

CYNTHIA RYLANT

Snow



ILLUSTRATED BY

LAUREN STRINGER

CYNTHIA RYLANT

Snow



ILLUSTRATED BY

LAUREN STRINGER

〒101-0051 東京都千代田区神田神保町2丁目15番地
株式会社 外ル・モリ エージェンシー
電話 (03) 3230-4081/7072
FAX (03) 3230-4160

Harcourt, Inc. • Orlando Austin New York San Diego London



Text copyright © 2008 by Cynthia Rylant
Illustrations copyright © 2008 by Lauren Stringer

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Requests for permission to make copies of any part of the work should be submitted online at www.harcourt.com/contact or mailed to the following address: Permissions Department, Harcourt, Inc., 6277 Sea Harbor Drive, Orlando, Florida 32887-6777.

www.HarcourtBooks.com

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Rylant, Cynthia.

Snow/[text by] Cynthia Rylant; [illustrated by] Lauren Stringer.

p. cm.

Summary: Celebrates the beauty of a snowfall and its happy effects on children.

[1. Snow—Fiction.] I. Stringer, Lauren, ill. II. Title.

PZ7.R982Sn 2008

[E]—dc22 2006006171

ISBN 978-0-15-205303-1

First edition

H G F E D C B A

Printed in Singapore

The illustrations in this book were done in acrylic paints on
Arches 140 lb. watercolor paper.

The display lettering was created by Monica Dengo.

The text type was set in Perpetua.

Color separations by Colourscan Co. Pte. Ltd., Singapore

Printed and bound by Tien Wah Press, Singapore

Production supervision by Pascha Gerlinger


Designed by Lauren Stringer and Lydia D'moch

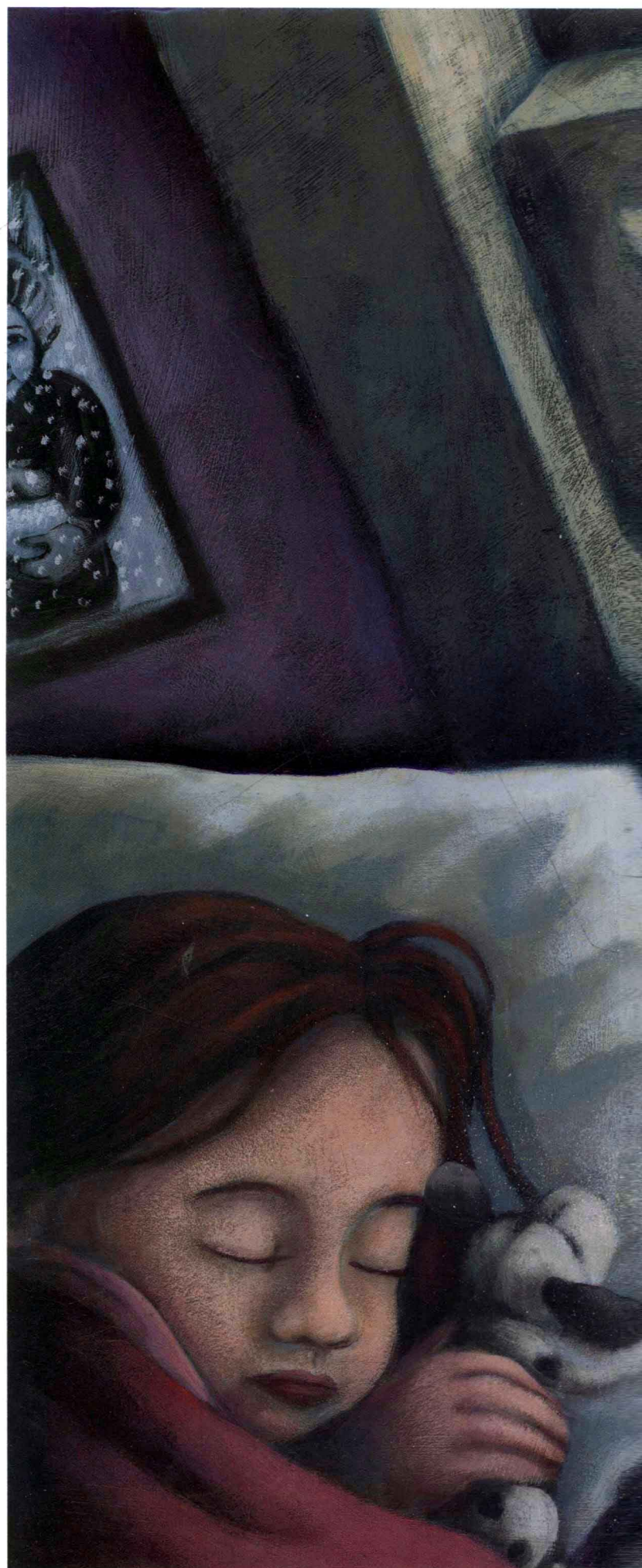


For my sister, Merrill, and my brother, Dave,
and all that we remember

—L. S.



 The best snow
is the snow that
comes softly in the night,
like a shy friend
afraid to knock,
so she thinks she'll
just wait in the yard
until you see her.
This is the snow
that brings you peace.





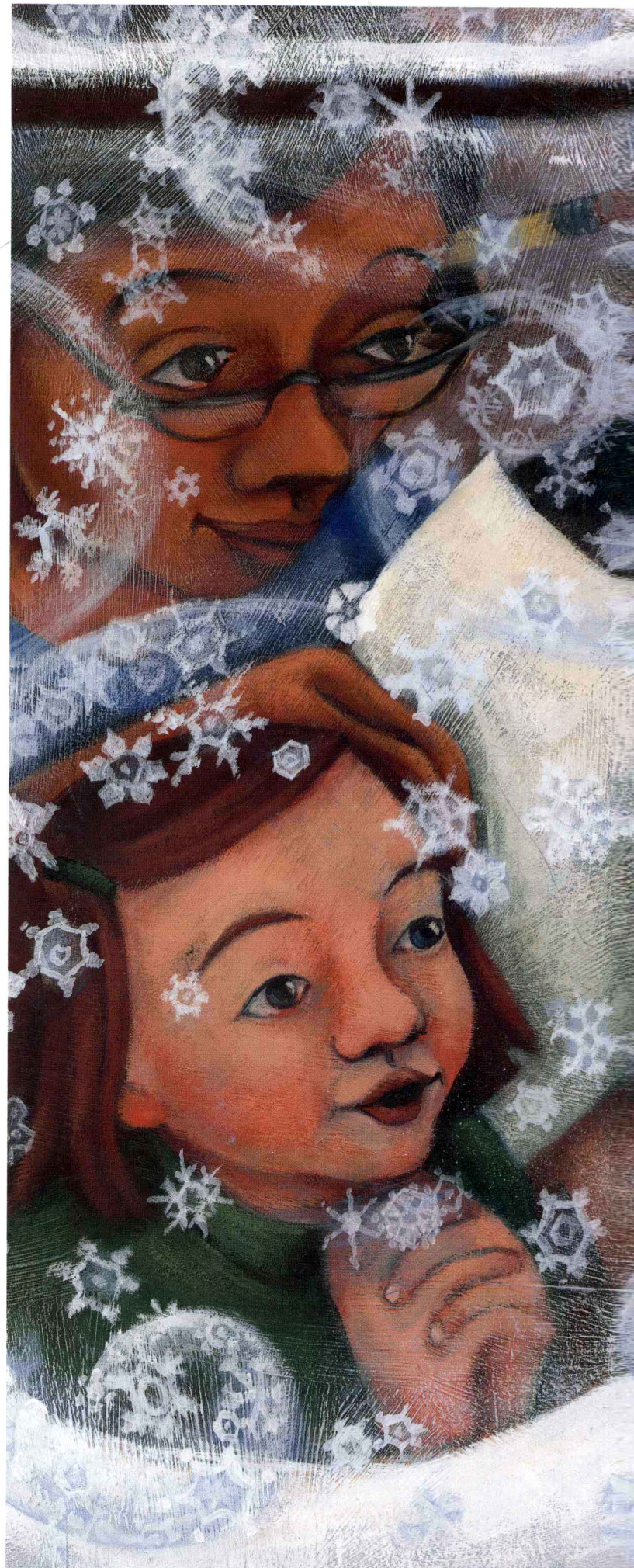


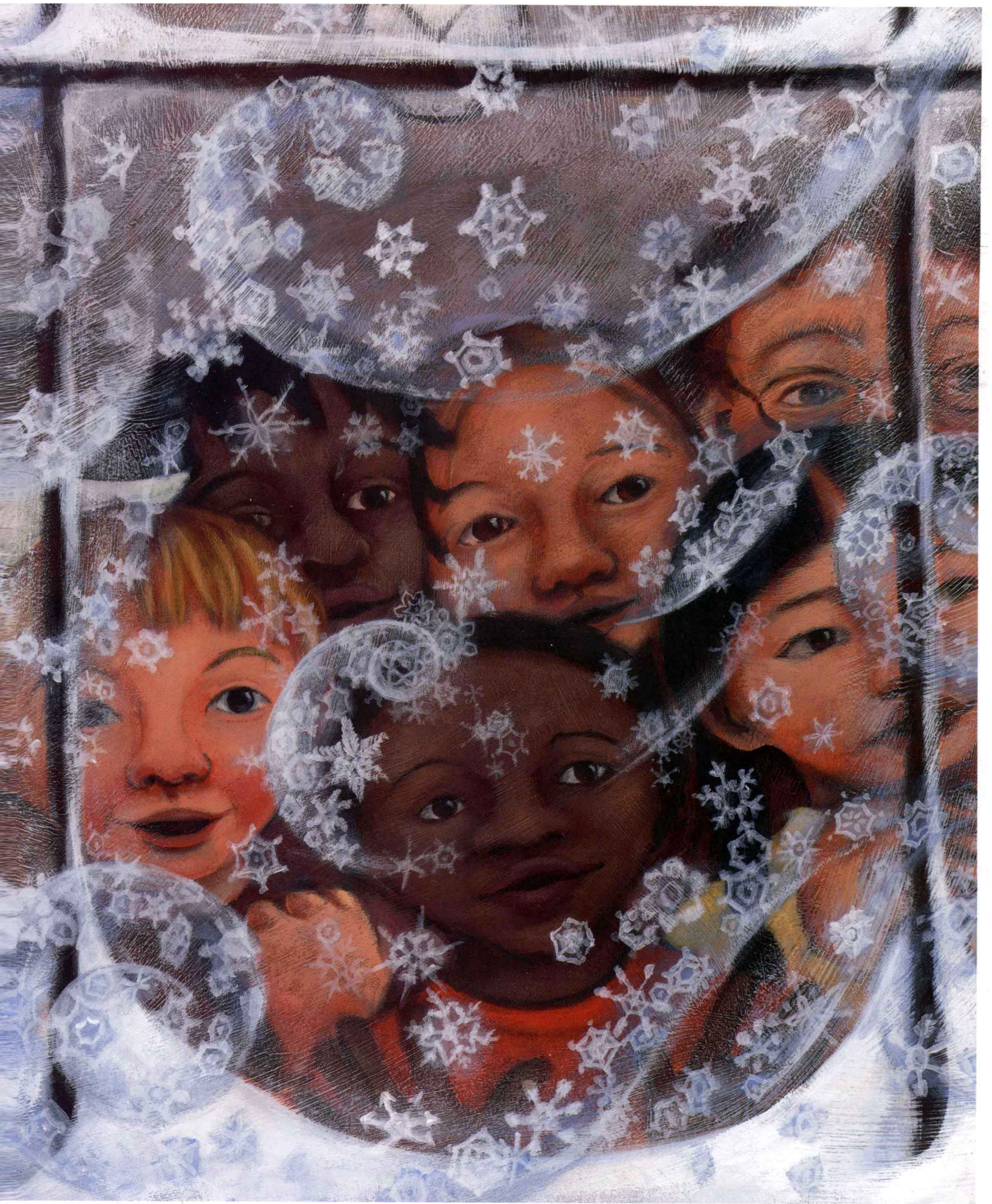


And then there is the snow
that begins to fall
in fat, cheerful flakes
while you are somewhere
you'd rather not be.
Maybe school.
Maybe work.

And this snow
tells you, as it falls, that
it will send you home early,
don't worry.

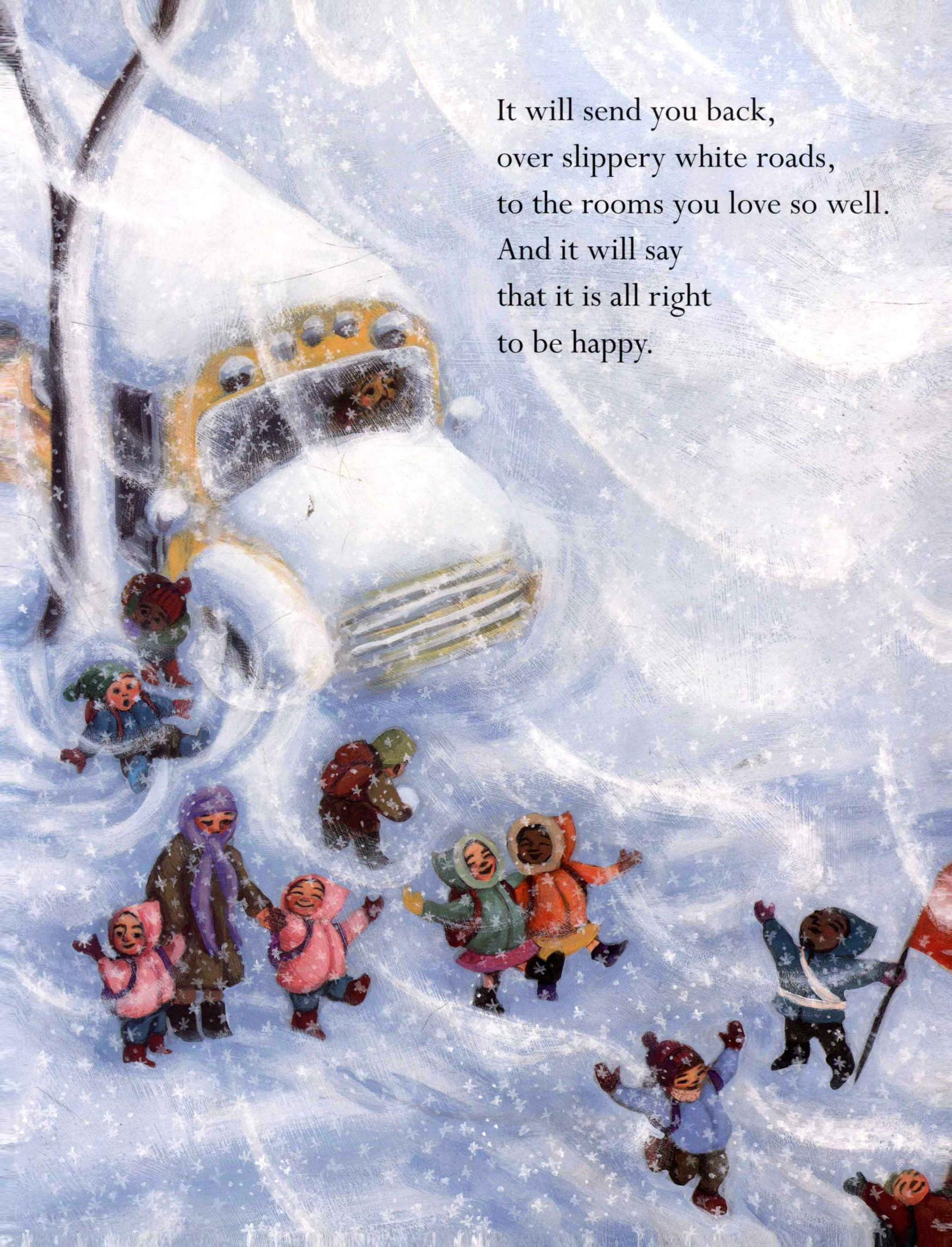
Home is where you
need to be,
and this snow
will take you there.









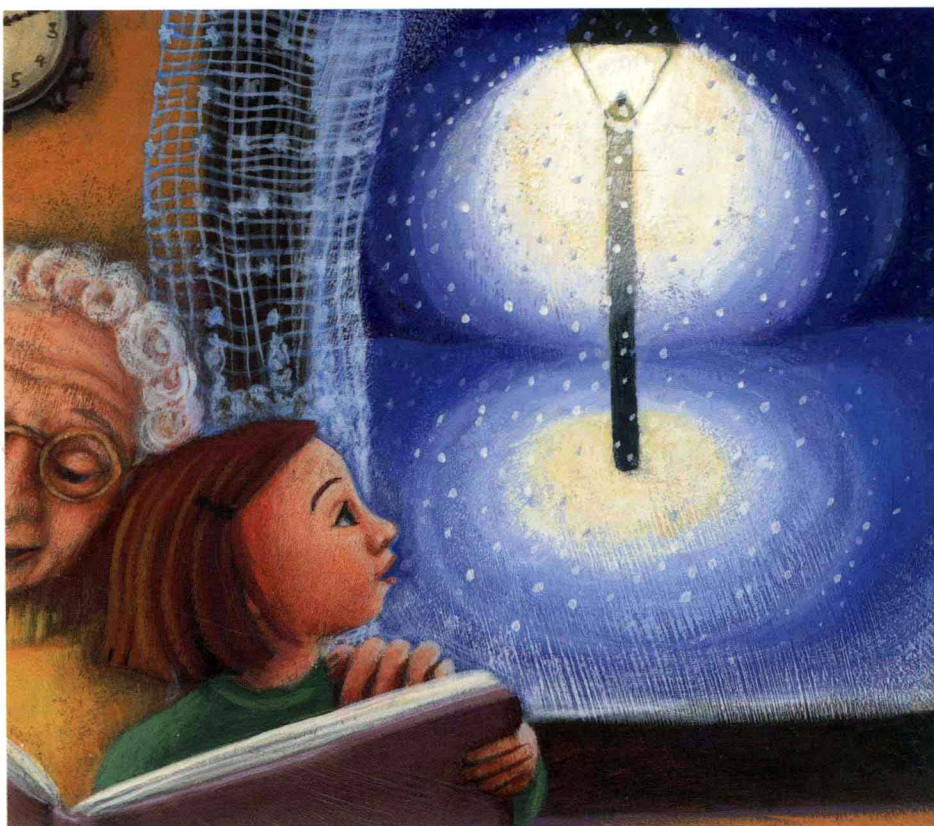
It will send you back,
over slippery white roads,
to the rooms you love so well.
And it will say
that it is all right
to be happy.





Some snows fall only lightly,
just enough
to make you notice
the delicate limbs of trees,
the light falling
from the lamppost,
a sparrow's small feet.

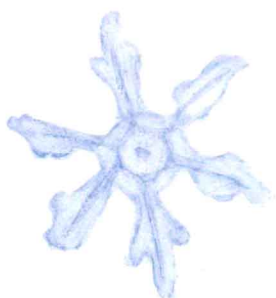






And some snows fall so heavy
they bury
cars up to their noses,
and make evergreens bow,
and keep your kitties
curled up awhile.





Children love snow
better than anyone does,
and they never complain
as they pull on their
red boots and mittens
and make plans
to catch
wet flakes on their tongues

