

The Snowy Day.

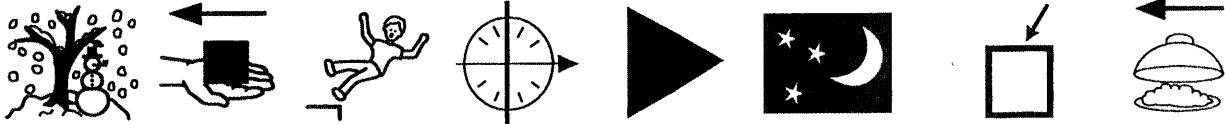
One morning Peter woke up and looked out the window.

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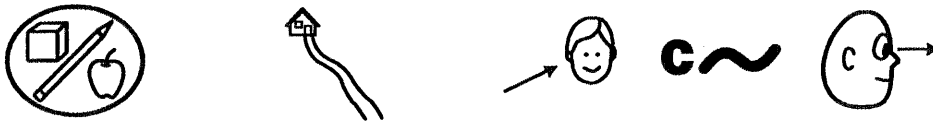
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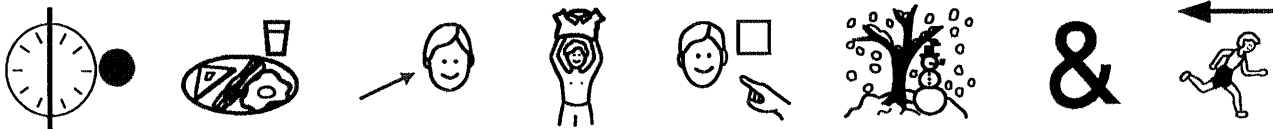
Snow had fallen during the night. It covered



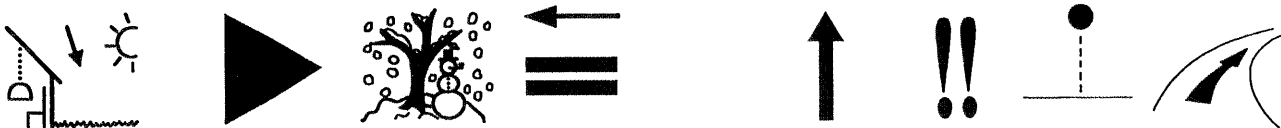
everything as far as he could see.



After breakfast he put on his snowsuit and ran



outside. The snow was piled up very high along



the street to make a path for walking.



Crunch, crunch, crunch, his feet sank into the snow.



He walked with his toes pointing out like



this:



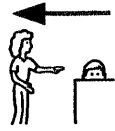
He walked with his toes pointing in, like that:



Then he dragged his feet slowly to make tracks



And he found something sticking out of the snow



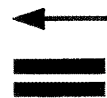
that made a new track.



It was a stick.



A stick that was just right for smacking a



snow covered tree.



Down fell the snow-- plop! on top of Peter's head.



He thought it would be fun to join the
 big boys in their snowball fight, but he knew
 he was not old enough yet, not yet.

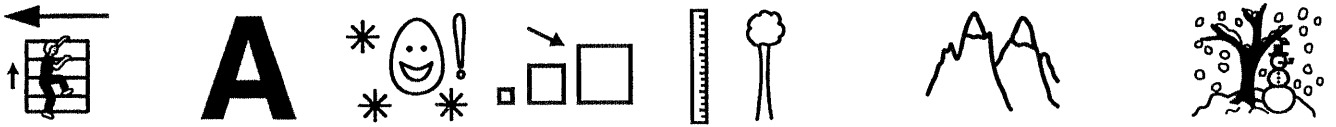
So he made a smiling snowman,

And he made angels.

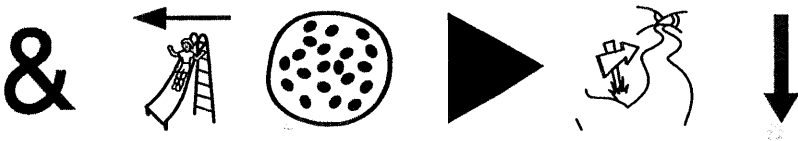
He pretended he was a mountain climber. He



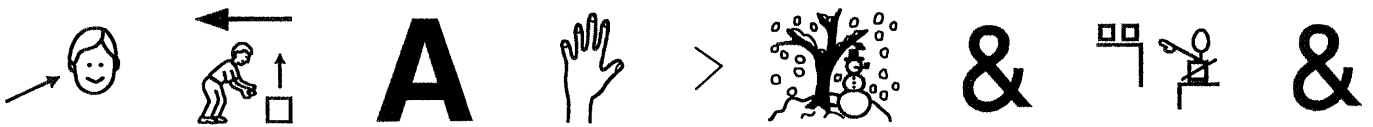
climbed up a great big tall heaping mountain of snow.



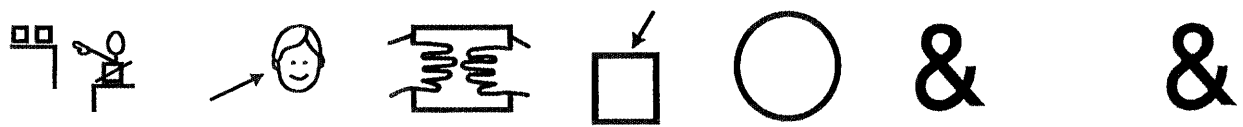
And slid all the way down.



He picked up a handful of snow-- and another, and



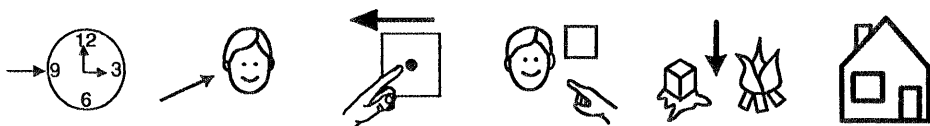
still another. He packed it round and firm and



put the snowball in his pocket for tomorrow.



Then he went into his warm house.



He told his mother all about his adventures while

she took off his wet socks.

And he thought and thought about them.

Before he got into bed he looked in his

pocket. His pocket was empty. The snowball was

not there. He felt very sad.

While he slept, he dreamed that the sun had melted all the snow away.

But when he woke up his dream was gone. The snow was still everywhere. New snow was falling!

After breakfast he called to his friend from across the hall, and they went out together into the deep, deep snow.