The flurry of snow fell to the icy ground like miniature dancers floating gracefully around. Mr. Meyer trudged through the frozen tundra, pulling his poorly insulated jacket up around his ears as he entered the school building. It was going to be another grueling day because of the mandatory testing the school district required. The sheer exhaustion of grading all those tests had given Mr. Meyer frostbite around his heart.

 As the little mushers entered the room, Mr. Meyer barked orders at them, "sit down and be quiet, will you already!"

 Amelia whispered to Danny, "Boy, Mr. Meyer really needs some happiness serum today." Danny turned, as if in slow motion to see what Noreen's reaction would be. Noreen just knew this was going to be one of those days, as she rolled her eyes.

 "I agree," responded Ryan Berg, "he is as grumpy as an old wart-covered toad!"

 Mr. Meyer begin to pass out the new tests.

 "This is worse than diphtheria" moaned Sanghee. Liliana rolled her eyes and hugged her 800 page Harry Potter book even tighter.

 "What in the wide world of wondrous whoze-what-its is dip-the-tea-in-your-cup-ia?" wonder Pablo out loud.

 "Come on Pablo, everyone knows that diphtheria is a highly infectious disease that causes server inflammation of the respiratory system, " informed Ryan Cook.

 "ENOUGH!" screamed an irate Mr. Meyer, causing Braydon, Angelo, Sadie, and Claire to tear up. The classroom grew cold. The testing began.

 After lunch Chloe, Shawn, and Emma walked up to Mr. Meyer and gave him a beautifully decorated snow globe. "We made this for you at art. It seemed like you were having a rough week. Maybe this will help," Chloe offered. Mr. Meyer took the gift, and gave a heartfelt smile. Internally, Mr. Meyer knew he was taking his anger out of everyone around him. The gift started to warm the ice that had gripped his frozen heart.

 Immediately after, the phone interrupted Mr. Meyer's transformation. It was the substitute principal, Mrs. Dread. After their brief but devastating conversation, Mr. Meyer hung the phone up like a slug competing a marathon.

 "Are you okay Mr. Meyer?" asked Sharvi and Zara in unison.

 "He looks like he is going to blow chunks!" Brigid exclaimed excitedly.

 Mr. Meyer's heart was a racing steam engine. All noise blurred together. His fingers felt an eery tingling. His throat was like Death Valley, dry as a bone. There would be an addition two weeks on mandatory testing. All grades due one day thereafter.

 Colby, James, and Raahil sprinted to the nurses office like a heard of gazelles. Daphne and Jerrel rushed to help the giant sequoia tree fall to the ground. Darkness enveloped Mr. Meyer. Finally a peaceful calm greeted him. That is, until Mr. Meyer woke up inside the gifted snow globe...