

Marie Štumpfová & Radek Malý

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The First Snow

THE FIRST SNOW

Albatros



Suddenly, in the morning, it was there.
Light and fluffy, quiet as a lamb.
And the very first of the year. White and pristine.
Covering the hills and the trees, the fields and the roofs.
Good for hiding in.

Snow covered the village where Stefan and Agnes lived with their mom.
The village was quite ordinary yesterday.
Now, as if by magic, it's been transformed. There's snow everywhere!
It's as if someone cast a spell overnight.





"We're like nomadic reindeer herders!" Stefan calls out. He's pulling a sled, perhaps he thinks he's a reindeer. "Or we can be angels," suggests Agnes. She's making wings in the snow with her arms. "Stefan, come and make one too!"

Stefan makes a little angel of his own. "The snow's falling in my eyes," says Agnes joyfully. "And in my mouth!" shouts Stefan. It feels pleasantly cold. Like winter-flavored ice cream.



After jumping between the ice sheets, they're back on dry land. They continue on their way and arrive at the edge of a forest.

At times, they think they catch a glimpse of an arctic fox or an alpine hare. The bear slows its pace and the children become alert, looking ahead. Stefan calls out: "I see signs of civilization!" "That's our bird feeder," points out Agnes happily. "And our apple trees! We're back in our garden again."





Stefan and Agnes run away and hide. They keep quiet.
In no time at all, they're here. Birds of all kinds and colors.
They peck at the seeds, twittering all the while.
"How lovely," think the children.

"See that great tit? And that pretty one with the colorful feathers?"
At that moment, Kitty appears and the birds vanish.
They fly off somewhere, and the cat disappears with them.

"When the first snow starts to fall, it's like a fairy tale for all."

Stefan and Agnes can't wait for it to snow. Finally, one morning, they see the brightness through the window and run outside happily into the garden. Where lawn was, there is a white plain as far as the eye can see. They ride through the snowy countryside on a bear's back. What's that, sparkling over there? Is it really true that the first snow is magical?



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