

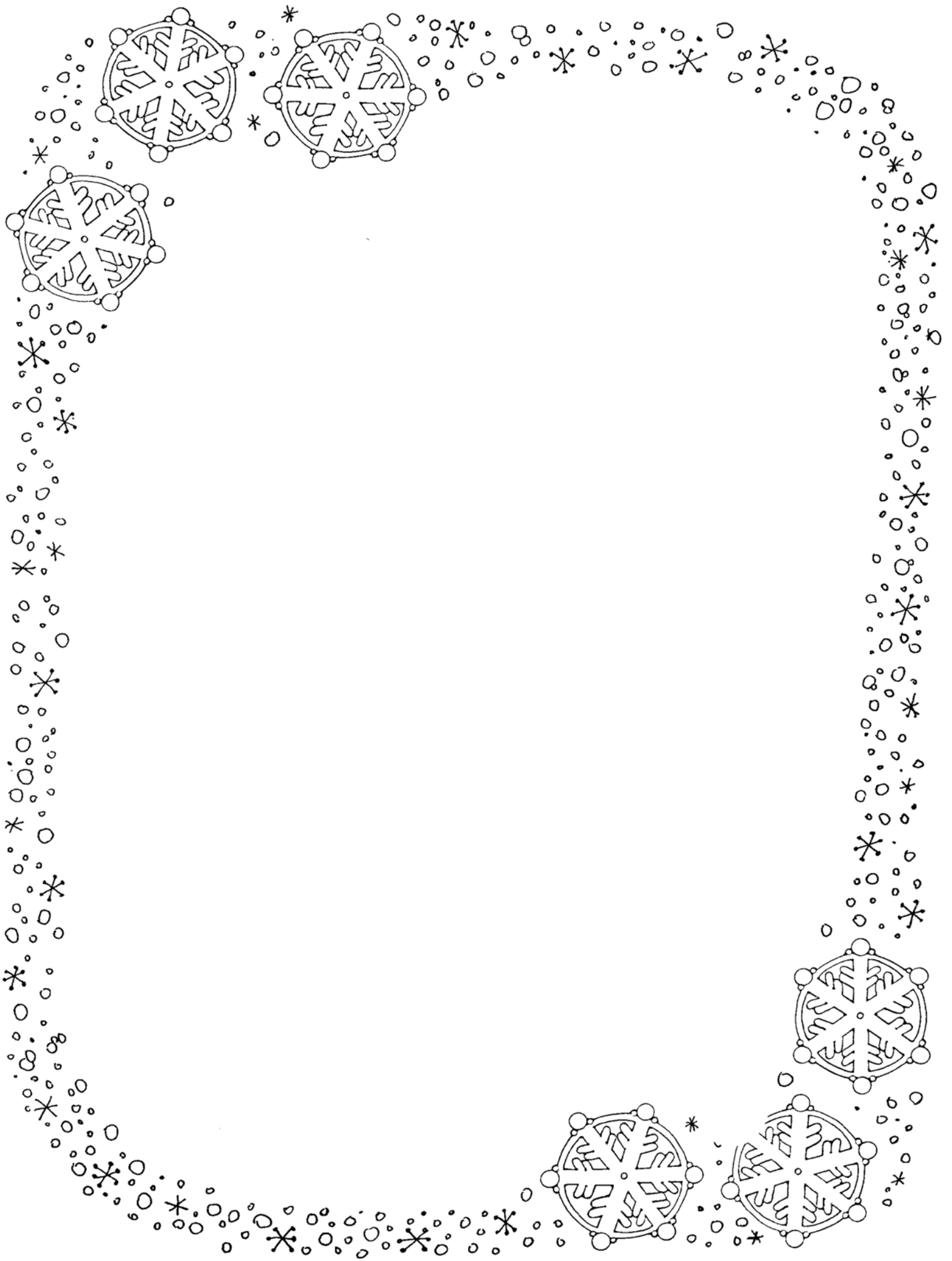
Mr. Buttons

written by

Alonso Avila

Illustrated by
Emily Owens



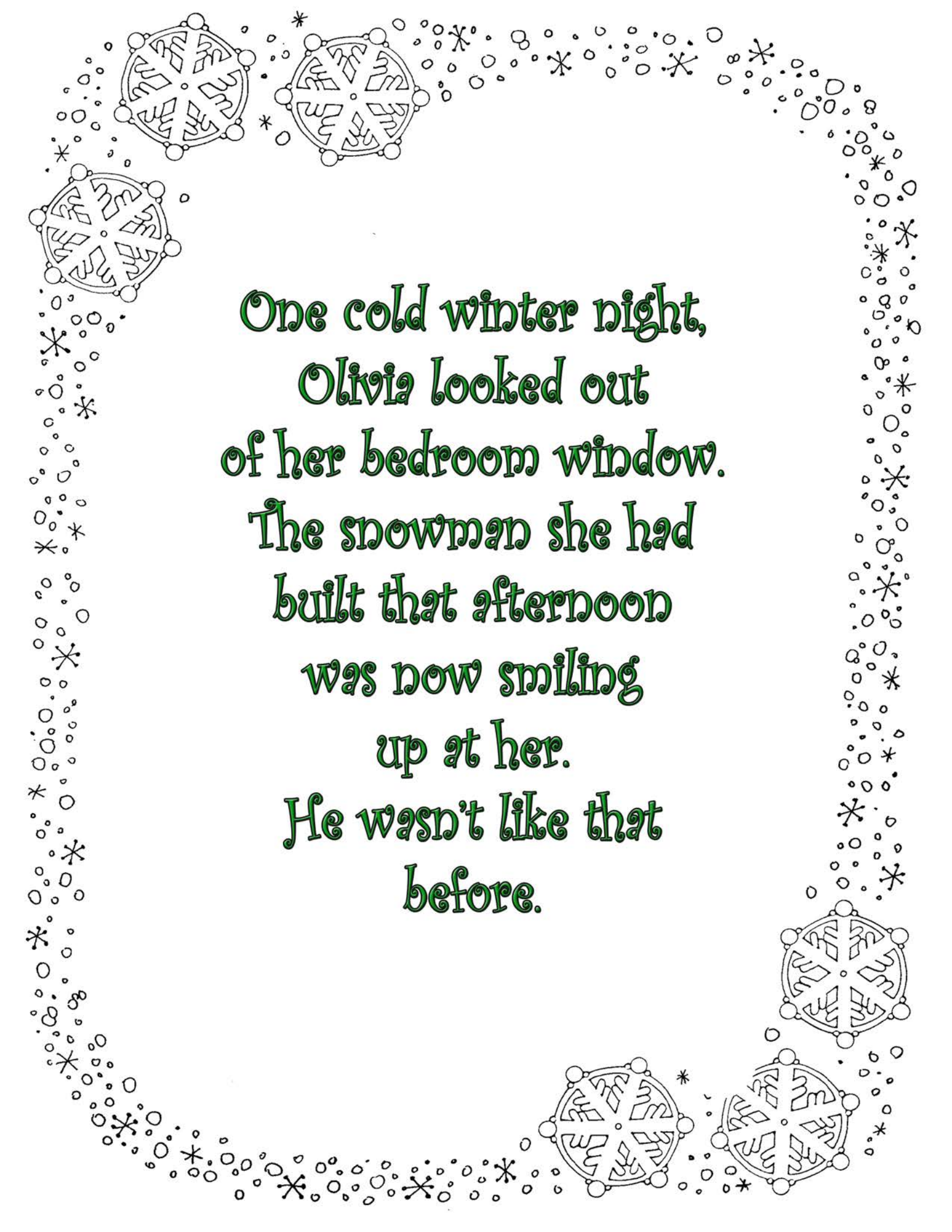




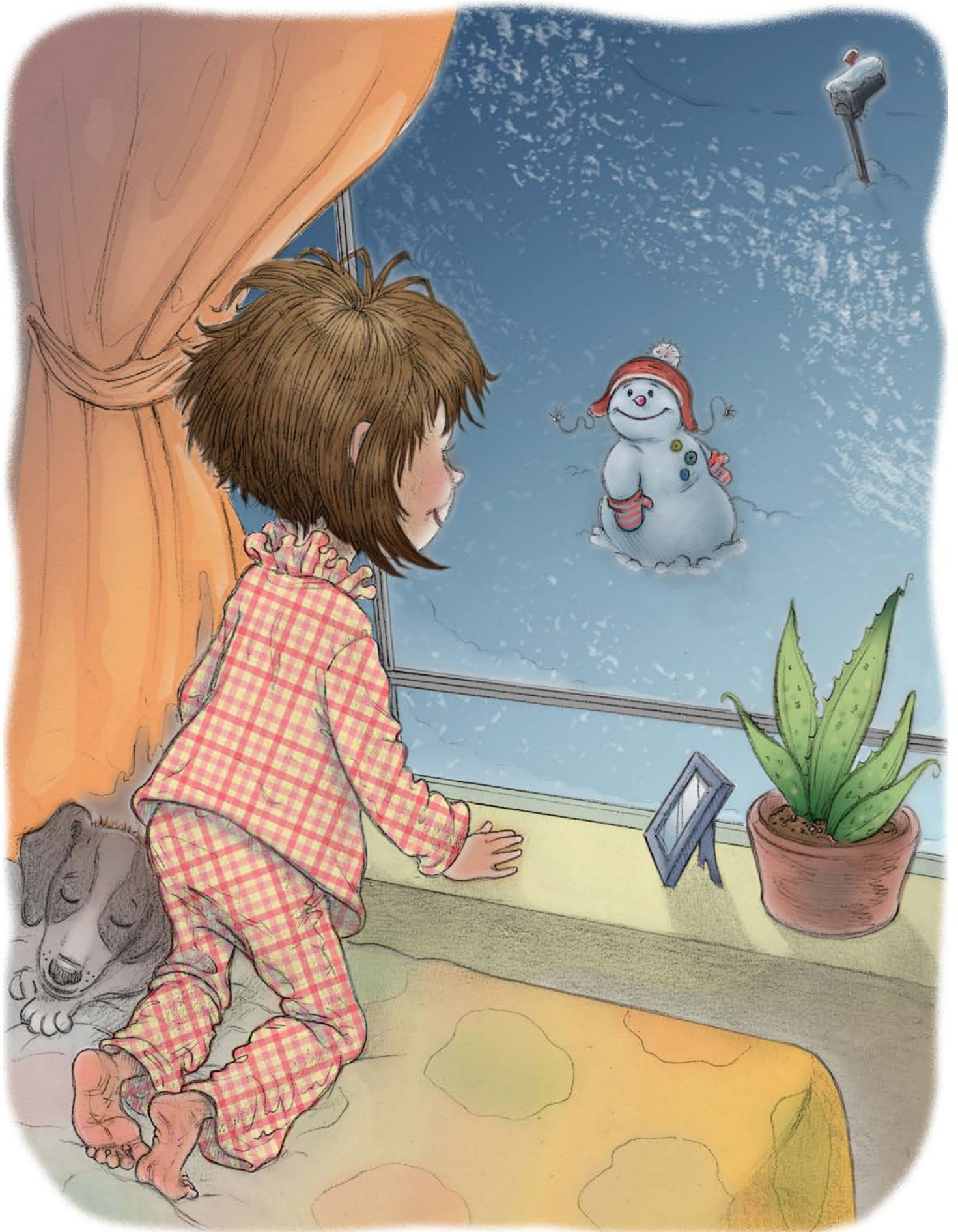
MR. BUTTONS

by
Alonso Avila

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One cold winter night,
Olivia looked out
of her bedroom window.
The snowman she had
built that afternoon
was now smiling
up at her.
He wasn't like that
before.





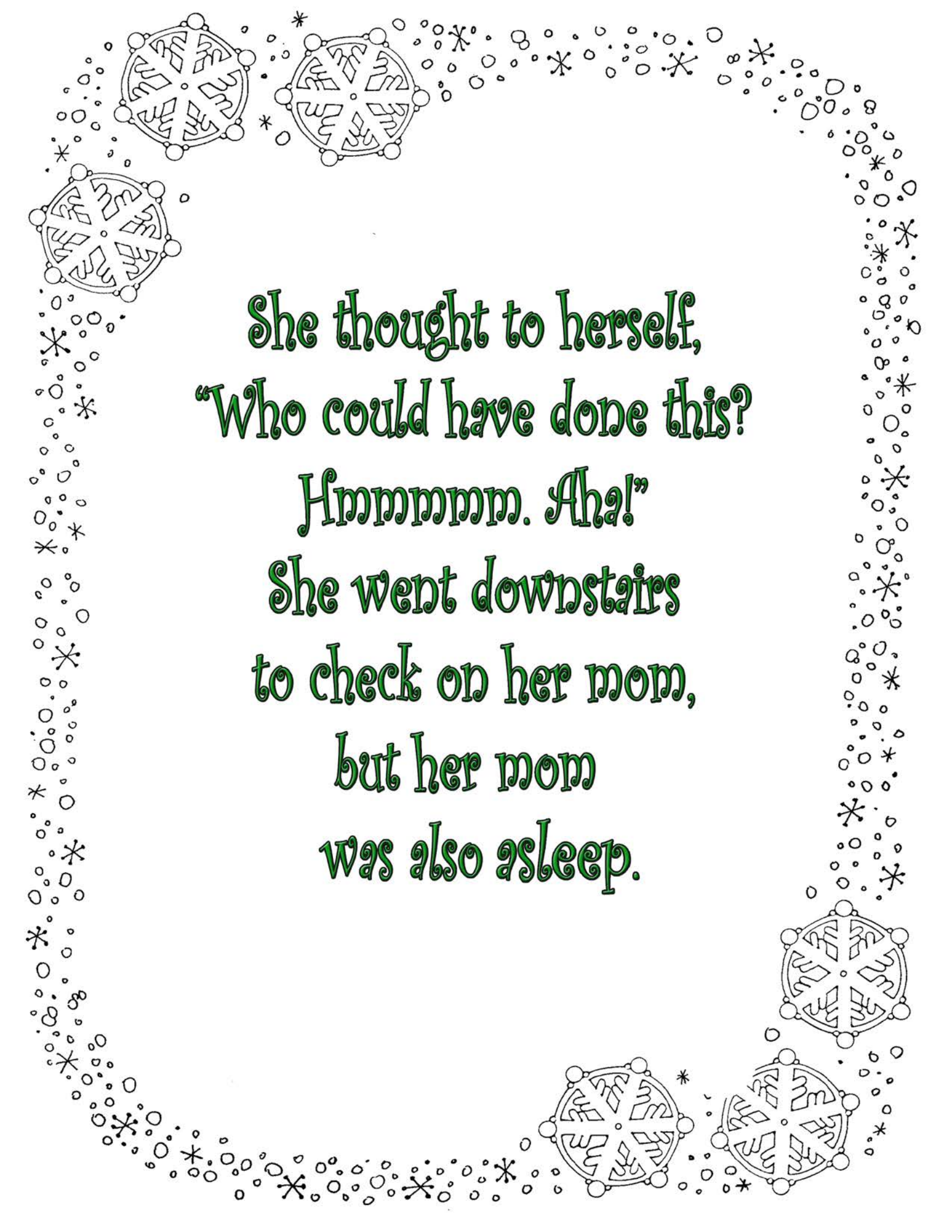
But she wasn't fooled.

She knew her brother did it.

But when she checked his room,

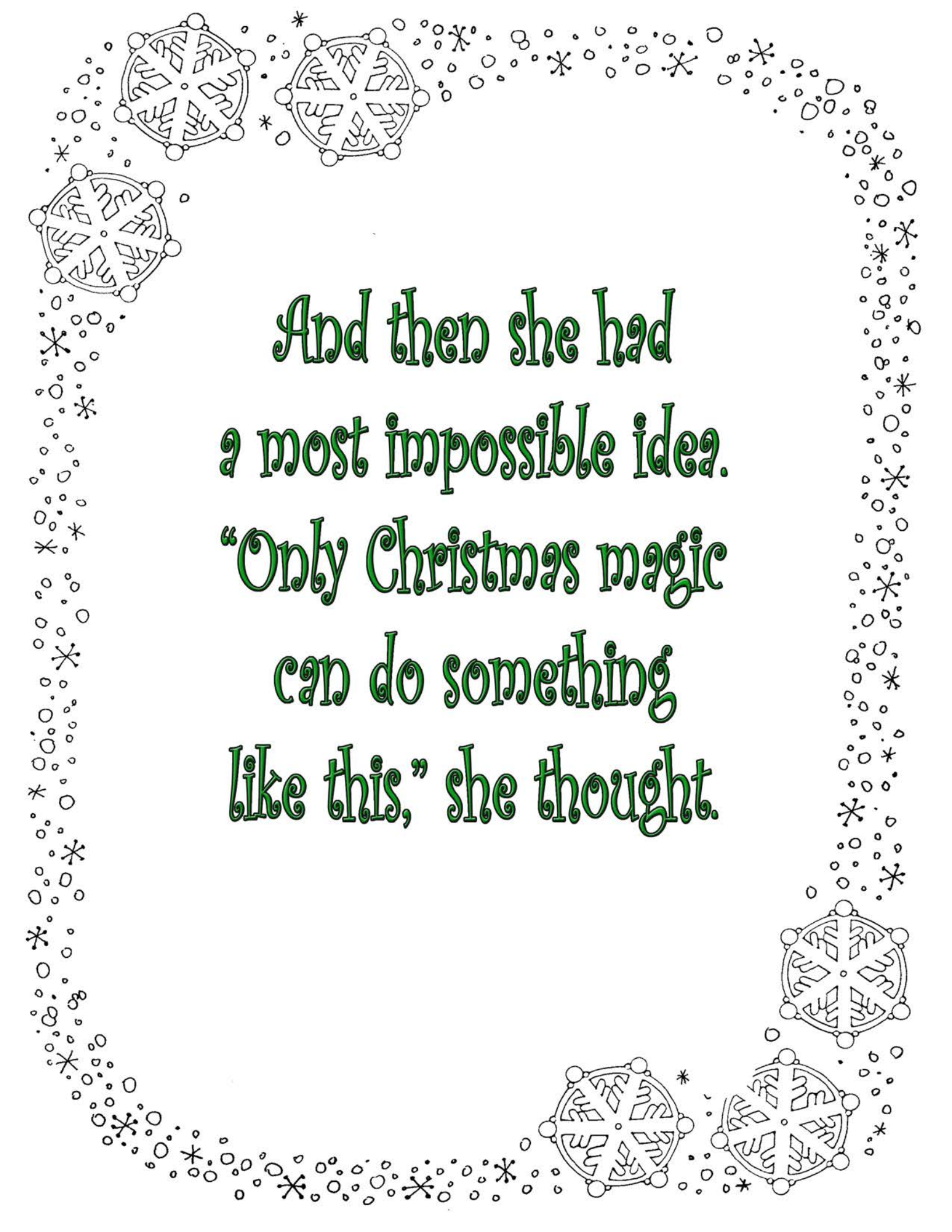
he was fast asleep.





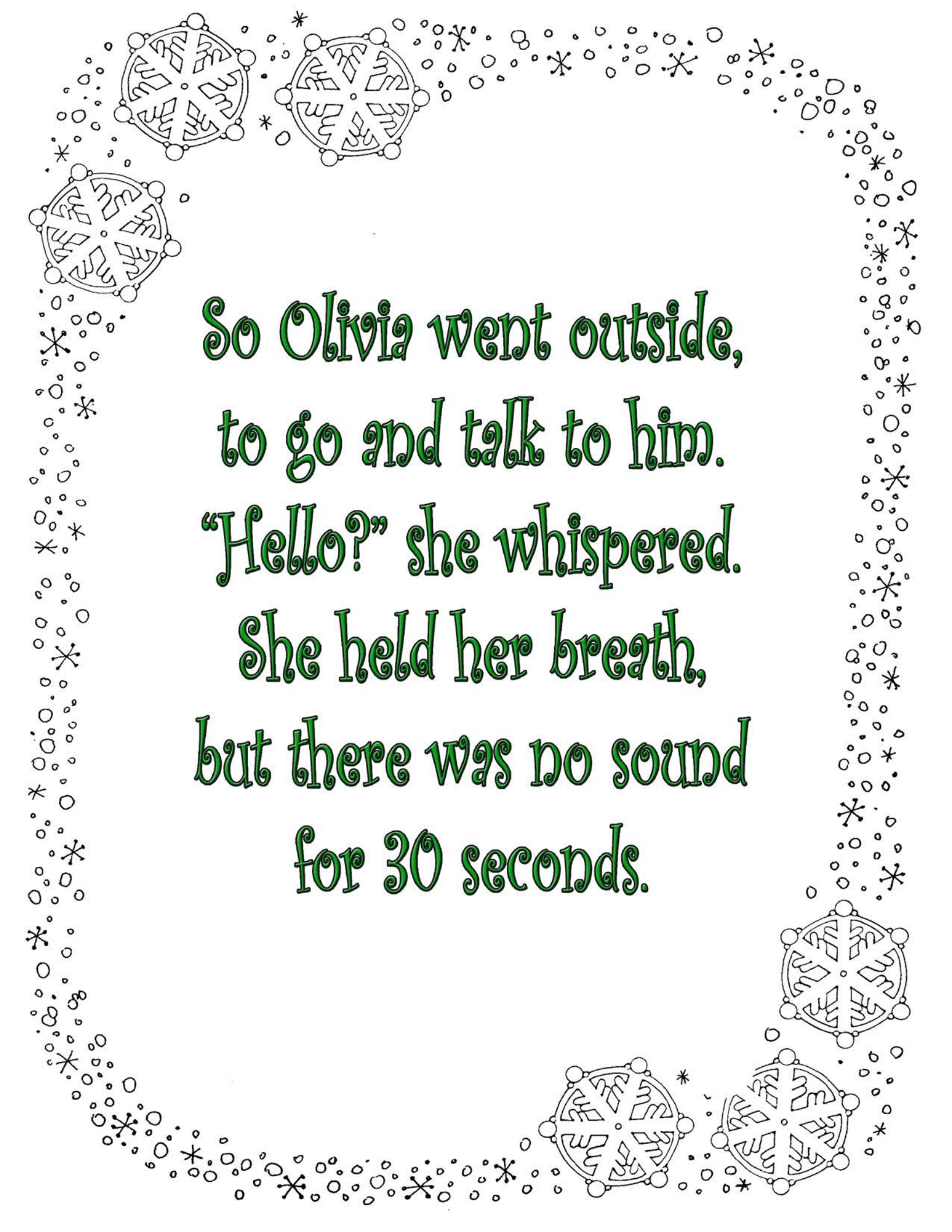
She thought to herself,
“Who could have done this?”
Hmmmm. Aha!
She went downstairs
to check on her mom,
but her mom
was also asleep.





And then she had
a most impossible idea.
“Only Christmas magic
can do something
like this,” she thought.





So Olivia went outside,
to go and talk to him.
“Hello?” she whispered.
She held her breath,
but there was no sound
for 30 seconds.





She turned away
so slowly, so sadly.

“I knew it was impossible,”

she whispered.

Then...

All of a sudden...





Olivia turned around so fast
and giggled.

She was thinking
of what name to call him.

“Can I call you
Mr. Buttons?”





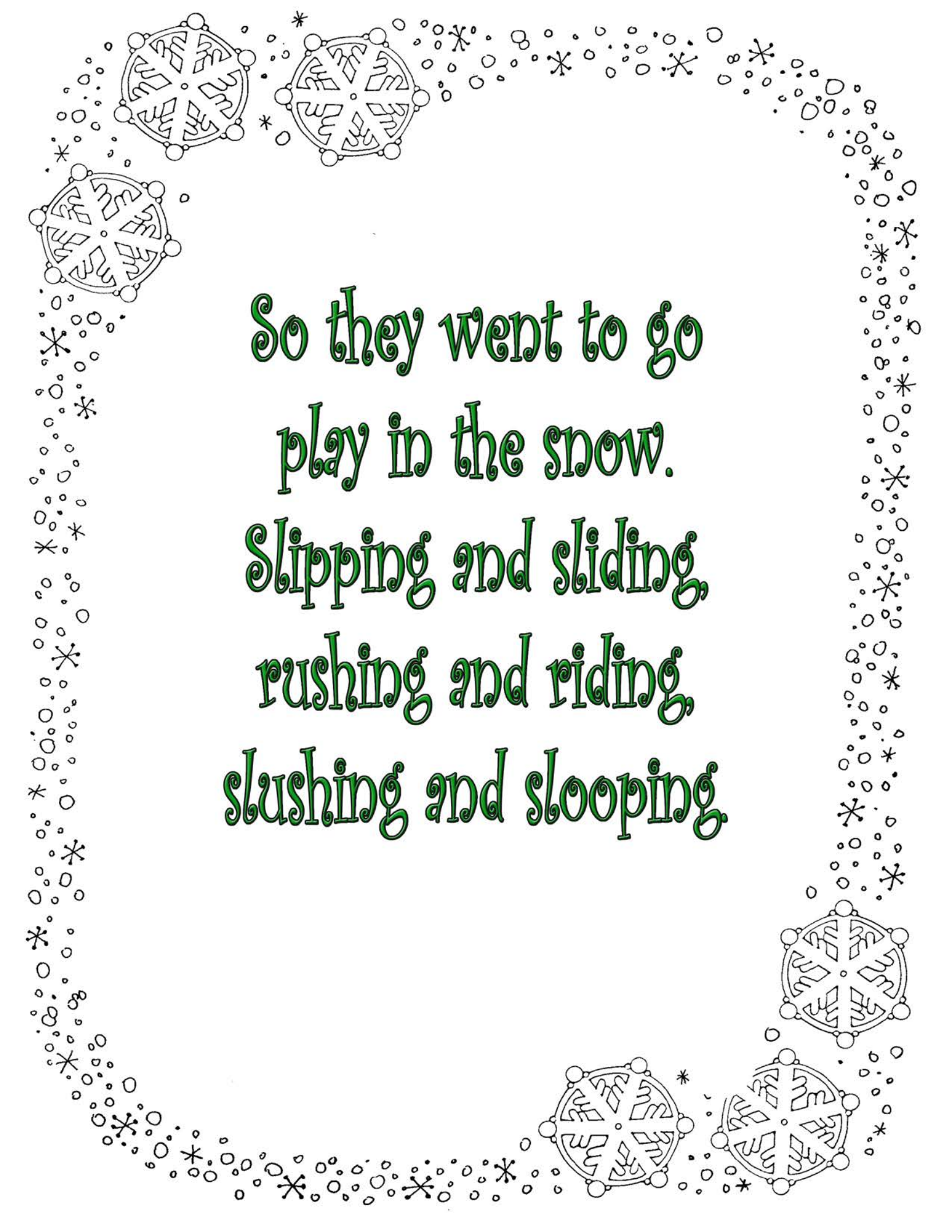
The snowman smiled
even wider.

“Ah ha ha!

Why, sure you can!”

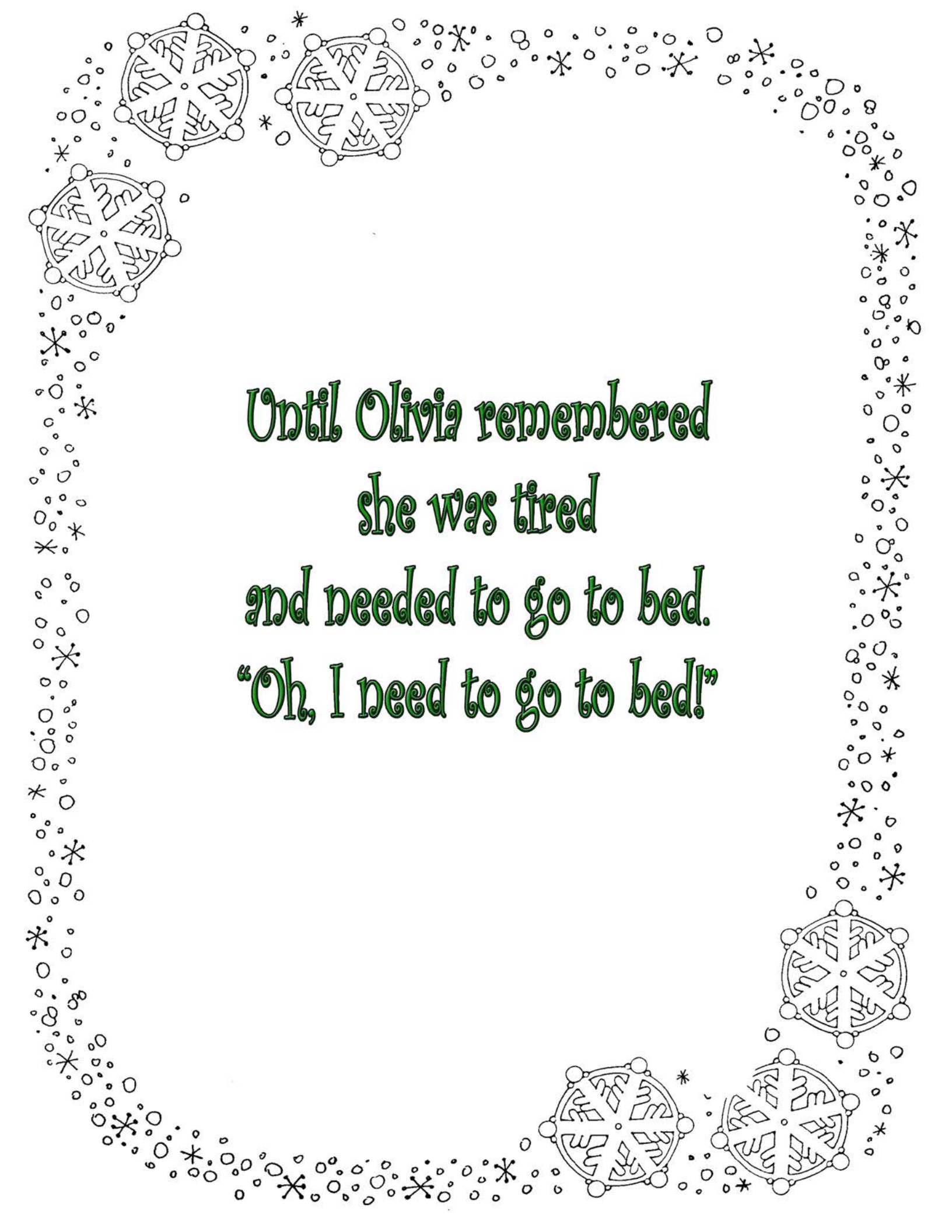
He said.





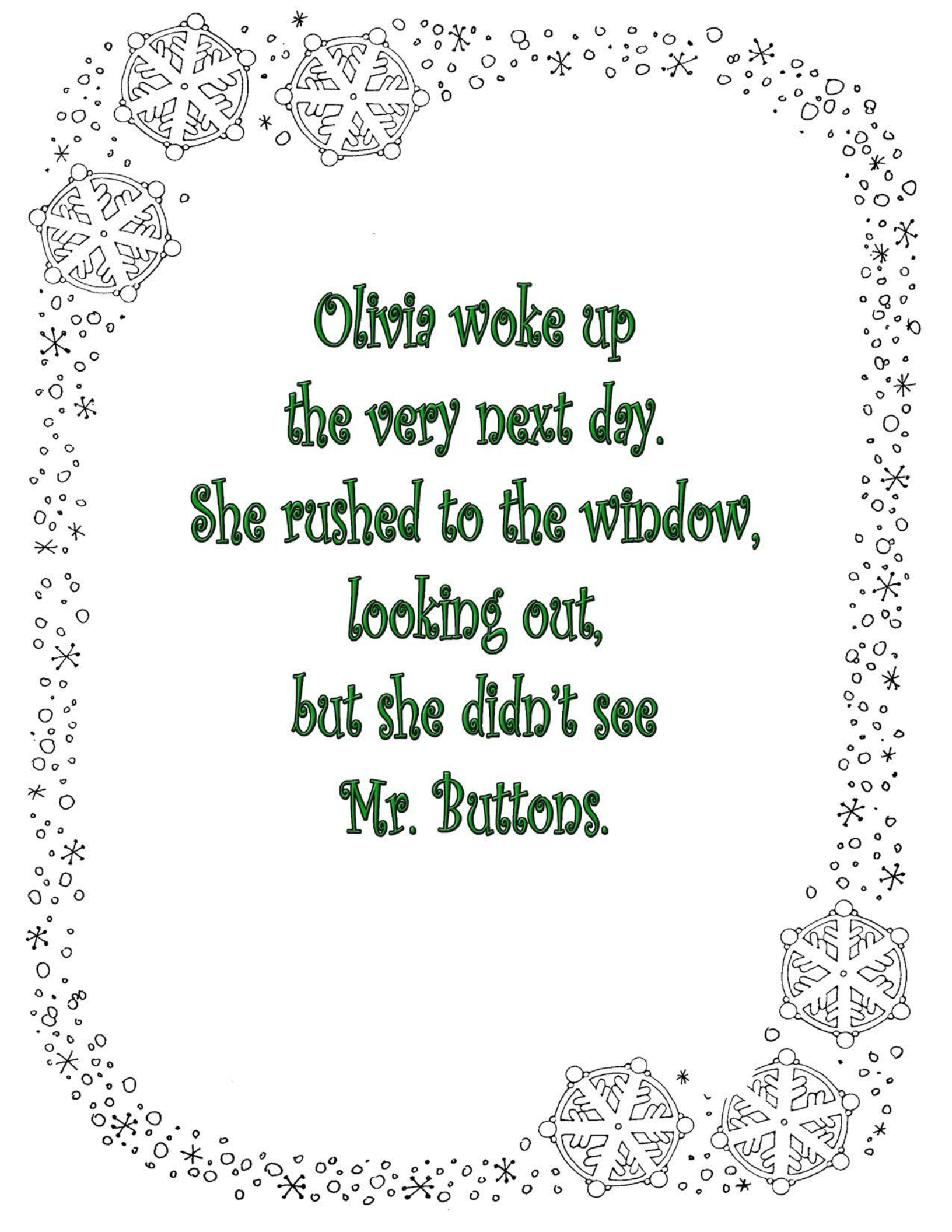
So they went to go
play in the snow.
Slipping and sliding,
rushing and riding,
slushing and slooping.





Until Olivia remembered
she was tired
and needed to go to bed.
“Oh, I need to go to bed!”





Olivia woke up
the very next day.
She rushed to the window,
looking out,
but she didn't see
Mr. Buttons.



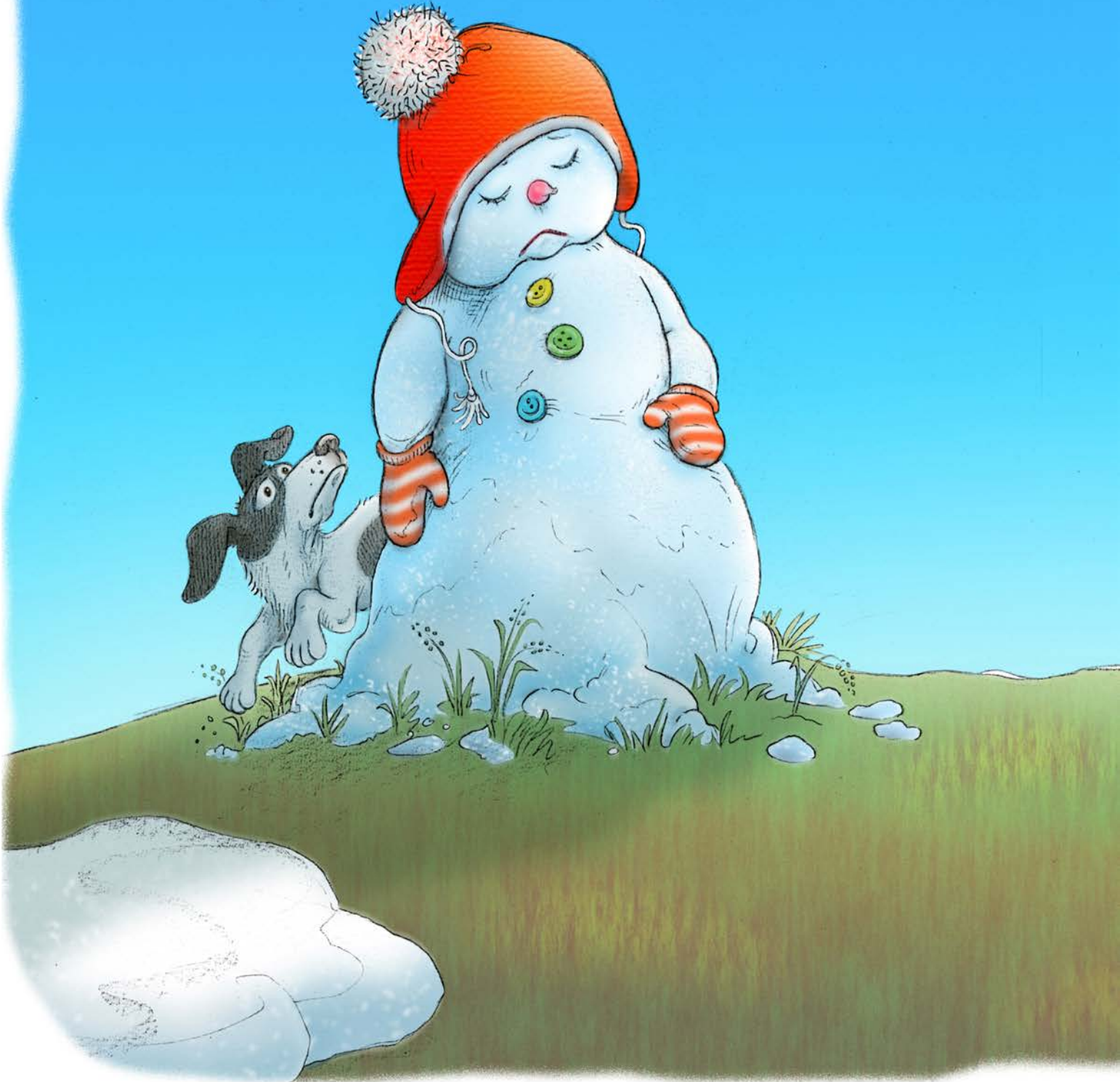


She looked and looked
and looked.

She was so worried.
She went downstairs
really really fast,
opened the door,
and ran outside.

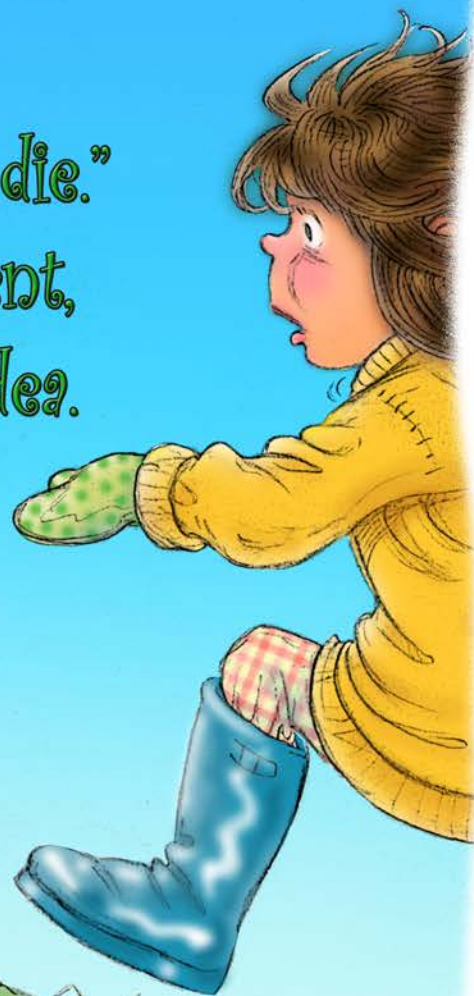


She finally found
Mr. Buttons
in the muddy backyard,
on a patch of grass.
He looked very sad.



“What’s wrong?” Olivia asked.

*“There’s no more snow,
so it looks like
I’m going to melt and die.”
Olivia had no comment,
but she did have an idea.*



She took Mr. Buttons
into her basement,
opened up the large freezer
they had down there.

“Look, Mr. Buttons,
nice and frosty
and frozen and cool.”



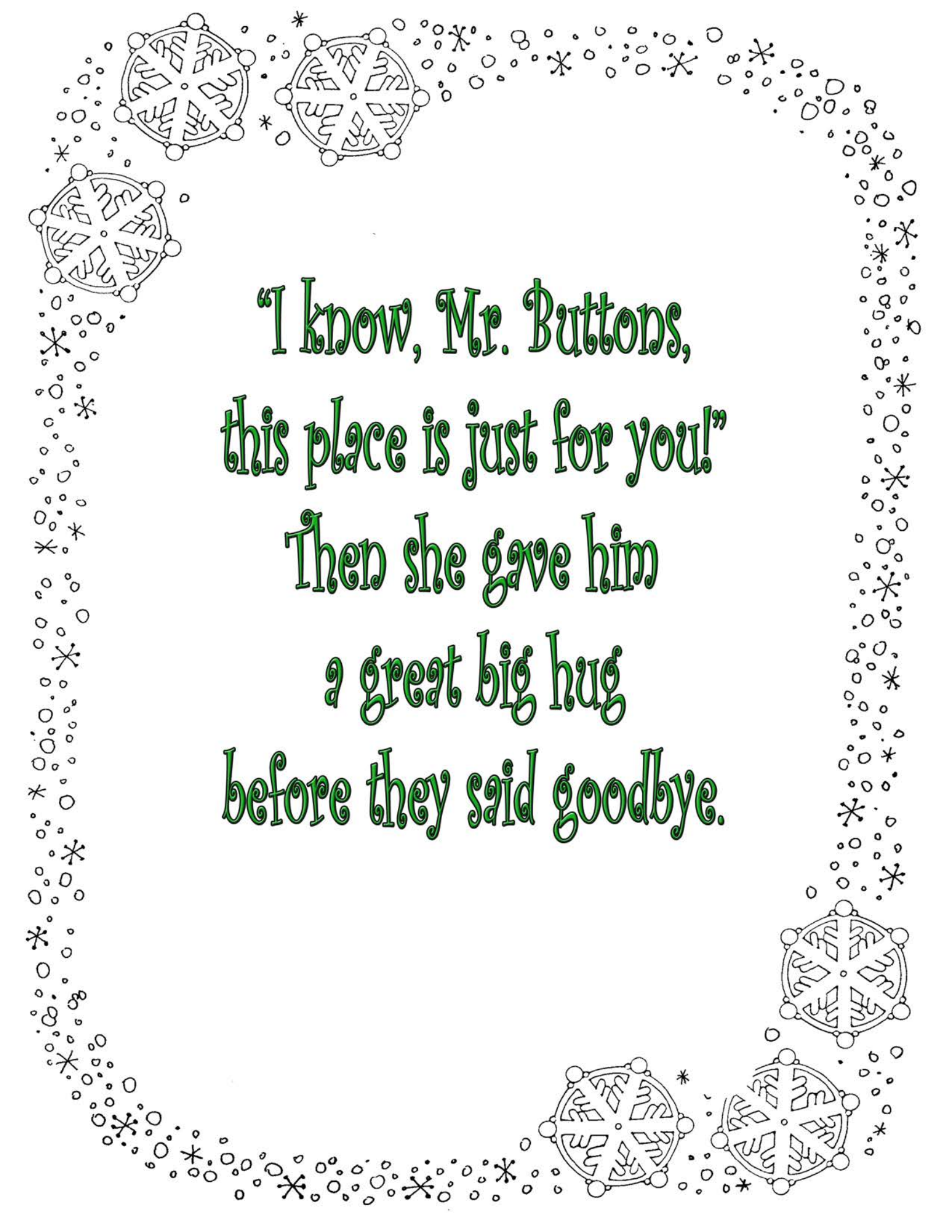
Mr. Buttons smiled once again.

"Why, this is perfect for me...

but not for you kids!

Don't ever go into a freezer!"





“I know, Mr. Buttons,
this place is just for you!”
Then she gave him
a great big hug
before they said goodbye.



A decorative border of snowflakes and snowflakes surrounding the text. The border consists of a continuous line of small, simple snowflakes and dots, with larger, more intricate snowflake designs placed at intervals along the curve.

And they lived
frostily ever after.



THE END

