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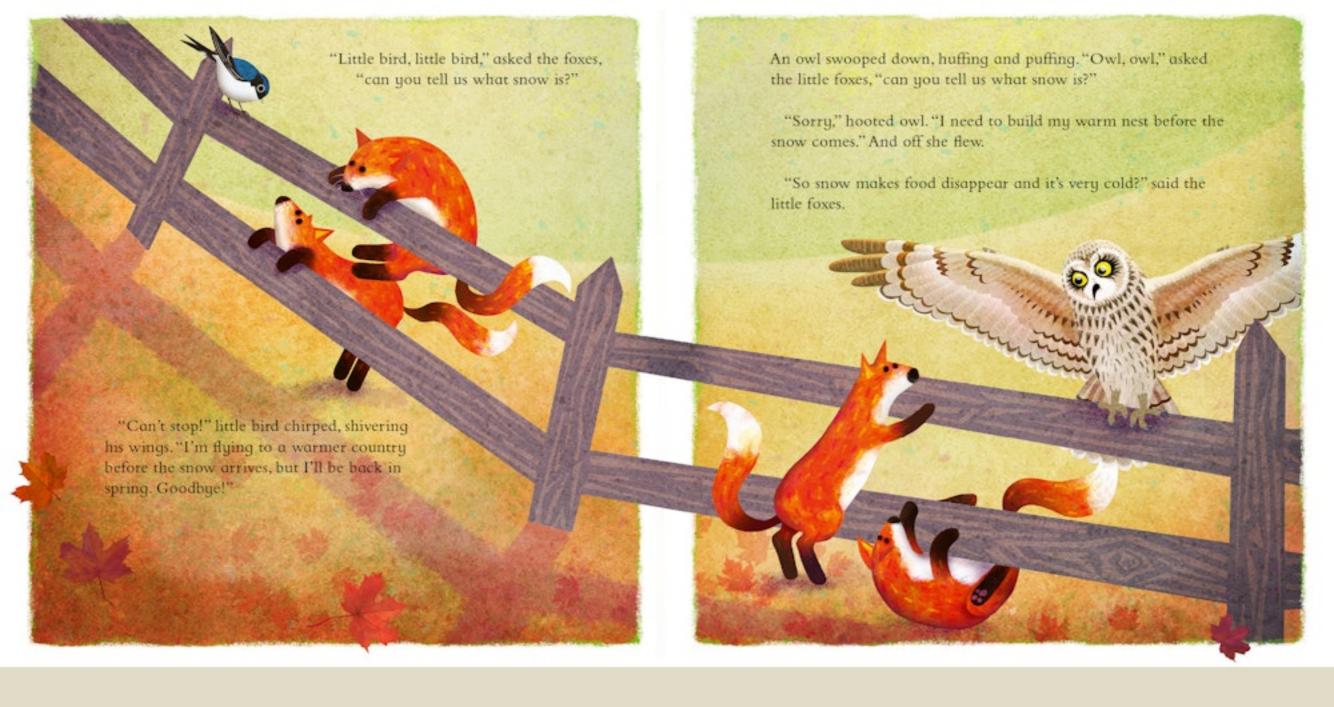
Jo Surman















"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

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...

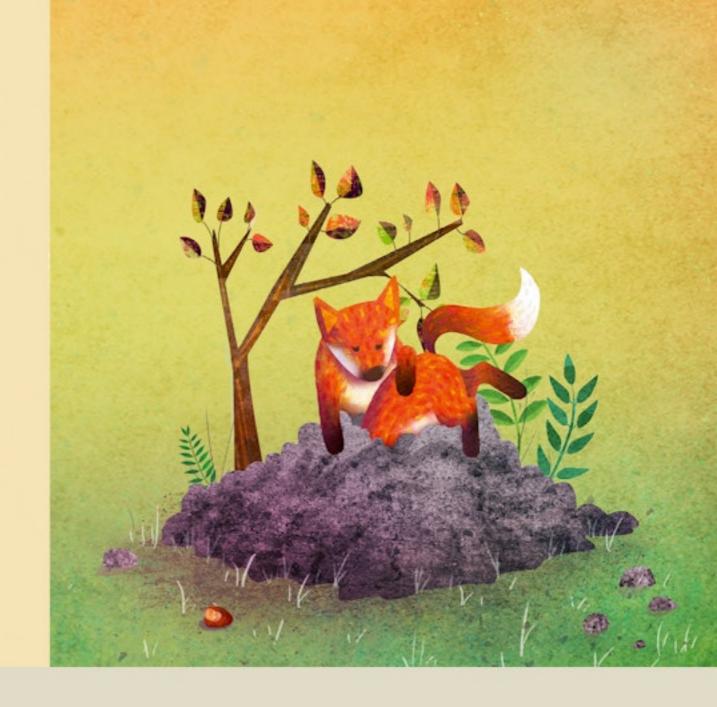
deep,

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 nector to make honey, because when the snow falls, I need plenty of energy to keep my queen warm." And she hovered away.





And with a splash he dived deep into the water.

