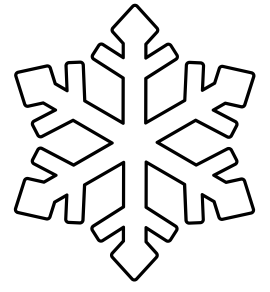




# The Winter Weasel

Willy was a little weasel. He lived in a cozy den under the snow. Winter had come, and everything was white.

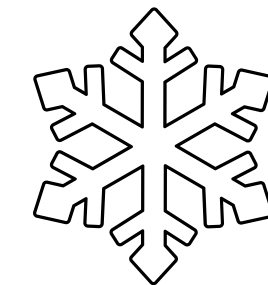
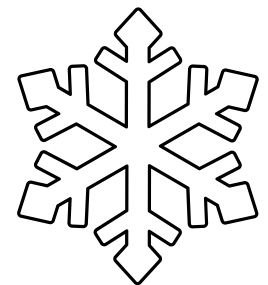


The trees were covered with snowflakes. The ground was soft and fluffy. Willy loved winter!

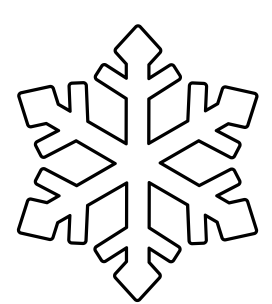
He ran through the snow, his paws made little prints.

 "Pitter-patter, pitter-patter!" He slid on the ice,  
"Wheee!"  

And he jumped over snowy hills. "Whoosh!" One day, Willy saw his friend, the squirrel. The squirrel was collecting acorns.



"Come play with me, Squirrel!" said Willy. The squirrel smiled. "I can't, Willy. I'm busy collecting food for winter."



"Okay!" said Willy. "I'll play by myself!"

Willy ran fast through the snow. He jumped high, he slid low. He made snow angels with his paws. "Look at my angel!"

When the sun began to set, Willy was tired but happy.

He went back to his den and curled up.

The winter night was peaceful. Tomorrow, Willy would play again!

