Mother Nature was sitting at the computer, tracking the migration of Monarch butterflies back and forth from Mexico. It sure was a lot easier since they started those banding programs at some of the Geuaga Park District facilities. She’d just brought up a picture of a tree that appeared to be dripping with beautiful orange and black leaves when suddenly the door to her office flew open and two of her children, Winter and Spring, burst in.

“Is too!” Winter was shouting with gusts of freezing wind.

“Is not!” Spring flung back at him with a bit of rain mixed with seed coverings.

“Is!”

“Not!”

Mother Nature sighed and pressed the Ctrl S on her keyboard. Then she turned around. “Okay, what seems to be the problem?”

“It’s still my turn,” Winter said, glaring at Spring with icy eyes.

“Is not!” Spring was weeping in frustration. A bunch of tulips popped up under her feet.

“Your turn for what?” asked Mother Nature.


“You’ve had it long enough” Spring protested. “People are weary. They’re tired of Polartec and salt-crusted cars and grit and grim and heating bills. They’re tired of black and white, black and white, black and white, day-after-day-after-day.”

“Black and white is elegant,” Winter sniffed. “Ever see a bunch of men in tuxedos?”

“It also gets boring,” Spring said. “A little color never hurt anyone. Ever see a field of sunflowers?”

“I have color,” said Winter. “What about cardinals?”

“Wow, a veritable rainbow,” said Spring, sarcastically.

“What are you crabbing about?” asked Winter. “It’s not like you don’t have anywhere else to go. You and Summer have a monopoly on Florida, not to mention the Equator and French Riviera.”
“You have the North Pole,” Spring pointed out. “And the South Pole.”

“Big deal. Almost nobody lives there,” said Winter. “In fact, wherever I show up, people leave. I feel like some kind of pariah.”

Spring snickered. “Ooooh. Big word! Did you ever think maybe they’re trying to tell you something?”

“Stop being so patronizing,” said Winter. “You have your problems, too. Earth’s mid-section has been getting a bit paunchy lately with every piece of land south of the Mason-Dixon line being turned into a retirement community or golf course. People forget that cold weather is actually good for them.”

“All right, you two,” said Mother Nature calmly. “Let’s not wander too far off the topic. What’s the date?”

“Today? March 23,” said Spring. “And that means it’s my turn. In fact, it should have been my turn two days ago.”

“Who pays attention to dates?” scoffed Winter.

“Certainly not you,” Spring told him. “Last year, you dumped a pile of snow on Ohio in early November. Forget about the fact that it was Autumn’s turn.”

“The leaves were all down,” muttered Winter. “I thought he was done. And anyway, people had started their Christmas shopping right after Halloween. I thought I’d help them get in the spirit.”

“Yeah? Well now it’s close to Easter, so bug out. It’s time for cute little bunnies and flowers and hummingbirds and...”


“Mo—ther!”

Mother Nature smiled and turned back to her computer. Despite their quarreling, she knew her children would eventually resolve their difficulties and everything would be as it should.

And so it was.