

"Let it Snow, Let it Snow, Let it Snow"

# "Let it Snow, Let it Snow, Let it Snow"

By : **future author**

Every year for Christmas, Max wishes for the same thing: snow. And every year for Christmas, his dream is rejected. It is hotter than ever where he lives in Phoenix, Arizona, though the winter solstice is nearing, but things begin to change when his older brother, Ryan returns from college for the holidays. Ryan offers a vacation opportunity to Max so that he has the chance to see snow. But a dream plagues Max through the nights leading up to Christmas and he can't tell if they are real or just his imagination teasing him. Will it snow for Max or will his wish be rejected again? ~\*~ I dedicate this story to XxlulucrossxX because during the entire time I was writing this, all I could think about was her and liking the snow. So this is for you, lulu! :D I hope anyone who is reading this enjoys it all the way through. As always, please comment your thoughts at the end, whether good or bad advice, anything will suffice. Maybe you will even like it! Thank you and  
HAPPY HOLIDAYS TO ALL!!!! :DDDD ~future author



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# Let it Snow, Let it Snow, Let it Snow

Do you believe in miracles?

I don't.

Every year for Christmas, I wished for the same exact thing: snow. I, however, had learned to keep my hopes down because every year for Christmas, my wish got turned down and instead, I got the sun and the warmth. Now that might sound like a good thing for most people, but when I thought of Christmas or even looked at something of the subject, those little white flakes were always involved.

As for the 'Santa Claus' thing, I lost my beliefs in him a few years back when I was five. It might be childish of me and even selfish, but when he asks you what you want for Christmas, he gives it to you. Just like that. End of story. When I woke up Christmas morning to discover that there wasn't any snow falling to the ground, or never would be, that was the end for me. Though I was upset, I continued to wish for it every year with the same results. I was twelve, now and this year was again turning out to be the same. I couldn't even watch the weather on TV anymore, for I knew that it would be hot, just like the years before.

I turned to thinking about my older brother, Ryan to keep my mind off of snow. He was off at his first semester of college, studying the weather for his degree. He attended some University in Colorado, or as I refer to it as, a place it liked to snow a lot. A lot! So much for keeping my mind away from it. He would be coming home tomorrow for the holidays, Christmas was just a week away, and I was super excited about it. I simply couldn't wait to hear all about his new adventures. Boy did I have some questions for him.

The rest of my family, or my grandma, had already arrived to my house in Phoenix, Arizona from some location in the country. Florida, was it? It was nice to see everyone again because Christmas was for sure in the air, with them around, as it got closer and closer. Everything seemed to be so great leading up to the holiday.

~\*~

The next day came at last. My brother would be flying home to me. When the phone rang, I was the one to answer as it was him on the line.

"Hey, Ryan, I am so excited for your return!"

"I am too, buddy, but--"

"But? But what? Don't tell me you aren't coming! Mom! Ryan is on the phone and he says that he isn't--"

"Yo, Max! I'm still coming. It just might take longer than expected..."

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you been watching the news? I'd think that you would be watching it the most... It's snowing like crazy up here. I'm snowed in until it lets up."

"Max, what were you hollering about?" My mom was descending the stairs from the second floor. She wore green sweats with a red Christmas hoodie and her hair was brown, like mine, and it was up in a bun appearing

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to be an ornament. As she got nearer her green eyes, also like mine, were in question.

"Ryan won't be here as early as we thought. He's snowed in."

"Is he at the airport?"

"Mom wants to know if you're at the airport?"

"Yes, I am," he replied. "My plane is late. And when it arrives, it won't fly out until the storm has blown over. You must be upset, Max, I'm sorry."

"I'm not upset! I'm jealous, Ryan! Bring the snow with you, won't you? "

"I would if I could, buddy."

I turned to my mom. "His plane is late and his flight is delayed due to the snow."

"Is he okay"

"Yes," I answer. "He's just fine."

"Okay, well I got to finish the laundry with your grandma. Give Ryan my love." She ascended the stairs, her bun moving all over the place atop her head. "Oh and have you finished your letter to Santa yet?"

"Mom! You know I don't believe!"

"So? When you're finished on the phone, go write your letter." She continued the rest of the way up.

"Mom gives you her love. And I have to go. She wants me to write a stupid letter to Santa. No matter how many times I write it, my wish will never come true, it's just too warm!"

"Okay, bud. Well, I'll see you later tonight! Love you all! Bye!"

"Bye!"

I hung up the phone, then ran straight up to my room to do as my mom wished. At least someone would get their wish this year. I've written this letter so many times before, that it was literally ingrained in my brain.

*Dear Santa,*

*What do I want for Christmas, you ask? All I would like for Christmas is snow. Enough snow to stick around for a while for people to enjoy it during the day as it falls. If that were to happen, I can honestly say that I would be the most thankful and happiest kid in America.*

*Thank you so much, Santa,*

*Maxwell Fagan.*

"Mom! I'm finished with your stupid letter!" I said the last half under my breath, so that she wouldn't hear it.

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"Great." She entered my room, a bunch of my clothes in her arms. She swapped my clothes for my letter. "I'll drop it off at the post office later when I go to the store with your grandmother. Thanks, Hun."

"Whatever," I thought to myself. "Cool, mom."

"It will snow this year, I just don't know it will, Max."

"*She knows it won't snow.*" The thought clearly marked on my face. "I'll believe it when I see it." She left on that note without anything else to say.

~\*~

"Hello?" I said answering the phone.

"Hey, buddy, I'm calling to say that I'm finally boarding my plane. Should be there in an hour and a half to two hours! See you soon!"

"That's awesome! See you then and make sure you bring the blizzard with you! Please!"

"All right, buddy. I got to go, bye."

"I'm not kidding with you, you know. Bye" I hung the phone up for the second time that day. "Dad! Ryan is on his way home!"

"Okay," he shouted back from the office, "we'll leave for the airport when your mom and grandma get back. Go eat some pizza, you don't have to wait anymore, you know."

"I know." I was starving myself before until I got the phone call. When Ryan called, I would then eat. Now that he had, I hurried to the kitchen and grabbed the entire box of pizza and ran to my bedroom. I should probably save some for everyone else, but it wasn't like anyone else was having any anyways.

An hour later, I heard my mom and grandma down in the foyer which meant that it was finally time to go to the airport. I absolutely loved the airport even when I wasn't going anywhere myself. It thrilled me to see all the other destinations people were going to, especially for the holidays. Then, there were the planes we could see taking off or landing. It was just an awesome place to be.

I'm down the stairs as quickly as my feet will carry me and grab my shoes by the front door, passing by my mom and grandma as I go. My grandma had that same look as all grandmas do with short gray curls upon her head and a wrinkly face that was covered with makeup making her look too young to be my mom's mom. She also wore the same type dress that they all wear and it looked way too old for this century. White pearls dangled around her neck and a diamond wedding ring fit her left ring finger, though her husband had died many years before.

"Slow down, Maxwell," My mom orders, "before you run somebody over."

"Gotta hurry, mom. Ryan will land soon. We have to head for the airport." Realization dawned on my mom right away. She was the only one that understood my fascination with airports. I wonder if that's where I got it from?

"Hurry, put your shoes on already, Max," she said. "Rodger? We're home. Let's go to the airport."

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"Okay, darling, let me just shut down the computer and I will be ready to leave."

When I finished tying my shoes, my dad was ready. He had short brown hair, like me and he wore a Christmas sweater, much like mom's. The only difference he had were his blue eyes that were magnified behind glasses. Out of all of us, my grandma appeared to be the most normal because even I was in a ridiculous Christmas apparel.

The night air was still hot and dry as if the day had never cooled down when we left. The winter solstice was just two days away, but winter was the last thing on my mind for the new season. It was more like spring or early summer if you asked me. Why my parents were bundled up, I have no idea. I was in a Christmas t-shirt and Christmas shorts. Just looking at them made me want to sweat or die of a heat stroke.

We loaded into the car. My dad volunteered to drive, my mom sat next to him in the passenger seat, and my grandma and I sat in the back. When my dad turned the car on, Christmas music was playing on the radio. Once it had turned on, my mom and dad began singing along with it straight away.

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way.

Oh what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh hey..."

"Can we please change the channel," I asked over their obnoxious singing

"What for," my mom replied, "it's Christmas!"

"Sure doesn't feel like it."

"Oh cheer up sport," my dad added.

"It's okay, Maxwell," my grandma said, speaking for the first time in hours it seemed like. "It will snow here before you know it. Then it will definitely feel like Christmas."

"I hope so, grandma."

~\*~

We arrived at the airport a little before eleven at night. Even at this time of night, it was busy. You could see people hustling about doing all sorts of things: checking in, going through security, finding their gate, running to their next flight, picking up family members, everything. And I loved it. The best atmosphere I could possible be in at the moment.

We waited in line to check in, not for a flight, but for passes to go to the gate my brother would be arriving at. The line moved slowly of course, nothing too unusual, but we're at the front before we know it. A lady behind the extended desk, called for us to come at last.

"We all need tickets to the Denver to Phoenix gate. Our oldest son is flying back from college tonight and we're here to pick him up," my dad explains politely to the frontier check-in lady, her tag read Rebecca which must have been her name. She had shoulder length black hair with matching eyes and she seemed as if she didn't want to be there.

"I'm sorry to say, but only two members can go back to the gates at a time," she said all of this in a squeaky voice and didn't look the least bit sorry.

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"I'm sorry?!" My mom began. Here she goes. "But it's Christmas! Can't you make an exception for a loving family?! My son has been trapped in the Denver airport all day due to a blizzard and you expect some of us to stay behind to wait?! I don't think so lady!" My mom's face was just inches away from Rebecca's emotionless one and she was leaning over the counter with both palms smashed firmly against it.

"Ma'am, I cannot allow that. Now step back before I call for security."

"I WILL NOT--"

"Violet, dear," my grandma spoke up, "let it go. It's not worth it. You and Rodger can go. Maxwell and I will wait here."

"No, you and Max can go on ahead, we'll wait by baggage claim."

"Are you sure, Violet?"

"Yes, mom. You two go on ahead."

Rebecca handed over the two passes to my dad respectively and he gave them to my grandma to keep for the time being.

"The nerve of some people," I heard my mom say louder than was really necessary. I looked over my shoulder and noticed Rebecca gave my mom a look. She had definitely heard her.

"Violet, dear, calm down. It's going to be fine," my grandma reassured. "We'll be back here within a half an hour I assume." For we had just arrived at baggage claim. My grandma and I continued up the escalator, heading for the security area.

~\*~

The doors to the gate were opened when we arrived. Grandma and I sat down directly opposite from them so that we could get the first sight of Ryan. People were already coming out, but there was no sign of him.

"Max! Grandma! Over here!" Came a voice near the entrance of the gates. There were so many people that I guess we couldn't see him through the crowd.

"Ryan!" I shouted excitedly. I ran up to him and gave him a brotherly hug. He returned it with a huge smile on his face. He looked like an older version of me with the brown hair, but more so like dad with the same blue eyes behind glasses. Ignoring the weather in Denver, he wore khaki shorts with a Christmas t-shirt like mine.

"What's up, little bro? Sorry about the long wait, but the snow was just brutal."

"It's all right. I love the snow remember. Nothing will make me hate it. So...did you bring some with you?" I asked looking all around his slim figure trying to find it.

"Ha-ha, I'm sorry, Max, but I didn't bring any snow with me. It's just too hot. It would have melted. You know that." He looked down at my smiling face.

"I know, I was just jokin'. C'mon, let's go get your baggage."

"All right. Hey Grandma."

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"Hello, dear. How was your first semester at CU?" She went up and gave him a hug and a kiss on his cheek. It was an interesting sight seeing her do that, however because he was so tall and she was too short.

"It was really great actually. I have the best dorm mate, Josh. And my classes are great. But we can talk about it later."

~\*~

"Ryan, honey!" My mom shouted for the whole airport to hear when she spotted us. She ran up to him and squeezed him around the middle which caught him off guard. "How are you?"

"I'm good, mom. Can you let go, please?" She let go and took a couple of steps back. "Here's your suitcase," she handed it over to him.

"Thanks, mom!"

She nodded, "You should have seen the trouble we went through to get to you though."

"Why what happened," Ryan asked curiously.

"Oh nothing," Grandma said.

"It's just that the rudest people work here." She glared over her shoulder at nobody in particular... Our dad took this opportunity to step forward and also gave Ryan a hug. They stood at the exact height, but Ryan was still growing and our father was shrinking little by little.

"Nice to have you home son," he said.

"It's good to be home, really. I absolutely missed the warm air and you all!"

"Excuse me? You miss this weather?" I gestured to the air around us as we had just exited the airport into a blast of hot and dry air, our bodies already covered in sweat. *Did it get more hot while we were in there? Is that even possible?* "Unbelievable."

"Oh come off it, Max," Ryan laughed. I stuck my tongue out at him as my reply.

~\*~

"So how was your first semester of college," our mom asked once we got settled into our family room. It was almost midnight at this point and well past my bedtime.

"It was really enjoyable, much better than high school. As I told grandma, my dorm mate, Josh is a cool guy and all my classes were interesting. And the weather is amazing up there. They have a saying: 'if you don't like the weather, just wait five minutes.' Boy was that true. It doesn't snow or rain for very long, but there are more than enough sunny days there. More so than Florida, Grandma."

"Sounds fun," I said. "What's the snow like, Ryan?"

"You don't remember?"

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"I was so young the last time I witnessed it." Just after my fourth birthday, we went to Vermont for Christmas to visit my nana on my dad's side of the family. While we were there, it had snowed so much and I had fell in love with it. That was the first and last time I was in snow. We were never able to visit nana again because we were too poor. Ever since then, I had wished for snow for Christmas.

"Yeah, you were only four, I forgot. I was only ten at the time myself. Snow is amazing. It's cold, but makes you feel all warm and cheerful inside. And when it falls to create a winter wonderland, it's the prettiest sight ever. Maybe after the holidays, I could take you with me and show you around. There's always snow on the ground there. Even during the summer months."

"That would be so totally amazing! I am so excited right now! Looks like I will be getting snow after all, though it's not on Christmas day. Oh well, I still get to see it and travel by plane to Colorado! Oh my gosh, this is like the best thing ever. I am so--" I rambled on and on until I was threatened to have my mouth glued shut, or worse, go to bed.

"Well, mom, dad, would that be okay if I took Max with me for a few days?"

"I don't see why not," Ryan, our dad said. "What do you think Vi?"

"It's not like we have anything planned after Christmas. Not until New Years anyways. Yeah, I guess that'd be all right."

"Oh, I forgot about new years. Looks like we'll have to go afterwards, buddy."

"That's totally okay with me. School doesn't start up again until mid January anyways and you have to stay with us until New Years..."

"Cool, then we're all set."

"Do you have the money, hun," grandma asked.

"I do. I picked up a job and saved some money up for vacation."

"Maybe I could give you a little extra," she offered.

"Oh no, grandma, I couldn't have you do that."

"It's the least I could do."

"I said no. Please, I don't want it."

"Max, I think it's time for you to go to bed," my mom said.

"But I'm not in the least bit tired! Aw, mom! Can I please stay up? Please?"

"See what you've done, Ryan, now he's too excited to go to bed. But I said that it's time to go to bed, Max, so off you go."

"But?"



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"I agree with your mom, Max," dad stated. "In fact, I think we should all get off to bed. It is a bit late." Both Ryan and Grandma yawned at that moment and headed off to the guest bedrooms. I knew I was defeated then and followed after, not looking towards either of my parents. I wasn't mad at them at all, my mind was just racing with my upcoming vacation with Ryan. I undressed and re-dressed into my pajamas when I got to my bedroom, before hopping into bed where I would remain awake for hours, thinking.

I had finally drifted off to sleep when the first rays of the sun were starting to rise. My room was dark thanks to my curtains, so it still felt like night. All was well."

~\*~

*Snow! It was snowing! Just outside my plane window.*

*"Look, Ryan it's snowing! It's snowing!"*

*"Ha-ha, I know little buddy. It snows a lot here, especially this winter."*

*"Since it didn't snow on Christmas back home, I'm glad that I can see it here. At least I still get it! And it looks like there is so much!"*

*"That's because there is a lot! Come on, we got to go find our luggage."*

*We entered the airport through the C gates because we flew with Southwest airlines instead of Frontier and man was this airport huge! There were people everywhere, most returning from their holiday vacations. We headed to the center of what was a lengthy hallway, with all the C gates on either side, to an even larger room. Food joints lined the sides and even a small plane hung from the ceiling.*

*We had to descend down two flights of escalators to the ground floor where the mini train was. Since the C gates were so far from the main airport, we had to use it because it was just too far to walk to. But the mini train was fast and we were in the main part in no time. This was the most unique portion of the place. The ceiling was made of pointy white tarps. Some sign read that they were energy efficient or something. To me, it was still cool. We went down one more flight of escalators to where the baggage claim was, before heading to Ryan's roommate, Josh's car. Though this place was huge, it was really well organized overall.*

*Once we were outside, the frozen air shocked me. It was so much different then back home and I loved it. The snow came down heavily and it was building up all over the place and fast. I was just so speechless.*

*"Hey, Ryan," Josh greeted. "and it's nice to meet you, Max. I have heard so much about you." Josh had short blond hair with hazel eyes. He wore a grey hoodie that made his eyes pop and a dark pair of blue jeans to complete is ensemble.*

*"Hey, nice to meet you too, Josh." Ryan climbed into the front seat and I sat in the back behind him. "Ryan has told me a lot about you too."*

*"So, Max, what do you want to do first?" Ryan asked*

*"Play in the snow, of course!"*

*"That was a stupid question."*

*"Hey, do you want to go sledding?" Josh offered. "I know of the perfect hill."*

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*"Do you even have sleds?" Ryan questioned.*

*"Yes, they're at my parents house."*

*We grabbed three different sleds, all of different sizes and made for the hill. My first thought of the hill was 'wow!' It was so long and covered in feet of old as well as fresh snow. The local children must have been bored with this place because nobody was around and the hills were already glassed over with ice making it firm and patted down with sled marks, perfect conditions for sledding as I soon found out. At the bottom, the hill sloped upwards toward the cloudy sky acting as a neat ramp. This was going to be such a blast.*

*The snow continued to fall, even heavier here than it was at the airport. This was such a dream come true. And I knew, without knowing that I would move to a place as cold and as snowy as it was there. Nothing could make me more happier then I was right then.*

*~\*~*

*"Can you do it?"*

*"Of course I can do it! Who do you think I am, the Easter bunny?"*

*"No, I meant, will you do it."*

*"You know that's against regulations!"*

*"Jack."*

*"Santa?"*

*"I will put in a word to Mother Nature."*

*"That will only make mother more angry. Instead of snow for the boy, she will create a flood or something worse. You mustn't bother her. You know as well as I do!"*

*"I'll think of something! This boy has been wishing for the same thing for eight years. I can't let him down again especially since he's been at the top of the nice list all his life."*

*"I understand, but mother isn't."*

*"Don't worry, I can handle this."*

*"You can try."*

*"Don't you have some blizzard to create in Colorado or something?"*

*~\*~*

I woke up with a start, sat up in my bed, and gasped all at the same time. I glanced over at the clock. It read eight-thirty in the morning. I had only gotten a couple hours of sleep, but for some reason, I was wide awake and my mind was racing again.

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*"What was that, that I was dreaming about? It felt so real. Well, the last part did, anyways. The first part would actually be happening; well the vacation would, not so much on the blizzard. But the last part? Santa Claus isn't real and neither are Jack Frost and his mother? Mother Nature? Nope, they weren't real. Just a dream, just a dream, JUST A DREAM!"*

I repeatedly told myself in my head.

I couldn't go back to sleep. There was no way after the dream I had dreamt. I hurried down the stairs after freshening up in the bathroom to find everyone at the breakfast table drinking coffee and eating eggs and bacon. My favorite. Ryan scooted sideways closer to grandma and invited me to sit beside him. I grabbed my plate and loaded it up with so much food that you'd think I was starving myself. Usually, I don't drink coffee because my parents don't allow it, but since it was a special morning, it was all right for the day.

"Good morning, dear," my grandma said with a cheerful smile on her face. "How'd you sleep?"

"Well, I couldn't get to sleep last night, but when I did, I had the most wonderful dream!"

"What was it about?" My mom asked.

"It was about my vacation, of course!" I chose not to inform them all on my crazy dream. That was private and I didn't want them to think I was overly obsessing about it snowing, though truthfully, I really was. Even with my brother around, my mind couldn't stay off of a white Christmas. "Are we doing anything today?"

"Not that I know of," my mom answered. "We've already cleaned the house, so I guess we get to relax until Christmas." Just my luck. What was I going to do for five whole days? And how was I going to keep my mind off of snow? I wasn't.

~\*~

*"We've been dating for a while now..." he got down onto one knee. "...and I was wondering...would you marry me, Mother Nature?"*

*"Oh my gosh! Yes! Santa Claus, yes! I will marry you!"*

*"Really? That's great!" As he slipped a gorgeous rock on her left ring finger.*

*"Where'd you get this?"*

*"I made it, dear."*

*"It's beautiful!" Santa said nothing and remained silent a bit too long. "You're hiding something, aren't you? What is it? You can tell me."*

*"Well, there's this kid who has been wishing for the same thing every year at Christmas, but I cannot grant it. This is a kid who sits at the very top of the nice list every year, even though his dream doesn't come true. He deserves what he wants and I won't give up until he gets it!"*

*"Okay, Santa, calm down, will you?!" Mother Nature said, for he had raised to his black booted feet to make his point. He sat back down at this. "What is this boys' wish anyways?"*

*"He wants snow."*

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*"And why can't he have it? My son would be glad to give it to him, especially since he deserves it!"*

*"Well, there's one problem; it never snows where he lives in Phoenix, Arizona..."*

*"That is a problem, but exceptions can be made."*

*"What?! Are you serious?!"*

*"Of course I am. It's Christmas and he sounds like a wonderful kid!"*

*"Wow, the total opposite of what Jack said."*

*"What do you mean? What did my son exactly say?"*

*"Well you can't tell him I said this or he won't do as we ask, but he said that you were stubborn in a way."*

*"Oh, no need to worry about him. He will do exactly what I ask of him or else there will be a problem."*

*"I love you!"*

*"I love you more!" They kissed passionately.*

~\*~

"Whoa," was the first thing I said when I woke up. My room was still pitch black and my clock read two-thirty. Again, the dream had felt so real, but it was seriously weird. *"That boy they were talking about was me. But this was just a dream, just a dream, JUST A DREAM!"* I tell myself over and over again.

I hadn't had any interesting dreams for a couple of days, until that night that is. My days were passing by slowly with nothing to keep me busy. The days were more hot than ever reaching record territory. Snow was the last thing that would happen. The rest of my family new how I was feeling and yet they didn't seem to care. They never asked how I was feeling or even tried to reassure me that everything would be just fine. But things weren't 'just fine.' No matter what they did, it just wouldn't snow.

The night before Christmas cheered me up, however. I was finally getting into the Christmas spirit when we handed each other one gift before bed. We all knew what was inside of course, but we acted surprised when we opened them anyhow. Our new pajamas were soft and thin to help against the heat. We all pretty much got the same, the only difference were the colors. Mine were green. We all undressed from our old night clothes and re-dressed into the new comfortable ones before having one last glass of eggnog and heading off to bed.

~\*~

*"YOU'RE WHAT?!"*

*"I'm getting married to your mother, Jack. We've been dating for a while, it was just a matter of time before we got married, you know that!"*

*Jack looked down towards his feet. "And what of the snow in Phoenix?"*

*"She accepted! The boys' wish is going to come true after all!"*

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*"That's great! How'd you do it?"*

*"I asked, It's as simple as that."*

*"You didn't use your Christmas magic to persuade her, did you?"*

*"Jack, you don't need magic when you're in love."*

*"Stop, okay? Just stop! When will I make this happen?"*

*"Tonight. The boy needs to wake up to a light dusting of snow already on the ground and it snowing lightly, then picking up ever so slightly throughout the day."*

*"Okay. How much snow shall I give him?"*

*"That is up to you, Jack. Mind you, the folks there aren't used to snow in Phoenix..."*

*"Then this shall be interesting for me!" He had a sneaky grin on his face with which Santa didn't notice.*

*"I better go, Jack. I have a long night ahead of me and there's much to prepare for still. Good luck and Merry Christmas."*

*"Thanks, you too! You know, you're not to bad, dad..."*

~\*~

*Later, that night, Jack Frost flew down over the southwest region of North America and blew a cool wind. Instantly a dark blue and grey cloud covered the States reaching as far west as Texas and as far north as Colorado. Light flurries began to fall in areas that hadn't seen snow in years. The temperatures dropped dramatically from above average fifty degree temperatures to below average twenty degree temperatures. An event that is so unbelievably rare that it is more likely to get struck by lightning there even though it never rains in some parts.*

*It was enjoyable for Jack, however. A dusting of snow already lay across the grass and the residents of each house were atop their blankets in their beds trying to keep cool not knowing or caring about what was occurring outside.*

*After a while, he began to get carried away, by making it snow even heavier as well as expanding the boundaries of the unexpected storm. It stretched towards that of the south into northern Florida and beyond. Kids would be all giddy inside when they discovered the winter wonderland in the morning. That made Jack happier more than anything which hardened the snow all around.*

~\*~

*"That might have felt real like the dreams before hand, but there is no way that it snowed a single flake overnight," I thought to myself. It was 7 in the morning and the sun appeared to be shining through my curtains. I was correct, no snow if the sun was out. I jumped out of my bed and gasped at the crisp feeling of the hardwood floor under my bare feet. I searched for my slippers in my closet and put them on before pulling back my curtains to a blinding light. I screamed!*

## "Let it Snow, Let it Snow, Let it Snow"

"What's wrong?" My mom asked as she barged into the room with my dad behind her and my grandma behind him. They stopped in their tracks also blinded by the light from outside.

"Why are the floors so cold this morning?" My brother asked as he too entered my room. "My feet are so cold." He looked up and received his answer.

"IT'S SNOWING!" I shrieked with exhilaration. "I can't believe it! This can't be happening! My dreams were true. Were real! Somebody pinch me!"

"I don't understand," my mom spoke up first. "The news...it said that it was supposed to be abnormally hot. Where did this come from?"

"Santa," I responded.

"Max, Santa doesn't exist," my dad said. "You've been right all along."

"Then explain this."

"The blizzard in Denver must have stalled and come south," Ryan suggested. "Weather changes all the time, buddy."

"That blizzard was a week ago. You would still be stuck if it had stalled."

"Quite the young weather man we have," my grandma said.

"You believe me, don't you, grandma?"

"Of course I do. There isn't any other explanation."

"Mom?" My mom said with a look of reality.

"Violet, it rarely snows here, you know that. Looks to me that there is already a good half a foot on the ground and it's still snowing heavy. What else can this be?"

That shut my mom up. "I agree with Ryan," my dad, however, said.

"Do you," My grandma asked. "How about go open presents. It's Christmas after all."

I was the first to run out of my bedroom, my brother right behind me. We sat directly in front of the tree while our mom, dad, and grandma sat on the couch. My mom flipped on the news.

"What an unexpected surprise we got this morning, Bob" the woman news anchor on the left said. "The city is under a state of emergency with the six inches of snow already reported on the ground this morning.

"I know, Jane. I almost crashed my car when I backed out of my garage this morning What a surprise this was. And this event hasn't just hit us, folks, but also to all the people in the south. Places that have never even seen snow before like Miami, Florida. And it has hit the Los Angeles and San Diego area too, it's just so rare. Now let's go to Mike with the weather, Mike?"

"Good morning Bob and Jane and Merry Christmas to you both. I have no explanations for this rare occurrence. I was one-hundred percent sure of another hot and clear day in the Phoenix metro area. As for my

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predictions on the amount of snow, it looks to me that it's not planning on letting up anytime soon. We could have a foot to a foot in a half before this is all said and done, which has never happened in Phoenix history or the rest of the southern States as far as I'm concerned. Everyone just stay at home today. Stay safe and have a Merry Christmas. Bob, Jane back to you."

"See?" My grandma asked. All of our eyes were glued to the TV during the news segment.

"This has got to deal with Santa and my wish. I just know it. There's no other way."

"Stop it!" my mom and dad commanded.

"And stop encouraging him, Mom." My mom looked to grandma.

I just wish the culprits behind this awesome attack would show themselves to prove that I was right. But I did have a way: my dream.

"Mom, dad, Ryan, I have something very important to say."

"What is it, son?" My dad questioned, a look of curiosity not only on his face, but also my mom's, Ryan's, and Grandma's as well.

And I told them about my dream. I started with how it began with the vacation I was going on with Ryan with which they had remembered. Then, I told them that it had changed that same night into a stranger dream. A dream that felt so real, it was like a vision of some sort, like I was actually there witnessing it. It surprised them when I had the same kind of dream, but on a different night with a different story. That is when they seemed to think that I wasn't making this whole thing up. All of them could tell that this dream had been bothering me for a while now, I just never spoke up to tell them about it. When I was finished telling them about the latest dream overnight, comprehension had finally dawned on their senses.

"Do you believe me now?"

"We have to," my mom spoke through all of them. "You had a vision, not a dream. It has to be real."

"Let's open presents now," Ryan said.

I jumped with joy. This was the best Christmas ever! "Merry Christmas everyone!"

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"That was very sweet of you, sweetheart."

"Thank you, Santa. It makes me feel good inside when something like that happens," Mother Nature admitted.

"And thank you, Jack for doing my bidding."

"No problem, dad."

"Though I think you overdid it some, dear," his mother said.

"Eh, it's Christmas. The snow will be gone soon enough. It just made me happy watching the boy play in the snow all day."

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"He's the true meaning of Christmas, I think," Santa said.

"Yes, indeed," Mother Nature agreed.

"Can we do this again next year?" Jack asked.

"Definitely not!" Mother Nature turned the suggestion down."

"Why not? We could give Alaska a warm spell for a day or two."

"I said no!"

"See, dad, I told you. She's a piece of work. Good luck on the marriage!"

" Ho, ho, ho," Santa laughed, "Merry Christmas, Jack." Mother Nature joined in on laughing.

~\*~

That was the last vision I had as I continued to sleep on Christmas night. Everything was just right in the world. And for some strange reason, I had an urge to go to Alaska next Christmas. It would be nice to visit the rest of our family up there for the holidays. I would just have to ask my my parents about it. Don't count on it happening though. Merry Christmas.



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