One Scarf Too Many

The neighbor's snowman wore a yellow scarf. It reminded Lara of one she had knitted at thirteen, too long and wider at one end. Hers had stayed in the closet ever since.

By the following dusk, the snowman had lost a button and the tip of its nose. Lara went downstairs with her scarf. After walking the three blocks to the corner and back, she found it damp in her coat pocket. She hadn't known where to leave it.

On the porch, the neighbor's son was looking for the button among the stones. She helped him. When they found it, he asked if she'd like to put it back herself.

Lara knelt in front of the snowman. When she stood up, the neighbor's yellow scarf was over one shoulder and her own over the other. The boy was deciding which looked better.