First Snow Fall

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Abstract

The first snowfall bursts in upon me In a rush of welcome as I open the door...
“Oh, Inspector, you’re marvelous. Wait until I tell my bridge club about you. Just one more question. After you examined the candy, why did you eat it?”

“Elementary once again. I like fudge.”

“Of course, of course.” She showed him to the door. He donned the worn and stained trench coat, pulling the belt tightly about his lean and toughened body. He stepped through the door and walked down the steps to the street. There, he relit his pipe and slowly walked down the street. The street light threw his shadow grotesquely against the buildings next to him. He disappeared from sight slowly, and only the glow from his pipe and the hollow sound of his footsteps echoed his departure. The great dowager of society watched him disappear and said a silent prayer for him. Suddenly he reappeared next to the patrol car at the curb.

“Damn good dramatic exit, wasn’t it,” he yelled, and jumped into the car. The engine roared to life, the siren and flashing red light began once more, and the car disappeared around the corner on two wheels.

— Jack Gill, Sc. Sr.

The first snowfall bursts in upon me
In a rush of welcome as I open the door.
Like a great white dog it pounces
From the barren shrubs and lonely sycamore
To smother me in its fluffy coat
And lick my face with its wetness.
You’d think with the pattern of seasons
I wouldn’t be so absorbed in autumn’s undress
As to be unconscious of winter hiding there,
And let it always catch me unaware.

— James Wickcliff, Sc. Grad.