On a hot summer night, an old red van drove up High Hill by Bess’s home and stopped. Three men got out. One man opened up the van. When he did, mist started coming out from it. And Bess saw that the van held odd boxes.

Bess kept looking as a big man grabbed an odd box from the van. It looked heavy. The big man did not drop it.
Then a bigger man grabbed an odd box. For an instant, Bess felt like he might drop it. It might be even heavier than the first box. But the big man did not drop his box. He kept it in his big hands.

Next the biggest man grabbed an odd box. Bess felt it might be the heaviest box. It just might have been! The biggest man dropped it! Bess smiled. The biggest man dropped his box! Bess spotted it sliding fast down High Hill!

But Bess asked, “Why are boxes so heavy for big men? And why would a box slide so fast?”

Bess read printing on the van’s side. It said, “Fred’s Frozen Food.”

Bess looked at the men’s hands. The men had mittens on.

Now it made sense! The boxes might not be so heavy. The boxes were freezing. Yet frozen boxes must be melting on this hot night. That is why an odd box slipped from the big man’s hands, and why frozen food in an odd box went sliding down High Hill!