

# SHOVEL IT!

There's nothing like a great big Brooklyn snowstorm. We used to be able to count on at least one big dump each season, but now these storms are far more infrequent here and less severe, no doubt due to global warming.

In the old days, I remember for a few wonderful hours, everything stopped as branches were laden with white powder and the streets emptied, creating a welcomed silence. I was mesmerized as the falling snowflakes stacked up on our windowsills, sealing us in our warm, cozy home.



As morning broke, cross-country skiers found their way to Prospect Park before the rush of kids descended with their sleds. Little kids made snow angels as snowballs flew across the fields. Well-dressed snowmen seemed to popup every few feet. Everything was beautiful—until it wasn't.



It wasn't long before the sanitation department plowed the streets, piling gray, dirty snow high against everyone's cars. I feared some of my older neighbors might give themselves heart attacks as they dug their cars out. As I shoveled our busy corner hoping to make a path for people, the sanitation guys seemed to take joy plowing me back in. When I was younger, I used to bat my eyes at them and occasionally they would lift up their shovel while passing, but I guess I've lost my charm with the years.



Maybe if I had bribed them with freshly baked cookies and hot chocolate they would take pity of me. What do you think were my odds of that every happening?