

Sophia-Rose Parrino

Jan.26, 2026

Snow day

Snow has meant more to me than school cancellations. To me, it means an unexpected pause in our busy lives and a chance to spend time with family. Growing up in New York, we all had high expectations for snow: snowball fights, sledding, and the comfort food that perfectly matched the day. Mom always made a traditional Chinese dish called Hot Pot when it snowed. Everyone would sit around a boiling pot filled with spicy broth. She would cook the food in the pot right in front of us. The first bite was always delicious, and the spice instantly warmed me up.

After we were full and warm, we would go to a hill and sled down from it for hours. When we came home, Mom would have hot cocoa ready. Dad would start a fire in our wood-burning fireplace, and we would cook yams under the coals for dessert. My favorite part about a snowy night was watching a family movie under warm blankets. The smell of the yams and the glow of the dancing flames made me wish the moment could last forever.

In the summer of 2024, my whole family packed up and moved to Houston. When my feet touched the summer Texas ground, I knew a cozy snow day like that would only be a distant memory. Life started to get a little hectic. I had to adjust to a brand-new life. My parents were busy with their new jobs and trying to find a house for us to live in.

Summer faded into fall, and fall turned into winter. By winter, we finally had a place to call home. Life was so busy, until a surprise came to slow us down. One day, I got an email saying that school would be closed. I was curious as to why. Curiosity turned to excitement as I found out it was going to be a Snow Day! Dad told me that the last time it snowed and accumulated in Houston was more than 10 years ago.

What would it be like to have snow in Texas? Would the snow be fluffy or dense? Would it be a lot or a little? Whatever it was, I was excited for it. The answer about the snow came when my little brother woke me up the next day. I looked outside the window and saw beautiful, fluffy snow. For a second, I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me, until my mom told me I could go outside and play. Suddenly, the noise of everyday life disappeared. For a moment, I felt like I was back in New York, back in that magical and carefree moment of a Snow Day. For the first time in months, I felt completely at home. That Snow Day reminded me that even though life had changed, things that made me feel safe and happy were still with me. At that moment, I knew I would be alright.