



Warm Hands,

By Wendy Ellison

(Based on a true story)

Rrriinnnggg! Rriinnnggg! The recess bell rang. Monroe and her friends put on their coats. They hurried outside to play.

It was winter. It was cold. Monroe put on her fuzzy pink gloves. She was glad she had gloves to keep her hands warm.

Monroe and her friends had fun

on the swings and the slippery slide. But Monroe saw that some of her friends weren't wearing gloves. Their hands were red and cold. She wished she had gloves for their hands too.

After school Monroe had an idea. She asked Mom, "Can I take extra gloves to school tomorrow?"



Warm Heart

“Why?” Mom asked.

“Some of my friends didn’t have gloves today,” Monroe said. “They can borrow mine to keep their hands warm.”

“That’s a nice thing to do,” Mom said. They found all the gloves they could. They put them in Monroe’s backpack.

The next day at recess, Monroe shared the gloves with her friends. It was still cold outside, but the gloves kept their hands warm. Monroe was happy to share her gloves. As she played, her hands felt warm. And now, her heart did too. ♦

The author lives in Utah, USA.