

On Monday, there was a random snow fall in Massachusetts. It was very interesting, in addition to very unexpected. The day before, I was outside in just a t-shirt, gardening with my girlfriend's mom. I wake up the next morning and I find a solid inch or two of white on the ground. I had been told the night before that we were supposed to receive some snow. However, I never checked the weather for myself, so I was surprised by how much was falling and how it seemed to stay. I was happy though, especially seeing the winter season was lacking an abundance of good snowfall this year. It also helped lift the mood of this entire pandemic that's going on. Mother Nature sure knows how to make a poor situation better. Lucky for me, the snow was amongst the best kind for building snowmen! It wasn't too cold out either. So, I waited for a solid layer to be on the ground, and I headed on out and played for a good period of time in the snow, building a snowman and making snow angels and living up the life of a college kid who just wants to be a kid again for a second. Before I knew it, the sun was setting and I was being called in for supper. I didn't get time to snag a picture of me with my snowman, which is pretty upsetting actually, because I was very proud of that guy. My goal was to make him as big as I possibly could; so after rolling a snowball that I couldn't manage to push another inch, I rolled up another ball for his middle section and called in for some help to lift that one up onto the bottom. I had to stand on my tippy toes to put the head on the man. Honestly, the snow was just so perfect, and the mood was just so right. After being splashed by a passing snowplow in my attempts to find some good sized rocks for his eyes, in addition to being called by everyone in the family a billion times to come inside for dinner, I decided it may be best to save taking a picture with my big old guy until the next day. It was getting dark and starting to rain too. All in all, I thought I was being smart in waiting until the next day to get the photo. Of course, I didn't think to check the weather, and when I woke up the next morning, my previously giant snowman

had turned into a headless pile of mush. :(Anyway, I'm too sad to take a picture with the pile of mush, so I don't have one for you. However, I have learned a valuable lesson instead: always remember to check the weather!