

Rosamond and the Lost Present

Rosamond is strange most of the time. Today was one of those times. She was pulling her four cats, Super Hex, Big Hex, Little Hex, and Plain Hex, on a sled. She went up to the snow detective.

“I lost your birthday present,” she said to him.

The snow detective did not answer. I did.

“That detective is one hour old. Why are you giving him a birthday present?” Rosamond looked at me.

“Oh, it’s for you,” she said.

“My birthday is July 12,” I said. “This is the middle of winter.”

“I believe in giving early,” Rosamond said. She pointed to her sled. “I was pulling your present and my cats on the sled, but the present fell off along the way.”

“Do you know when and where it happened?” I asked.

“Yes,” Rosamond said. “I was feeling drippy. Snow from the tree was falling on me. Then all of a sudden the sled felt lighter. I turned around and looked at it.”