SNOW

Uri Shulevitz
For
Margaret Ferguson
and for
Kiddo
The skies are gray.
The rooftops are gray.
The whole city is gray.
Then
one snowflake.
“It’s only a snowflake,” said grandfather with beard.
"It's snowing," said boy with dog.
Then two snowflakes.

“It's snowing,” said boy with dog.
"It's nothing,"
said man with hat.
Then
three snowflakes.
“It’s snowing,” said boy with dog.
“It’ll melt,” said woman with umbrella.
A few snowflakes float down and melt.
But as soon as one snowflake melts another takes its place.
“No snow,” said radio.
“No snow,” said television.
But snowflakes don’t listen to radio,
snowflakes don't watch television.
All snowflakes know
is snow, snow, and snow.
Snowflakes keep coming and coming and coming,
circling and swirling,
spinning and twirling,
dancing, playing, there, and there,
floating, floating through the air,
falling, falling everywhere.
And rooftops grow lighter,
and lighter.
"It's snowing," said boy with dog.
The rooftops are white.
The whole city is white.
“Snow,” said the boy.
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An ALA Notable Book
Winner of the Charlotte Zolotow Award
Winner of the Golden Kite Award
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A Bulletin Blue Ribbon Book
A Publishers Weekly Best Book of the Year
An American Bookseller Pick of the Lists
A Parenting magazine Reading Magic Award winner
A CBC “Not Just for Children Anymore!” book

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