For Grace and Freya,
at the start of your adventures.
– R.T.

For Molly and Oscar.
Thank you for your love
and support. I hope you enjoy it.
– O.A.

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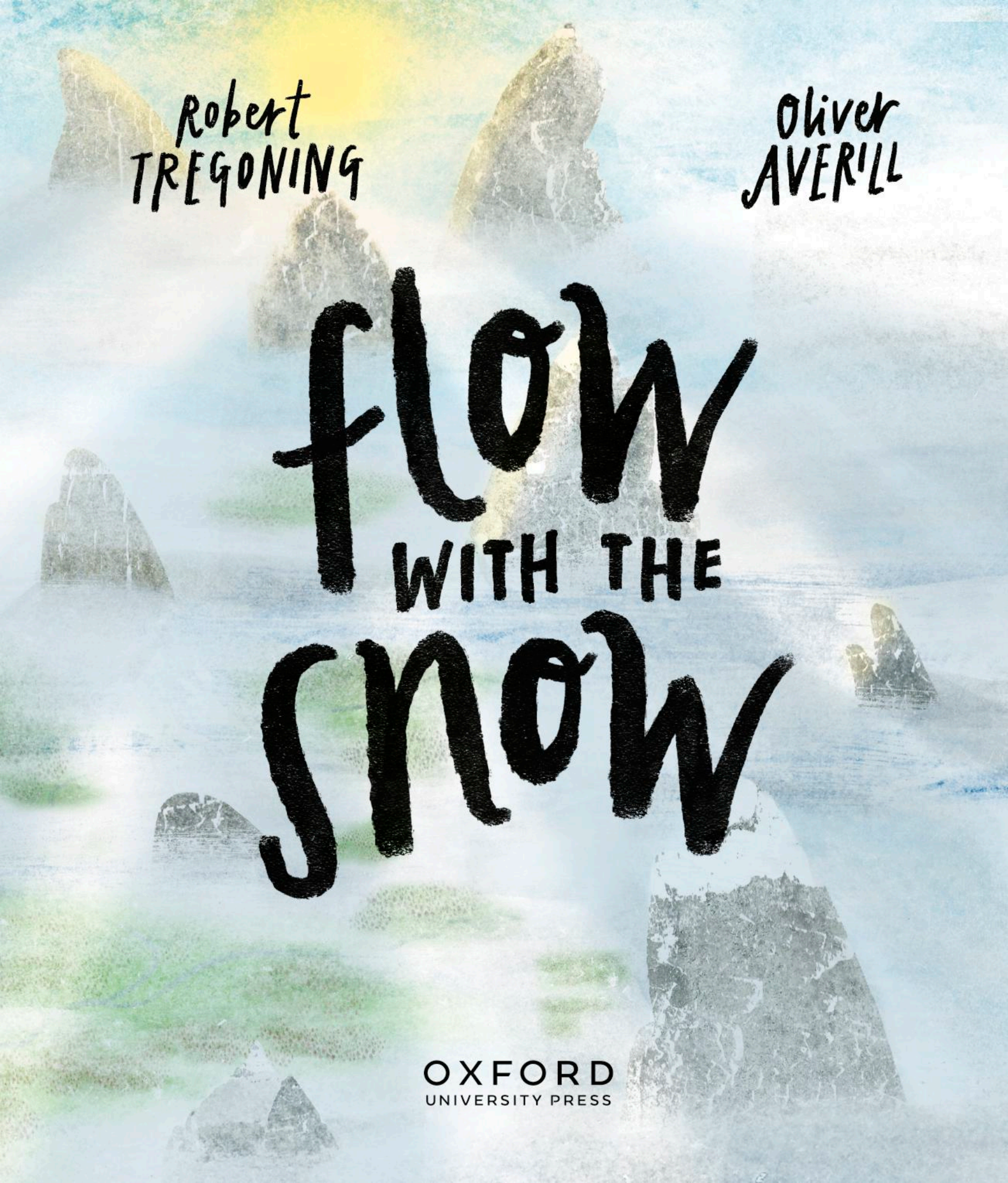
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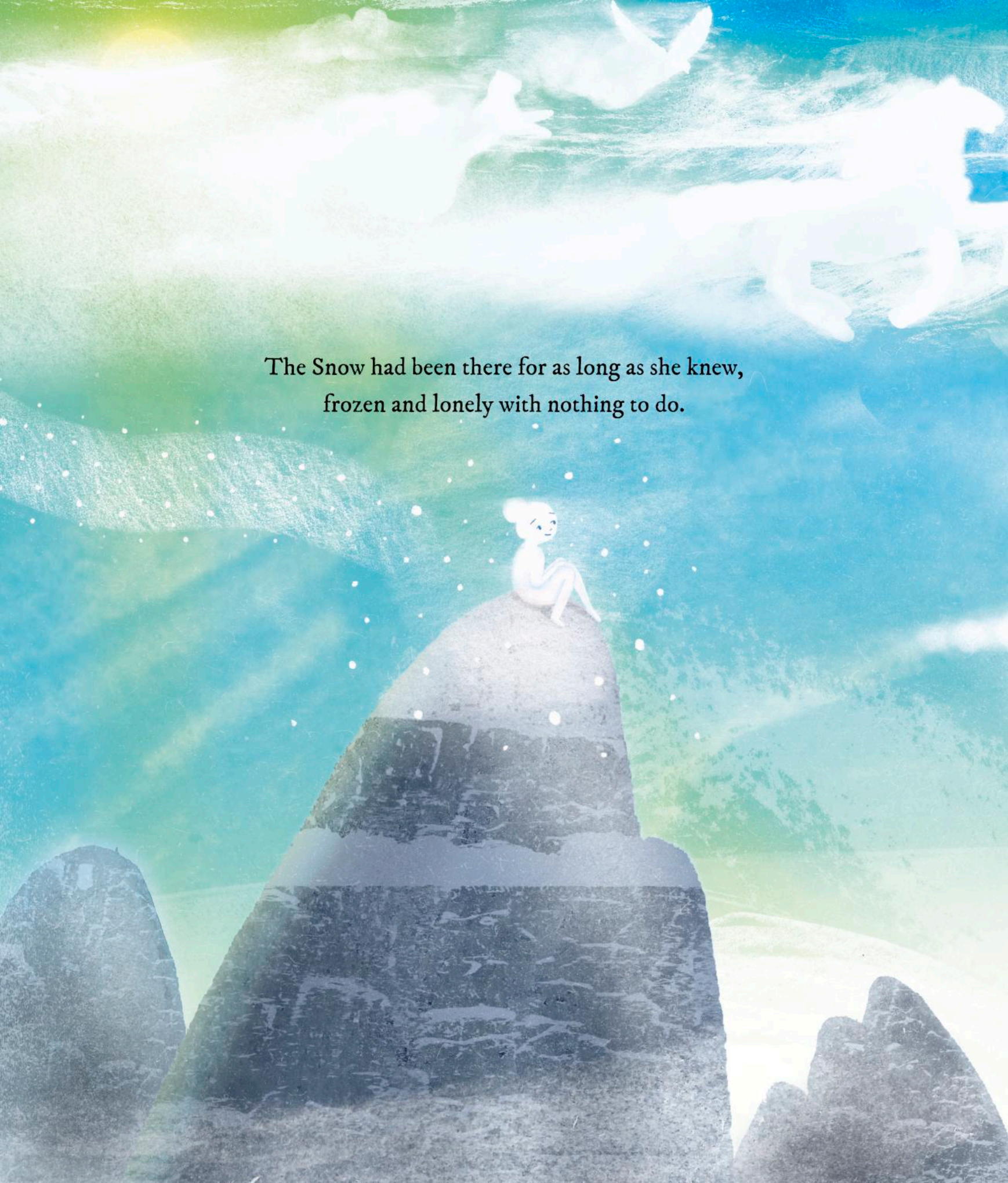
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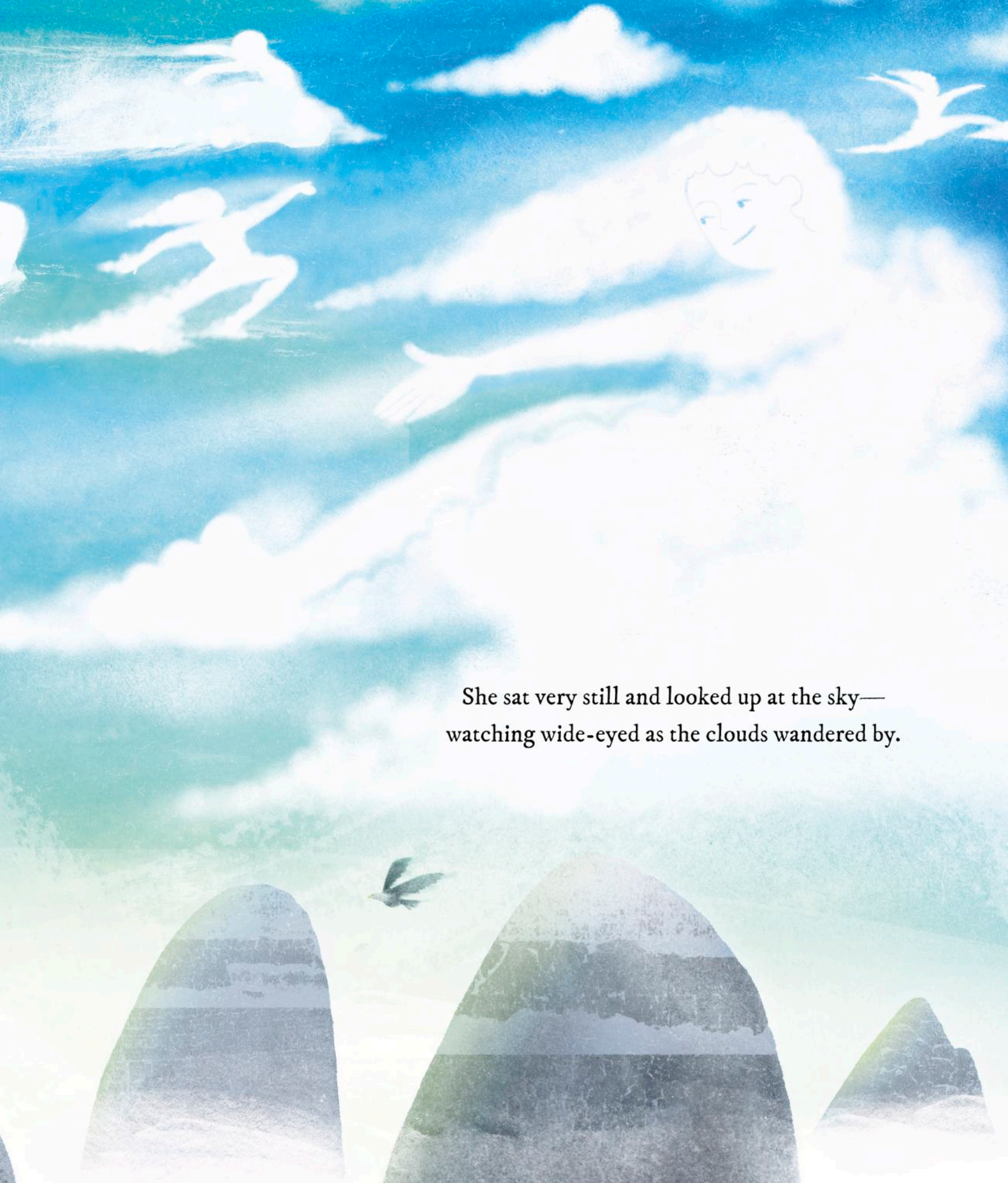

Robert
TREGONING
Oliver
AVERILL
flow
WITH THE
snow
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High on a mountain, right up at the top,
a flurry of snowflakes had come to a stop.



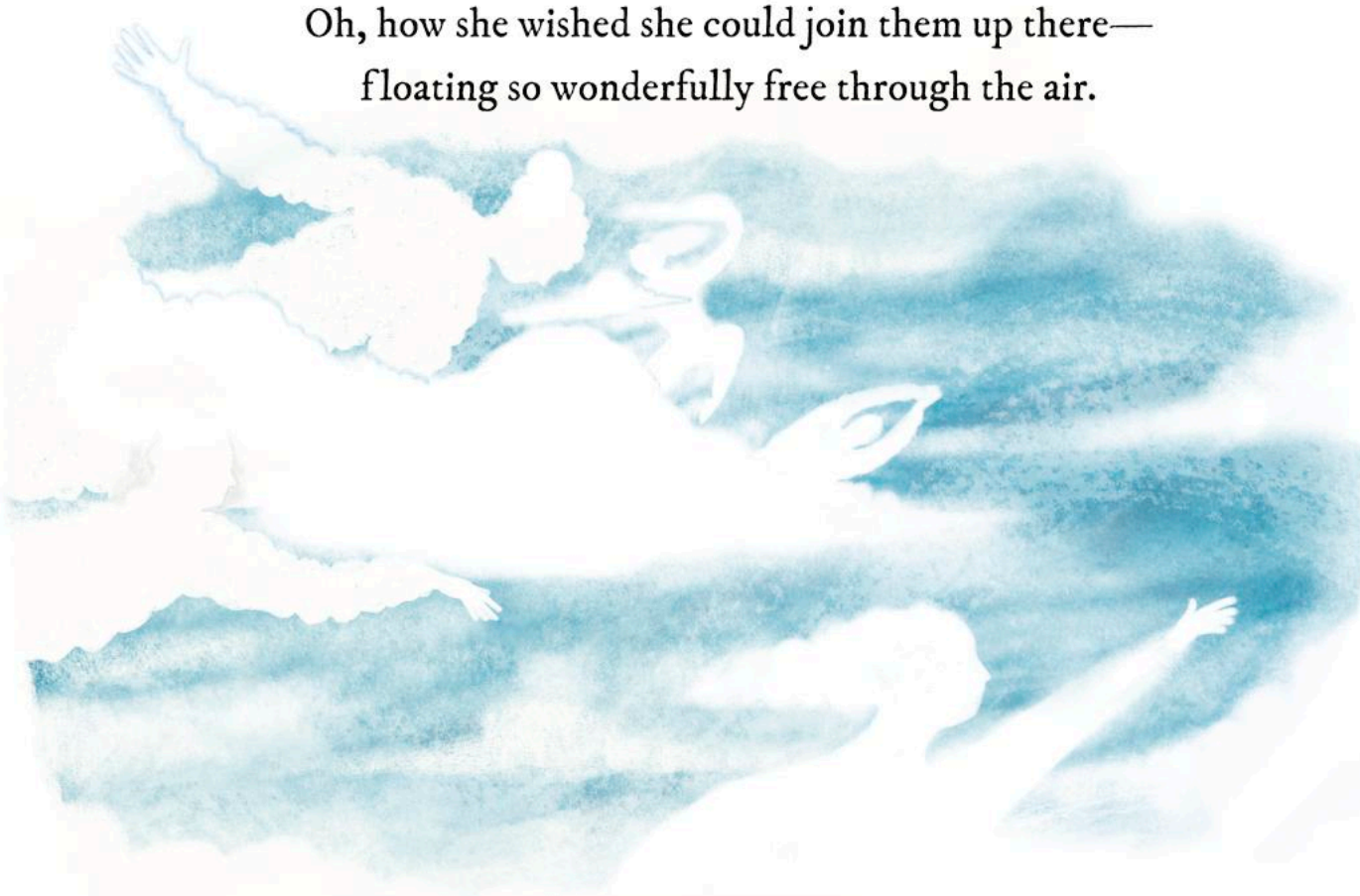


The Snow had been there for as long as she knew,
frozen and lonely with nothing to do.



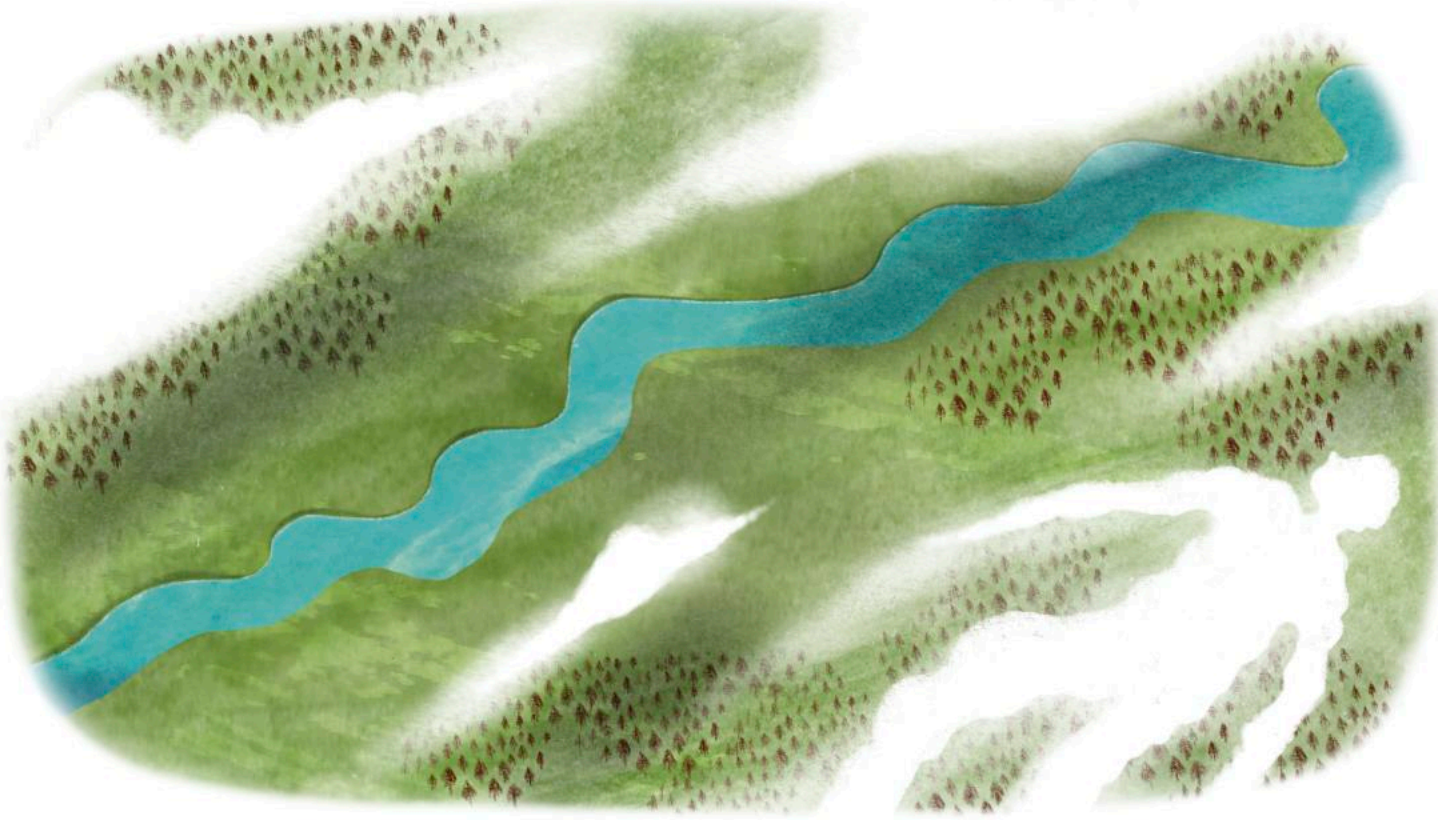
She sat very still and looked up at the sky—
watching wide-eyed as the clouds wandered by.

Oh, how she wished she could join them up there—
floating so wonderfully free through the air.



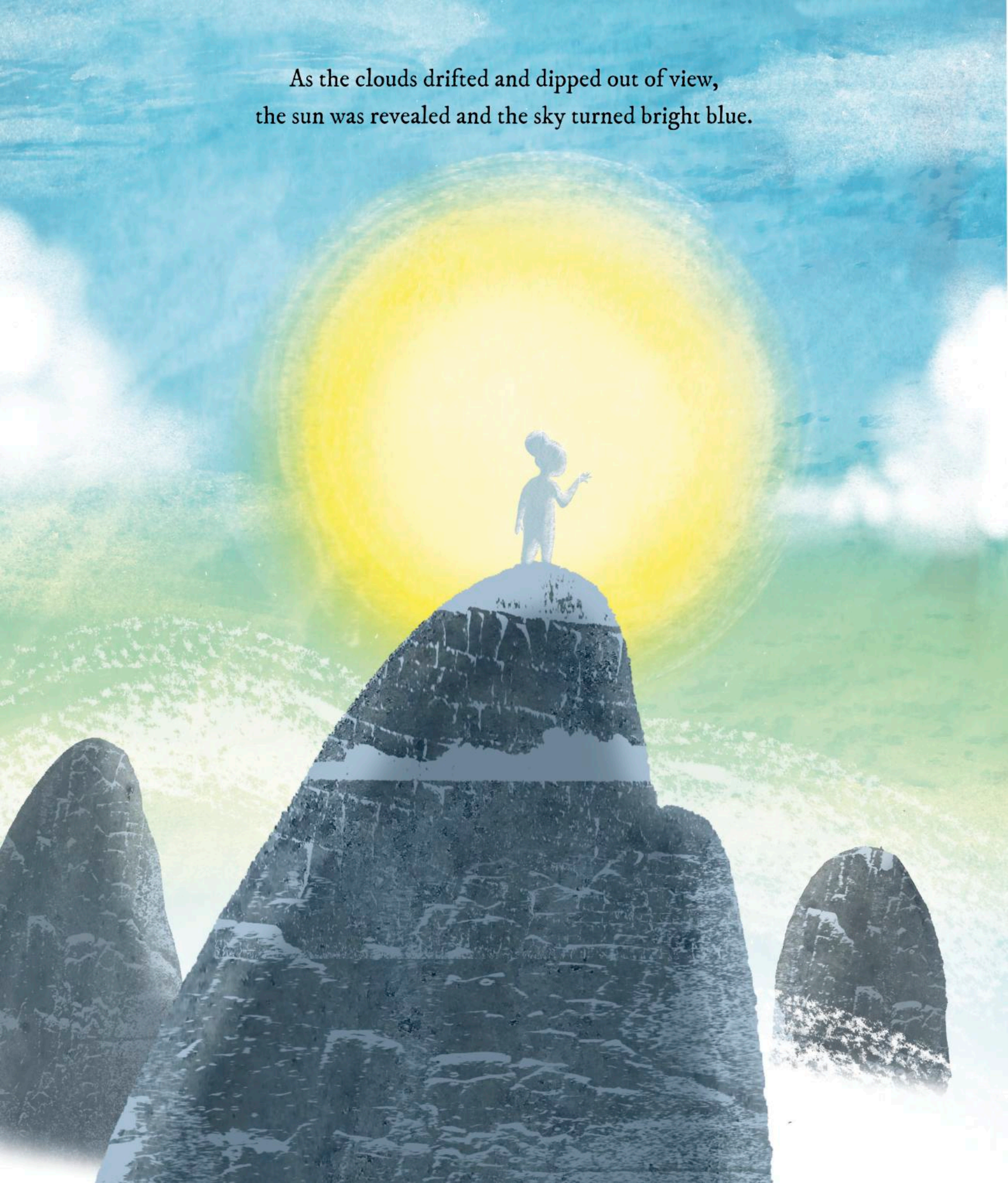
Gracefully gliding, with ballroom-like ease,
twirling past mountaintops covered in trees.





Over the river and on to the bay
where, reaching the ocean, the clouds waltzed away.





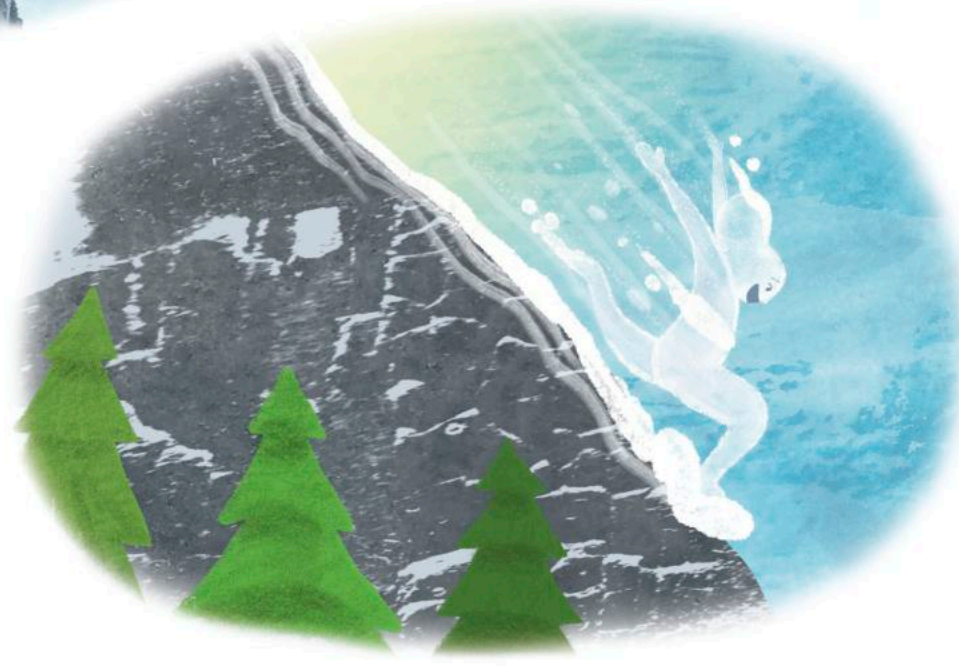
As the clouds drifted and dipped out of view,
the sun was revealed and the sky turned bright blue.

The Snow felt a feeling
that she'd never felt—





all slushy and warm—
she was starting to melt!





Faster and faster
she ran from her peak—
she dripped and she dropped
in the crystal-clear creek.



Whizzing through trees on the steep mountainside,
Whee! flowed the Snow, down the slippery slide!