**Scene where David and Jon use the Snowmallows for the first time**

“Cautiously, I opened the bag. A whoosh of air floated up from it, filling my nose with the scent of burnt wood. It was so strong, it made me cough. I reached into the bag to take out four Snowmallows. Each one was white. They looked like they were supposed to be shaped like snowflakes, but they were slightly soggy and sticky between my fingers – a lot like melting marshmallows – so they came out in a sort of clump. I separated out what looked like four and I paused. The feel of them on my fingers made my stomach churn. The last time I mixed science and marshmallows was one of the worst days of my life. Maybe Jon was right to worry, but this was the only option. I had to pass that test. All I could hope was that history wouldn’t repeat itself.

“Well, here goes nothin’.” I scraped them off my fingers with a spoon, plopping two goopy blobs into each mug.

Jon shuddered. “That’s disgusting.” I couldn’t argue with him.

The Snowmallows floated lazily on top of the cocoa as Jon and I stared at the mugs. Part of me was excited. Another part of me was scared. But, after waiting for what seemed like forever, nothing happened. Then I was just disappointed. We had to be doing something wrong, but what?

“I guess...we’re supposed to, um, drink it?” I suggested. I really hoped that wasn’t the answer.

Jon made a gagging, sour face. “Seriously? Um, No!”

Suddenly, the Snowmallows began to fizz. They turned the cocoa into frothy brown foam that sputtered and oozed over the side of each mug. We jumped back so none of the gook would land on us. It looked like a super-charged ice cream soda. Crash! The slimy coating shattered the mugs into dusty pieces. The whole mixture fizzed a few more seconds. Then it evaporated in sparkles like fireflies flickering up into the sky. The words to “Silent Night” whispered through the air. No trace of the mixture was left anywhere on the porch. As we looked out into the darkness, light, fluffy snowflakes like small clumps of cotton candy began to fall. Both of us were speechless for a minute.

I was so stunned I said the first thing that came into my head. “Do you think that’s why Grandpa has so many old mugs?”

Jon’s eyes widened. “That’s what you think of when that stuff explodes? I’m just glad you didn’t convince me to drink it.””

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