

The Little Snow Engineer



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In a little village tucked between snowy hills, there lived a girl named Nora. She was eight years old, small for her age, with light brown skin and curly dark brown hair in two short puffs. Her red knitted hat with a pompom bounced as she ran. Nora loved snow more than anything. She also dreamed of being an engineer.



Every winter morning, Nora pulled on her mustard yellow puffy coat, blue mittens, and green snow boots. She tucked a small notebook into her pocket. Pip, her tiny spotted puppy, wagged his fluffy tail and followed her outside. Pip had floppy brown ears and a red collar with a tiny brass tag. Together they explored the snowy world.



Nora liked to build things. She made snow walls, stick bridges, and little towers. Pip carried small sticks in his mouth and dropped them at her feet. 'Good boy, Pip!' Nora said with a gap-toothed smile. She wrote ideas in her notebook with a pencil. 'Someday I'll build real things,' she told Pip. 'Strong things that keep people safe.'



One morning, Grandpa Eli came down the lane, leaning on his wooden walking stick. He wore his navy blue wool coat and grey scarf. His white moustache twitched as he smiled. 'Nora,' he said, 'Mrs. Okafor says a big storm is coming. The biggest in many years.' Nora's hazel eyes grew wide. 'A big storm?' she whispered.



Grandpa Eli nodded. 'We must get ready,' he said. Nora thought hard. She remembered how snow piled up and wind blew. 'Grandpa,' she said, 'what if the wind is so strong it pushes snow against the houses? What if roofs get too heavy?' Grandpa Eli stroked his white moustache. 'Those are good questions, little engineer.'



Nora ran to her favorite building spot behind the woodpile. She packed snow into small blocks and stuck twigs together. Pip brought her more sticks, his tail wagging fast. 'I'm making a model shelter,' Nora said. 'A little house that can stand up to a big storm.' She worked all morning, her blue mittens wet and cold.



Nora built a tiny house with thick snow walls and a steep roof made of sticks. She left a small door and a little window. 'Now I must test it,' she said. She blew on it like wind. The roof wobbled. 'Too weak,' she said. She added more sticks and packed the snow tighter. She blew again. The roof held firm.



Pip barked and ran in circles. Nora clapped her blue mittens. 'It works!' she cried. She drew her design in her notebook: thick walls, steep roof, a door that faced away from the wind. She added a note: 'Keep snow off the roof.' Then she ran to find Grandpa Eli. 'Look!' she said, holding up her model.



Grandpa Eli studied the little shelter. His grey eyes behind round glasses grew bright. 'This is clever, Nora,' he said. 'You've made the walls thick and the roof steep. The wind will slide right off.' He tapped his wooden stick on the ground. 'We should show Mrs. Okafor. She's the village leader, and she listens to good ideas.'



Mrs. Okafor stood in the village square, her hands on her hips. She wore a green quilted jacket and a plaid scarf. 'The storm will be here by nightfall,' she said. 'We need to stock supplies and check the roofs.' Nora stepped forward, holding her model. 'Mrs. Okafor,' she said, 'I made a shelter. It can help.'



Mrs. Okafor looked at the tiny snow house. Her dark brown eyes narrowed. 'A model?' she said. 'What can a little model do?' Nora's heart beat fast. Grandpa Eli put a hand on her shoulder. 'Let her show you,' he said gently. Nora explained how the thick walls block wind and the steep roof sheds snow. Mrs. Okafor listened.



Mrs. Okafor inspected the model carefully. She touched the thick snow walls and the stick roof. 'Hmm,' she said. 'This could work. We can pile snow around the houses for extra warmth. And we can make the roofs steeper so snow slides off.' She nodded at Nora. 'Good thinking, little engineer. We'll use your idea.'



Everyone worked together. Strong arms piled snow against walls. Ladders leaned on roofs as people cleared heavy snow. Nora carried sticks and showed where to pack snow. Pip barked and ran from house to house. Grandpa Eli helped with his walking stick. Mrs. Okafor called out orders, and the village buzzed with busy hands.



That night, the storm arrived. Wind howled and snow swirled. But inside the houses, families sat warm and safe. The snow walls kept out the cold. The steep roofs let the snow slide off. Nora watched from her window, Pip curled in her lap. 'It worked,' she whispered. 'The whole village is safe.'



In the morning, the sun shone on a sparkling white world. Mrs. Okafor came to Nora's door. 'Your idea protected us,' she said. 'You are a true engineer.' Grandpa Eli smiled his warm smile. 'I always knew you could do it,' he said. Nora's gap-toothed grin stretched wide. She hugged Pip, who licked her cheek.



Nora learned something important that day. Big problems can be solved by small hands and smart ideas. She wrote in her notebook: 'Share what you know. Test what you build. Keep everyone safe.' And she knew that being an engineer meant helping others. With Pip by her side, she was ready for the next snowy adventure.