

My cold and lovely winter days

It was the coldest day of this winter season from 1965. It was already January and me and all the other kids from my neighborhood sat in our living room. We were all bored and really cold. My parents had been out for a winter walk and so we were alone... all together not knowing what to do on such a freezing day.

Someone had the idea to go outside and build a snowman, but no one found this to be a good idea. It was exactly what we all had done for the past two months and now we were just tired of it. We missed the sun. We missed the summer. We needed some warmth again. But this cold Sunday in January didn't let us hope at all. Suddenly my brother appeared and reheated the fireplace. He said: "It's almost 3 o'clock. Mom and Dad wanted to be back in about 15 minutes. They might have a little surprise for you and your friends."

I didn't understand a word. What was George talking about? Why should my parents have a surprise for me? Christmas was just over and my birthday was almost three months away. Was it maybe something bad? But... no. That couldn't be; George had said it was not only for me but also for my friends. It had to be something good! I got really excited and those 15 minutes seemed like an eternity to me. I didn't listen to my friends until finally my parents came home.

They walked straight to me and said: "Paul, we have a surprise for you. You yesterday said you hated the winter, so today we want to prove that also the coldest day can bring a lot of fun outside". A skeptic expression was on my face. But my parents ignored and said (to everyone in the living room): "Put on your coats and shoes! There's

something very special waiting for you outside". A huge commotion broke out because everyone ran to the wardrobe at the same time.

After a while we all have made our way out. What we saw made us all laugh: In front of us stood a giant horse-drawn sleigh. I glanced at my parents and they shouted: "Jump in!". I did and my friends followed me. With a bright smile I asked: "Where do we go?". Mom said we would ride to the forest nearby and I couldn't believe that. She had always forbidden us to go there and now she was organizing all that, just to prove me wrong about what I had said of the winter.

After that romantic ride we arrived in the woods and Dad explained, what they had planned for us: A day full of fun games, which had absolutely nothing to do with building snowman or creating angels in the snow. We started playing "hide and seek", then continued with "robbers and cops". The whole afternoon we were running around the snow covered woods and empowered us until we fell back into the sleigh and rode home. When I arrived at home our housekeeper had prepared hot chocolate and we sat in front of the fireplace again to laugh and chat about that funny day. Since then, my friends and I played every winter in the woods.

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