

Snowflakes

(s3)

by Mel

Diana carefully cut the folded paper she held, as eight-year-old Jacob Wells walked into his father's bedroom chamber.

"What are you doing?" Jake asked, plopping down in the seat next to her.

"It's a surprise... if I get it right." Diana adjusted the paper, making another cut. "How was school, buddy?"

"Okay," the boy shrugged tilting his head. "I didn't know you did origami."

Diana laughed, setting the scissors down. "I don't. That's beyond my skill level."

"Then what are you making?"

Diana smiled and opened the paper to reveal a string of paper snowflakes. "Happy snow day, Jake."

Jake laughed.