

The Snowy Day- TEXT

by Ezra Jack Keats (1962)

Adapted in "accessible format" (Chafee Amendment) by Amy Shepherd, M.Ed.
for students with CVI and Low Vision.

Further reproduction or distribution in other than a specialized format is prohibited.

One winter morning Peter woke up and looked out the window.
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 s-l-o-w-l-y 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 wasn't old enough—yet.

So he made a smiling snowman.

And he made angles.

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 and thought about them.

Before he got into bed he looked in his pocket. His pocket was empty.

The snowball wasn't there. He felt very sad.

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

But when he work up the 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 in the deep deep snow.