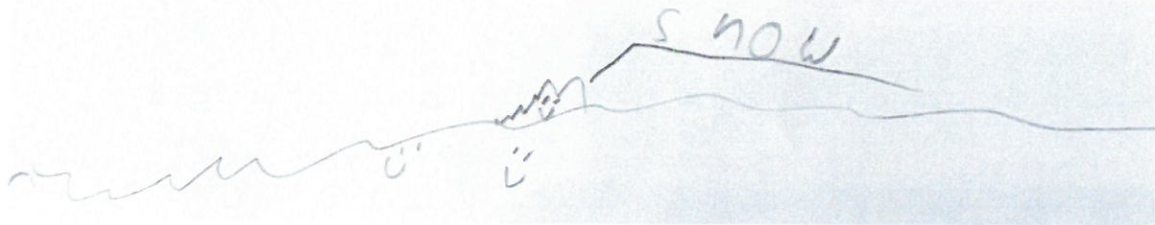


The Life of a Snowball  
By William S. Egolf  
January 22, 2018

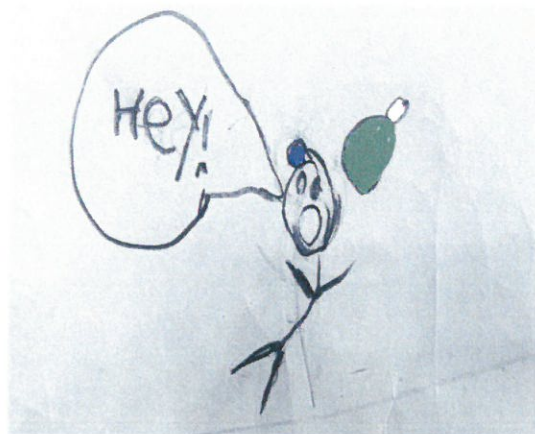


Hi, my name's Snow. I'm white, soft...but you don't have to think I'm fluffy. I spend most of my time with other snow because...well, I'm snow. I mostly think about melting in the summer and being reborn in the North Pole or the South Pole where it is cold. You never know where snow will end up, but you can be sure it will need to be cold there.

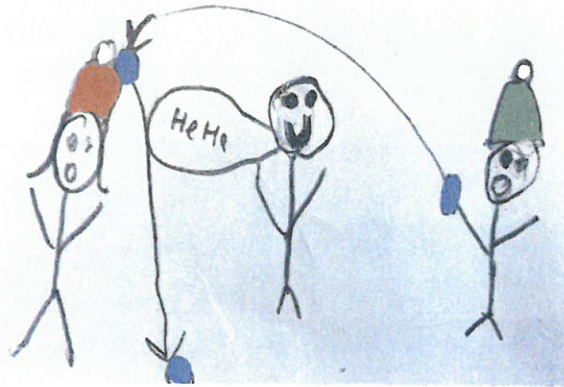
Ow! Somebody named Steve picked me up. Help, help, help. I apologize, I'm being squeezed. ARRRR! Okay, I'm better now. Oh wait, I'm still being squeezed. Ow, oof, ow, oo, ow, ee, a, da. Now, I'm round and I think you'd probably want to call me snowball but I'm keeping my name as Snow. Ahhh, okay, I'm being thrown by Steve. I feel like I'm flying and I'm freaking out right now.



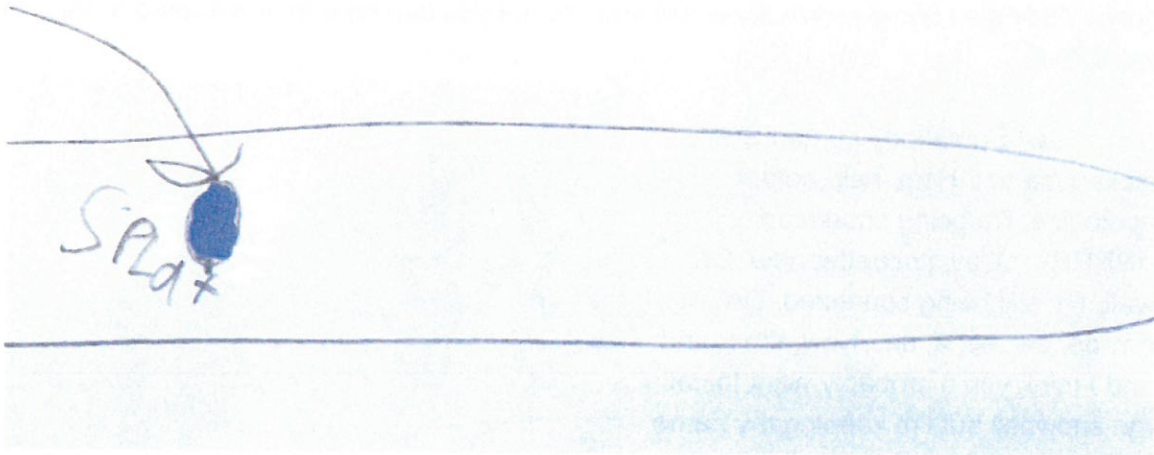
Pfft, snap, ow. I hit someone named Thomas in the head and knock off his hat. I'm squeezed even harder. Owwww! Now, I think I'm turning icy. You'd probably want to call me icy snowball but I'm still keeping my name Snow...but I like the sound of the name Iceball. I'm now really round and shiny but have a nice snowy center. Wo, wo, wo...I think I'm about to be thrown again. Ahh....I'm flying...past Steve.



Ow! I just hit something soft and warm and bounce off it. I hear some girl named Lucy yell and Thomas try to apologize. Steve is laughing. I'm picked up again and squeezed really, really, really hard. Ow, oh, I apologize, Lucy, I didn't mean to hurt you. Hey, wait, don't throw me on the ground. I don't want to go into the cement. I'm tossed in the air again! Thomas, Steve catch me please.



Snap, ow, I'm smashed onto the sidewalk. Now, I've got to begin my whole life again as snow.



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