

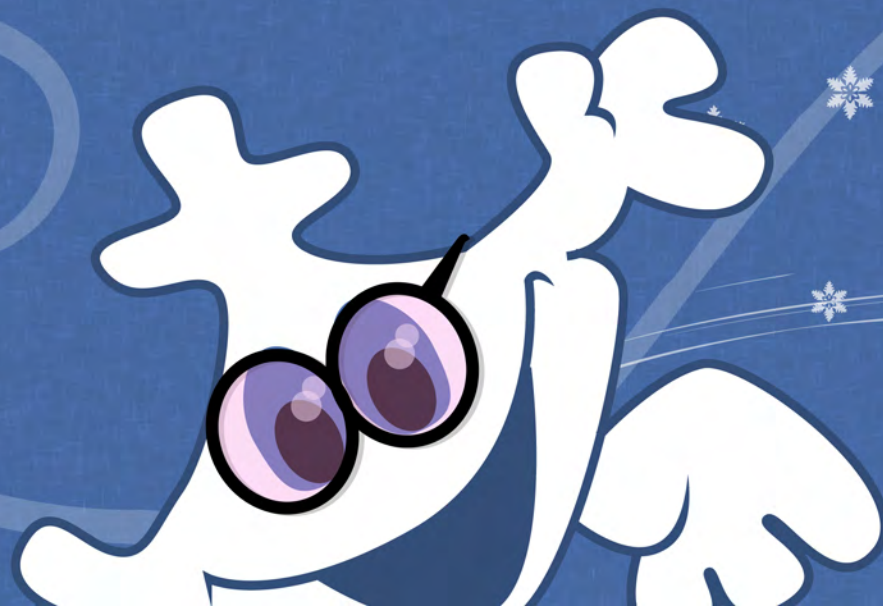
Snowflakes Don't Wear Pants

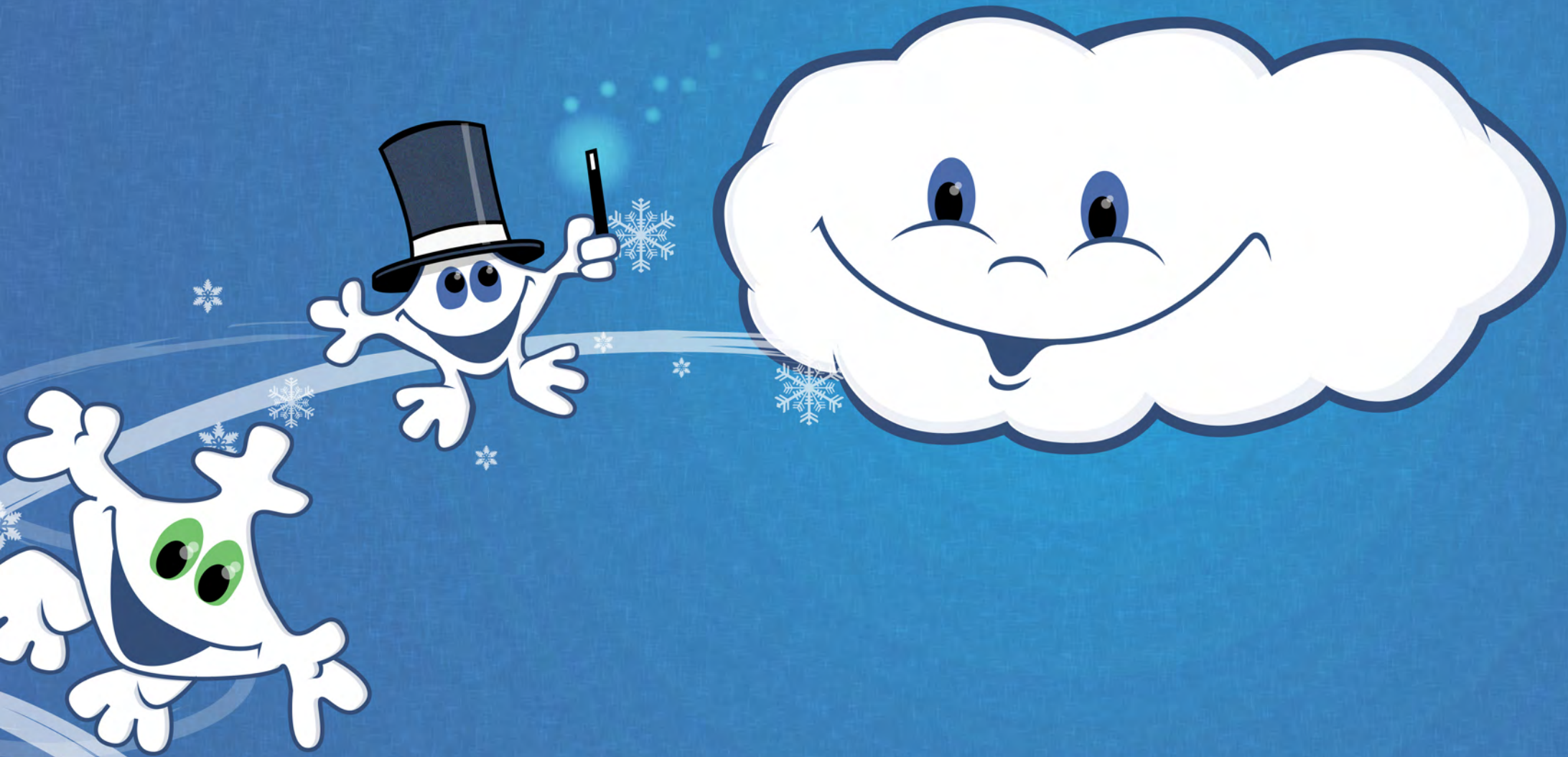


Story and Illustrations by Kevin Menzie

As best as I can remember
It was a chilly night in late December
When from above a cloud gave birth
To thousands of snowflakes who

Fell
to
the
earth.





"Farewell, my children," said the cloud.

"Go out on your own and make me proud.
Each of you is unique, not one the same.
And I love you all; hail, sleet, or rain."

One of the snowflakes
saw a house down below.

And a girl staring up
at the new falling snow.

He thought to himself,
"I'll land right at her toes."

But the wind picked up and placed him
square on her nose!



"I'm a snowflake," he explained.

"I've landed here purely by chance."

"You're not a snowflake," she replied.

"Snowflakes **don't wear pants!**"

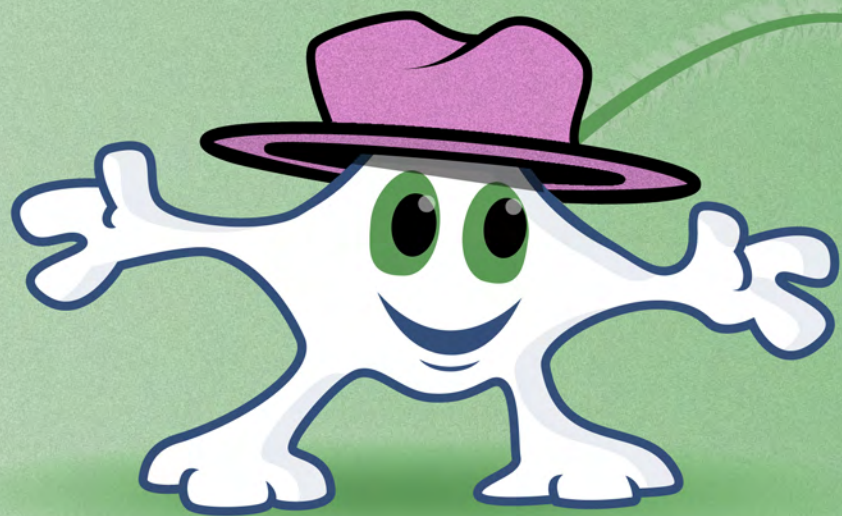




"Well, I do," he smiled,



"And other snowflakes wear shoes.



While others wear hats

Or bright pink tutus."





"There are **BLUE** ones.



And **RED** ones.

And then there's this fellow...



Who crossed paths with a dachshund
And, well, now he's **YELLOW.**"



"Some leave things to fate;
They go wherever the wind blows."



**And others hold hands
While pressed to your windows."**


**"We become snowmen or snow forts
When we all get together.
Or snowballs or slushballs
(Depending on the weather)."**

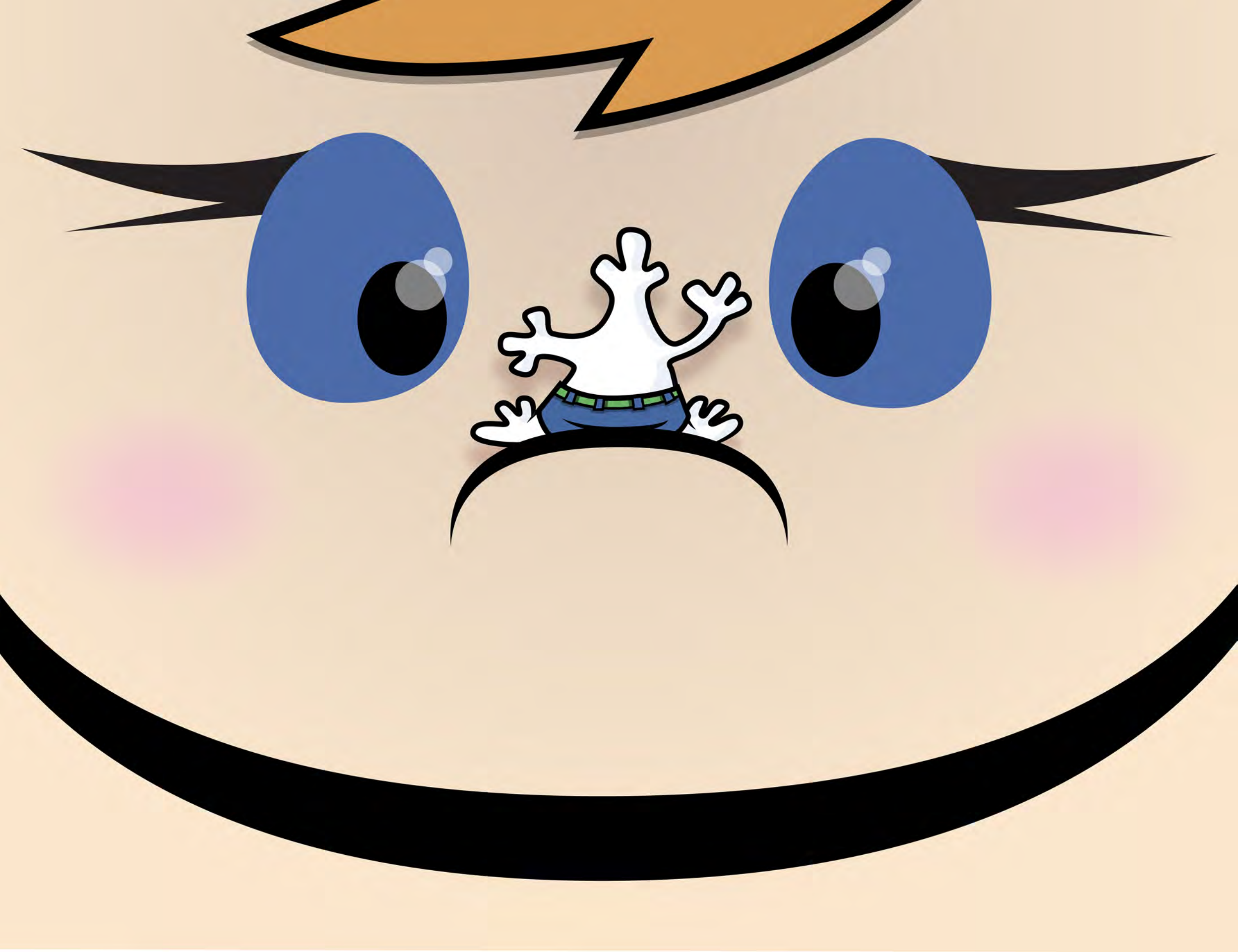




"So you see, my new friend,
That it's quite a mistake
To presume to know **everything**
About one tiny snowflake."

And at that the girl smiled.
Then they both said goodbye.
And she admired **each** snowflake
That fell from the sky.







The End