
A THING
CALLED SNOW
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OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP

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First published 2020

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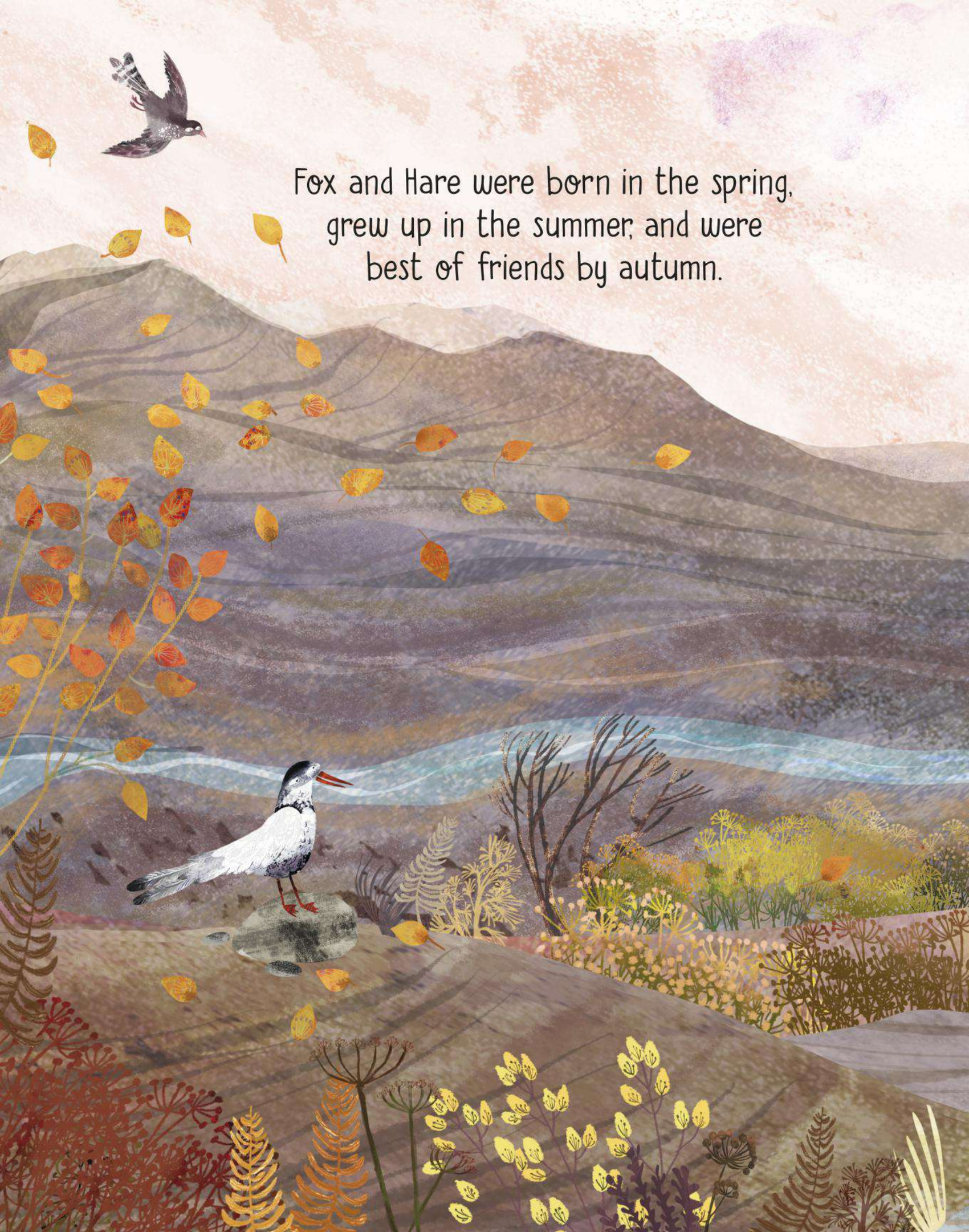
British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data
Data available

ISBN: 978-0-19-276982-4

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

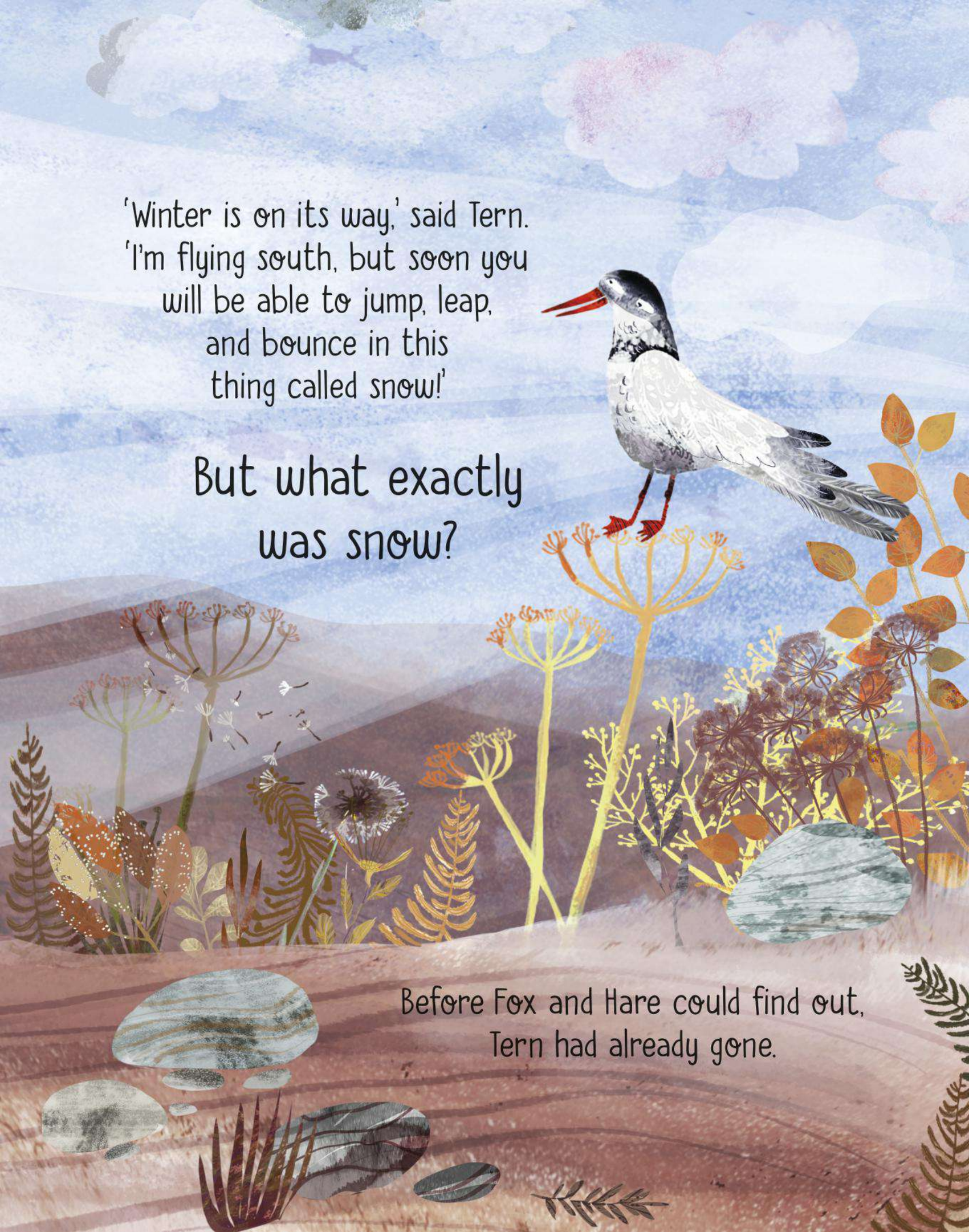
Printed in China

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Fox and Hare were born in the spring,
grew up in the summer, and were
best of friends by autumn.




Then one day Fox's nose twitched.
Hare's ears pricked . . .

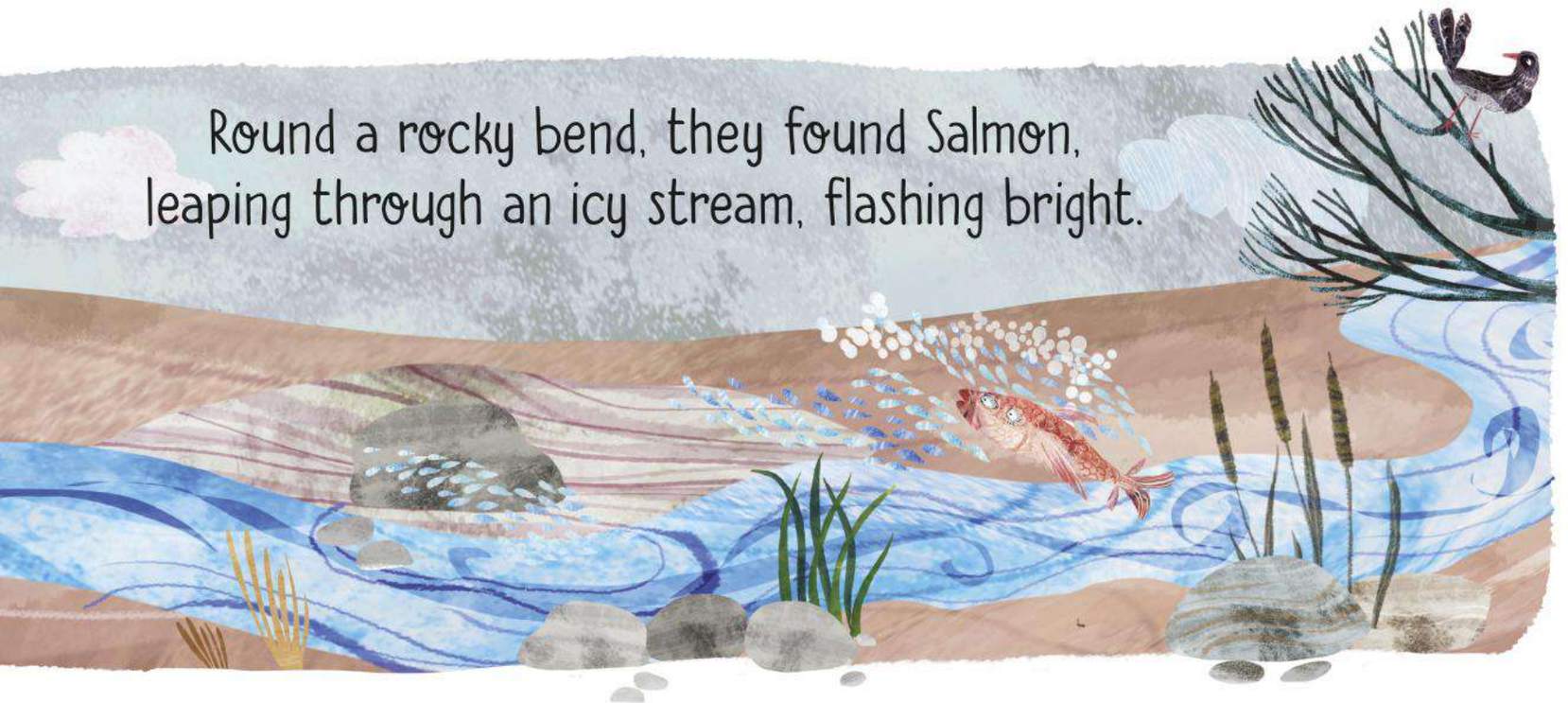

'Winter is on its way,' said Tern.
'I'm flying south, but soon you
will be able to jump, leap,
and bounce in this
thing called snow!'
But what exactly
was snow?
Before Fox and Hare could find out,
Tern had already gone.



'Hello, there,' called Fox.
'Is that snow?'

So they followed the stream, searching
for something as fluffy as their tails.

Round a rocky bend, they found Salmon,
leaping through an icy stream, flashing bright.





'No, this is spray,' said Salmon.
'Snow is **fluffy**, like your tails.'

