



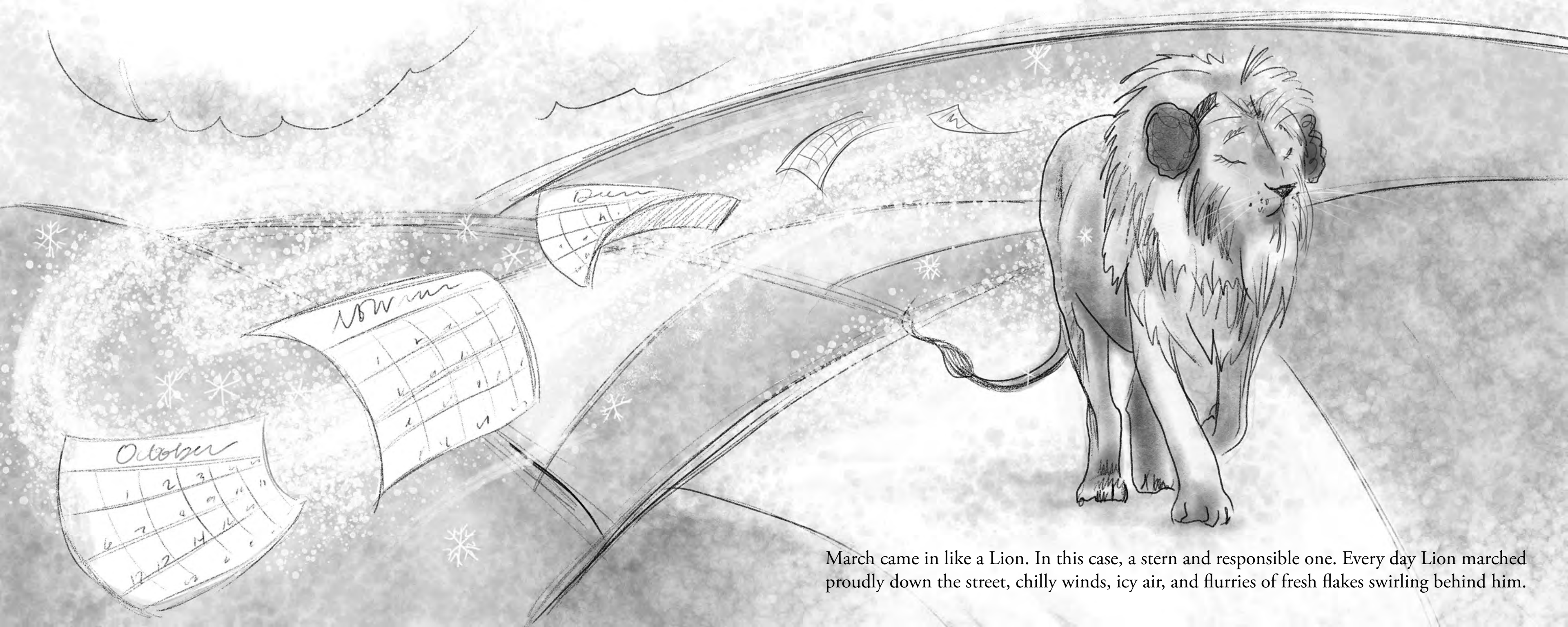
MARCH

Written and Illustrated
by Erin Nowak




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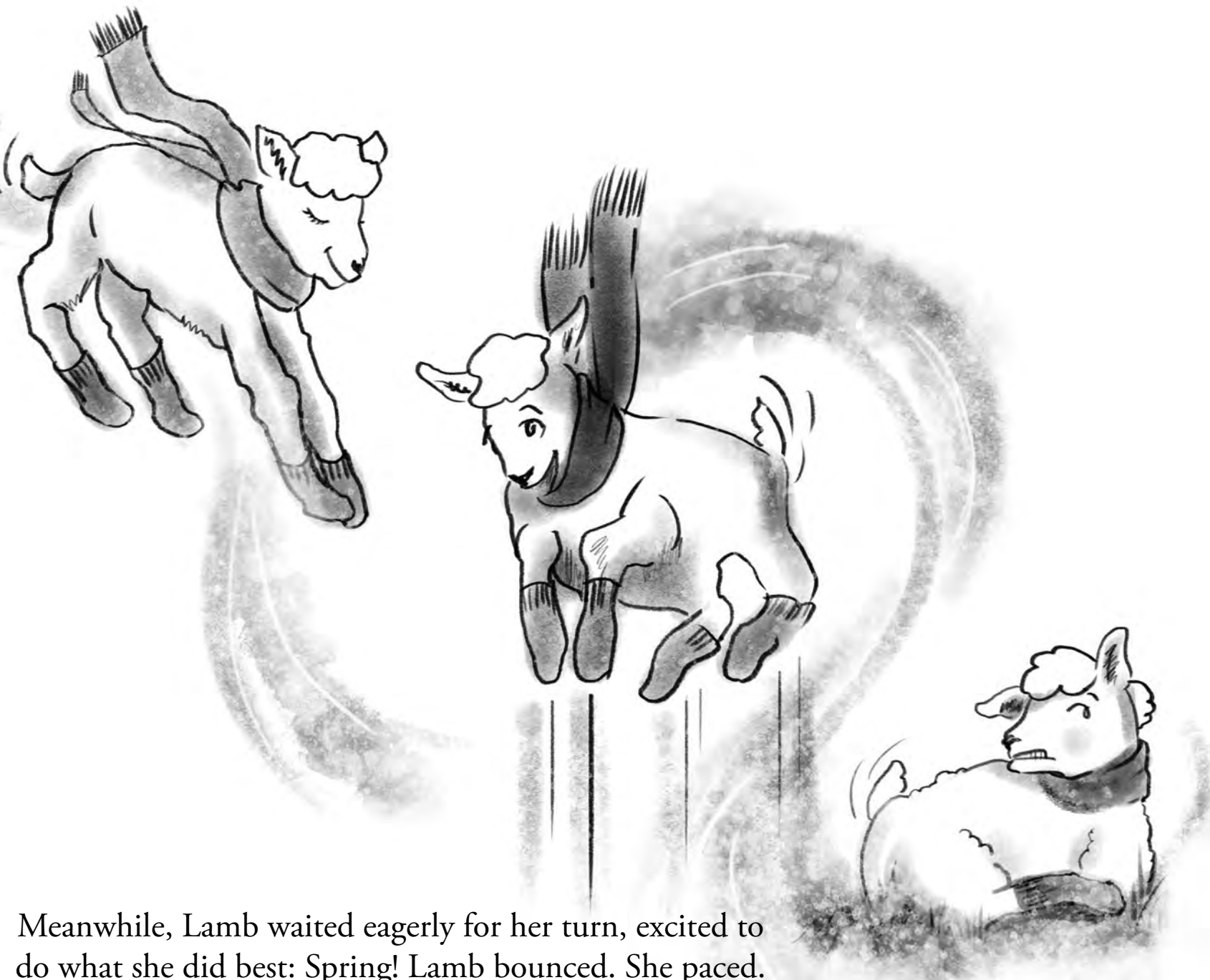
March came in like a Lion. In this case, a stern and responsible one. Every day Lion marched proudly down the street, chilly winds, icy air, and flurries of fresh flakes swirling behind him.



Kids cringed. Moms bundled.
Everyone made the best of it.



“Winter won’t last forever!”
they’d say exchanging
uncertain glances.



Meanwhile, Lamb waited eagerly for her turn, excited to do what she did best: Spring! Lamb bounced. She paced. She tried to nap. “It’s cool.” Lamb thought, “My turn will come.”

But Lion kept marching each day, and blowing, and freezing, and snowing.
Cringing turned to crying. Bundling became burdensome.
Lamb was getting bouncier, and bouncier, and finding it harder to nap.



Finally, Lamb trotted right into Lion's path as he performed his morning march.
"Excuse me, Lion. I do believe we are getting to the part of the month where
it's my turn now?" she said politely.



ROAR!



“Okay then.” Lamb hustled back over to her spot.
This wouldn’t be the first bitter cold March they’d ever had.



Days later, as Lion kept marching, Lamb settled uncomfortably on a patch of wet snow.
She noticed a single crocus, purple petals poking up through a blanket of white.
“This should do the trick!”

This time Lamb raced into Lion's path, crocus between her teeth, and before Lion could bellow his giant roar, Lamb spat the crocus to the ground shouting "It's my turn now!"



GRRRRRRRRR.....

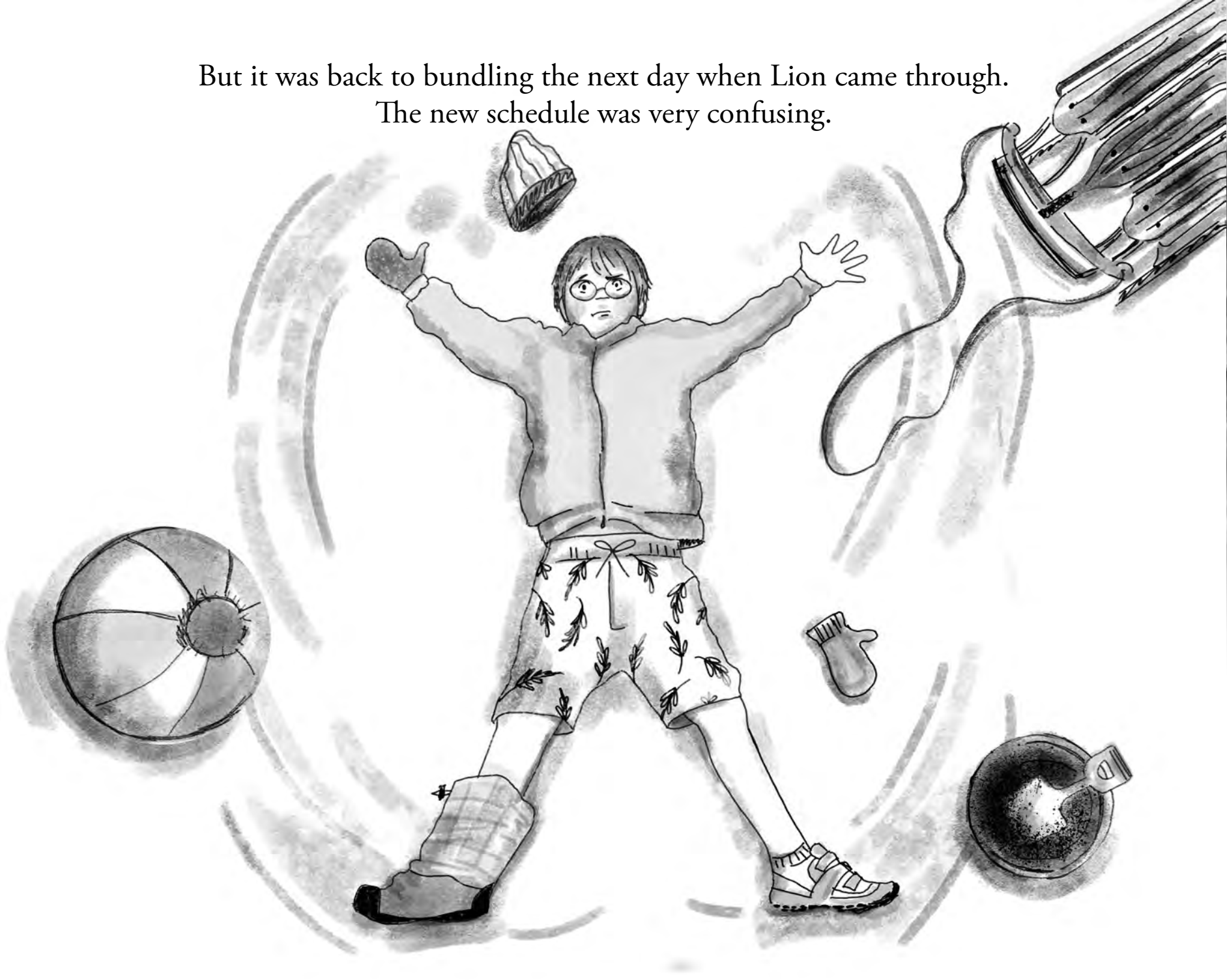
"I see you aren't quite ready to relinquish your post Lion. In the spirit of cooperation, perhaps we can share duties?" tested Lamb. Reluctantly, Lion agreed to a schedule with Lamb marching Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and Lion marching the rest.

As the sun rose over the horizon, there was Lamb—up and ready for her first spry flit down the street. Warm winds, rays of sunshine, and fragrant flowers swirled behind her. Lamb felt fantastic!



Kids broke out their bikes. Moms said it was fine to skip the jacket.

But it was back to bundling the next day when Lion came through.
The new schedule was very confusing.



Lamb circled impatiently as Lion lumbered towards the end of his shift.
“You look tired,” said Lamb.

“Rrrowrrrrr.” said lion in a low growl.
“I know you love marching Lion (and snowing, blowing, and freezing),” explained Lamb.
“But! Have you ever tried sniffing peonies? Or bathing in a rain shower?”

“Flowers? Frivolous! Rolling in the rain? Ridiculous!” said Lion shuffling away, a frown creeping across his muzzle.

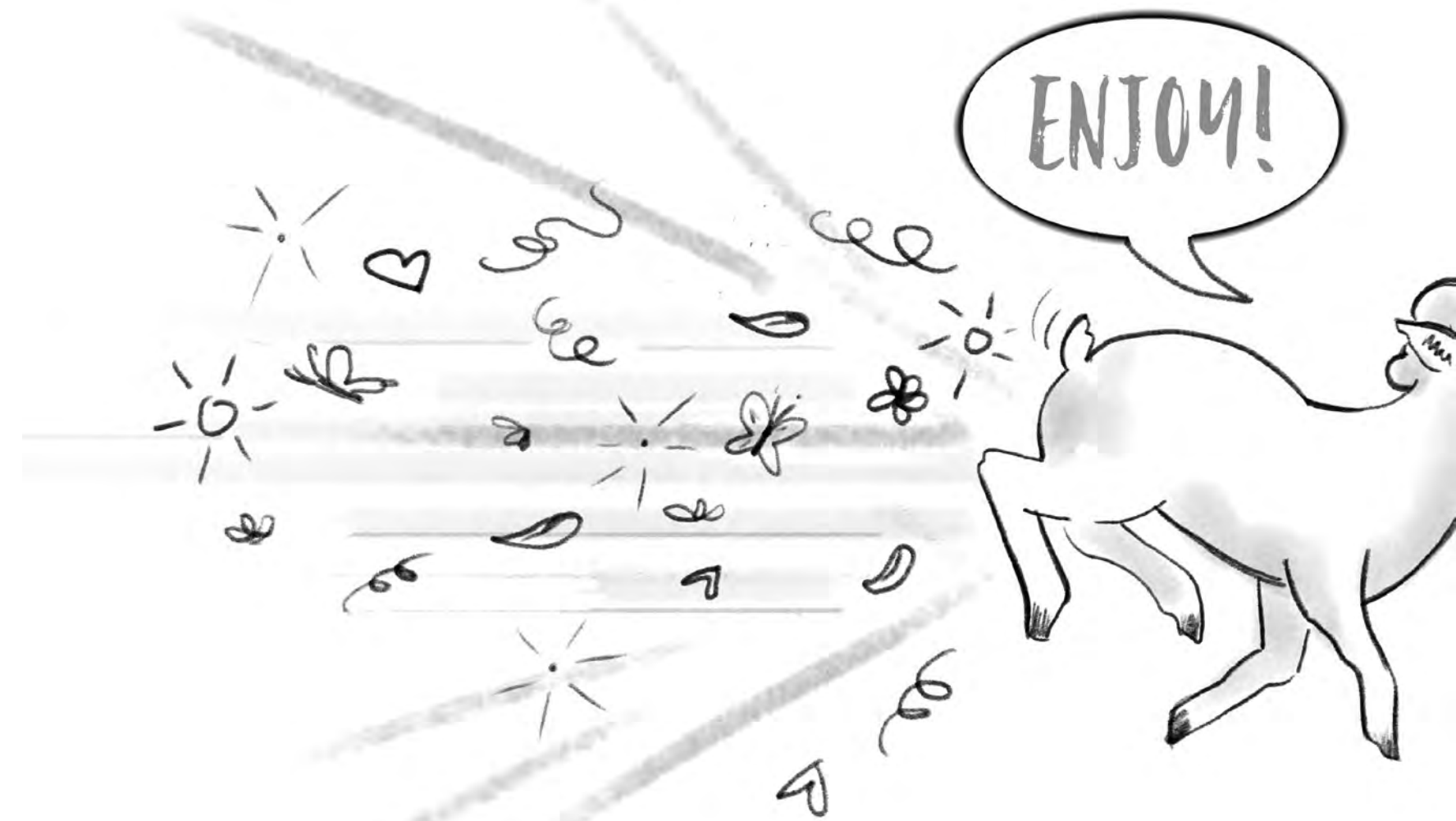
“Wait! Have you ever basked in the sun?”
Lamb called after him.



Lion stopped. “Tell me about this sun basking.”

Lamb obliged. “Imagine Lion: You, radiating a warm glow, a frosty drink in your paw. Birds are chirping. Sounds relaxing, right?”

“It sounds lazy,” said Lion with a skeptical squint. “but against my better judgement, I’ll give it a try.”



The next day Lamb hurried Lion into a lawn chair, stuffed sunglasses onto his face and poured him a glass of iced tea, so she could get springing!

“Enjoy!” Lamb said, a gentle breeze floating in her wake.



Hind legs pinched by the lounge chair slats, Lion shifted. “Hrrrrumph” he sighed squeezing his eyes shut. Lion’s paw cramped up around his tea, and was that a sneeze he felt coming on? Lion’s nose tickled. “Pollen” he muttered. He squeezed his eyes tighter.



This was not going to work. When the tickle became unbearable, Lion opened his eyes and stared straight into the 12,000 eyes of a bright orange blob.



Tilting down the sunglasses, Lamb's world sprung to life.
Green grass smelled sharply sweet. The sky blazed blue.
A lemon sun shone over a field of purple, and the orange
blob, which turned out to be a butterfly, rubbed her delicate
wings on Lion's nose one more time before flying off.



Lion's muscles loosened and the iced tea slipped smoothly down his throat.
"Refreshing." Lion thought. "Perhaps Spring IS nice?"
He sounded a bit more convinced every time he said it.



By the time Lamb rounded the corner for her last lap, Lion had decided to take the rest of the month off. He thought about dropping a dusting of snow in April, but reconsidered. Lamb looked to be enjoying her responsibilities quite a bit.

