The snow was piled like feathers, it lay in mounds along the edge of the rail fence, and stood in great, white balls on top of the gate-posts. Pa came in, the soft snow from his shoulders stamping it from his boots.

“It’s sugar snow,” he said.

Laura put her tongue quickly to a little bit of the white snow that lay as a fold of his sleeve. It did nothing but wet on her tongue, in any snow. She was glad that had seen her taste it.

“Why is it a sugar snow, Pa?” she asked him, but he said he didn’t have time to explain now. He must away, he was going to Grandpa’s.

Grandpa far away in the Big Woods, the trees were closer together and wilder.

Laura stood at the window and Pa, big and swift and strong, away explained tree watched understanding to walking over the snow. His gun on his shoulder, his hatchet and horn hung at his side, and tall boots made great tracks in soft snow. Under one arm they they rest his an do the carried a large package, and in other hand was a big, covered, he they quit a don’t the wooden talkative end

“Here, Caroline,” he said, handing package and the bucket to Ma, then he put the gun on hooks over the door.

“If I’d ______________ a bear,” he said, “I couldn’t ______________ shot him without dropping
received met done done water have
my load.” ______________ he laughed. “And if I’d dropped ______________ bucket and bundle, I
Then The Under it as that
wouldn’t have ______________ to shoot him.
had clubbed me