

## The weight of a snowflake



It was winter and it was snowing everywhere.

A coal tit and a dove were sitting together on the branch of a tree.

:: „Do you know **the weight of a snowflake?**”

asked the coal tit.

:: “Well!” laughed the dove. “Of course! **It weighs nothing at all.**” And secretly he was thinking that even a coal tit ought to know that!

:: “In that case,” said the coal tit, “I must tell you a surprising story:

**One cold night I was sitting on the branch of a fir tree, when it started to snow. I had nothing better to do, so I started counting the snowflakes as they landed on the twigs and pine needles of my branch. I counted up to three million, seven hundred and forty one thousand, nine hundred and fifty two. When the three million, seven hundred and forty one thousand, nine hundred and fifty third snowflake dropped onto my branch, weighing, as you say, nothing at all, the branch broke off and I had to fly away.”**

The coal tit smiled at the dove and flew away.