When Sam yawns, Max knows it is bedtime. Max curls up at the end of Sam’s bed.
Lee saw fluffy snowflakes fall.
She liked the snow.
She rushed to the door.

“I will put on my coat,” she said.
“I will put this hat on my head.
I will pull on my boots.
Then I will be ready to play.”
Lee went outside. She could see her breath. Lee looked at the snow. It was bright in the sunlight.

Lee hopped across her yard. She left footprints in the snow on that lawn.
Lee came to her hiding place. It was under a bush. She crawled on her knees to get inside.

The heavy snow on top made it dark inside. Lee pushed away dead leaves and sat down.
Lee sat snugly in her cave. But she smelled the sweet bread that Mom was baking. “Time for a snack,” Lee said.