



My 11-yearold daughter Isabelle and the snow  
on our sidewalk

This winter of 2015 was such a mess. If somebody told me we were going to get up to 100 inches of snow or more, I would have told them they were crazy! I finally would have realized that they were not, after I kept seeing all of the snow falling, snow days, and winter weather advisories on the television.

At the beginning of the winter I didn't mind seeing the snow but after a while of it coming down day after day I started to get sick of it. I tried to cope with it by dreaming about being in a sunny place where it never snowed.

The worst part of it all is that my children, whom I never thought would get sick of the snow, started to hate it and didn't want to go outside and play anymore. They started telling me just this morning how much they want the nice weather back so we can get to the beach.

Brandy H