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**Future Queen of the Wilis Goes Hunting**

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Future Queen of the Wilis Goes Hunting

by Meg Johnson

She liked the crunch of the white snow. The androgynous bulk of orange encapsulating her long frame. In town there were double takes and a sense of foreboding. You look sixteen, her father said on seeing her in new ballet clothes. She was eleven. Bringing down her first pheasant felt natural. She could imagine getting pheasants to fall from the sky without a gun. She could imagine herself all in white like the fallen snow.

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