

“My goodness, Piper!” Mrs. Duncan exclaimed. “Have you been to the North Pole? You stay right where you are until we get some of that snow off you!”

The Duncans tried rubbing her with a big towel, but she had been outdoors so long, the snowballs were frozen to her hair and wouldn’t come off.

“There’s only one thing to do,” Mrs. Duncan said. “We’ll have to melt the snowballs off in a tub of warm water.” And that is what they did.

It wasn’t long before Piper wanted to go out to romp in the snow again. When she came back in, she always had to go to the laundry room to get the snowballs melted off her long coat of hair, but she loved to play in the snow so much, she didn’t mind the laundry room rule. In fact, Piper was happy that the Duncans knew how to get her warm and dry quickly.

“It’s a good thing we live in Colorado,” Mr. Duncan said, after shoveling off the front sidewalk.

“Why do you say that?” asked Mrs. Duncan, smiling as their “snow white” Scottie dog bounded in the door and headed straight for the laundry room again.

“Because it looks as though Winter is Piper’s favorite time of year,” Mr. Duncan replied. “Even so, now we know she is a dog for *all* seasons!”