

I saw my first snow when I was three. At first, it was just another cold winter, with a dark sky. Suddenly, the clouds turned from white to grey, promising snow. That was when the wonderful flakes of snow began to fall from the sky. Soon it had filled the garden, a sprinkling of flour over the brown, dead grass on the lawn. It wasn't much more than a sprinkling, but enough for me.

Wrapped up in a scarf, gloves and hat, I went outside with my dad, to make a snowman. My dad did most of the work. I didn't really know what a real snowman was, as I'd only seen pictures in books of tall, smiling beings with pipes in their coal mouths and with huge twigs for arms. My snowman was nothing like that. As there was so little snow, it was only as tall as me, with a football covered in snow for a head. We gave it scrawny twigs for arms, and a mouldy carrot for a nose that had been lying at the bottom of a cupboard for god knows how long, more green than orange now. The actual snow it was made with that a dirty grey colour, nothing like the gleaming white pictures I'd seen in books. I was fascinated by it.

My dad went inside, his job done. I walked round, watching my footprints in the snow. I attempted to make a snowball, but gave up, the icy snow burning my hands. I circled round the snowman itself, pulling out the carrot nose, and putting it back in, endlessly. I heard a knocking on the window, and turned round to face my mum knocking on the window, holding my baby sister in her arms, surrounded by the orange light from the kitchen. The warm glow from the house enticed me back inside from the cold snow, so I pulled the carrot off his face one more time, and stamped inside to the warmth.

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