**Some excepts from the book to help know the characters and visualize the scenes**

What the house looks like:

“As we reached home, a three-story Victorian house, we climbed the steps to the wrap-around porch. Apart from Grandpa’s creepy basement lab, I love our house. Dad had it painted sky blue with a light gray porch. Not only did this make it stand out from the rest of the boring white or brown houses on the street, but it also made our house match the colors of the Titans’ baseball uniforms. That was my favorite thing about it. I knew Emily liked the small statues of garden gnomes, bunnies, turtles, and frogs standing in the planting beds around the porch and peering out from around the dormant plants. In the spring, pink azaleas, yellow and red tulips, purple crocuses, and blue and white star flowers added to the color difference between our house and the others. It was a nice change after the dirty snow colors of winter.”

What Grandpa’s lab looks like:

“As I stared at the long, heavy, black-topped wooden table that stood in the center of the room…”

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“At first, I watched him scurry around the lab. Grandpa checked the thermometers and other equipment with dials that covered the open wall space. Then, he flipped through the paper graphs that were spread out on his desk. He never trusted computers, so there were neat stacks of paper in piles surrounding his desk that he kept stepping around. Then he hurried to the shelves along the walls that were lined with old textbooks, empty jars, and chipped coffee mugs and he changed the music from one Christmas Carol to another on something he called a record player.”

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“He was standing next to something I’d seen before, but never actually saw Grandpa use. I didn’t know its purpose. It was a six-foot-tall, narrow, freestanding case with metal edges, a metal top and bottom, and glass walls. It was completely enclosed except for a small, sliding door in the front at the bottom and a drain in the center of the base. I would have said it was a shower stall, but the door wasn’t even big enough for Snowball to go through and there was no showerhead.

“Jon, I have no idea what that is, and I’m not sure I want to know.”

“Looks like a weird, see-through school locker with a really tiny door.” said Jon. “Weren’t you even curious about it?”

I rolled my eyes. “Sure, Jon. I wondered every day because I’m always so interested in science. Can we move along now?”

Jon walked over to some bookcases. “So, where do you want to start looking?””

What it looks like when the Snowmallows have been working for almost a week:

“For forty minutes, Jon and I shoveled while Deacon Strong pushed the snow blower. Deacon Strong cleared a one lane path down the driveway from the garage to the front sidewalk. Then he cleared one lane on the sidewalk and one lane down to Molly Fischer’s front door, so he could get to her if she needed help. Now he was working on the section of the driveway between the sidewalk and the street. That was the spot I hated shoveling the most because it was usually covered with ice and slush from the snowplow. Was it as bad when the snowplow couldn’t get down the street? I was glad I didn’t have to find out.

Jon and I cleared the rest of the driveway and now we were working on shoveling the path to our front door. It didn’t feel like we were making much progress, though. The snow we shoveled only blew back in our faces in stinging, icy crystals and then landed mostly back where it started. The snowbanks on each side of the path grew until we had to throw the snow onto piles higher than our heads. Melted snow started to soak my baseball cap and ski jacket and my cheeks were red from the cold. The rest of my body was warm from the work and, under my jacket, I was beginning to sweat. Enough was enough.”

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““They’ve started using pay loaders and dump trucks to move the snow to open fields and parks to try to get it out of the way. It’s become too heavy for the equipment they normally use.”

I didn’t want to watch the footage of the pay loaders, so I went to the window and looked out for the first time since shoveling that afternoon. Brian on TV was right. The snow was coming down very lightly. Everything was still. It was amazing how quiet it got when there were no cars driving down the street or people talking outside. And when the snow fell in front of the streetlights, it glistened in icy sparkles. When it was like this, I could almost understand what Grandpa might like about winter.

On the flip side, the snow piles were huge. They had to be at least six feet in places that weren’t shoveled. I knew then that even if we could stop the snow and warm things up again, Brian the Meteorologist was probably right. There was no way to tell how long it would take to clear the roads or for the snow piles to melt. Baseball season at Fairlane Park would be impossible. The pay loaders would be dumping the plowed snow into piles on those fields to get it off the roads and those piles would take forever to melt. But baseball wasn’t the important thing right now. Wow! That thought stopped me in my tracks. Only a few days ago, baseball was my biggest worry, but not anymore. Now I was worried about my neighbors, my friends, and, especially, my family.”