

And the Snow Kept Falling

I jumped down the last step of the school bus. That was the cool thing to do, it showed the other kids how good you were at jumping. I winced as the cold air hit my face. Mommy had told me to wear my scarf, but I said it was too itchy. I skipped over and met my best friend, Jenny, in front of her bus. We always walked to class together.

“Look Katie! I can see my breath!” Jenny shouted, shoving all the air out of her lungs at once to produce a big white cloud. I laughed at her.

“Check this out!” I looked around to make sure there were no teachers watching and I brought two fingers to my lips and pulled them away while blowing out a stream of mist. “It looks like I’m smoking!” We both giggled and began walking to class, competing with one another to see who could produce the biggest cloud. We walked into Mrs. Johnson’s third grade class room and sat down at our table to work on our warm ups; we liked to have them done before class started so Mrs. Johnson would call on us to work them out on the board.

While we were working, our friend David walked in and sat down next to us. He was the only boy we were friends with because he didn’t have any cooties. “Did you guys hear? It’s gonna snow tomorrow!” He shouted.

“Oh yeah? Who said?” Jenny asked smartly.

“My dad!” he snapped back confidently.

“Yeah,” she stuttered, “well- well who told him?” She thought she had him now.

“The weatherman!” Jenny made a ‘hmp’ sound and went back to her warm up. “Don’t you know what this means?” David asked us. “Snow day!”

“David! Inside voice!” Mrs. Johnson hissed. “What is all this talk of a snow day?”

“My dad said that the weatherman said that it’s gonna snow tomorrow and that if it snows enough then we won’t have school and that that is called a ‘snow day,’” David replied.

Mrs. Johnson chuckled. “Well I wouldn’t get your hopes up David. It’s been years since we’ve had a snow day.”

“But the weatherman said-”

“The weatherman isn’t always right, David. He is just making a hypothesis. Do you know what a hypothesis is?”

“A baby hippopotamus?”

“No, a hypothesis is an educated guess. The weatherman looks at weather patterns and tries to guess what will happen based off them. Unfortunately, there’s no way to be 100% sure what the weather will do.” David looked down, dejected.

Later that day, when I was getting ready for bed, I asked Mommy if she thought we would get to have a snow day. I had never seen real snow, just the fake stuff they put on everything at the mall when Santa comes.

“I don’t think so honey,” she said with fake sadness. “We don’t get a lot of snow around here, especially this early on in the winter.

“Yeah, but, like, what if we do?” I begged.

“Then you and your brother will stay home from school, and Daddy and I will take you two sledding in the park. We’ll even try and build a snowman!”

“Like Frosty?”

“Yes, honey, like Frosty.”

“But Mommy, if they don’t know if it’s gonna snow yet, how will I know whether to get up and go to school or not?” I asked.

“Tell you what,” she whispered, leaning in as if she had a secret to tell me. “Why don’t we turn off your alarm, and I’ll watch the weather really early in the morning, before you wake up. If they say you don’t have any school, I’ll let you sleep in. If not, I’ll come wake you up. Deal?”

“Deal!” I exclaimed.

“Alright,” she chuckled. “Now go on to sleep.” She kissed my forehead and turned out my light. I snuggled up under the covers and began dreaming of building a snowman.

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The next morning, Mommy woke me up to go to school. This made me very grumpy. I wanted to play in the snow.

When I got to school I waited for Jenny by her bus’s empty parking spot. Her bus was late a lot. Suddenly, something cold touched the tip of my nose. I pawed at it with my mittens trying to warm it up again. Then, another struck my cheek. I looked up to see where the cold stuff was coming from. It was snow. A huge smile spread across my face.

“It’s snowing!” I screamed. I immediately stuck my tongue out and tried to catch one of the snowflakes like they do in the movies. When I finally got one, it was so cold it hurt my tongue. I decided I didn’t like the way snowflakes tasted.

When Jenny finally got to school, we ran to Mrs. Johnson's classroom to ask when we could leave. "What?" She laughed. "You guys can't leave."

"But it's *snowing!*" we argued.

She sighed. "Girls, it's not the snow that gets school canceled, it's when the snow melts and refreezes on the streets to make ice so the cars can't drive. Besides, I'm sure it will stop soon."

But the snow kept falling.

Eventually, there was so much snow that they called for early dismissal. Mommy and Daddy came to the school and picked up my little brother, Jim, and me.

"So does this mean we can go sledding and build a snowman?" I asked excitedly.

"Yes sweetie!" Mommy laughed.

"Can Jim come too?" I wasn't sure because Jim was just a little baby in kindergarten and this sounded like big kid stuff.

Mommy laughed. "Yes, Jim can come too."

"Woohoo!" Jim and I shouted.

We spent the whole rest of the day playing in the snow with Mommy and Daddy. It was so much fun. That night, we drank hot chocolate by the fire place and watched Christmas movies while snuggling under blankets. It was so much fun! We kept waiting for the snow to stop, but the snow kept falling.

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The next day, the snow was a foot deep, and still falling! Mommy said it set a record for our city. We went out and played again. This time we made an even bigger snowman to be the daddy for the snowman we made the day before. We didn't want him to get lonely. We came inside a little bit earlier this time, because it was so cold outside and the snow kept falling.

That afternoon, Mommy and Daddy sat watching the news. They looked upset.

"What's wrong?" I asked. I didn't like it when Mommy and Daddy were sad. They both turned to look at me and Daddy quickly paused the TV. I must have startled them.

"Nothing sweetie," Daddy said, kneeling down so he was at eye level with me. "Actually, there's some good news! You don't have to go to school the rest of the week!"

"Really? Awesome!" I was so excited! I loved snow days!

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Jim and I didn't go out to play in the snow anymore; it was too cold. Instead, we stayed in our pajamas and watched cartoons all day. It was lots of fun, but Mommy and Daddy didn't seem to think so. They didn't like that the snow kept falling. One time, I heard them talking about going to the store to get some milk and bread. Mommy said no because the roads were too icy; Daddy really seemed to want that milk and bread but eventually agreed with Mommy. He said he was sure it would clear up soon. But the snow kept falling.

By the eighth day, the snow was almost as tall as me! It came halfway up the front door! I thought that was really cool, but Mommy and Daddy didn't think so. I guess it might make the door look bad. Jim and I couldn't watch cartoons anymore because Mommy said there was something wrong with a cable somewhere. That was okay though, we played board games

instead. That night we had soup for dinner for the third time in a row. Every time I walk in the room when Mommy and Daddy are talking, they stop talking as soon as they see me. I think they have a secret. I bet they know what Santa is bringing me! I hope he can still get here with all this snow. It just keeps falling.

On the tenth night, the lights quit working. We got every flashlight we could find and turned them on so we could see. We played games together. Jim and I always won because Mommy and Daddy weren't paying very much attention. Eventually, all the batteries ran out of juice, so we had to light candles for light. It was pretty cool for a while, but after a few hours I was ready for the lights to come back on. In fact, I was kind of ready to go back to school. I hadn't seen Jenny or David in a long time and I was starting to miss them. I was even starting to miss Mrs. Johnson. But the snow kept falling.

By the twelfth night, the snow was so tall you couldn't see out of the windows, not even on the top floor of the house. It started to get really cold in the house and we had to put lots of blankets on the beds to stay warm. Eventually, Mommy and Daddy made Jim and I sleep in a bed together so we could stay warm. I was starting to get very worried. How was Santa going to find our house with all this snow? Could he even get down the chimney? Mommy and Daddy said that we couldn't leave because the car couldn't drive on the road because it was too slippery, did that mean the reindeer would slip when they landed on the roof? I didn't want them to get hurt. I asked Mommy if we could go put a sign on the roof that warned them that it may be slippery, but she didn't even answer. She just kept staring at the white window. She had been doing that a lot lately; I think that's why her eyes were so red. I kept asking her and Daddy when the snow would stop; they always said it would stop soon, but the snow kept falling.

On the twentieth night, Mommy sent us to bed without dinner. I didn't know why; we didn't do anything wrong. I was really hungry, so I snuck downstairs that night to try and sneak some food up to my room, but the pantry and fridge were empty. Mommy must've known I would try and disobey so she hid the food. I started to sneak back up to bed because the house was very very cold when I heard Mommy crying. She must have been reading a sad book or something.

None of us ate anything at all the next day. It was so cold that it was hard to move. That night, Mommy and Daddy told Jim and I to sleep in their bed with them. They kept telling us how much they loved us and gave us lots of hugs and kisses. I think I even saw Daddy cry a little; he must have been reading Mommy's book. It was the warmest I had been in a few days. It felt nice to be warm. In the middle of the night I woke up because Jim was in my space.

"Jim," I whispered. I didn't want to wake Mommy and Daddy up. "Jim!" I gave him a little push, but he wouldn't wake up. He must have been sleeping really hard. I rolled him over to get him out of my space. He still didn't wake up. I don't know how he was sleeping so well, he was very cold when I touched him. I lay back down. I was so sleepy. I wanted to sleep like Jim. I looked at Mommy. She had tear stains on her cheeks. She must have been reading that sad book again. I decided I didn't like snow days anymore. I rolled over. I felt so sleepy, all I wanted was to sleep like Jim. I closed my eyes and slipped into the deepest and longest sleep I would ever sleep; just like Jim.

And the snow kept falling.