

Snowballs

“Hey, David, you better watch out!” Kenton yelled as David’s snowball whipped past his ear. “My next snowball will be bigger than yours!” Kenton patted more snow onto the growing, icy cold lump in his hands.

David paid no attention as he started to roll another ball of his own, but Kenton’s aim was better. David felt a cold mass of snow break over his back.

“No, you better watch out!” David shouted as he stood up and threw his ball at Kenton. He missed again. The two boys laughed and chased each other with more snowballs. They didn’t notice the sky getting grayer and the snow starting to fall more and more.

Kenton’s mother called from the house. “Kenton and David, why don’t you come inside? You must be getting cold.”

“Aw, we’re not cold. We’re having fun!” Kenton called back. He forgot that he hadn’t been able to feel his toes in his boots for a long time. Come to think of it, his fingers were pretty cold too, now that his gloves were soaked through. “Are you cold, David?”

David looked down at his soggy mittens. “Well, maybe a little,” he said.

Kenton’s mother opened the door once more and held a tray. “Here’s some hot chocolate. You can drink it on the porch if you want to stay outside a while yet.”

“Thanks, Mom!” Kenton ran to the porch. David was close behind. They took off their gloves and mittens and held the steamy hot mugs with their red numbed fingers. They sat on the porch steps together.

David said, “Hey, it’s really snowing big snowflakes. Look at that one—and that one.”

“Yeah. Look at the one that fell on my arm. It’s huge.” Kenton looked at it closer. “It’s got a really neat design.”

“Well, it’s just like all the rest,” said David.

“No it’s not,” Kenton argued. He took another sip of his chocolate. “Snowflakes are all different.”

“No they’re not,” David countered. “They all have six sides.”

“Yes, but they’re all different.”

“How do you know?” David asked. “How many snowflakes have you ever looked at?”

“Well, um, I heard that before. God makes every snowflake different.”

“With six sides, “ David insisted.

Snowflakes kept falling and the boys kept trying to look at them closely.

“See, they’re all different,” Kenton said as he gulped the last of his hot chocolate.

“With six sides, “ David said as he put his empty mug down.

Kenton ran from the porch and started to pack some more snow into shape. “And I think every snowball is probably different, too!” he said as he took aim at David with it.

David laughed as it missed him. “And so is every aim!”