Snowflakes a Plenty



Name

Benny stood staring at the kitchen window. It was snowing, and some of the flakes stuck to the glass. He could see their beautiful patterns and shapes. Some hung there all by themselves, while others were in groups or clumps. Benny thought a snowflake was one of the prettiest things he had ever seen.

He decided to go outside and catch a few, so he put on his coat, hat, boots, and mittens. He took a small bowl with him to hold his treasure. The snow crunched beneath his feet. Delicate snowflakes landed on his nose and eyelashes. He even stuck out his tongue to eat a few. He wondered what they would taste like with sugar.

Soon, Benny's mom called him inside for lunch. He put his bowl of snowflakes on the kitchen counter while he ate. When he finished, he peered inside his bowl, and all he saw was a puddle of water.

"Mom, my snowflakes melted," he said sadly.

"No worries," said his mom. "There are plenty more snowflakes where those came from."

