

Not Much of a Winter Wonderland: Where's the Snow?

- Danny Plunkett

December, January, and February: the wintry months. This is my favorite time of the year. It is a time of chestnuts roasting over open fires, icicles hanging from the eaves, snow banks so high you can't see over them, and hot tea on dark mornings.

Maybe I am the only one, but I truly enjoy stepping outside and taking a long breath of crisp, biting air. Every autumn my excitement grows as the leaves fall and the first frost invades the earth, indicators of what will come. This year was no different.

However, what we have gotten so far this winter is forty-degree days and rain the worst kind of compromise. I like to go ice-skating on ponds, sledding on hills, and walking in blizzards where you cannot see your hand in front of your face. There has been exactly one decent day to skate in the last two months (which I missed) and the ice immediately melted as temperatures rose above freezing once again. I have yet to put on my skates, something that was a daily occurrence only a year ago.

Snow. It is the essence of winter. A snow day is every child's dream, a gift from above. Staying home to play in the white powder is what winter is all about. For an adolescent snow is a source of income and a source of enjoyment. Every time it has rained this miserable winter I have hoped beyond hope that it would get colder. I have calculated how deep that snow would have been if it had not been rain, but to no avail.

Some may feel lucky to be able to wear only a sweatshirt in the middle of January, but not I. Bundling up in scarves, jackets, boots, and gloves is merely part of the winter experience if you ask me. What could be better than coming home, ripping off your layers of insulation, plopping down on the couch with a blanket, and sitting in front of a fire with hot chocolate? Nothing.

Now this is only my opinion of course, and you probably don't agree, saying you are a "summer person." That is all well and good but why can't this year just be normal? Is that too much to ask for? Even a week of sub-thirty degree weather would appease me. This is a supplication for a few weeks of true winter, a few weeks of winter activities before the grass starts growing again and the flowers bloom.

I still have hope! But with each passing day the outlook seems gloomier. Fortunately, I am also a spring person, and a summer person, and an autumn person.... But I'll complain now while I still have the chance!