

# The impact winter left on my childhood essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

The icy air whistles around my ears, causing my skin to tingle and sting. My fingers and toes are going numb while I'm walking through the deep, thick snow. Snug inside my many layers of clothes, nothing can spoil the overwhelming feeling of being taken back to my childhood winter days. The urge to make a snowball is all consuming and I have to restrain myself from lying down in the middle of the street to make a snow angel.

Every step I take leaves a fresh, crisp footprint in the snow, as if I am the only person to have ever been here.

Snowflakes fall gently from the sky, tickling the end of my nose and tempting me to stick out my tongue and have a taste. (Synaesthesia) The branches of the trees bow with the heavy load of snow they are carrying, bending towards the floor. It makes me think, that if only they could shake themselves like a dog covered in water does; they would be free. (Simile) Everything glistens off the snow, as if a fairy has sprinkled her dust over the entire world.

Simile) Colors are brighter against the pure white blanket that spreads as far as the eye can see. The houses become works of art, with their beautiful undisturbed snowy roofs, and sharp, clear icicles that will soon fall to the earth and shatter to a million pieces. Children are jumping about and running around. They have the day off school and their excitement is abundant. The older children confidently strut around aiming snowballs at anything that stands still long enough.

Smaller children cower and scatter as they try to avoid the incoming missile attack. Girls scream and hide as they are bombarded with wave after wave

of relentless snowballs. There is one young boy who can't move. He is wrapped tight in so many clothes, that he can barely breathe. His scarf meets his hat leaving just a small slit for his eyes to warily peak out from.

He can't bend his legs or arms as the padding in his all in one suit has frozen him like a starfish. (Simile) Snowmen creations pop up on every corner.

Lovingly ade with cold, wet hands. There are; fat ones, thin ones, wobbly ones and tiny ones.

The air smells pure and fresh. Everything seems quieter, almost muffled. There is a sense of serenity in the atmosphere. Nobody attempts to try and drive their cars as the roads are too treacherous. This adds to the eeriness and quietness of the snowy winter day.

All that will soon be left is the grey, dirty slush and the memories of another rare day in the snow. (Symbolism. Snowy winter dar peace) \*anaphora- snow