The Snow Storm

When Anna woke up she thought it was still night. No light came through the skylight. She turned on her side in bed and looked through the doorway into the kitchen. Tony was at the table eating his oatmeal. Grandpa was pouring a bucket of coal into the big stove.

Anna jumped out of bed and ran into the kitchen to get dressed. Mama came in from the parlor.

“What time is it, Mama?” Anna asked, warming her hands over the hot stove.

“Almost seven thirty,” Mama said. “Go to the front window and see what is happening outside.”

Anna looked out of the window. It was snowing so hard, she could scarcely see the houses across the street.

“Don’t worry, it won’t last,” Grandpa said. “After all, it’s almost the middle of March.”

Mama put a bowl of hot oatmeal on the table for Anna. “Maybe you should stay home from school today,” she said.

“I can’t, Mama. Today is the last day of the spelling bee. If I win, I’ll be in the City Finals.”