

**Jansson, Tove. *Finn Family Moomintroll*. Translated by Elizabeth Portch. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1990.
(1948)
From "Preface"**

One grey morning the first snow began to fall in the Valley of the Moomins. It fell softly and quietly, and in a few hours everything was white.

Moomintroll stood on his doorstep and watched the valley nestle beneath its winter blanket. "Tonight," he thought, "we shall settle down for our long winter's sleep." (All Moomintrolls go to sleep about November. This is a good idea, too if you don't like the cold and the long winter darkness.)

Shutting the door behind him,

Moomintroll stole in to his mother and said: "The snow has come!"

"I know," said Moominmamma. "I have already made up all your beds with the warmest blankets. You're to sleep in the little room under the eaves with Sniff."

"But Sniff snores so horribly," said Moomintroll. "Couldn't I sleep with Snufkin instead?"

"As you like, dear," said Moominmamma. "Sniff can sleep in the room that faces east."

So the Moomin family, their friends, and all their acquaintances began solemnly and with great ceremony to prepare for the long winter.

Moominmamma laid the table for them on the verandah but they only had pine-needles for supper. (It's important to have your tummy full of pine if you intend to sleep all the winter.) When the meal was over, and I'm afraid it didn't taste very nice, they all said good-night to each other, rather more cheerfully than usual, and Moominmamma encouraged them to clean their teeth.