



No Business Like Snow Business

by Miriam Silver

Overnight the wind had changed and it was winter, much to William's delight and his father's dismay, the snow had settled.

"We're snowed in, can't get to school!" he shouted and dashed downstairs pulling on some clothes.

"Oh! yes you are," his father said predictably, his thoughts on train delays. His son ignored him and sat down to a hearty breakfast, a necessity for an Arctic explorer who had to deal with parental opposition.

"Gonna build my igloo, all be gone after school."

"Weather forecast says it's going to freeze," his mother assured him.

"Anyway teachers won't be there," the budding researcher pointed out.

"Unless you have evidence to support that, you will go to school."

His father's statement didn't leave his son much option, from his long eleven years experience he knew he was beaten and left the table throwing out one last threat.

"You'll be sorry when I get froz up coz school's got no heat."

The playground was awash with snow, excited boys throwing the white stuff in all directions, until inevitably William's missile accidentally on purpose caught Harold squarely on the head causing threats of a gang fight, only prevented, much to our hero's disgust, by a teacher's unsympathetic call to order.

"Anyway the snow came right up to my window, beat that Harold, and I sleep in the attic." Immediately ducking under his teacher's arm ignoring his, "that's enough, in you get," enabling William to throw a sneering grimace at his enemy.

As luck had it, they were sent home after lunch as further snow was forecast so William could organise his gang to meet in the woods where they had a crumbling construction, decidedly dangerous, but their own. Here they could plan their revenge on adults who were a necessity regarding food, but that was all.

"Gonna get that Harold," Ginger said unequivocally.

"I wanna build an igloo," complained Douglas,

"Let's capture 'em all and hold 'em hostage and..." Henry was cut off when he heard,

"Could make some money,"

"No one will pay us for anything, they never do," they chorused.

"Just listen will yer," said William outlining a plan that involved digging everyone and everything out of the snow.

"Lots'll be buried, yer know, cars and things, only need a shovel."

“Digging’s hard,” complained Henry.

“We can charge 2/6d a job, specially for garage doors and paths.”

Convinced, there would be lots of sweets for that sort of money they went off to secretly purloin spades from their long suffering parents.

They attacked each job with enthusiasm ignoring anything that got in the way of their spades, bulbs, shrubs, lawns, none would ever be the same again, even gnomes we’re decapitated.

In their element, full of confidence they saw the doctor’s car deep in snow.

“Never know when you’ll have an emergency,” they pointed out.

“Only cost you 2/6d,” and energetically sent snow flying in all directions.

What emerged was not the pristine car that had got itself buried but a badly battered, bruised and scratched version of the original.

The doctor was horrified as the boys waited expectantly.

“Your parents will have to pay for this,” he shouted, red with rage.

“Got yer car out, didn’t we?” William declared.

“Anyway, it was probably the snow wot done it,” Ginger pointed out.

“We dug an’ dug, look at our blisters,” Henry appealed.

Taking another look, the doctor reluctantly admitted it could have been the storm and taking pity on the exhausted boys said, “thanks, I’ve a patient waiting,” and paid up.