



with Jill Haywood

## Vocabulary

Scarves - bufandes  
Gather - reunir  
Lips - llavis  
Woollen - de llana  
Sew - cosir  
Melt - fondre  
Sparkle - centelleig



## The Snow Miracle

Once upon a time, many years ago, in a small village in the Pyrenees there lived a retired couple called Elena and Jordi. They had lived in the village all their lives and worked hard. Elena worked in the bakery until she retired and Jordi was a carpenter. Now he was retired but he still loved working with wood.

Elena and Jordi were generally a happy couple but they had one great wish. They wished for a child. Unfortunately they had no children. They had a large garden with both flowers and vegetables and they often welcomed the children from the village into their beautiful garden to play. They were sad when the children left because they had no child of their own.

One winter it snowed a lot and four children from the village were making a big snowman in the street.

Jordi turned to Elena and said, "Let's go out and make a snowman in our garden!"

Elena laughed and replied, "That will be fun! But, as the children are making a snowman already, let's make a snow baby!"

They put on hats and coats and gloves and thick warm scarves and went into their garden. They gathered snow and began to form a snow baby. They made its body, arms, legs, tiny feet and made eyes, nose and lips.

“Let’s make it a girl!” said Elena and she pulled her pink woollen hat from her head and put it on the snow baby’s head. She ran into the house to get a flower and put it on the snow baby’s chest.

Elena and Jordi stood, looking down at the beautiful figure of snow they had made. They kissed, both thinking of their sadness as they had no children.

Elena looked at the snow baby.

“Jordi! Look!”

Jordi looked down and his eyes opened wide! The snow was melting away from the snow baby and under the snow was the pretty pink skin of a real baby.

Elena quickly picked up the baby and wrapped her in Jordi’s scarf. The happy couple saw the baby had the prettiest blue eyes they had ever seen. They were the colour of summer skies. Her hair was down to her shoulders and was as white as the snow surrounding them.

The couple took her into the house and Elena began to sew clothes for the miracle baby. The baby grew quickly, very quickly. They named her Mireia, which means ‘miracle’. By the end of the month Mireia was like a child of 5 years and was running in the garden with the village children. Her hair fell to her waist and Elena and Jordi never tired of watching her play.

Christmas came and went and the family celebrated, giving Mireia lots of new things for the bedroom they had decorated specially for her. Mireia was a happy child, her blue eyes sparkled when she laughed, which was often.

As Spring came and the snow melted, Mireia was a beautiful girl of twelve. She was nearly as tall as Elena and loved her parents very much.

On the day that the last snow melted, Mireia woke to find that her hair had changed colour. She ran to find Elena.

“Mama, Mama look at my hair!”

Her snow white hair had gone and now her beautiful long hair was a deep red like the setting sun.

Elena smiled as she hugged her daughter.

“Now I think we are going to have to call you fire-child, like the flames of your beautiful hair.”

Elena, Jordi and their miracle child Mireia with her long red hair, lived happily ever after.