

With snow days comes nostalgia

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Spotlight Editor

The school was abuzz with whispered rumors of a snow day. Having had three days off for a random blackout caused by a freak windstorm in the first month of the school year, I felt ashamed to wish for another unplanned day off school in the midst of what seemed to be possibly the most hectic time of my high school career: juggling class assignments against the looming deadline for the junior paper.

So I ignored the buzz about a possible snow day and finished all of my homework for the next day. However I just could not bring myself to begin the dreaded paper. When the news came that we had one day, then another and then another off of school on account of the snow, I was just as ecstatic as the rest of my fellow classmates were, perhaps even more so considering the dire situation I was in to meet the Friday deadline for my junior paper.

I spent all three days ensconced in my room, working on my paper while listening to my favorite easy-listening jazz and sipping the occasional chai tea latte my mom would bring from Starbucks. And I still barely finished my junior paper.

As sacrilegious as this might seem, I almost wish I didn't have those snow days off school. It was depressing sitting in my house all day, working away to meet adult-like goals rather than simply enjoying the unexpected extra free time to play in the snow or sled like I did when I was younger. For the first time in my short existence, I did not fully enjoy the snow days. Nor did I even want to. Too preoccupied with the rapidly approaching deadline of the junior paper, the time off seemed like an easy luxury to sacrifice.

And so the sleds lay dormant in our garage. Each member of my family worked quietly and separately in different rooms. Our driveway even lacked the telltale crunched-in-snow footprints left by excited children running around in the snow. Now, the snow seems more of a nuisance than an actual blessing.

Nostalgia has set in. The first time I could actually enjoy the snow was on the car ride to school on Friday. As our car made its way along the surprisingly clear roads, the icicles on the trees transformed my daily pilgrimage to school into a winter wonderland.

It was beautiful—but also sad—to watch the sparkling, snowy scenery slide past the window. Snow days used to be a magical experience of hot cocoa, extra hours of sleep and snow angels made by wet and slightly cold children on the crisp blanket of white. Now, my snow days are business transactions, time spent typing a seemingly worthless and pointless paper on the changing family structure in America.

Perhaps I am ungrateful. I know that my junior paper certainly would not have been completed without those three extra days of grace to spend toiling on it. I know that CCDS is only better preparing us for college by forcing us to do extra hours of tedious work.

Yet, in the process I somehow feel that I am losing an integral part of my childhood as I transition from teen-hood to adulthood. With only a year and a half left at home, it's sad that I am unable to soak up every moment of my remaining time at home without worrying about the consequences of time spent just having plain old fun.