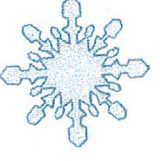


The Icy, Lone Park



When the park was transformed into an icy, lone park. I to got more lonely by second. Trees with thick, glassy snow stood tall and proud. As twilight struck snow covered everything.



I could hear galling nuts from the trees, and the sound of jingling bells. The sight of thick, soft blankets of snow.



Early hours in the morning, some people started to go to school. A few hours later, when children come back from school they started to have snowball fights and building snowmen.

