

Tavi Waits for White

An original MimoMango story



Tavi had never seen snow. Mum said it could cover the village green like a soft white blanket. Tavi put on a scarf and waited.



On Monday, the green was green. On Tuesday, it was green with puddles. On Wednesday, Tavi announced that the sky had completely forgotten the plan.



Mum handed Tavi a little basket. 'While we wait, shall we find something worth noticing?' Tavi agreed, though something white would have been much better.



They found a copper leaf, curled like a sleeping ear. Tavi placed it in the basket. It made a crisp little crackle against the woven sides.



Near the gate stood a mushroom with a chestnut cap. They left it growing and admired the tiny drops balancing along its smooth, shiny edge.



A gust shook the trees. Yellow leaves twirled over Tavi's head, and one settled on the scarf. 'A leaf shower,' Tavi said, sounding almost pleased.



Each day brought another discovery. A robin's round shadow. Frost drawing silver lace on a window. A bare branch shaped rather like a dancing spoon.



Tavi began to draw these things. The pictures filled a long strip of paper: copper, gold, brown, silver, and one very important robin-red dot too.

One morning, Mum called from the door. Small white flakes drifted across the green. Tavi hurried into warm boots and held out one delighted little wing.



A snowflake landed, sparkled, and melted. Tavi laughed. The next stayed longer on the scarf. The green slowly changed beneath the gently falling white specks.



'Was it worth waiting?' Mum asked. Tavi nodded, then looked at the basket by the door. 'But I am glad we did not miss the leaves.'



That afternoon, Tavi added white dots to the very end of the picture. All the colours before them made the snowy day look even more wonderful.

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Which part made you smile?

How did our friend feel at the end?

What do you think might happen next?

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Designed for reading together, ages 4–7.
All story scenes feature individually created illustrations.