



4-21-2016

Making Mountains Out of Snow Mounds

Sharon R. Tapia

Cedarville University, stapia@cedarville.edu

[DigitalCommons@Cedarville](#) provides a publication platform for fully open access journals, which means that all articles are available on the Internet to all users immediately upon publication. However, the opinions and sentiments expressed by the authors of articles published in our journals do not necessarily indicate the endorsement or reflect the views of DigitalCommons@Cedarville, the Centennial Library, or Cedarville University and its employees. The authors are solely responsible for the content of their work. Please address questions to dc@cedarville.edu.

Recommended Citation

Tapia, Sharon R. (2016) "Making Mountains Out of Snow Mounds," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 16 , Article 28.
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol16/iss1/28>

Making Mountains Out of Snow Mounds

Browse the contents of [this issue](#) of *Cedarville Review*.

Description

Short about my little sister, snow, and the fragile nature of heroes.

Creative Commons License



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](#).

About the Contributor

Sharon Rose is a dreamer, wannabe adventurer, and a junior English major at Cedarville University.

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview>



Part of the [Nonfiction Commons](#)

MAKING MOUNTAINS OUT OF SNOW MOUNDS

NONFICTION BY SHARON ROSE

After the snowplow, the parking lot was rimmed with four or five feet glistening in the sun. They called to us with their peaks, an amalgamation of snow and pavement chunks.

CEDARVILLE
REVIEW

32

I hoisted you on top by your armpits, and I straightened your knitted butterfly cap over your ears. Stay in the middle, stay close to me.

We were mountain climbers, explorers, trying to make it across an impossible expanse from the Crook's farm to the vegetable garden behind the parsonage. Our breath froze in the air, hovering in fog before dispersing—we could only see each puff for a decimal of a moment.

You kept tugging your hands away—you wanted to bend your caked mittens in just the right way so that the snow would grid and crack along the knitted lines, perfectly geometrical. Stay over here, please, I mean it. You're going to fall.

Then the mountaintops grew shorter and shorter until we were only a foot above the ground. And then you were just a little kid shivering in the cold and clinging to my damp jean leg, and I was the one who could save you.

I managed to push you back inside the glass doors and into the foyer by the wall of Missionaries, leaving the slush and frozen ground behind us.

And then I kneaded your hands until their color—and the light in your eyes—returned.