A Cold Ride

by Amy Helfer
illustrated by Asha Pearse
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The sun was shining. Kate and Greg wanted to go out.
“It’s very cold,” their mom said. “Put on some warm things.”
Kate and Greg got their old warm hats and their mittens.
“We will be biking,” Kate said.
“Look out,” said their mom. “Do not slip.”
It was very cold—just like their mom told them—but the sun was shining and they went riding.
Their noses got very red.

“Are you cold?” Kate asked.
“Not very,” said Greg. “I want to ride to the old mill.”
Kate saw Greg shaking.
“Should we go home?” she asked.
“Not yet,” said Greg, “I am hoping to see something at the mill.”
They rode their bikes to the old mill.
“I can’t see a thing,” said Kate.
“Look!” said Greg.
Kate and Greg saw five deer. Kate smiled.
“I told you we would see something,” said Greg.
The sun was fading. Greg and Kate were shaking and the cold was biting their noses.
“This ride was the best,” Kate told Greg, “but it is getting late. We should go home.”
“You were out for a long time. Were you cold?” their mom asked.

“Yes,” Kate told her, “but we saw deer by the old mill. We had a lot of fun!”