

A Girl, A Hat, and Some Snow
By Hajra A.

It was a cold, snowy day when Greta, a bored young woman, wondered what she could do. All of a sudden her hat flew off. She ran to go retrieve it.

Not so far away, Angela, a little girl in Miss Hattie's Orphanage for Girls, stared into the winter snow and saw something unusual. A hat. Angela was cold. The hat was warm. Angela ran after the hat.

Greta wanted her hat back. She ran through buildings, beside roads, and trampled people, but the wind gave no sympathy to Greta's condition. Finally, the wind slowed down. A little.

Angela ran to get her new hat because it was special. She knew it. She ran through buildings, beside roads, and crawled under people but the wind gave no sympathy to Angela's condition. Finally, the wind slowed down. A little.

Greta saw the hat had sat on the park bench. So did Angela. They both ran to the hat, but Greta got there faster. Angela lost hope. She frowned.

Greta loved her hat, but she recognized her uniform from the orphanage. "Here, you have it," she said.

As the stranger walked away, Angela just smiled. As an orphan, everything was a hand-me-down. But this was her very own hat. Angela was five, and this was her first ever present.