



First Snow

Jo Surman



This book
belongs to:

.....



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templar
books



Late one night, the little foxes snuggled close to their mother and asked: "Mother, why is your fur so warm and thick?"

"I'm growing my winter coat to stay warm when the snow comes," she yawned.

"What is the snow?" wondered the little foxes. But Mother Fox was already asleep.




The next morning, while Mother Fox was busy searching for food, the little foxes scampered out of their den to learn more about 'snow.'

"Squirrel, squirrel," asked the little foxes, "can you tell us what snow is?"


"I'm far too busy," said the squirrel, in a hurry. "I'm gathering nuts to store before the snow comes and no food grows. Goodbye!"

"Oh! So snow makes food disappear!" said the little foxes.



"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."



And with that she was gone...

deep,

deep

underground.

“Oh!” said the little foxes, “so snow makes food disappear, it’s very cold, it falls from the sky, it covers the ground and makes it hard?”





"Bumblebee, bumblebee," asked the little foxes, "can you tell us what snow is?"

"No time to waste," she buzzed. "I'm collecting nectar to make honey, because when the snow falls, I need plenty of energy to keep my queen warm." And she hovered away.



"Frog, frog," asked the little foxes, "can you *please* tell us what the snow is?"

"Sorry, but it's coming," croaked frog, "and I need to reach the bottom of the pond before the water freezes into ice."



And with a **splash** he dived deep into the water.

"So snow makes food disappear, it's very cold, it falls from the sky, it covers the ground and makes it hard, and it turns water to ice?" Amazed, the little foxes bounded off...



But suddenly, the rabbit came rushing by.

"Hurry home, little foxes," she called, breathlessly.
"It's getting late and the snow is coming! Run back
to your den and your mother's winter fur will keep
you warm!"



And with two *big bounces* she was gone.






The two little foxes raced across the frosty fields.
The sun was setting and it was getting bitingly cold.



Finally home, the little foxes curled up to their mother and dreamt about all they'd learnt.

But as the sun rose, Mother Fox shook them awake.

"Come outside!" she said. Sleepily, they poked their noses out of the den and...



They gasped with delight.

"So this is snow!" they cried.

"It makes food disappear, it's very cold, it falls from the sky, it covers the ground and makes it hard, it turns water to ice... and it looks fun to play in!"



And so they played together until it was
time to go to bed...



knowing the snow would still be there in the morning.



