

Snowman

by Mel

“There,” Diana said, placing the hat on top. “That does it.”

The six-month-old giggled, clapping.

“I think little Jacob approves of your creation, Diana,” Vincent said.

“Well, I couldn’t have done it myself.” Diana stepped over and tickled the baby’s tummy. “Your dad helped a lot. But now here is the question little one, who do you think he looks like?”

Vincent glanced at their creation.

“Hm .. Father?” Vincent said, suggesting the patriarch of the tunnels.

“He would need a chess set.”

“Dada,” the child said, his hands reaching out.

Vincent and Diana grinned as they looked at the snowman.



