



Snow, snow, snow. Millions of flakes skipped and tumbled about the little cabin on Goose Creek. Esther laughed, pressing her nose to the window. “Looks like someone’s shaking out Mom’s feather pillows,” she said. “Look, Moses, the snow piles way, way up—right to the window.”

Her younger brother scrambled down the last steps from the loft and came running. “The woodpile’s just a white bump!” he cried. “See the path Dad shoveled to the barn? It’s almost full already!”

Stamp! Stamp! The cabin door burst open. Snowflakes and wind crowded in with a tall man, who beamed at the children through his frosty whiskers. “Dad!” Moses scampered across the floorboards.

Joshua Yoder swung his son into the air. “Well, children, the snow’s coming down all right! It’ll soon be as high as your head!”

“What will happen to the squirrels?” Moses wondered as the family gathered around the breakfast table.



Mom smiled. "They're fine. Snug in their holes, with enough nuts for a feast."

"What's going to happen with the Indians?" Esther worried. She took a bite of hot porridge and gazed at the snowflakes piling on the windowsill.

"The Indians are cozy in their wigwams." Dad patted Esther's head. "Maybe they're having rabbit stew for breakfast."

Esther shook her head. "No, I mean those Indians by the creek. Remember? We saw their camp when we went along to the mill with you."

Mom looked at Dad. "When Mrs. Jones and her son Billy were here yesterday, she said there are six Indians living by the creek. Two of them are women."

"Indians are scary," Moses piped up. "Billy said they burned down his grandpa's house. His grandpa ran away. Those Indians can't get us now, can they? The snow's too deep."

"Those Indians couldn't get us," Esther protested. "They're old, old. They're all worn-out, with no one to take care of them."

"Yes, you're right," Mom agreed. "Their faces are as wrinkled as dried persimmons. With this snow, they won't be able to go hunting." Her voice sounded worried.

