





First Snow

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“Little bird, little bird,” asked the foxes,
“can you tell us what snow is?”

“Can’t stop!” little bird chirped, shivering
his wings. “I’m flying to a warmer country
before the snow arrives, but I’ll be back in
spring. Goodbye!”



An owl swooped down, huffing and puffing. “Owl, owl,” asked
the little foxes, “can you tell us what snow is?”

“Sorry,” hooted owl. “I need to build my warm nest before the
snow comes.” And off she flew.

“So snow makes food disappear and it’s very cold?” said the
little foxes.



“Hedgehog, hedgehog,” asked the little foxes,
“can you tell us what snow is?”

“I’m getting ready to hibernate,” replied
hedgehog, nuzzling into his nest. “When the
snow falls it will cover the ground, so I need to
stay safely tucked up till spring. Goodbye!”

With that he curled up into a ball and drifted
into a *deep sleep.*





“Little mice, little mice,” asked the little foxes, “can you tell us what snow is?”

“We’re in a terrible hurry,” replied the dormice.
“We hibernate too, so we must gather as much grass as possible to keep warm.”



And off they scampered to snuggle together in their nest of grass.

The curious little foxes hurried along to find someone else to tell them more.





“Mole, mole,” asked the foxes, “can you tell us what snow is?”

“I wish I had more time,” said mole, brushing soil from her nose. “But it makes the ground so hard and frozen, and I must dig much deeper where it’s warmer whilst I wait for spring.”

