

“Blizzy’s Snowy Adventure”

The freezing cold did little to quell Blizzy’s enthusiasm. In fact, his excitement increased with every passing second. Blizzy was an active snowflake.

He was surrounded by thousands of other flakes, each one wondrously unique in size, shape and design. Most waited patiently for their chance to be part of this yearly event; the first snowfall of the season.

Blizzy was bouncing all over, moving right and left, up and down, and to and fro. He bumped into several snowflakes around him, including his sister Snoflake.

“Blizzy, calm down,” she shouted. “That hurt.”

“Sorry, Snoflake. I’m just so excited,” he said.

The others were trying to move away from Blizzy, even Whiteout and Crystal. Everyone except Chill. Blizzy looked up to his older brother; the adventuresome snowflake with the coolest name. He admired Chill’s confidence and focus and wanted to be just like him.

But they were very different. Blizzy had lots of ideas; sometimes too many. And he wanted to try them all out.

“How are you doing?” Chill asked.

“Hi, Chill. I’m good. Aren’t you excited?”

Chill smiled, a knowing smile. “I am, Bliz. This *is* exciting, but you need to be patient for just a little longer.”

“That’s hard for me to do, Chill.” In his anxiety he didn’t think to ask Chill what he had planned. He had no way of knowing that Chill’s plans were even more spectacular than anything he had imagined.

“I know,” said Chill, as he looked up and saw Mr. Freeze going over his list. Blizzy glanced in the direction Chill was looking and got even more excited. He felt a hand on his shoulder; a firm, calming grip.

“Do good, brother. We’re about to go so think about what you want to accomplish,” his elder sibling advised.

“You too, Chill,” he said, excitement in his voice. Blizzy could hardly contain himself now.

Mr. Freeze cleared his throat at the edge of the dark cloud on which they waited. Blizzy...