

THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

WITH LOVE FROM

Copyright © 2017, 2019 by Teri Schure
Illustrations by Nadia Rajput

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, in whole or in part, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means — electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or other — without written permission from the author. For information regarding permission or further contact, write to: Teri Schure, All Media, Inc., 124 Grove Avenue, #401, Cedarhurst, NY 11516.



ISBN: 978-1-62550-598-9 PB
978-1-62550-599-6 EB

Library of Congress Control Number: 2019914771

Printed in the United States of America
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

The Story of It

While reading *The Day It Rained Popcorn* to my two grandsons, Wes wanted me to tell him “the whole story of it.”

So here goes.

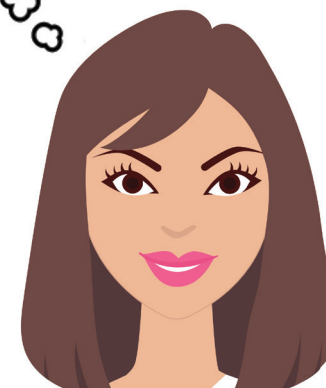
I began writing the book in 1970 when I was seventeen, and then forgot about it.

In 1992, I discovered the unfinished adventure buried in some old files, and read it to my enraptured son and daughter, renaming the characters after them. In 2016, it became the go-to bedtime story for my two oldest grandchildren, and once again, I changed the names of the two main characters—this time to reflect theirs.



The reaction to the narrative first told more than four decades ago has always been the same. Those little ones nearest and dearest to me who delighted in the telling wanted more information about the characters, asked why there were no pictures, and wondered why the story had no ending.

I always meant to figure out an ending.



But it wasn't until Caleb and Wes honored me with their fascinated interest in the tale that I finally decided it was time. In April of 2017, my intuitive and insightful seven-year-old grandson, Caleb, thought the title of my book should be *The Day It Snowed Popcorn* instead of *The Day It Rained Popcorn*.

I explained that the name of the book was a perfect fit for the storyline, and not to forget that the title was forty-seven years old!



But Caleb persisted, explaining, among other reasons, that snowing fit the action better than rain. His brainy analysis broke it all down for me.

And the more I thought about it, the more I knew Caleb was right—thus, the title was changed to *The Day It Snowed Popcorn*.

This book is dedicated to Caleb and Wes. Without them, *The Day It Snowed Popcorn* would never have evolved.





Once upon a time, Wes and his older brother, Caleb, were playing near a stream in the woods behind their house.

"Let's play Hide-and-Seek," Caleb suggested. "Go hide, and I'll try to find you."

"No way," Wes replied emphatically, his eyes bulging with fright. "I don't want to hide. What if you can't find me?"

"So I'll hide, and you seek," Caleb answered. Wes shook his head, shouting, "I DON'T WANT TO PLAY HIDE AND SEEK!!!!!"

"Okay, okay," Caleb responded with a sigh. "We'll play tag."

Wes was still agitated. "Tag is okay, but DON'T HIDE."

Caleb shrugged. Wes was always afraid of something.

As Wes chased after Caleb, trying to tag him, a fierce storm began to form overhead.

"It's going to rain any minute!" Caleb cried out, looking at the gathering clouds.

"I think we better get home before something bad happens," Wes said nervously, his face scrunched up in fear.

Caleb, being older and more mature, was sure that a storm was heading in their direction, and he tried to pretend that there was nothing to worry about. But that didn't stop Wes from being scared.

As Caleb and Wes ran through the woods, a streak of lightning lit up the black sky, and suddenly, the torrential rain, heavy winds, and thick fog were upon them. It was dark and dreary, and the wind was howling through the trees, knocking branches to the ground.



Wes was terrified, and Caleb was trying to figure out what they should do.

"We need a place to stay until the storm blows over," Caleb yelled to Wes as he fought his way through the wind, thunder booming around them.

Wes hesitantly pointed to a small opening where the stream seemed to end. "Does that look like a hideout to you?"

They hurried over to examine the opening in the rocks. It was a cave, partially overgrown with weeds and bushes that made it almost impossible to see inside. Luckily for Caleb and Wes, the hole was large enough for them to fit into comfortably.

"I don't know about you," Wes whispered, "but I'm scared."

Caleb reassured Wes. "Don't be silly; it's just a cave! And okay, it's a little dark inside. But it's better than being stuck out here in the lightning and thunder. Let's check it out!"

Wes wasn't convinced, but the storm was way more worrisome than the cave, so he agreed to follow Caleb inside.

The cave started out pitch black, and it was nearly impossible to see ahead of them, but once their eyes got used to the dark, they realized they had entered a long narrow tunnel.

"Look over there!" Caleb said, pointing. "See that bright light? There's probably an opening at the end of the tunnel!" He sprinted ahead to find out.



Wes was troubled and uneasy about wandering inside the damp and dreary cave. But he was determined to follow Caleb toward the brightness in front of them; despite his fears.

As they came closer to the light, they squinted their eyes against the brightness of the opening. Caleb broke into a run toward the brilliant light. Wes cowered behind Caleb, grabbing his shirt in fear. Caleb kept wriggling, trying to get Wes off his back.