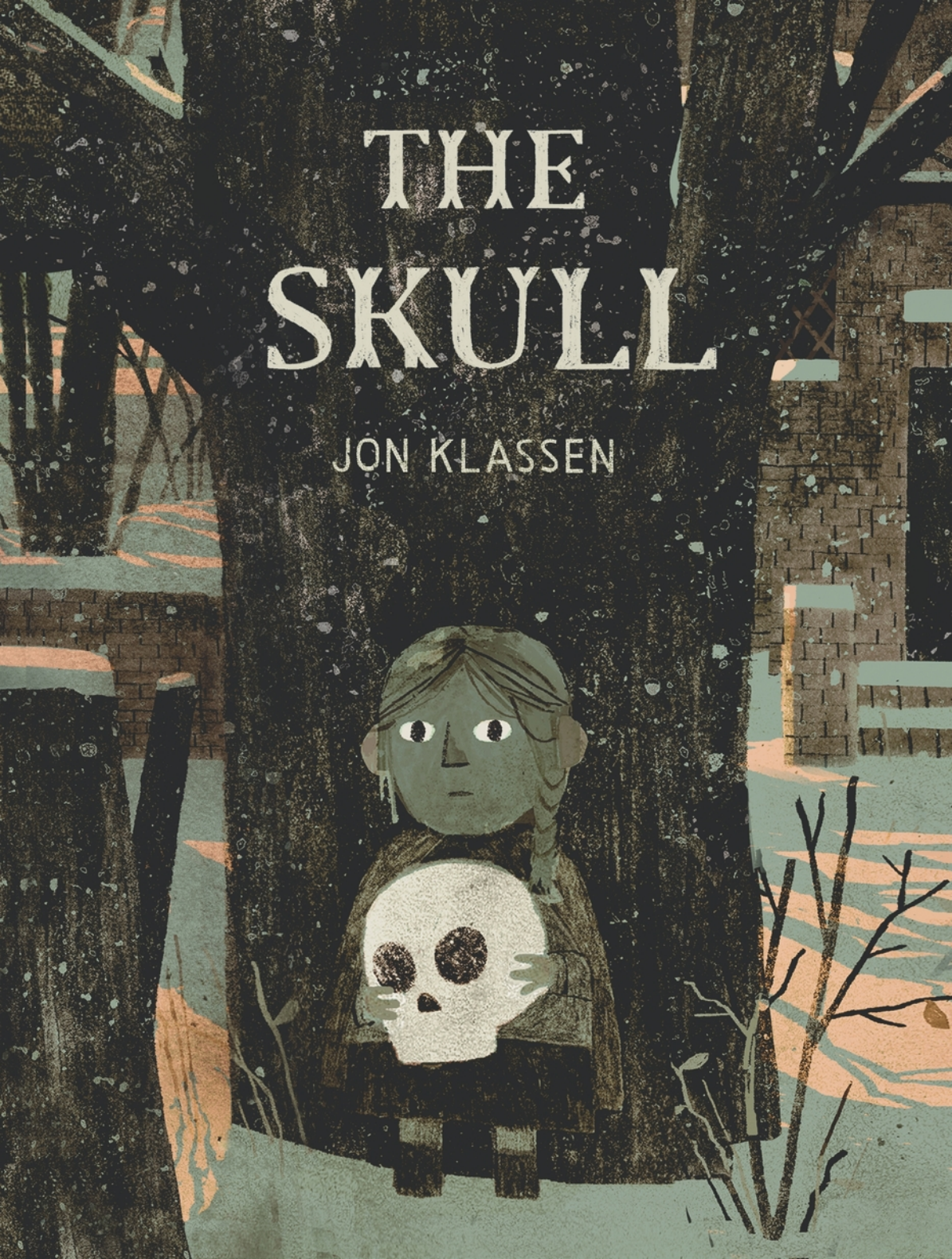

THE SKULL
JON KLASSEN

One night,
in the middle of the night,
while everyone else was asleep,
Otilla finally ran away.



THE SKU

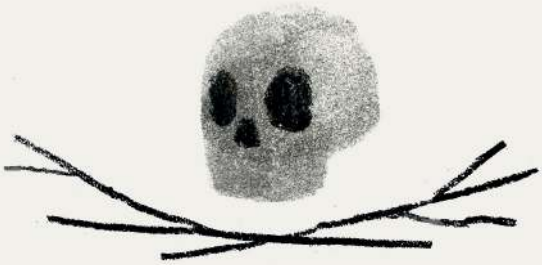
A Tyrolean Folktale — JON KLASSEN



JLL

Candlewick Press





PART ONE

The Forest

The Dark

The House



Otilla ran and ran.
She ran through trees and
up hills. She ran for a long
time. All through the night.

Otilla had grown up in this forest, but after a while the trees began to look different. They were getting closer together.

Otilla kept running.





As she ran, Otilla began to hear her name being called. She couldn't tell if it was someone's voice or the wind in her ears.

"Otillllllaaa."

"Otiiiiillaaaaaa."



“Otillllllaaaaaaa.”

“Otillll—”





Otilla suddenly tripped on a fallen branch and fell hard into the snow. She didn't get up. She could not run anymore. She listened for her name, but now it was quiet.



Otilla lay in the snow and the dark and the quiet and she cried.





When she was done crying, she got up and began moving forward again.

All at once, the trees stopped. She came out of the woods and into an open yard. In front of her, in the distance, was a very big, very old house.







Otilla went up to the house. It looked abandoned, but when she tried to open the door, it was locked. She knocked loudly to see if anyone was inside, but nobody came to the door.

“Hello?” she called out.

“Hello,” someone answered.

Otilla looked up to where the voice had come from. In a window above the door, she saw a skull looking at her.