer. He saw a rock that looked like a sleeping bear. "The frost stories are still here!" he said. He made up a new story about a fox who found a magic window. And he played until his cheeks were rosy.

That night, Little Fox snuggled in bed. He thought about the frost spirit. He wondered if it was painting pictures on other windows. "Maybe it's painting for the owls and the rabbits," he said. He smiled and closed his eyes. In his dreams, he saw frosty forests and running deer. And a tiny frost spirit waved to him.

The next morning, Little Fox ran to the window. New frost pictures covered the glass! He saw a fox and a frost spirit dancing together. "Mama!" he called. "The frost spirit remembered me!" Mama came and smiled. "Imagination makes every day a gift," she said. Little Fox nodded. He knew it was true. And he couldn't wait to see what stories the frost would tell next.