

A retelling of
The Snowy Day
by
Ezra Jack Keats

I have reimagined this story with Peter having Cerebral Palsy. He wakes up to the wonderful snowy day and enjoys his play wearing his leg braces for support.

Alison Annis
EDSE482





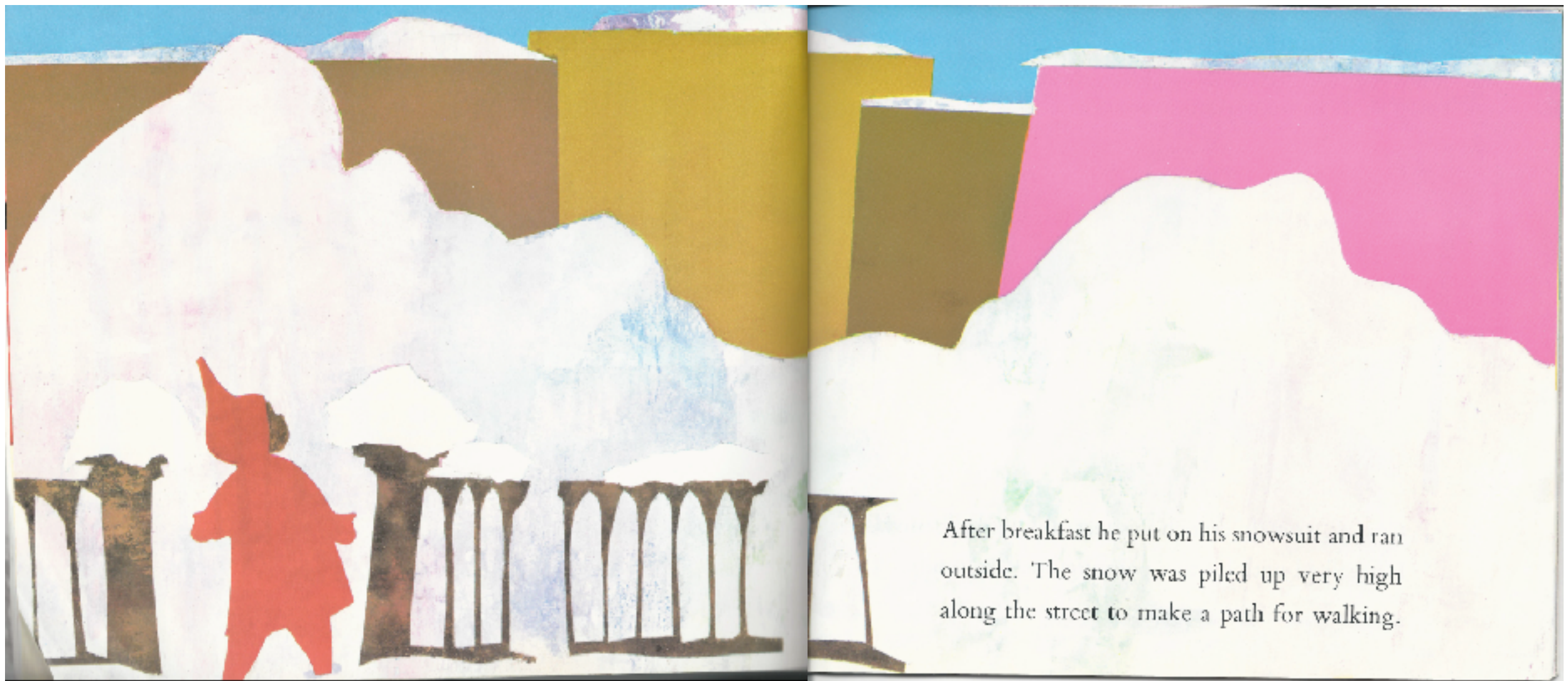
EZRA JACK KEATS

THE SNOWY DAY



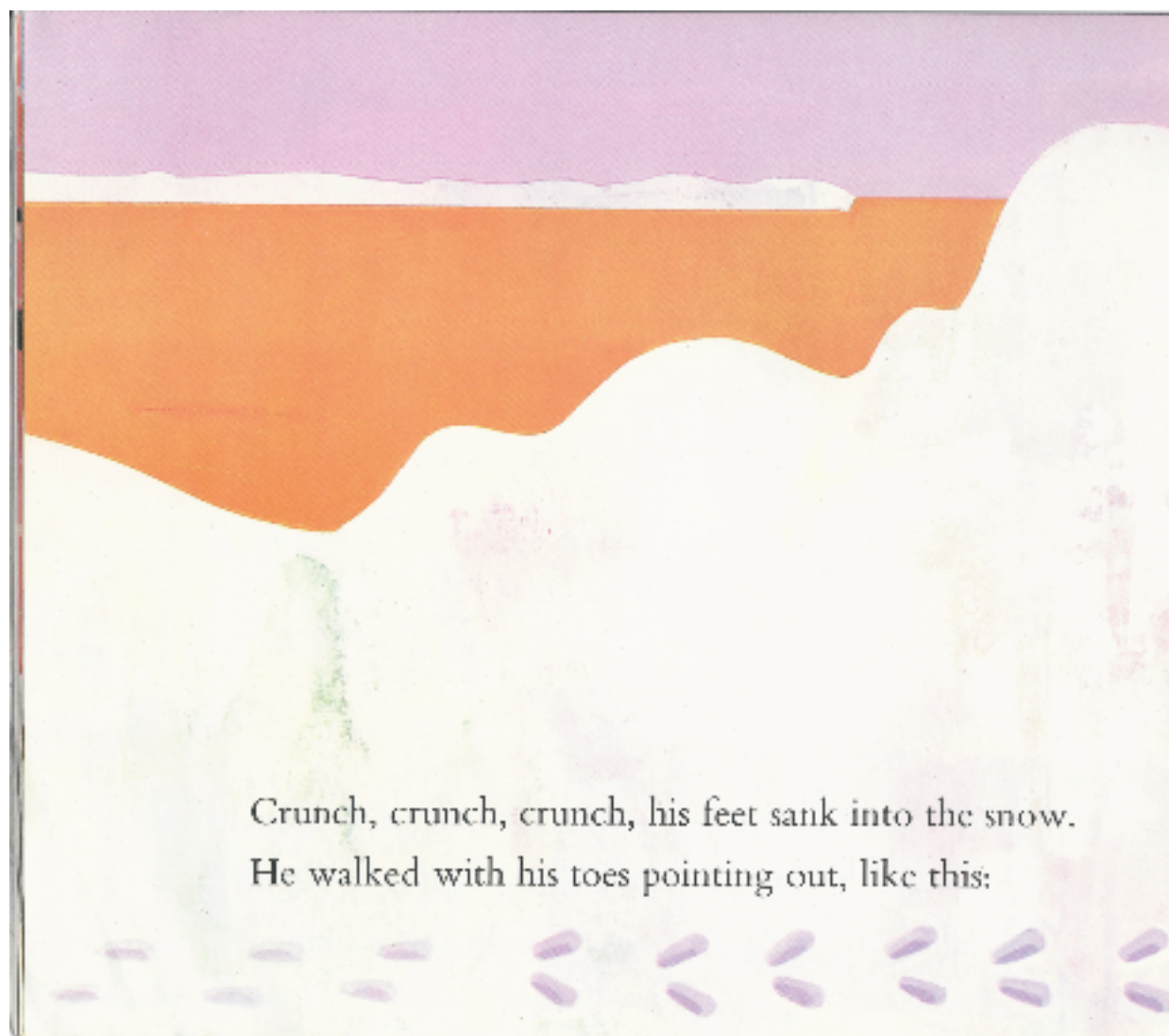


One winter morning Peter woke up and looked out the window. Snow had fallen during the night. It covered everything as far as he could see.

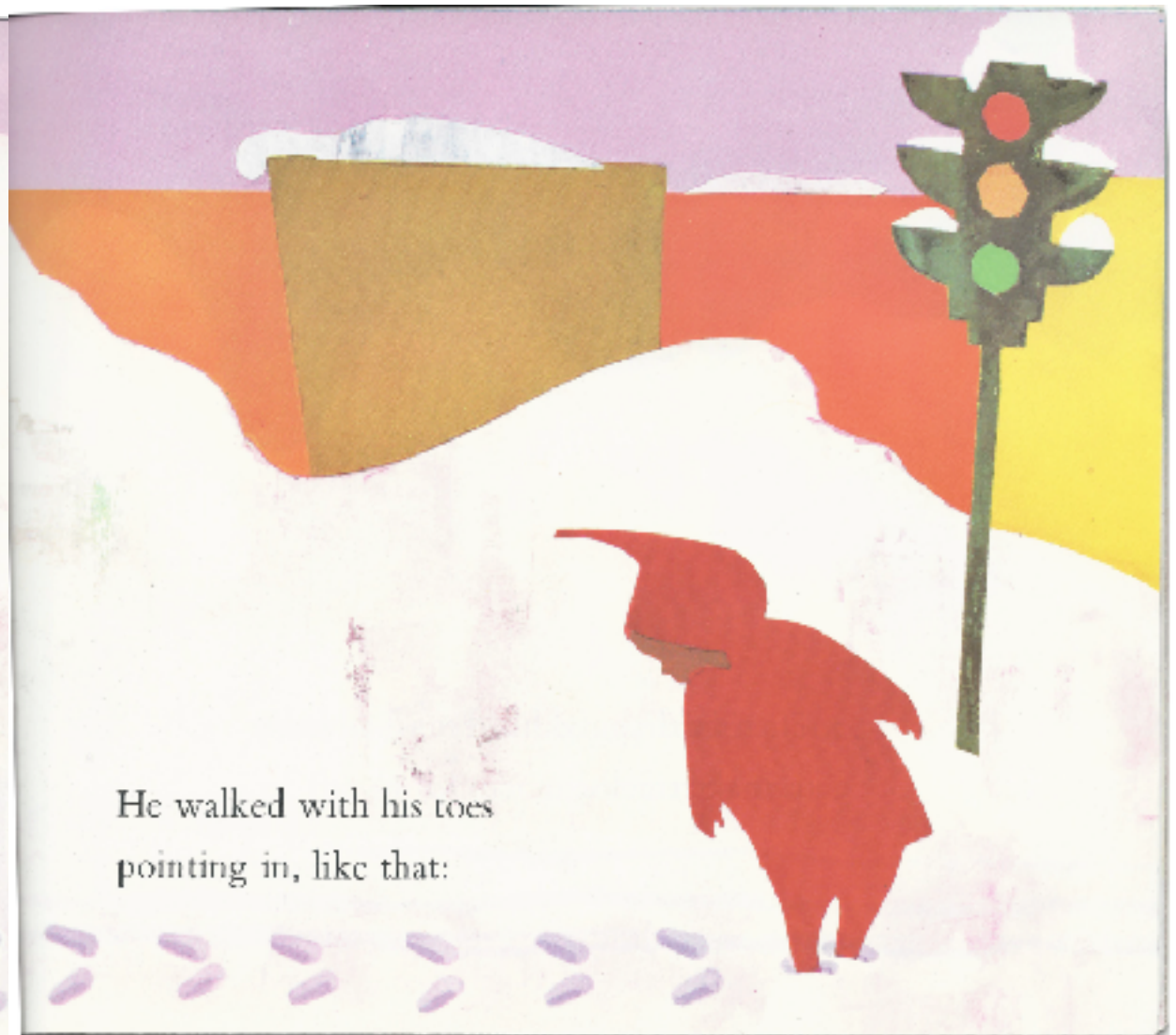


After breakfast he put on his snowsuit and ran outside. The snow was piled up very high along the street to make a path for walking.

Peter has Cerebral Palsy and uses leg braces to help him walk. After breakfast he put on his snowsuit over his leg braces and carefully stepped outside. The snow was piled up very high along the street to make a path for walking.

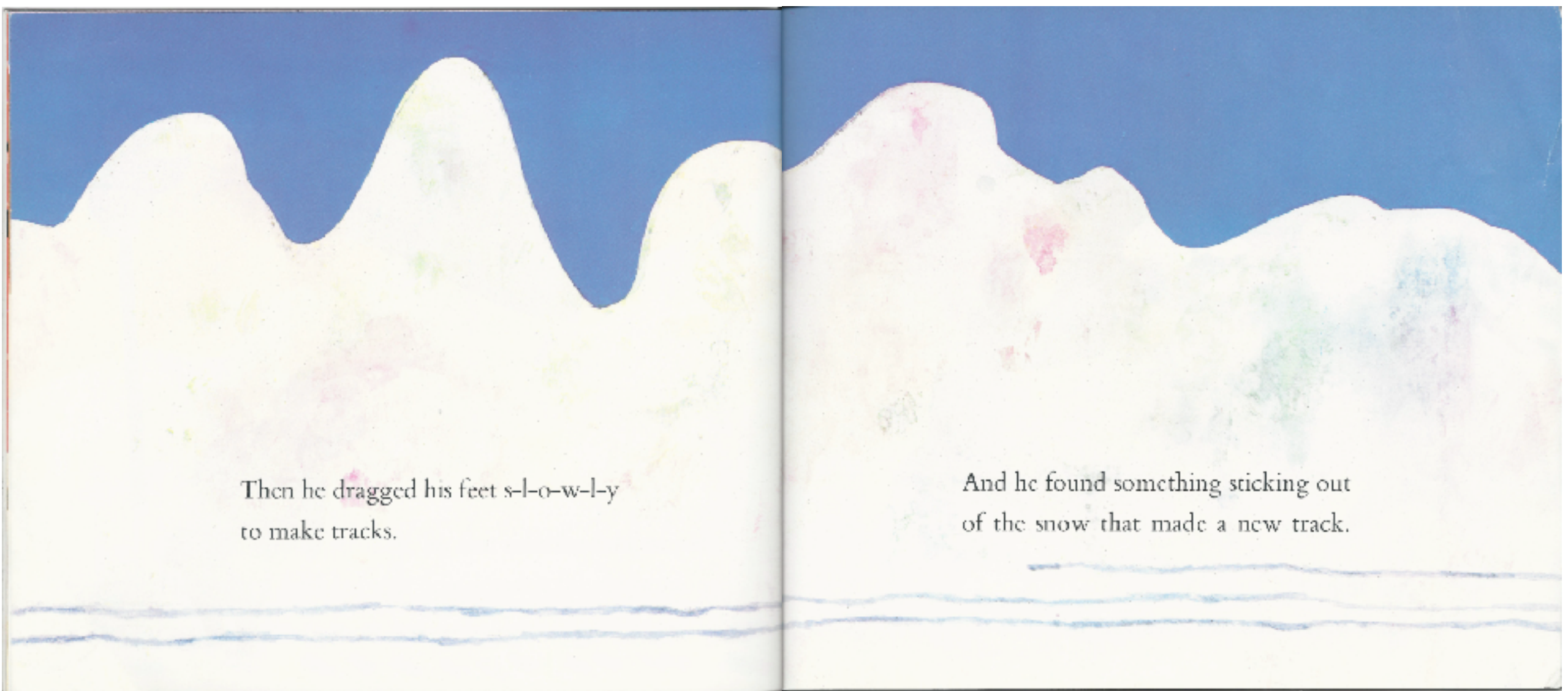


Crunch, crunch, crunch, his feet sank into the snow.
He walked with his toes pointing out, like this:

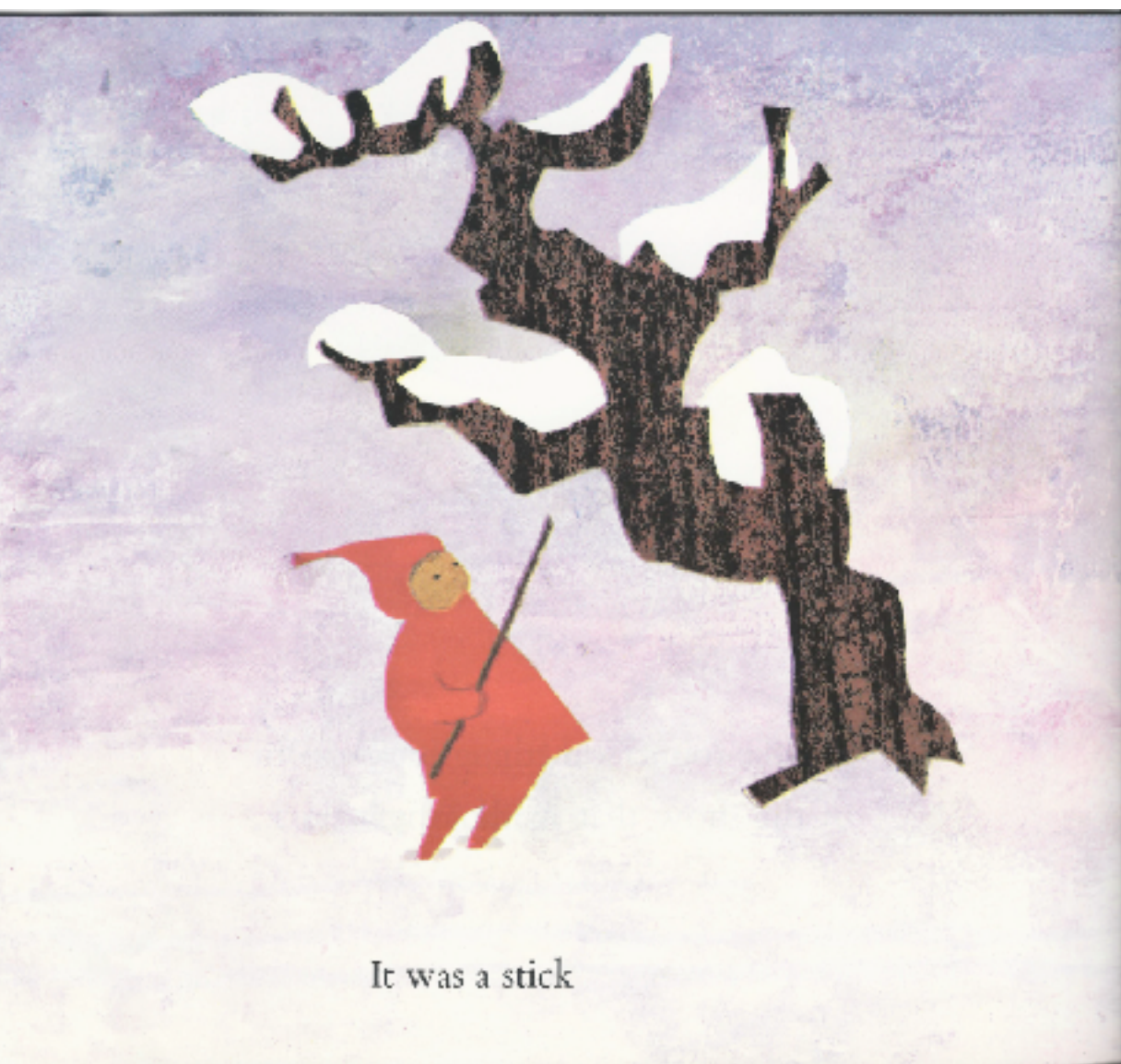


He walked with his toes
pointing in, like that:

Crunch, schlup, crunch, schlup, his feet left prints and curves in the snow. Peter never knew his braced legs made such a magnificent pattern when he walked.



He pretended his tracks were a dragon tail. Then he found something sticking out of the snow and with it he made a new track.



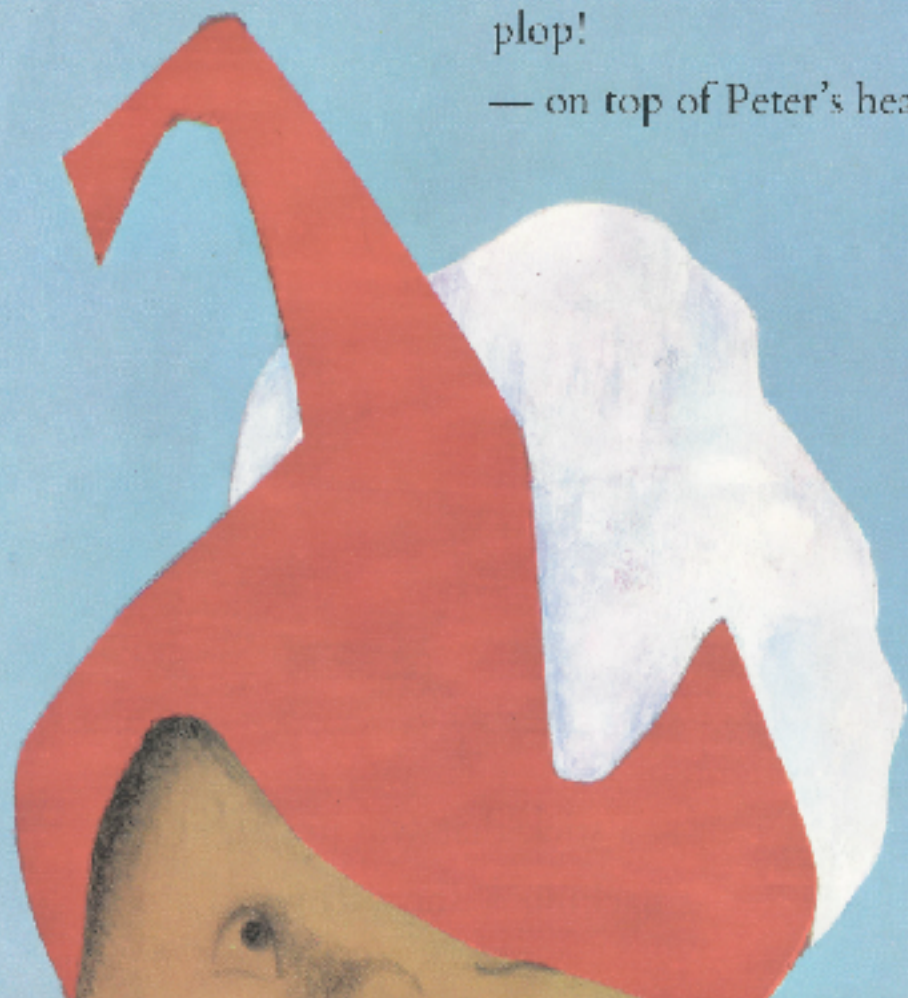
It was a stick



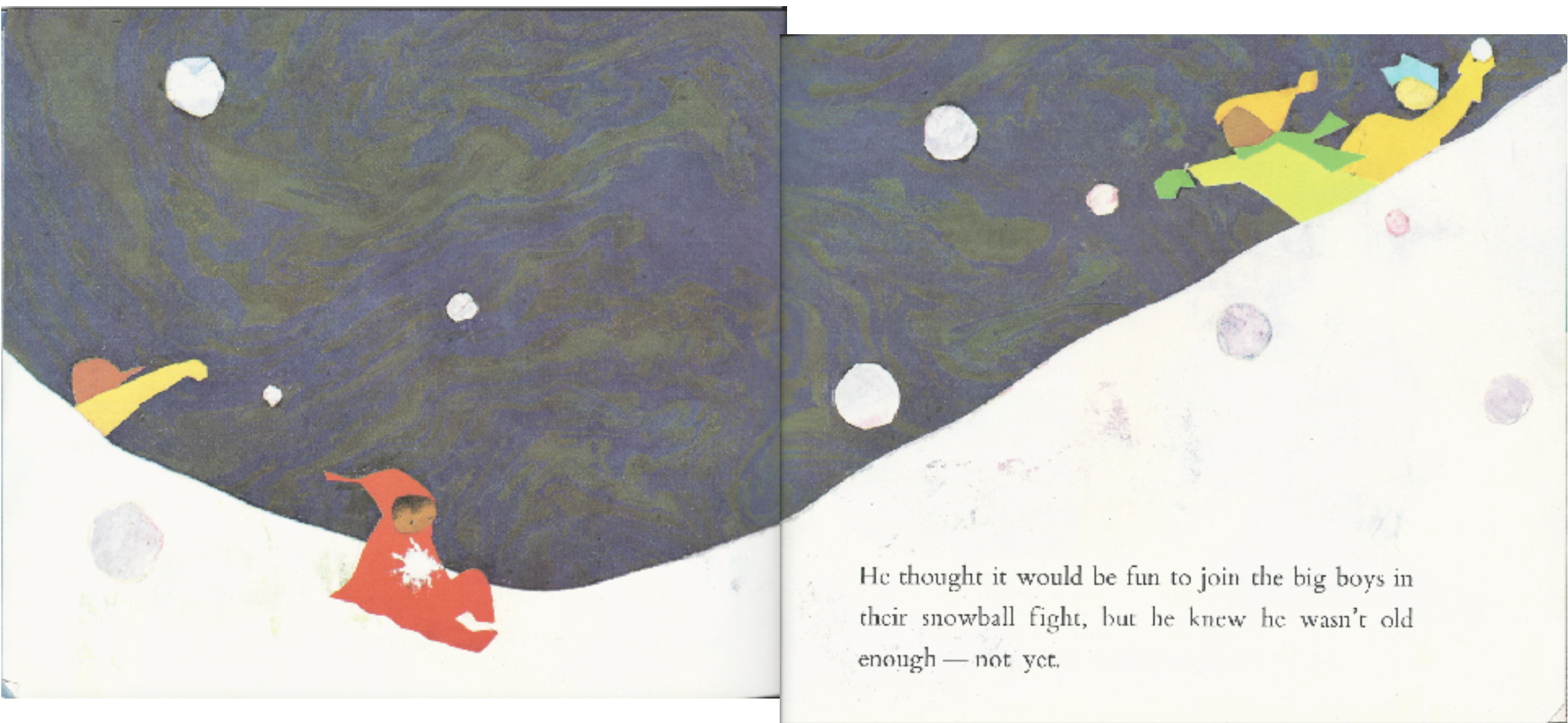
— a stick that was just right for
smacking a snow-covered tree.

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.

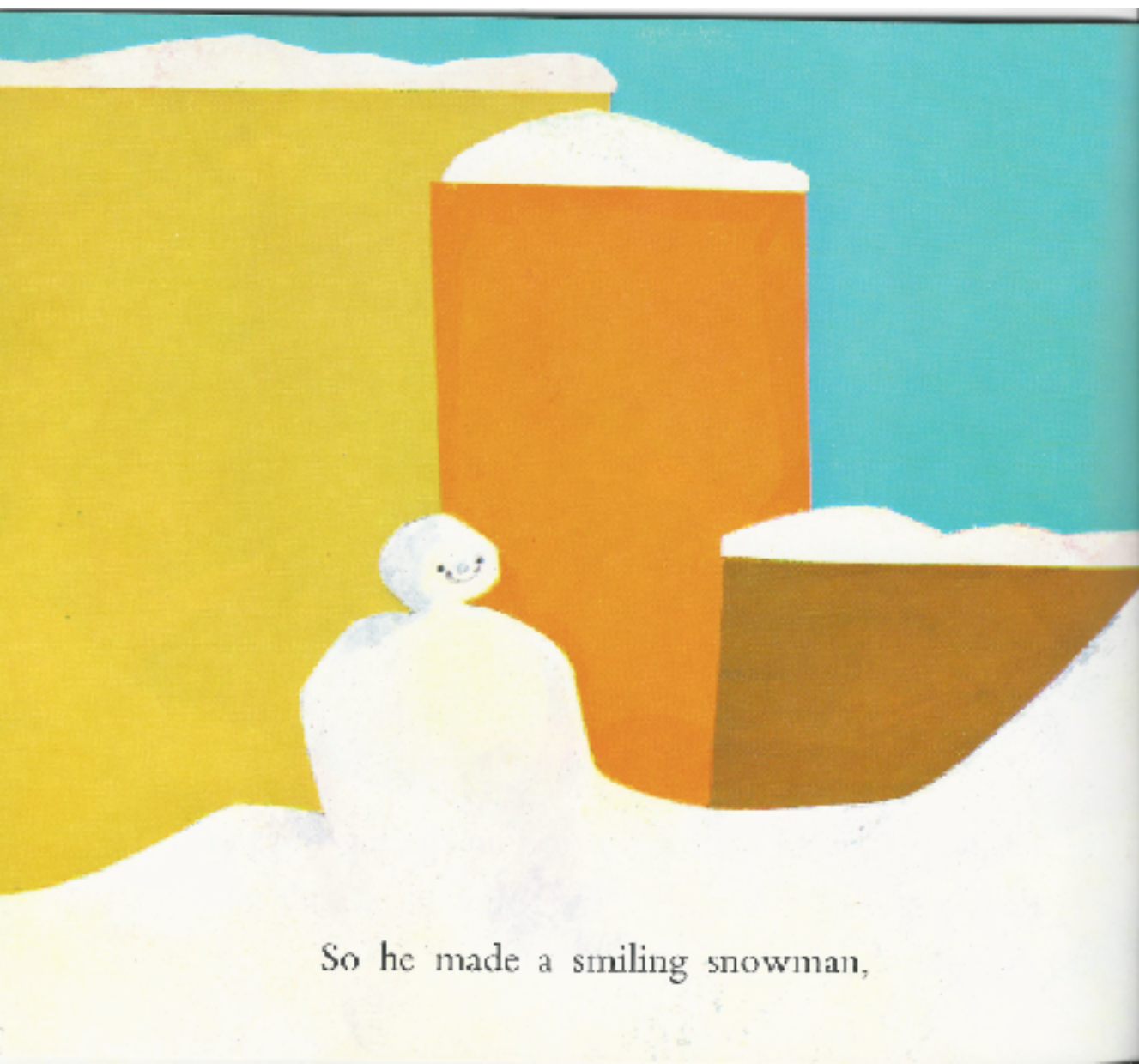


Down fell the snow — plop!
— on top of Peter's head.



He thought it would be fun to join the big boys in
their snowball fight, but he knew he wasn't old
enough — not yet.

He thought it would be fun to join the big boys in
their snowball fight, but he knew he wasn't old
enough or fast enough — not just yet.

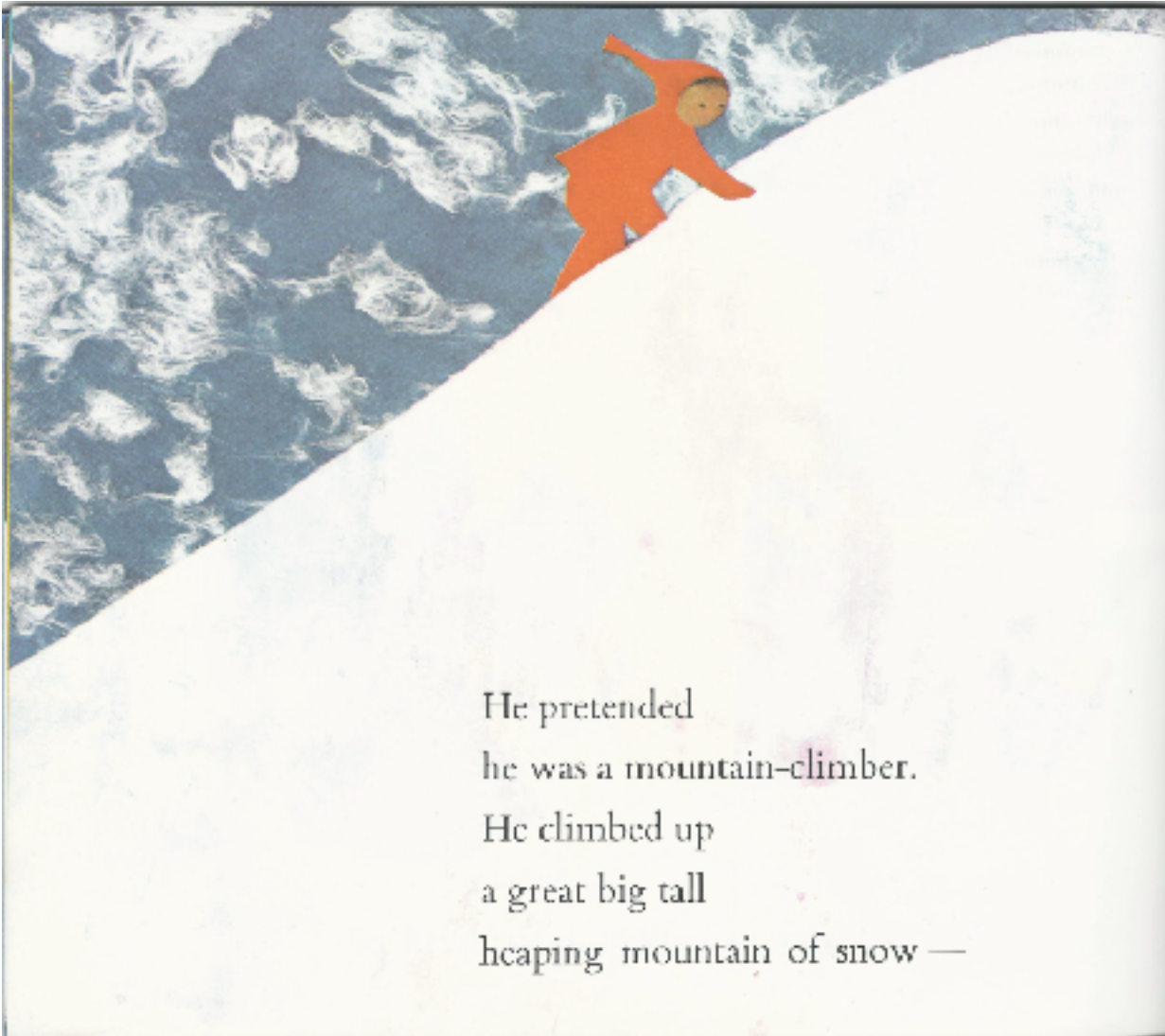


So he made a smiling snowman,




and he made angels.

So he made a smiling snowman, and he made angels.
His braces made it a little hard to stand back up but
he kept on trying.



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 pretended he was a mountain-climber. His leg braces were his climbing gear. He climbed up a great big tall heaping mountain of snow — and slid all the way down. He pretended his braces were a steel-framed sled.



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.



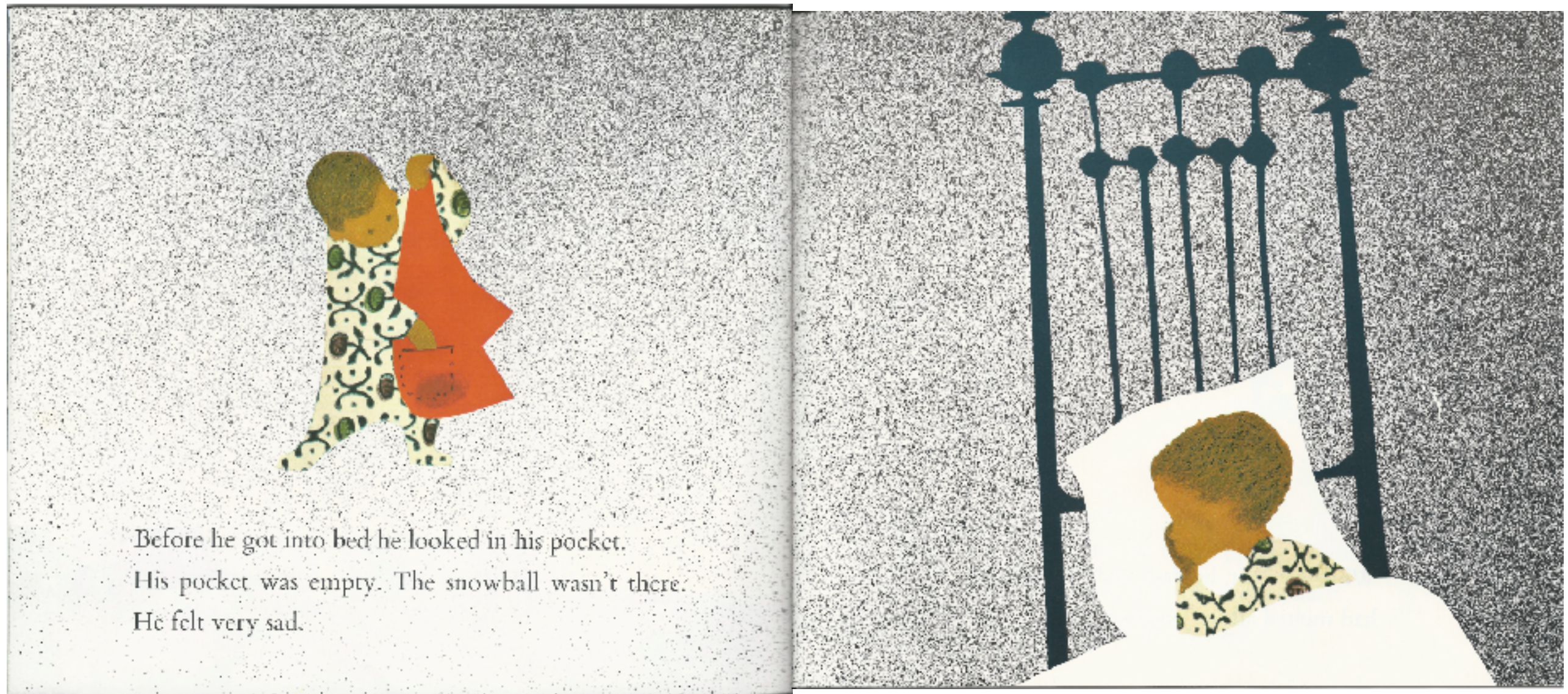
He told his mother all about his adventures while she took off his wet socks.

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 braces and wet socks.

And he thought and thought
and thought about them.

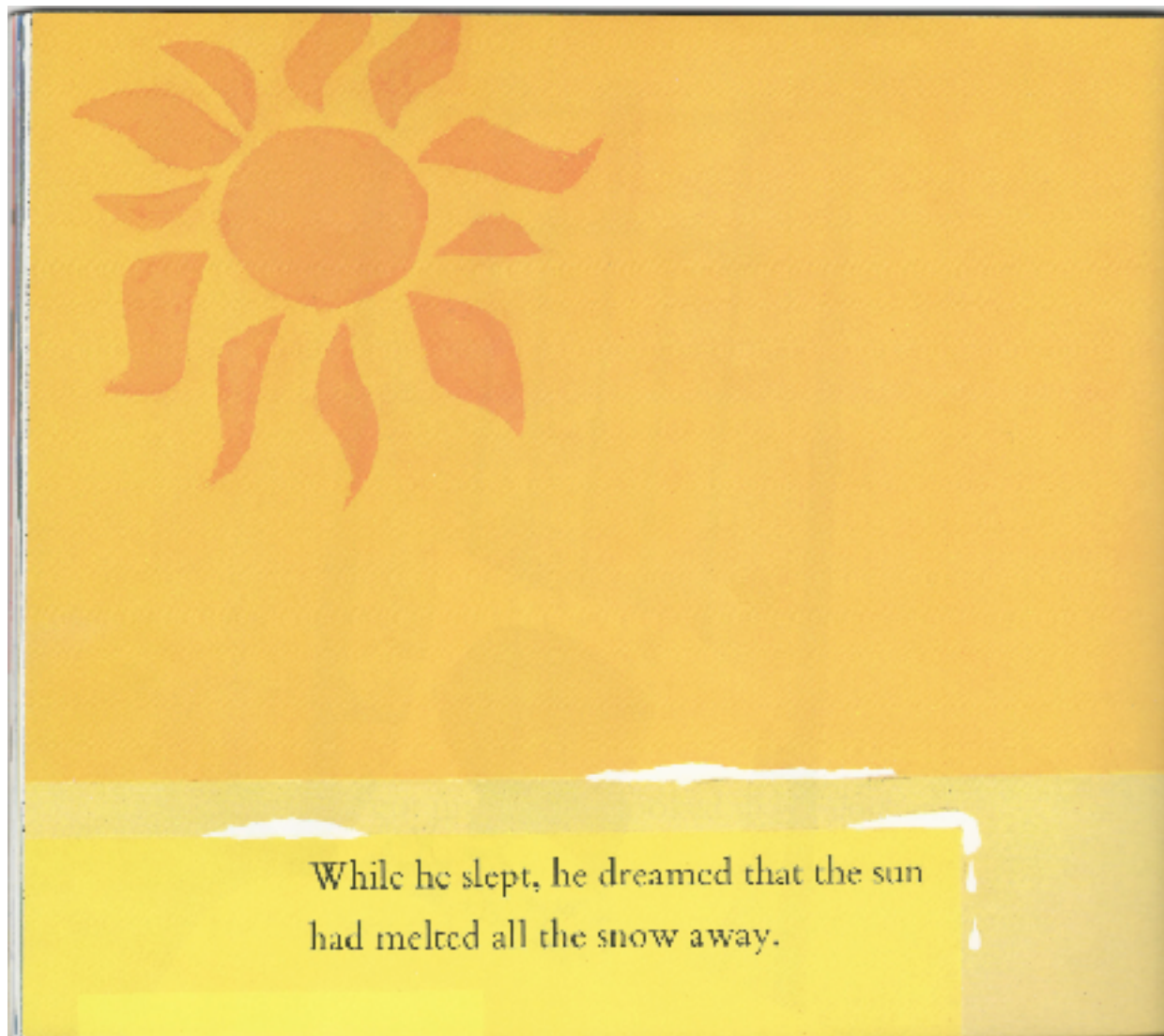


And he thought and thought and thought about them.
The soak on his tired legs felt good.

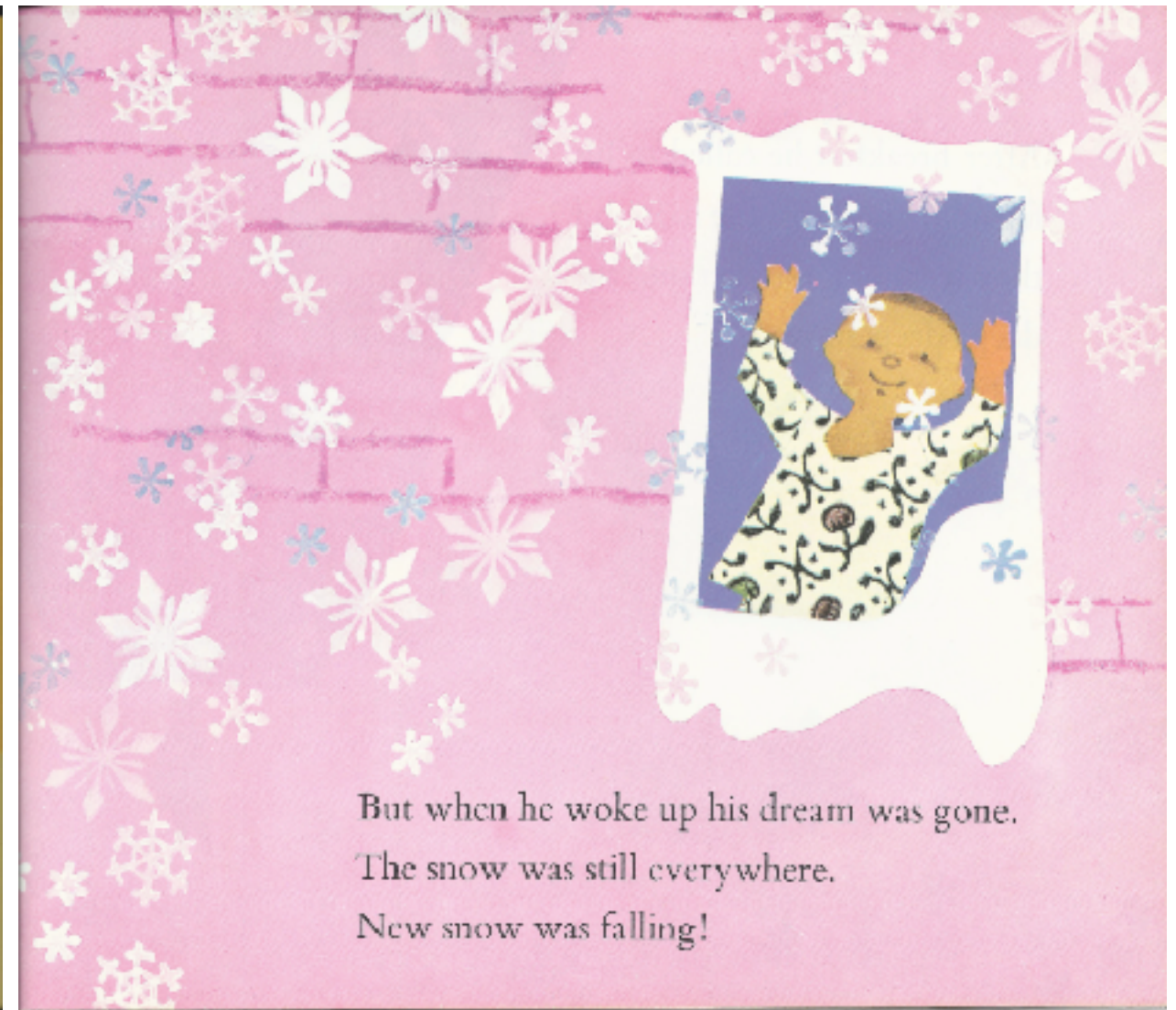


Before he got into bed he looked in his pocket.
His pocket was empty. The snowball wasn't there.
He felt very sad.

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

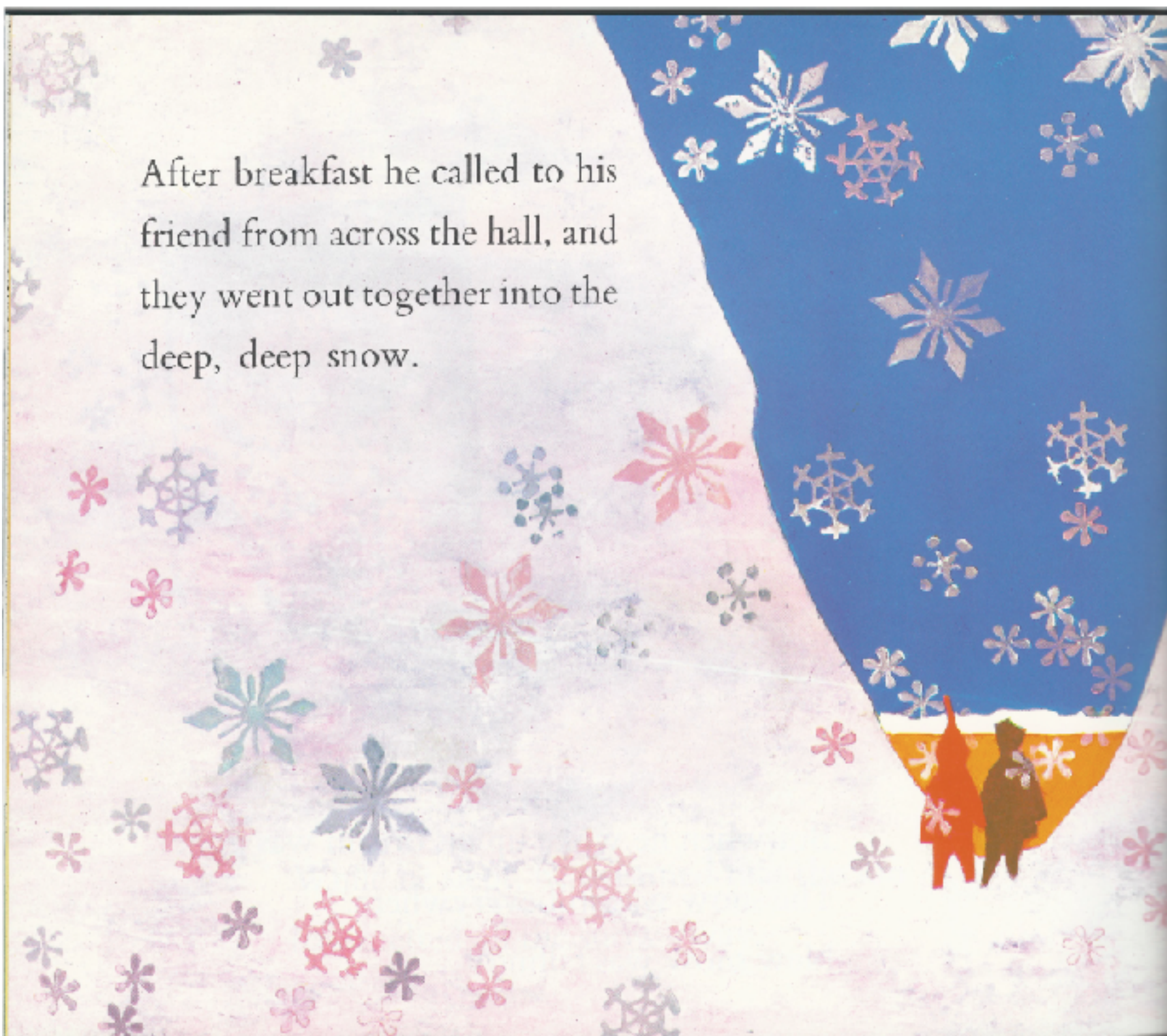


But when he woke up his dream was gone.
The snow was still everywhere.
New snow was falling!

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

But when he woke up his 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 into the
deep, deep snow.



After breakfast he called to his friend from across the hall, and they went out together into the deep, deep snow.

The deeper snow was more challenging for Peter but he loved it just the same.

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