

away so quickly and efficiently, because I rather like it. Also, piles of gathered snow remind me of my childhood, when it took days and days for the many little snow hills to be cleared. We used to play on them, build forts and have snowball fights.

But if I go on and on reminiscing about snow from a long time ago, you might will not agree that this is the... “shortest story ever”!

The End !

story and photographs
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