

About the Author



Keya White feels fortunate to have discovered and called Fernie home since moving here with her family when the ski hill was still Snow Valley. Originally from BC's Sunshine Coast, she loves pursuing both the outdoor and artistic lifestyle that living in this spectacular part of the province encourages. Since returning to the Elk Valley from college and university, she snowboards as much as possible, practices photography while hiking and camping, and produces websites and promotional products for local businesses. Keya enjoyed spending the summer of 2006 on the road, travelling throughout BC to a different summer music festival each weekend and creating custom 1" buttons (pins) and magnets for her customers from their very own hand drawn designs.

Through her brightly coloured acrylic paintings, she tries to capture some of the joyful essence of the Fernie community, surrounding area, and what living here can be all about. Creating a book for children about Griz has been a long-time dream so she is thrilled to bring you this copy of A Recipe for Winter Magic.

To view more of her work, including a portfolio of paintings and graphic design projects, visit www.photoscapes.ca

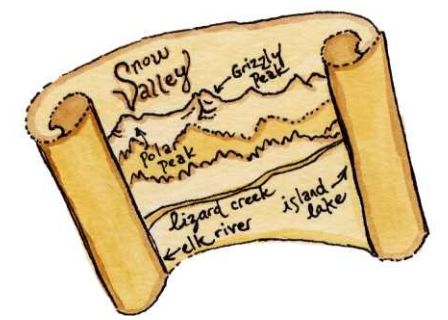


A Recipe for Winter Magic

How Griz Brought the ❄️ to Snow Valley



Written and Illustrated by Keya White



If there was something Sarah loved more than anything it was stories. Yes, she loved her Dad and Mom, her cat Mo, the beach, drawing pictures, playing with her friends, going for boat rides and all of the other great things about growing up on an island, but what she enjoyed best of all was listening to a story. At least until today, when she was introduced to the most magical thing she had ever seen.

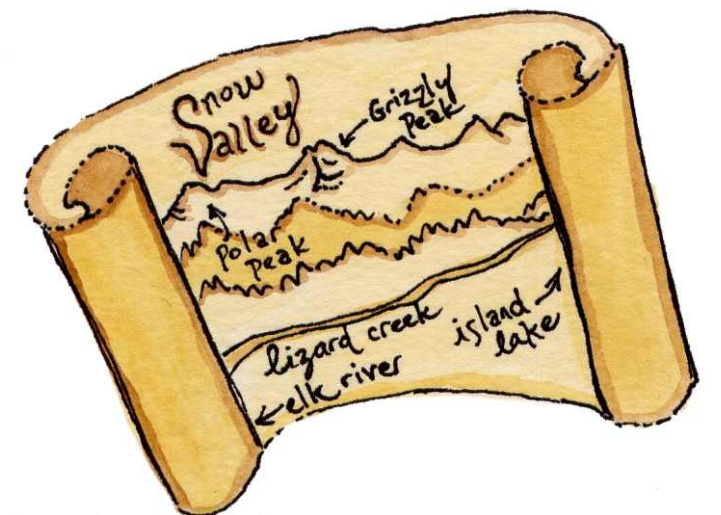
That very morning, Sarah awoke to find an island world almost completely different from the one she knew so well. Something incredible had happened. Everything she could see---the trees, the ferns, the ground, the beach, the distant islands---was white! Sarah had heard about snow before and spent the whole day exploring the frozen, transformed landscape with Mo. She wondered how something so light, fluffy and bright could come from the damp, dark sky above her Gulf Island home.

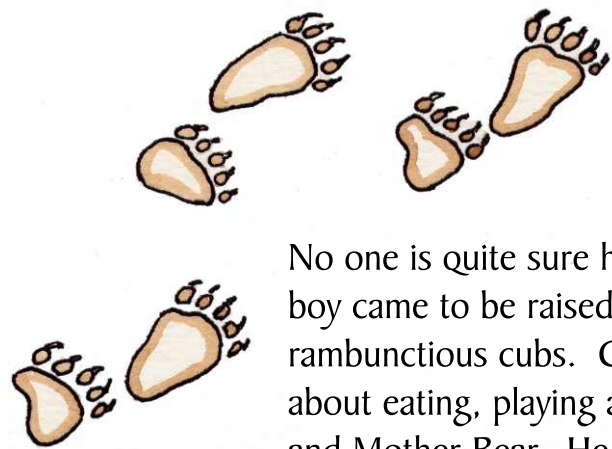




It seemed like hardly any time had passed, but after a fun afternoon of making snowmen and angels, going sledding and playing winter dress-up, bedtime had arrived already. Of course, no day would be complete without her favourite ingredient, so once she was all tucked underneath her cozy blankets, Sarah asked: "Daddy, could you tell me a story? Please, please, tell me a story."

Knowing how excited Sarah had been by her first experience with snow that day, her Dad thought back to a story he had heard about a special part of the Canadian Rockies---the town of Fernie in a far off corner of the East Kootenays. "Alright Sarah, I have a story to tell you," her Dad said. "It's the legend of a place called Snow Valley and of a mountain man known as Griz who lives there, and who the local people thank for covering their town in deep powder snow each winter."





High up on a snow-covered mountainside beneath the peaks of the Lizard Range, in a grizzly bear den covered by winter snows, is where the story of Griz begins.

No one is quite sure how he arrived there but somehow this young boy came to be raised by a mother Grizzly Bear along with her two rambunctious cubs. Griz learned everything there was to know about eating, playing and especially sleeping from his cub brothers and Mother Bear. He enjoyed the Spring, Summer and Fall but his favourite season was the season of snow, wintertime. There were so many things to do in the Winter that Griz didn't understand how his bear family could sleep it away every year, and so he ventured out from the den as much as he could to explore the big white world around him. Practically as soon as Griz could walk he began snowshoeing, sledding, and most of all, skiing.

Griz lived, breathed and dreamed snow and every year he would get more and more anxious for the day it would return to the mountains again. He loved it so much he was even known to walk through it barefoot. If only he could find a way to make mountains of snow all by himself!





Ever since he could first speak, Griz asked Mother Bear if she knew how he could make snow. She always responded with “no” and said she only knew how to prepare for the long winter months by building her den. That is, until one day in late Autumn, as the air started to get cooler and days shorter, she took Griz aside and showed him two things he had never seen: a golden horn and a silver musket, both with snowflakes engraved on their sides. She told him how she had discovered them at the same time she'd first found Griz as a baby but had wanted to wait until he was older to show them to him. Mother Bear explained that while she didn't know what exactly they were, the one thing she had noticed was that for the past few seasons since finding Griz the winter snows had not been as deep and light as she remembered them in years gone by.

At that moment, Griz realized what he had to do. It was time for him to start on a journey of his own in which he hoped to find the purpose of the mysterious golden horn and musket Mother Bear had given him. Even more so, it was time to follow his dream to discover a way to bring the deepest drifts of light snow to the valley and the peaks above.

