

December 31<sup>st</sup>

*By Suzy Hopkins*

It was the one night we got to stay up late with the adults from the six families who shared the massive ski lodge at Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire. At midnight the adults and the multitude of kids who were still awake loudly cheered, stamped our feet and blew our noise makers. There was a huge crash sound on the roof. The adults put on their snow boots and ski jackets and went out to investigate. An enormous oak tree branch had fallen on the lodge's roof and had dumped a ton of snow in front of the front door and all over some of the parked cars. The parents called for us kids to come outside to help shovel the resulting mess away from the front steps and cars. With our ski clothes over our P.J.'s we sluggishly attempted to clear away the snow. One of the teenaged boys decided it was the perfect time for a snowball fight – fresh snow, lots of kids and adult targets. The tipsy parents desperately needed our help to move the snow. We lined up the parents and threw all the snowballs in their direction until they were mostly buried. They dug themselves out and we started our barrage again. What a great excuse to bombard our parents with snowballs and to stay up even later.