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Igloos in the Ditches

Molly McFadden

molly-mcfadden@bethel.edu

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Igloos in the ditches

By Molly McFadden

In the ditches of my childhood home snow would drift higher than our heads. We'd lace up hand-me-down boots and throw on Carhartt insulated onesies, becoming marshmallows of the brown gear.

My dad would toss my brother and I in the drifts and let us sink before digging us out again, leaving child-sized holes in the snow. With a five-gallon bucket, we'd crawl under the pine trees shimmering silver with snow, and begin to scope the white powder, packing the perfect-sized building blocks.

We would stack them,
one on top of the other, in a
circular pattern, each closer inward,
until it rounded into a dome.

And we'd sit in it all afternoon, shivering in the dark ice block, no longer able to admire the trees, but no longer impacted by the wind blowing by. And the dog named Sunny would run in our little structure after us and jump around inside.

When five hours had gone by and our small bright red cheeks couldn't take the cold for another second, we'd head into the house. Our onesies laid across the stove, melted snow falling on the ground, my brother and I would find a blanket and new socks.

I wonder what the neighbors thought about those igloos in the ditches.