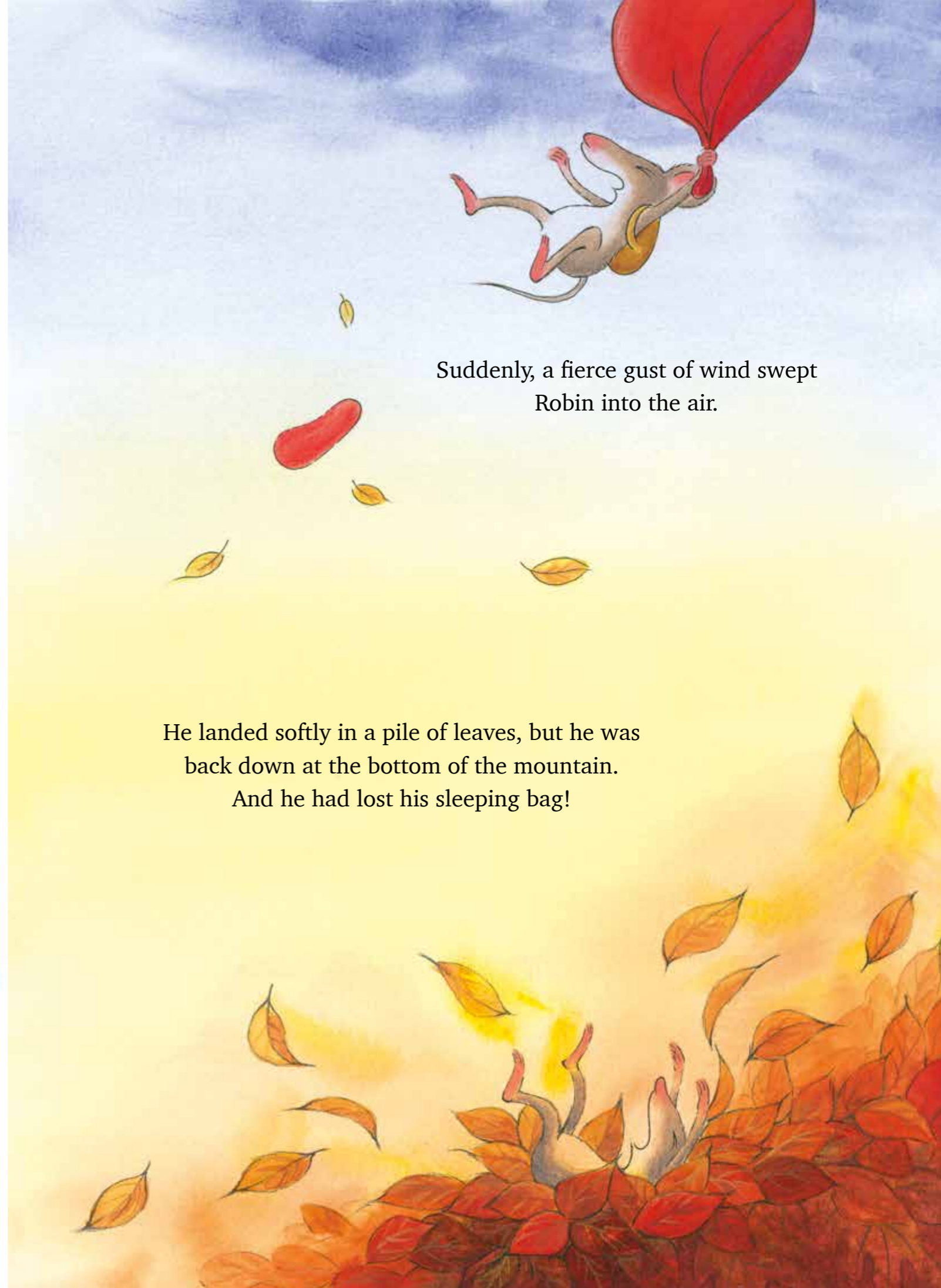




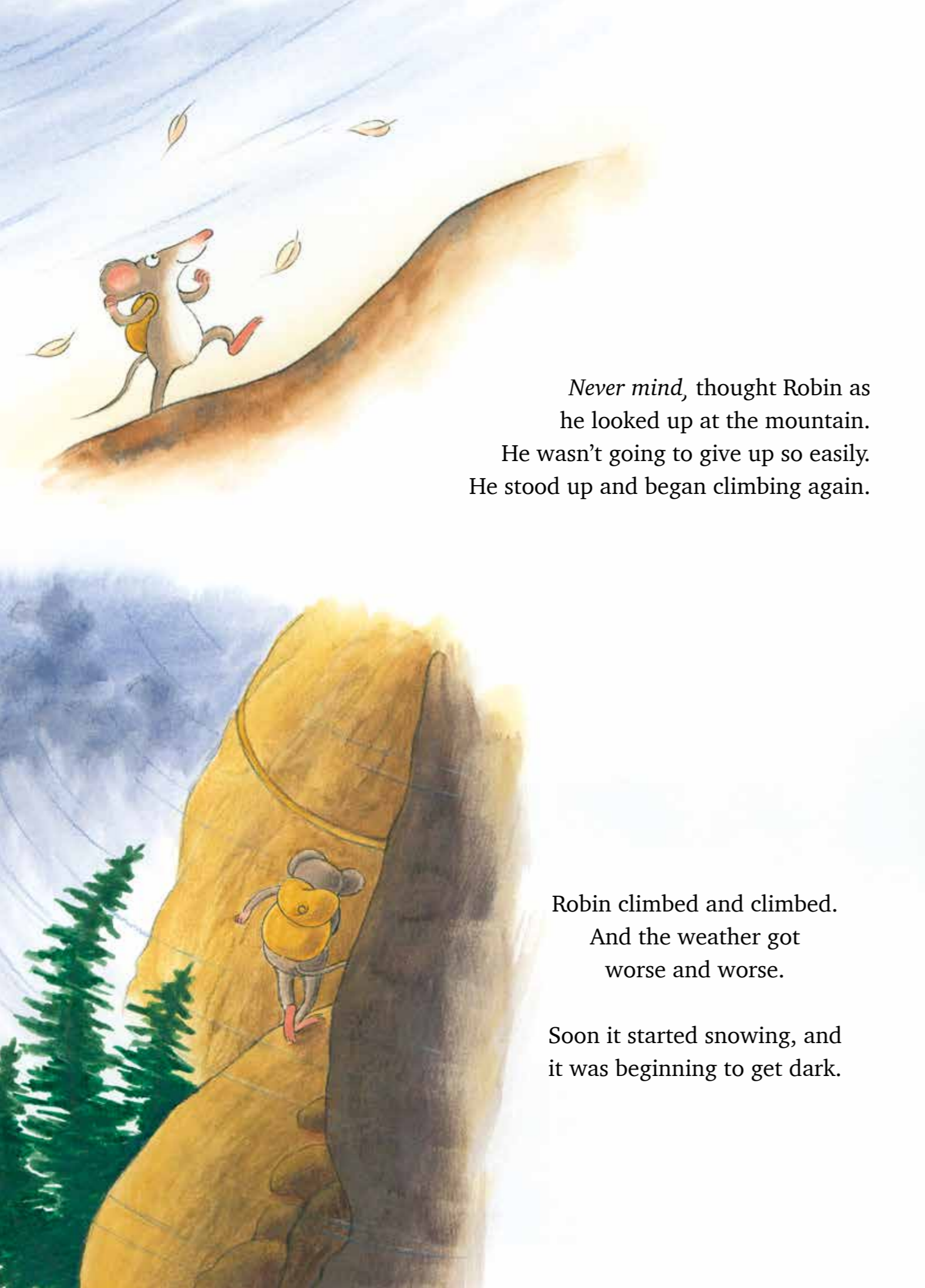
A chilly wind blew as Robin began to walk uphill. But Robin whistled cheerfully and kept close to the mountain walls to avoid the wind.



Suddenly, a fierce gust of wind swept Robin into the air.

He landed softly in a pile of leaves, but he was back down at the bottom of the mountain. And he had lost his sleeping bag!

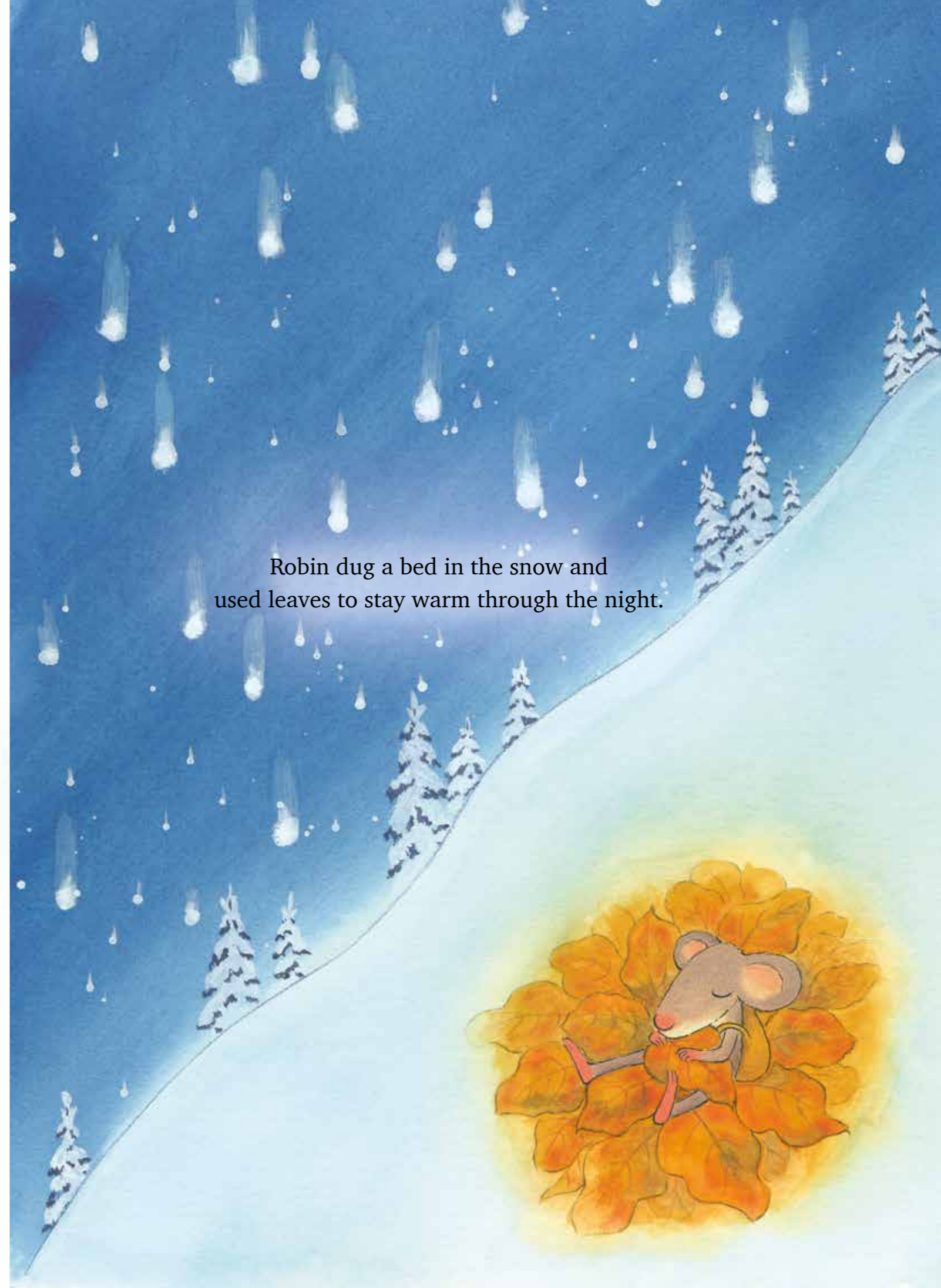




*Never mind*, thought Robin as he looked up at the mountain. He wasn't going to give up so easily. He stood up and began climbing again.

Robin climbed and climbed. And the weather got worse and worse.

Soon it started snowing, and it was beginning to get dark.



Robin dug a bed in the snow and used leaves to stay warm through the night.