Maniac Ploughing Through the Snow

She have a vivid memory of me running in the snow. Her peripheral vision was filled with stares of confusion and worry. The pain of the freezing cold snow against her feet, was like they’re about to break off like an icicle. The drops of tears and sweat solidified as they appeared.

The first piles of snow fell overnight, waking up with the sight of a winter wonderland, the excitement about the flawless fresh snow. She went downstairs to the kitchen, and made myself a steaming hot cup of hot chocolate. Her older sister had an early shift that morning and left at 7:00 AM. Sarah as there alone at the dinner table, was drinking the hot chocolate, until her little sister woke up and decided that she had wanted to take their dog Benji, out to the backyard and play in the snow. Not long after, she hears her sister shout, “Benji, Benji got out!” Sarah began to panic and was struggling to comprehend what she heard. The cup of hot chocolate fell on to the floor, shattered into million pieces. Sarah ran outside to the balcony, contemplating, *Do I need shoes? The snows not going to be that bad. Is it? Nah. I’ll be fine.* “How did he get out!”

“I don’t know.”

"The door was open when I came back from getting a ball.”

 My sister and I went to the driveway and started looking around.

“Which way did he go?”

“I saw him running to the park.”

She stood there for a couple minutes, and then, he appears running and jumping around, not having a care in the world. Sarah began to chase after him shouting,

 “Go back inside, and let everyone know!”

“Ok!” she reacted, running back to the yard. Little did she know, the park is full with parents and their kids. She thought to herself *oh my god, this is the most embarrassing thing ever. I’m in my pajama’s looking like a maniac. Not wearing any shoes, plowing through the snow.* The moment her feet plummet deep into the snow, she can start to feel the regret of not wearing shoes. “Benji! Benji! Come back here! Stop running!” Sarah yelled at the top of my lungs. At that point she could not feel anything on my body. Her legs are slowly becoming like icicles that are about to be broken off. As much as she wanted to go back home, she cared too much to do so. The gust of wind brush against her face like when you open the freezer door. Her nose is stinging from the coldness. The tears are running down her cheeks. She could barely have any feeling left. She lost sight of Benji. *Where did he go? Please tell me he did not go on to the road. Please.* “Benji! Where are you! Benji!” she slowed down a bit. Taking the time to catch her breath, she did not know what to think. She couldn’t physically feel my body anymore. This felt like a snake. Trying to slither through the thick snow, yet, it felt stiff. Not a sight of Benji anywhere, but she didn’t give up. She didn’t want to. 30 minutes later, a miracle happened. She turned a corner, 3 blocks behind her home, she saw Benji, buried in the snow, taking a poop stop. A poop stop. *Oh my god! I can’t believe I’ve found him! Okay I got to be quiet.* I slowly began to walk closer and closer to him; trying to be as quiet as possible. *Should I just go for it and wrap him around my arms?* She listened to my instinct. *I’m not sure. Is this going to hurt? I never dived into a pile of snow before.* Without any hesitation,got into a diving position, and took the greatest leap of her life. Slowly, she opened my eyes, and she saw her dog safely in her arms. Both soaked like a mop. “Benji! Thank god I found you!” While she held him above me. He looked down at me confused as to what just had happened. 15 minutes passed, and she reached the park. The excruciating pain she experienced was indescribable. The more she had walked, the more she felt numb. Heading back home, she walked through the park and she felt the stares. *I’m scaring the little kids, with my soaking wet pajama’s, and crazy tangled hair. I really don’t care. I just want to go back to my heated home.* Once she arrived, all she saw was her family on the balcony. They had waited for her to return, in hopes with Benji. At last, she stood into the home of warmth. Standing on top of the vent, with the heat blowing below her, she began to dry off, making sure her little bud did as well. She glance down. She could not believe what she saw. Her legs were as blue as a blueberry, and as purple as an eggplant. She was fortunate enough to not get hypothermia. Her whole body is trembling uncontrollably. During the process, it felt like she was Jake Frost when he was starting to melt away; the heat digging deep into my body. She stood there for a good 16 minutes till she got any feeling. She noticed something. The Winter wonderland was not flawless anymore. She became less excited. Her mom came and told her “Your older sister did not lock the gate properly.” *Oh my god! Of course she didn’t, she never does.* Standing there, she told herself*, If I ever have the choice to wear shoes, WEAR THEM!* From that experience, she had learned to always wear shoes and a coat in harsh weather conditions.