

A Snowy Day

By Barbara Wiley

I grew up in Cincinnati, Ohio where the winter begins in October and lasts until the end of March. One special day that comes to mind was in the month of January in the year of 1970. I was twelve and my brother was fifteen.

I woke up and looked out of my bedroom window. I ran upstairs and told my mom it was snowing. The snowflakes looked like the size of silver dollars. The snow looked beautiful when it was falling; it makes everything outside look like it was under a white blanket. Once my brother woke up, we both finished eating breakfast and put on our coats, gloves, and hats. All my brother and I wanted to do was go outside and play in the snow. I like to make snow angels. It is also fun to make a snowman because you never know how it will look until you are finished making it.

We went outside in the backyard to make snow angels. I liked how the snow felt. The snow was soft as cotton. We moved our arms above our heads in the snow. Then we put our legs together—apart—and then together again. We did this for a long time. We got up to see what the snow angels looked like. My brother Ray teased me when he said, “Mine looks better.”

My brother wanted to make a snowman. The first part of the snowman we made was the bottom. It started out like a snowball, and then as we kept rolling it got very huge. The one that we made looked like we rolled up the entire front yard. The next part we made was the middle. It was quite a bit smaller than the bottom. We packed it on the bottom. I wanted to make the head, but what I made was too small. My brother did not like it at all. “It looks too small with the size of the rest of the snowman,” he said. He took the snowman’s head off and rolled it more to make it bigger. I told him “This is not fair.” I liked the head the way it was before Ray made it bigger. We wanted the snowman to have some arms which was a challenge because the sticks were covered in snow. I suggested that we look through our dad’s toolbox to see if he had anything to use for arms. This is when Ray saw two long screwdrivers, which I thought would look good. I went back into the house to find some more things to finish our snowman. There was a black furry hat in the closet that our dad didn’t wear anymore. I wanted to put my soft purple scarf around his neck; Ray thought that it was girl’s color. The next thing we found was a piece of celery to use for the nose. We went back outside to look for some rocks for the mouth and eyes. I realized that I had left my gloves in the house. I did not tell my brother where I was going, so he finished the snowman without me. The snowman look funny, but we laughed at how it turned out.

A little while later we both heard our mom calling us to come inside. I think we were both ready to go in anyway. I wanted some hot chocolate and to my surprise there was some on the kitchen table. It was so hot and steamy that I could not drink it. My brother suggested that I put two ice cubes in it to cool it off. The hot chocolate was delicious.

Once we finished drinking our hot chocolate, we wanted to go back outside. There was a knock at the front door. It was our friends from next door. “Do you want to come out and have a snowball fight? It can be boys against girls.” Of course we said yes. I made a really hard packed snowball and I hit my brother Ray in the head and it made a thumping sound. He came running after me. I went back in the house.

Our dad came home a few hours later and wanted to know why we used his good screwdrivers for our snowman. We said that we could not find anything else to make the arms. He said, "The snowman looks really cute."

I remember this day in January so well even though it was such a very long time ago. My brother and I always liked to play in the snow and on this day there were about ten or twelve inches. We did not have a lot of fun times when we were kids. We are now adults and do not see each other that often. This is why this day was such an important day. It meant so much to both of us.