

Glen Goes Sledding

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Illustrated by Wes Simpkins



Glen was so pleased when Linda came out of her house. He wanted to jump in the air. But a snowman cannot jump. He smiled instead.

"Let's go sledding!" he sang. "We will slide. We will slip. We will glide. We will flip!"



Linda laughed and clapped her hands. "This will be the best day!" she said.

She grabbed her sled. She grinned at her friend. He held her hand in his stick. Away they went. Linda dragged the sled behind her.

Then they saw the hill. "Oh, no!" Linda cried. They stopped.

All the pretty snow was gone! The hill was brown. They could see the ground. They could see the grass.

"The morning sun melted the snow," Glen said. "I must find a place to hide from the sun too." They went into the barn. It was dark inside.

Soon it started to snow. The wind blew. The snow flew. Soon the ground was covered with snow. Linda was glad.

As soon as the snow stopped, Glen and Linda went sledding. They slid faster than ever before. They felt like they could fly!



When Linda went to sleep that night, she dreamed about snow. She had a party in the garden. The snow was deep. Her friend the snowman played in the yard. Glen waved his stick. Linda smiled in her sleep.