Now, let’s read a poem...

Twenty little snowflakes climbing up a wire.
“Now, listen,” said their mother, “don’t you climb up any higher. The sun will surely catch you, and scorch you with his fire.”

But the naughty, little snowflakes didn’t mind a word she said, Each tried to clamber faster than his fellow just ahead; They thought that they’d be back in time enough to go to bed.

But they found out that their mother wasn’t as silly as they thought her, The sun bobbed up – remember this, my little son and daughter – And turned those twenty snowflakes into twenty drops of water.

What happened to the snowflakes at the end of the poem?