



No Way!

by Mary Borsky

“I’m bored!” Josh announced loudly.

“Josh, you know how much I dislike that word,” his mom said from behind the newspaper.

“But I’m really, *really* bored,” Josh insisted, drumming his fingers on the windowsill.

“I know something you can do,” said his dad, who was concentrating on a crossword puzzle. “You can gather the newspapers together for recycling.”

Josh made a face and puffed his breath out as fiercely as a dragon.

What if he grabbed his dad’s pen? That would be pretty funny!

But if he did that, his dad would probably send him to his room.

What if he suddenly snatched the paper from his mom? He imagined how surprised she’d be.

But if he did that, she’d probably make him practise his spelling words.

Life was so *unfair*! Everything was so *boring*! Even the clouds in the overcast sky were sagging like the underbelly of some old grey cow.

He started to look away from the window, but something caught his attention.

“What’s that?” he asked, pointing upwards.

His dad glanced up. “Oh, it’s likely feathers,” he said. “Probably from some geese migrating south.”

Josh squinted at the sky again. “No way,” he grinned, dashing for his parka.

“Hmmm,” said his mom, peering out from behind her paper. “Maybe it’s little pieces of cotton candy. Maybe a cotton candy factory exploded.”

“No way!” laughed Josh.

“You’re both wrong!”

He hurriedly zipped up his parka, pulled on his toque, and ran outside. Then he turned his face to the sky and shouted to his friends in the Fenton Street Four, “IT’S SNOW!”

