



The Snowflake

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*We have only this moment, sparkling
like a star in our hand – and
melting like a snowflake...*

– Sir Francis Bacon

*For my dad, who inspired
this story – the real Pappie*



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High in the sky, one winter's night,
a snowflake was made.

She wheeled and skipped and twirled
between the clouds.

“Wheeeeeeee!” she squealed.

Only soon she began to fall.

“But I don’t want to fall!” said the snowflake.

“You’re supposed to fall,” said a cloud.
“That’s what snowflakes do.”


“But I don’t want to!” pleaded the snowflake.
“Help me, Cloud. Stop me from falling!”

“You’ll find your way...” replied the cloud. “Good luck!”

The snowflake wasn’t at all sure.
She twisted this way and that way...
that way and this way.



Tumbling as she fell, the snowflake grew dizzy.



Far away in a town nestled between the hills,
a little girl was walking home with her grandpa, Pappie.

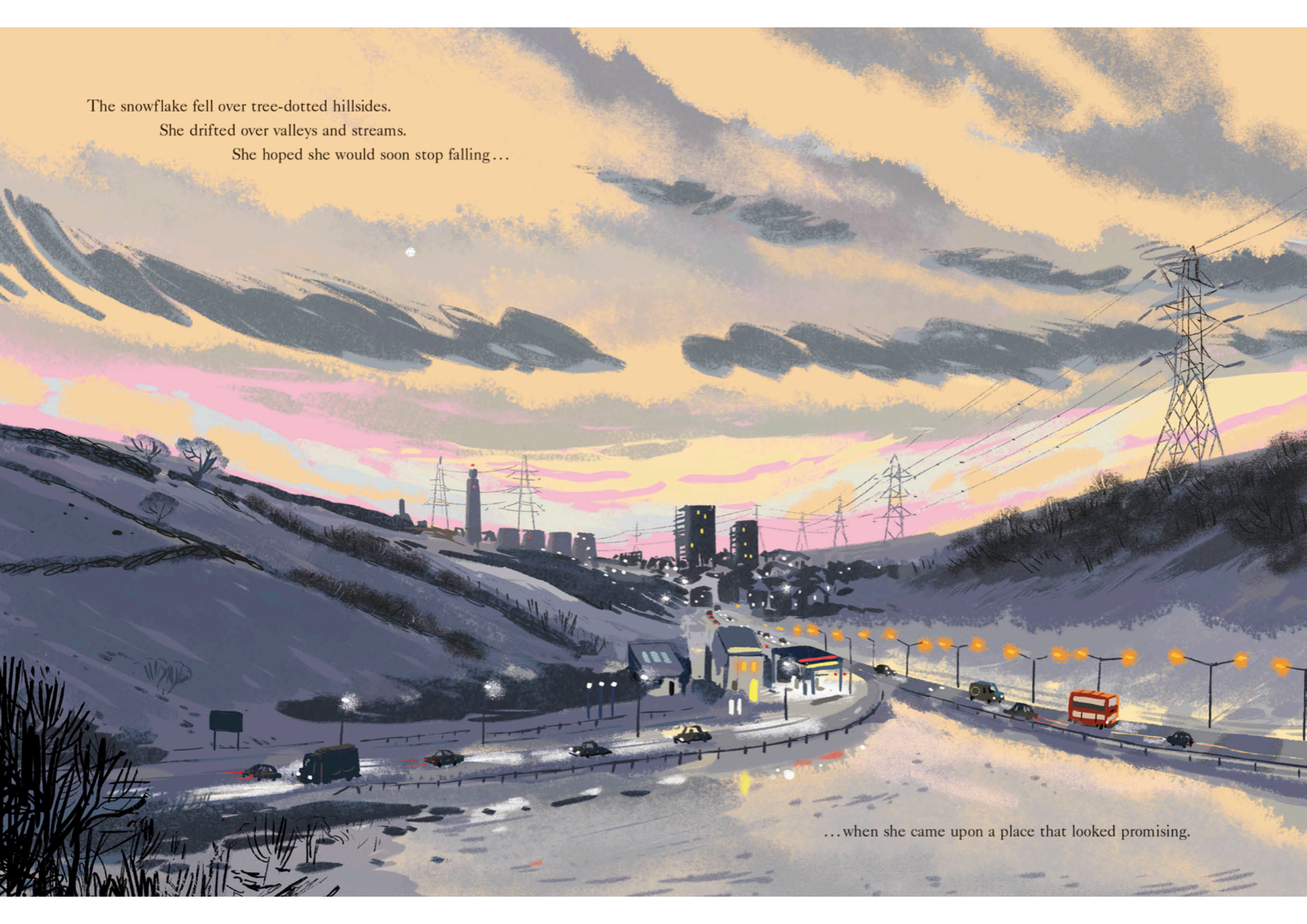
Her name was Noelle.



Noelle's breath puffed into the cold, crisp air.

I wonder if it will snow tonight, she thought.

The snowflake fell over tree-dotted hillsides.
She drifted over valleys and streams.
She hoped she would soon stop falling ...



... when she came upon a place that looked promising.