

Story by Syd Hoff
Pictures by Mary Chalmers

When Will It Snow?







For my little granddaughter,
Seash



*I*t was winter.
The birds were gone.
The trees had no leaves.





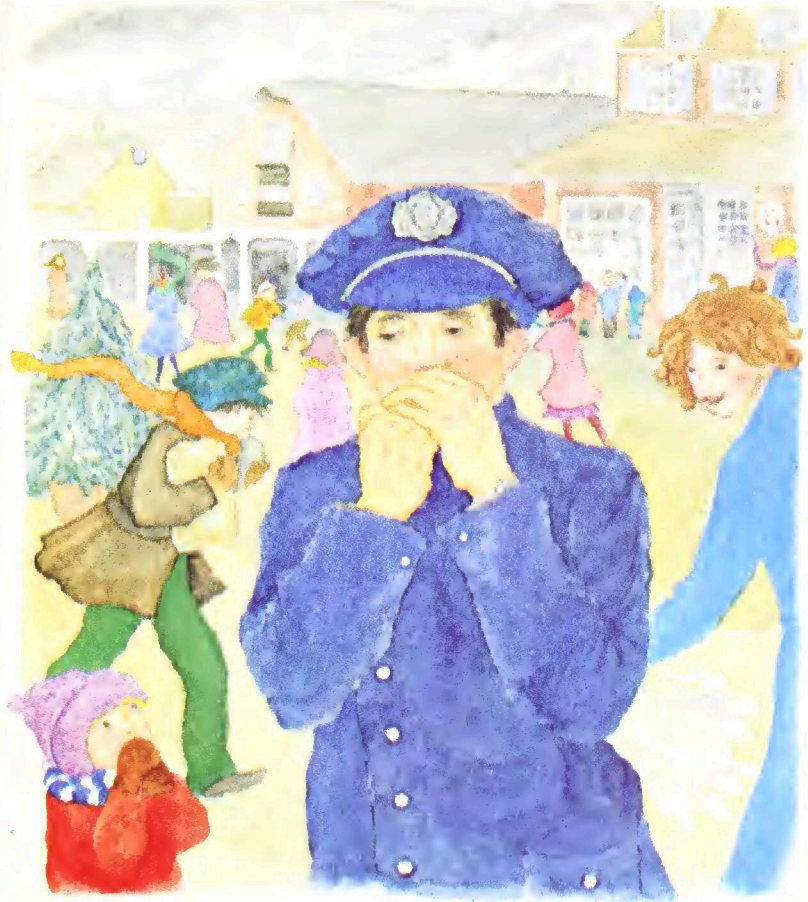
“When will it snow?” said Billy.
“Soon,” said his mother.



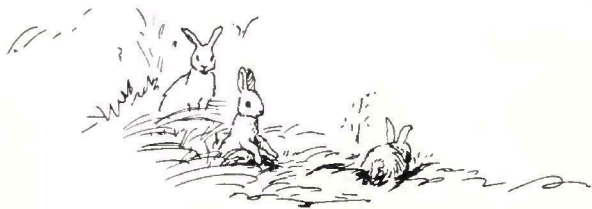


It was winter.
The policeman blew on
his fingers.





The dog wore a sweater.
The cat shivered.





The bears went into their cave.





“When will it snow?” said Billy.
“Soon,” said his mother.



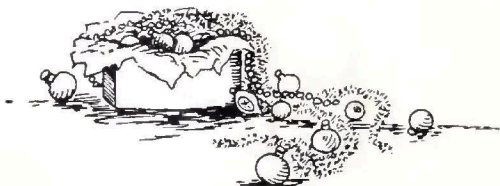


It was winter.
The smoke came out
of chimneys.





The stores put up holly.
The people bought
Christmas trees.





The sled was waiting.



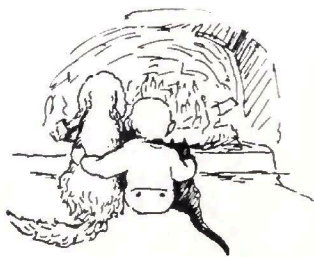


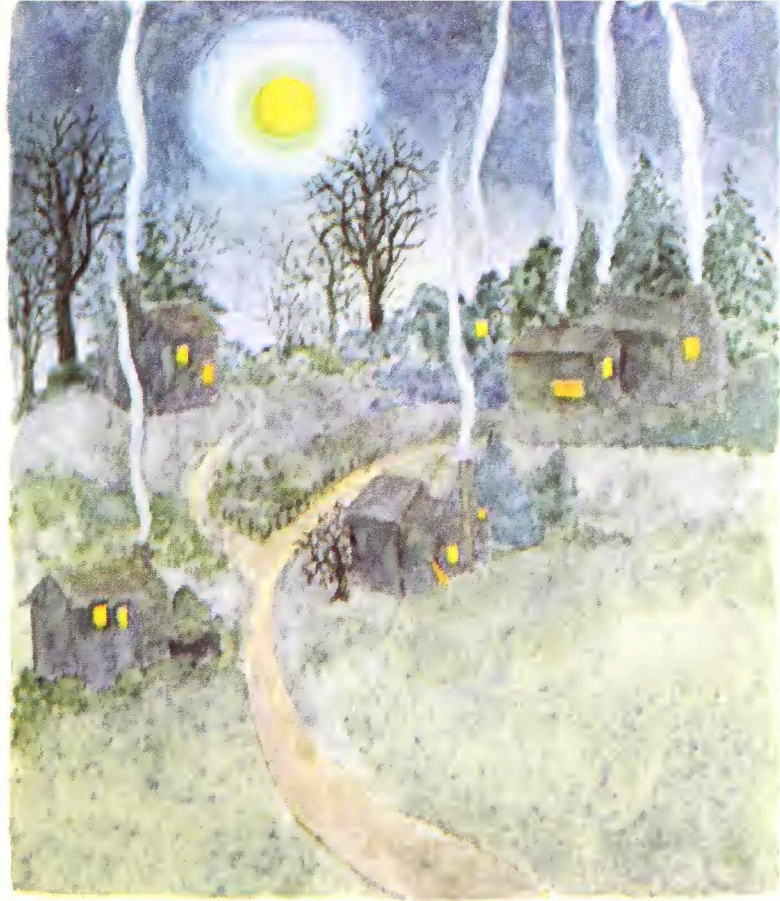
“When will it snow?” said Billy.
“Soon,” said his mother.





It was winter.
The logs burned.
The wind blew.
The days grew shorter.

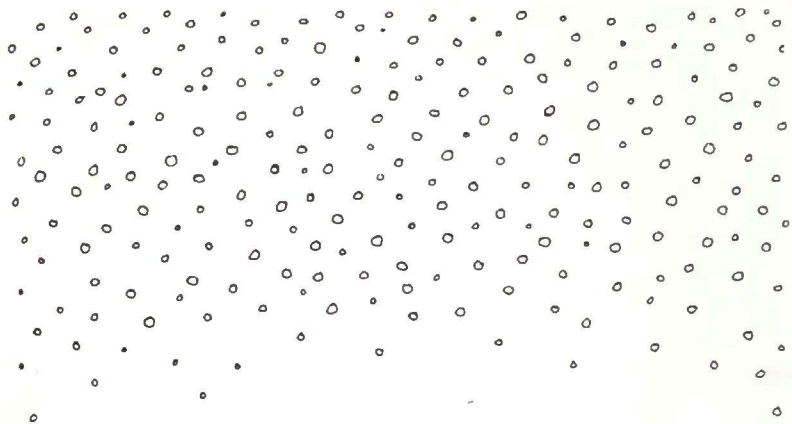






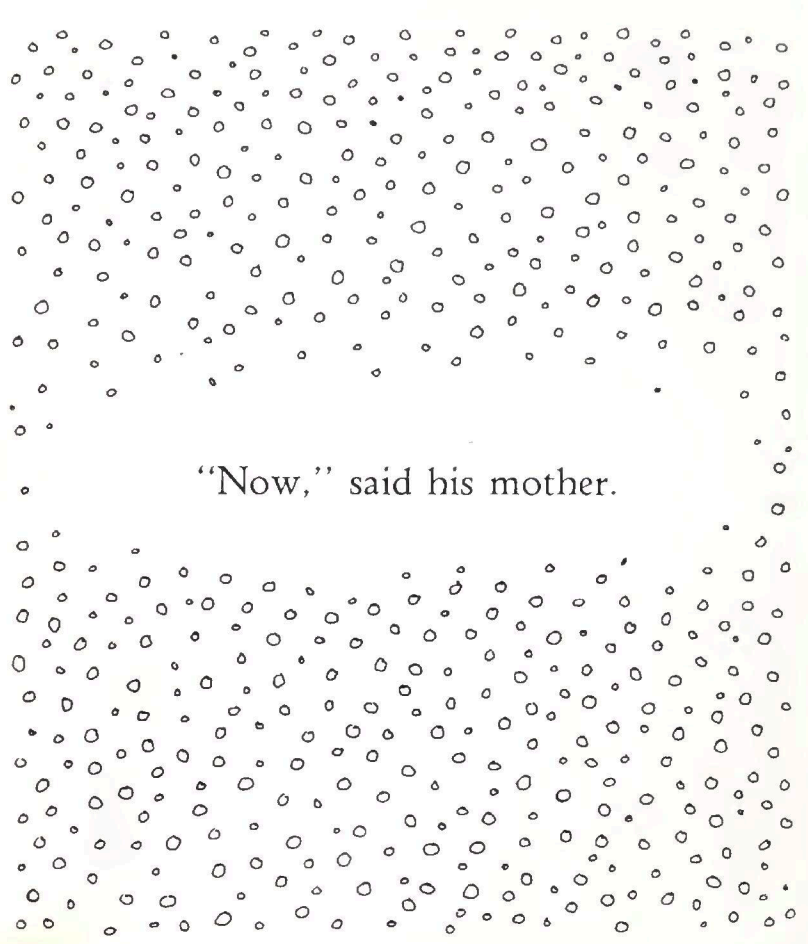
Mother put on extra blankets.





“When will it snow?” said Billy.





“Now,” said his mother.



The End

