Aiko and the Crooked Snow Friend

Some lovely things change.





The first snow covered Aiko's garden like a soft white blanket. She pulled on her boots. Today, she would build a snow friend as round as the moon.



Her first snowball was lumpy. Her second rolled into a long shape. Dad helped lift it onto the base. The head leaned a little to the left.



Aiko stepped back. "You're crooked," she told her snow friend. One twig arm was short. The other was long. Even the pebble smile tipped up at one end.



Dad offered to help change it. Aiko looked again. The sideways smile seemed to be sharing a secret. "Perhaps this is how my snow friend likes to stand."



She tugged the blue scarf snug around its neck. She gave it a name: Wobble. Then she made a small snow seat nearby. They watched a robin on the fence.



The next morning, sunshine poured over the garden. Aiko hurried outside. Wobble's edges had grown softer. A drop of water shone beneath its nose. The scarf hung lower.



"Stay just as you are," Aiko whispered. But the sun was warm, and snow could not keep its shape forever. She felt a heavy little ache in her chest.



Dad stood beside her. "We can enjoy Wobble today," he said. "And remember this day afterwards." Aiko fetched her drawing book. She sat on a dry garden chair.



She drew the crooked smile, the uneven arms, and the scarf almost touching the ground. Her picture was lumpy too. This time, she liked every funny line.



By afternoon, Wobble had become a small snowy hill. Aiko gathered the scarf and pebbles. She left the twigs beside the hedge, where they had come from.



Inside, Dad helped her dry the scarf. Aiko pinned her drawing above her desk. She added a little robin on the fence. The memory felt warm, even without snow.



When clouds gathered again, Aiko looked outside. Perhaps another snow friend would visit one day. It would have its own shape. Wobble's crooked smile already had a place to stay.



The end

What did Aiko like about Wobble?

How did she keep a memory?

What lovely change have you noticed?

Little adventures. A kinder tomorrow.

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