

Snow Day

by RV Staff Writer J.C.

Freddie woke up to see it was snowing – again. The world outside was white. Snow covered the roads, the cars, the houses, and even the driveway Freddie has just shoveled the day before.

“Ugh,” said Freddie. “Not more snow!” He got out of bed and headed to the bathroom for his regular morning shower. As he reached for the taps, his mother appeared in the doorway.

“I’ve got news,” she said. “There’s been so much snow overnight that the roads are slippery and dangerous. I just heard on the radio that they canceled the school buses for the day.”

Freddie groaned. “Then how am I supposed to get to school?”

His mom grinned. “I guess you don’t. It’s a snow day!”

Freddie’s eyes lit up. He’d never had a snow day off from school before. What would he do first?

“I’m going back to bed!” Freddie headed back to his room and climbed under the covers. After a few minutes, he realized that it was too late. He was already wide awake. He headed down to the kitchen where he found his father cooking bacon and eggs.

His father smiled. “Since we are all staying home today, I thought we’d have a nice hot breakfast together.”

Freddie nodded in agreement. Normally, the family was rushing to get out on time, so he usually just ate some cereal and a banana on school days. He sat at the table and watched his father flip the eggs over in the pan. His mother poured juice and coffee and joined them. It was relaxing, thought Freddie.

After breakfast his mother suggested he go out and build a snowman. Freddie wasn’t too sure. He didn’t really like the cold and the snow. He’d rather stay inside and play video games.

“You can play after, but how about you go outside for a little bit? It’s good to get some fresh air, and who knows, you might even enjoy yourself.” His mother handed him a scarf, hat, and mitts. She rummaged in the closet to find last year’s snow pants. Freddie reluctantly put on the warm clothes and headed outside.

Standing alone in the front yard, with the cold wind blowing, was not Freddie’s idea of a good time. Knowing his mom meant what she said, the boy sighed, thinking the quicker he completed his snowman, the faster he could go back inside to his video games. He set to work packing up some snow into a large ball.

Moments later, he saw one of his friends emerging from his house up the street. Dion waddled out in his puffy snow pants and heavy parka. He waved to Freddie.

“Hey there! I saw you out here and thought you might want company. Snow days are awesome!” Dion laughed. Freddie was surprised but happy to see his classmate. Usually they just rode the bus together.

“Yeah, sure. Help me make this snowman, would ya?” Dion nodded, and they got to work, building the snowman a sturdy base and lifting a heavy snowball on top of it.

Between the two of them, it seemed like the snowman was finished in no time. Dion found some stones for buttons, and Freddie stuck a couple of broken branches into the body to make arms. As they stood back to admire their work, a snowball hit Freddie in the back. He turned, and another one smacked his shoulder. From across the street, Colin was standing in front of his house with a big grin. He threw another snowball, this time hitting Dion’s leg.

“Hey!” Dion shouted, who was quickly packing a snowball of his own to defend against the attack. The three boys were shouting and laughing as snowballs went flying fast in all directions.

After a wild battle where everyone had gotten a face full of snow at least once, the boys plopped down in the fluffy white powder. They were exhausted and red-cheeked but happy.

Colin said, “Hey, I know what we can do next!” He told the boys his idea, and Dion and Freddie agreed.

Freddie ran into the house. His mom met him at the door.

“Are you ready to come in now?” she asked.

“Not yet, Mom!” Freddie said excitedly. “I wanted to ask if I could go to the park with Dion and Colin so we could go sledding down the hill!”

“Sounds great,” answered his mom.

“Snow days are the best!” Freddie yelled as he ran off to play with his friends.

Questions

1. Why was being outside, “not Freddie’s idea of a good time”?
2. Why did Freddie's feelings change?
3. What does *emerging* mean here: "one of his friends emerging from his house up the street"?
4. What would you like to do on a snow day?