

Doubts in the air

Jan 24:

“Why in the world is there even something called a snow storm?” I moaned as we went back home with all our supplies from the grocery. Tomorrow was going to be a snow storm and I wasn’t happy about it. “There is going to be snow everywhere and...” “Jane, please we have talked about this. I told you, it is going to be fun,” my mom said, cutting me off. I sighed.

Jan 25:

The storm had already started when I woke up. All day all I did was watch T.V. Watching the snow when my popcorn was in the oven, I said to myself, “Maybe this wasn’t such a bad idea!” I opened my front door to see how cold the weather was and to my surprise, there was snow all the way to the other side of my house! I called my mom and showed her the snow. “Oh my god!” my mom exclaimed. “That’s awesome.” Later, I had slept and when I woke up I saw, as far as I could see, the world was covered in a white blanket.

Jan. 26:

I went outside to play. The snow was about a foot and so soft. I realized it was softer than anything I have ever touched

(If I didn't count my squishy's). My friend came out and told me that she could come out for a bit. We first debated what we should do first; snowman or snowball fight. We agreed on doing a snowball fight first. There were hills of snow from the road so we hid behind either side. We counted our points and my friend won fair and square. 10-13. When we were making the snowman, I was responsible for the top one. I got raisins and a scarf while my friend (Grace) got the carrot and a hat. Our snowman was so cute.

Later when Grace went I laid down in the snow and thought. "Why did I think this was going to be bad? This is so good, so peaceful." At night, somehow it was clear so I went outside and laid on the same spot I did before. I looked up and saw so many stars. I thought, "We are so small, live in a small world and yet, still complain about little things like a storm. While looking at these big stars. Comets and asteroids crash into them everyday. Big and small." "They never complain. Why do we?" I felt so small. When I went to bed, I promised myself to be like stars. Co-operative. Grateful. Peaceful. Everything seems to connect. Am I sleeping? I hope not. Everything seems slow and calming. I stand up and realize I am still in the snow. I walk back home peacefully, gratefully. The snow cleared all my doubts. Everything was more clear. 'Thanks snow' I whisper. 'Thanks.'