

## Snow

**By Mackenzie Buzzell**

I love snow. The snow itself and the season. Waking up to the smell of woodsmoke, the warm draft that comes flowing into my room, the crisp air outside. I love all the winter activities too. Sledding, ice skating, ice fishing, snowmobiling, but mostly driving. My favorite thing is driving right after a snow storm. This is something me and my sister have done since I got my license. She loves the snow almost as much as I do.

**Walking out of the party the air was crisp. Me and my best friend were stumbling down the sidewalk to the parking lot. "Are you sure you're okay to drive home?" he asked as we approached our cars. I told him I'd be fine and he got in his car while I got in mine. With the amount I drank tonight, driving home probably isn't the smartest decision. But my house is only 5 minutes away, what could go wrong.**

It was the middle of winter break and I had been stuck in the house all day because of a giant snow storm. Once the snow had basically stopped coming down, with some convincing, my dad let us go for a drive. My sister and I got our hot chocolates and started on our route. We had the heat blasting and the windows down, which is something we always do. The radio is very faintly playing christmas music while we are observing the landscapes the storm created. It was later in the afternoon,

around 4 o'clock, so the sun had started to set. The skies were purple and pink, casting their colors over the snowy fields. "Wow look at those trees", as my sister pointed out her window. I look to the right out the passenger window and see trees. But they aren't just any old trees, they are covered in snow and look like something from a postcard.

**Driving down Main Street the snow really started coming down. I'm swerving all over the road, but if anyone says something I can blame the snow. Almost home. Just a couple more turns and I'll have made it. Going through the stop light I can't remember if it was red or green. I turn around, not paying attention to the road, and look behind me. There is a glow in the air giving off a green light, So the light was green. I see a bright light out of the corner of my eye followed by a honking. I whip my head around to see a truck headed straight towards me.**

On our way home we always go through town to look at the Christmas lights people have on display. Driving down Main Street the snow really started coming down, there was a car in front of me swerving all over the road. Figured the snow must be slippery or something so I didn't really think much of it. As we get closer to the car I can see he is turned around in his seat looking behind him. Next thing I know he's headed straight for me, so I start honking. We crash.

Everything's still blurry, and now my head hurts even more than it did before. The world froze and went silent. They could be dead and it's my fault. I get out of my car and start walking towards them. Flashing lights are approaching and the sound of sirens fills the silence. Airbags pour out of their windows. I keep stumbling closer to their truck, then I feel hands grab my arm. Someone asks me if I'm okay, I say yes. But they still load me into the ambulance.

I woke up in the hospital and the doctors and my parents explained what happened and I filled in the rest. With the speed and angle the other driver was coming in, it caused my truck to spin. We spun off the road and into the ditch where my truck rolled. With the impact my sister hit her head, and due to other complications died in the hospital. I do blame the guy for what happened because he hit us. But I also blame the snow, because if it wasn't for snow he wouldn't have been swerving, and we wouldn't have been out driving either. I don't know what happened to the other driver, or exactly why he was swerving, but I do know I hate the snow.