

# THE SKULL

JON KLASSEN



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



# THE SKULLY

*A Tyrolean Folktale* — JON KLASSEN

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.

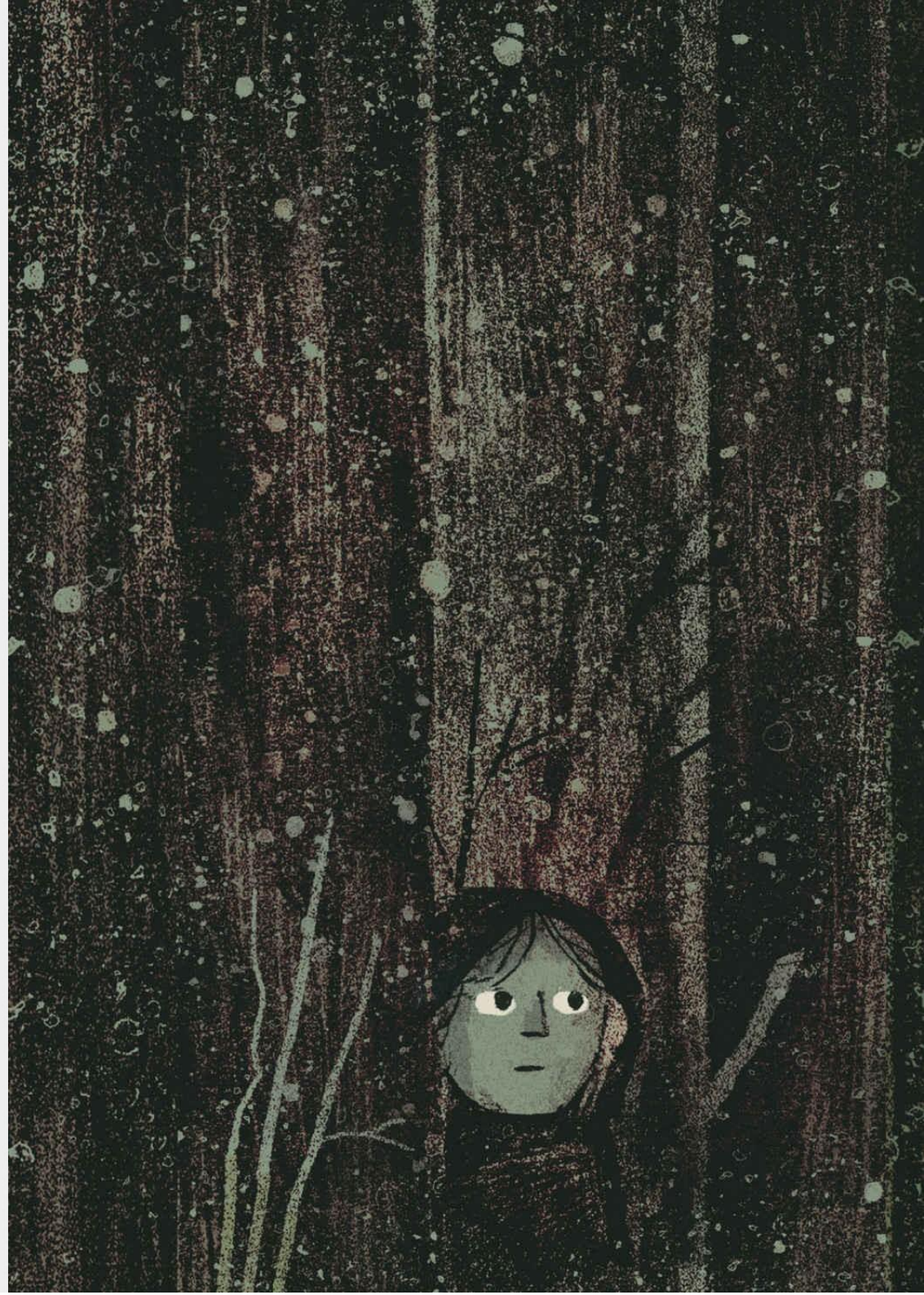
Otilla kept running.



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.”

“Otiillllllaaaaaaa.”



“Otilllllaaaaaa.”

“Otilll—”





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.