

Price looked out the window, the sky was a pale gray and little flecks of white rained down from the sky. He stuck his hand out the window to try to catch a few, but they disappeared as soon as they touched his fur. The air was cold, and he quickly felt the chill through his fur, so he closed the window and went back to looking out of it. The man on the TV called it “snow” but he didn’t explain what it was. Price had never seen anything like it before. It came from the sky like rain did, but it fell a lot more slowly, and it was easier to see. It was also beginning to gather in small piles on the ground, something that rain also didn’t do.

Price watched from his window as the little white specks grew into larger fluffy specks and began covering everything outside in a thin layer of white. The streets took much longer to turn white, they seemed to have some sort of ability to resist the snow, but eventually they too were covered in white. Price stuck his arm back out the window, maybe the larger ones were easier to catch. This time, the fluffy specks didn’t immediately disappear when they touched his hand. He brought his hand closer to the window to get a better look. Upon closer investigation, the fluffy white specks were actually tiny crystals. Price pulled his hand back inside the house to get an even closer look, but the crystals quickly melted, leaving tiny drops of water in their place. If Price wanted a better look, he was going to have to go to the crystals instead of bringing the crystals to him. He closed the window and walked through the front door. Immediately he was met with a blast of icy air. He slammed the door shut, not a fan of the cold temperatures. He would need something to protect against the cold. He grabbed a blanket off the couch and wrapped it around himself like a cloak before opening the door once more and stepping outside.

The second his foot touched the white stuff, he recoiled. It was COLD! Where his foot had been moments before was now an impression of his foot. He braced himself and took another step onto the snow covered ground. This time he was more prepared, but it was still rather unpleasant. He would have to remember to find some shoes the next time he went outside. He held out his hand again, catching more of the tiny crystals. This time, they didn’t melt as he brought them closer to his eye. As he carefully inspected the crystals, he noticed that they were all different shapes and sizes, Price was truly fascinated.

The children in the neighborhood soon came bounding out of their houses, dressed up in thick layers of clothes that made it hard for them to move. Price laughed to himself, they looked pretty silly. The children began picking up handfuls of the crystals off the ground and forming them into fist sized balls, before throwing them at each other. The balls exploded into a cloud of white upon impact, causing the children to laugh. Price reached down and grabbed a handful of the snow, using his hands to form it into a ball. This strange material sure had some interesting properties. It fell from the sky like dust, but when you pressed on it it would become a solid shape.

Eventually the children grew bored of throwing the balls of snow at each other, and soon they began rolling the balls on the ground. Everywhere they pushed the ball, the snow on the ground would disappear and the ball would grow larger. Price decided to try it out too. He made a small ball of snow with his hands and placed it on the ground and gave it a gentle push. Each time he pushed the ball of snow, it got a little bit bigger. Price kept pushing the snowball, soon it was up

to his knee, and there wasn't much snow left on the ground in his yard. Luckily it was still snowing, so the ground was once again becoming blanketed in white.

Price looked back over at the children, they had made several large balls of snow in varying sizes and now they were struggling to lift one of the snow balls. They rolled the medium sized ball of snow next to the largest one, and one of the children braced against the larger ball as the other three tried to lift the medium sized one and place it on top of the larger ball. Eventually the children managed to lift the ball of snow on top of the other, only for it to roll off the other side and break into several pieces.

One of the children noticed Price watching, and quickly waved him over. "Hey! Can you help lift this? We're building a snowman!" The child exclaimed. Price walked over to the children, by the time he reached them, they had rebuilt the medium sized ball of snow. Price easily lifted the ball and set it on top of the larger one. "Hold it steady right there while we stabilize it!" One of the children instructed. Price held the ball in place while the children packed handfuls of snow between where the two balls met. "You can let go now!" The child announced. Price removed his hands, and thankfully the two balls of snow stayed stacked on top of each other. The tallest child then grabbed the smallest ball of snow, and added it to the stack. The other children quickly got to packing snow around it, and soon they had a stack of three snow balls almost as tall as the tallest child.

The children stood back to admire their work, "This is the biggest snowman ever!" The smallest child exclaimed. They turned to Price, "Thanks for helping us! Do you want to help us decorate it?" One of the children ran inside the house and returned carrying a scarf and a carrot. They stuck the carrot on the head of the snowman and wrapped the scarf around its neck. Another child used small stones to create a face and two sticks to make arms. Price added a few sticks to the head to give the snowman some crowns.

Suddenly the door to the house opened and a woman stepped out "Alright kids! Hot cocoa is ready!" The children cheered and bounded into the house. The woman turned to Price, "Oh hello Price! Would you like to come in for some hot cocoa?" "Sure," Price replied, stepping inside the house. He joined the children at the kitchen table and the woman handed him a hot mug of hot cocoa with marshmallows on top. Price slowly sipped the drink. It wasn't as good as coffee, but it was still pretty nice, and it warmed him up.

Once the children finished their hot cocoa, they put their winter gear back on and went back outside. Price yawned, he was starting to get pretty tired, and the temperature outside was once again a shock compared to how warm it had been in the house. Price wished he had as much energy as the children. He waved goodbye to the children and walked back to his house. Once inside, he sat by the window and admired the snowman they had built. Snow was pretty weird, but Price decided that he was starting to like it.