

Excerpted text from *The Snow Child* by Eowyn Ivey, edited and arranged by Helen Walkley

Near the snow, up by the sky

All that white snow, despite the snow, disappearing white into the white. The day the first snow came, oh yes, out here with the trees and the snow. The snow was still deep. Dusting away the snow, the snow there turned a gentle red, the snow was disturbed, the snow crunched. The quiet snow, the closeness. With fresh snow and the moonlight the snow had stopped. To get covered in snow, beneath the snow shook the snow. It began to snow again. Everything. The snow and the wind and the snow never melts. The snow began to drip.

Quickly and easily through the snow, the snow slowed. Skimming across the snow, only a few hours later snowing. Sink into the snow, fresh snow, beneath the snow. The air was so thick with snowflakes the snow will be too deep. The snow deepened. The snow was perfect. Is it snowing? Did not remember falling snow, wondered at all the snow, to shake the snow off, romp in the snow, cavorted in the snow, fell giggling into the snow. Through a snowy dream sunlight flashed off the snow. Nothing but white was blown clear of the snow. Always veiled by snow, to lie together in the snow. Shaken by the snow, the swirl overhead was dizzying. Before too much snow blew in cavorted through the snow. Has it started snowing again?

Not leaving when the snow melts walked the snowy path, deep trail back through the snow and the starlight alone on the pure white snow. The snow had come again and this time it was a fine driving snow. The snow spreading in a maze, at home in the snow, where the snow never melts the snow took her breath away. Everything was sparkled and sharp and there and then the air was filled with falling snow. The smell of snow falling again, laughing tumbling backward into the powdery snow. A single snowflake, luminous and translucent, a sharp edged miracle. It stopped snowing. And then the air was filled with falling snow, buried in the snow it had snowed. At home in the snow and the moment was like snow, swirling the snow and air.

White with snow in the snow, a small blizzard whipped out of nothing. The snow was above, the snow was embedded. Only a few hours later, snowing. Like snow falling at night, air filled with promise but no sound.

The wind flurried.