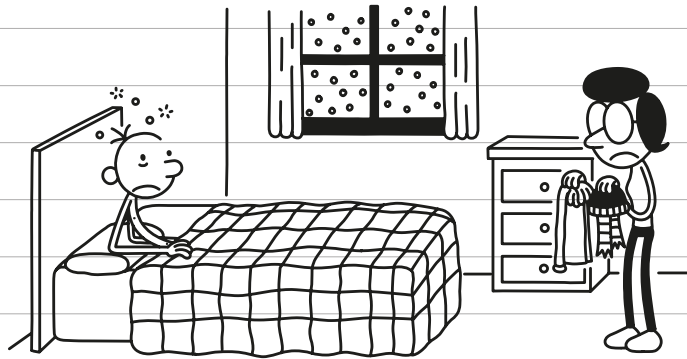


Saturday

I usually sleep IN at weekends, but this morning Mom had OTHER plans for me.



She said I was going to spend the whole day OUTSIDE. I told her I'd go out in the snow after I'd played some video games, but she reminded me about Screen-Free Weekends, and I knew she wasn't gonna budge.

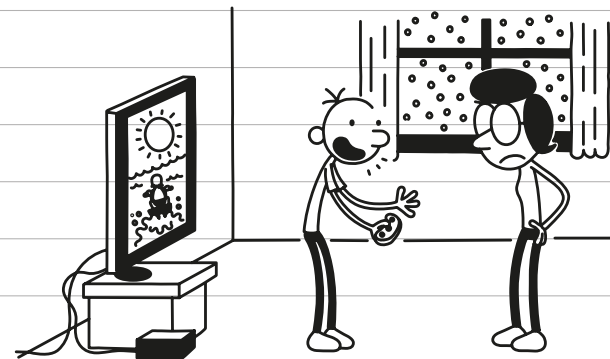
When I was younger, I could spend HOURS playing in the snow. But, nowadays, after about ten minutes I'm ready to come inside.

Grown-ups act like being in the snow is the most fun you can ever have. But you never see THEM out there rolling around in it.

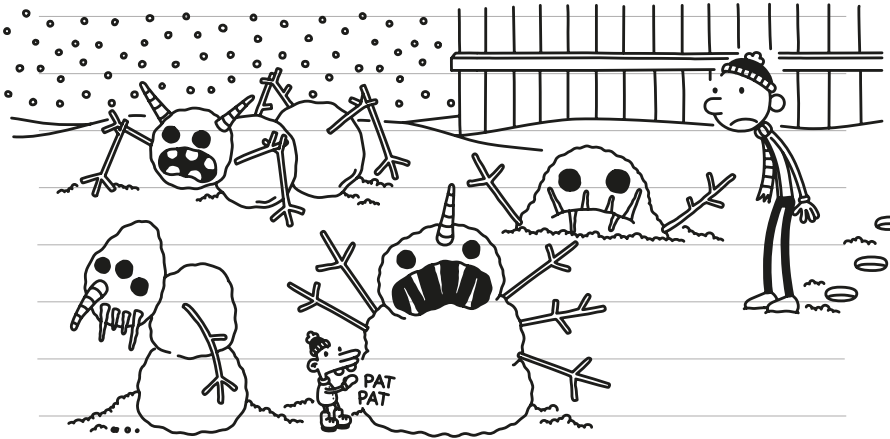
I can only remember one time Dad played with us out in the snow. But THAT ended the second Rodrick dumped snow down the back of Dad's NECK.



Mom's ALWAYS making us kids go outside because she says we need our vitamin D, which you get from the sun. I tell Mom I get PLENTY of vitamin D from the sun in my video games, but that kind of reasoning never works on her.



When I went outside today, Manny was already in the front yard making snowmen, or **WHATEVER** you'd call those things.



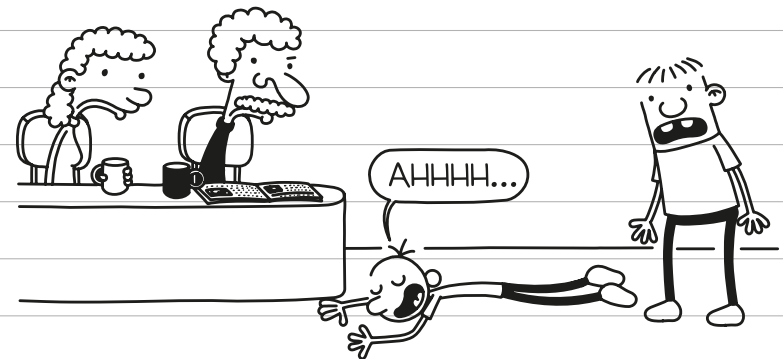
We never finished raking the lawn in the autumn, so Manny used the leaves we hadn't picked up to decorate his snow friends.



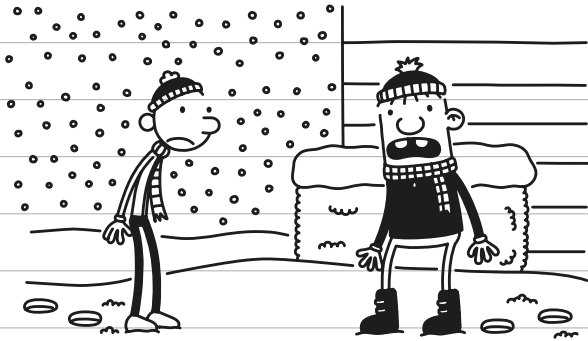
Manny had used up most of the snow in the yard, so there wasn't a whole lot I could even **DO** outside. I decided to head up to Rowley's, which meant I had to pass by **FREGLEY'S** house. And, sure enough, he was out in his front yard.



The reason I went to Rowley's was because his family just got heated floors. So on cold days I try to spend as much time at his house as **POSSIBLE**.



But Mom must've KNOWN I was gonna go to Rowley's because she called his parents and he was outside when I got there.



As long as we both had to be outdoors, I figured we should make the most of it. Since I'd already done all the hard work getting up the hill, I told Rowley we should get in a little sledging.

The plough usually comes through by late morning, so we can only get in a few good runs before the street is cleared. But the regular plough guy was on HOLIDAY, and the kids at the top of the hill told the SUBSTITUTE driver that Surrey Street was two miles down the road. So that bought us some extra time.



I don't actually think it's a good idea to mess around with substitutes because it ALWAYS comes back to bite you. Last year we had a long-term supply teacher in Algebra, and on his first day me and my classmates all switched seats with each other because we knew the sub would be relying on the seating chart.

