

The white sheet of snow

[Business](#)



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

It was late in the afternoon.

The sun could be seen over the top of the apartment buildings next door as it slowly crept closer to the horizon. I knew my time would run out quickly and I had to finish the task before me. It had snowed all Sunday morning and into the afternoon. The storm had only let up a few hours ago revealing the task that awaited me. On Monday morning the mailperson would need to walk down the lines of the sidewalk before my house and the only way it would be possible is if I had prepared the path in advance. So I found myself in front of a large white canvas and I would have to dig through and find the first section of sidewalk.

The first shovelfuls were challenging as if someone had weighted down my tools tenfold just to watch me struggling at my work. I persevered revealing the first few edges of my goal. The first few lines of the sidewalk were coming together forming a sloppy first section. Looking over what I had done I became struck with inspiration and began working with a purpose. Section by section I worked, carving line after line from the white monster that lay before me. The beast shrunk bit by bit as the work I left behind me grew larger and longer with every sweep my hands made.

I thought the project would be easily completed, but slowly I began to realize that with every shovelful I stole away from the monster, it took part of my energy with it. I felt like a fool having come so far only to not be able to finish the very end. My hands began to hurt and I longed to sit down in front of the television and watch a pleasant movie or my favorite show. I look around to

see the sun setting in the distance. Tomorrow was approaching and I needed to finish what I had started.

I drew the last remaining energy I had in me and finished as strong as I could. Freeing the last bits of my work summarized all that I had accomplished. I walked down the sections of my work cleaning up little bits and pieces that had appeared sloppy. I leaned back and happily clicked the print icon in the corner of the screen. I had managed to finish my essay.

Then tomorrow I could proudly hand in my essay to my English teacher who had given this task to me. The lines of my essay would be walked back and forth as my teacher read through my paper.