



Merry Christmas  
And  
Happy New Year  
From Titanium!



### In this Issue

- Arts
- Sports
- Stories, Poetry,

**COOKIES!!!**

## Jesus Christ: a "Superstar" is born!

*Cailin Connor Titanium Staff*

The musical, *Jesus Christ Superstar* is here and it's ready to rock! Planned to be the biggest thing since 2005's smash-hit *Beauty and the Beast*, much enthusiasm has been shown for this popular rock-and-roll opera.

Written over 40 years ago by world famous play writer Andrew Lloyd Webber, who also wrote *Phantom of the Opera*, it is known world wide. Ask your parents and chances are, they've heard and loved it! This play has 24 songs, each one spectacular and amazing to see.

Already people have lined up to audition for the roles of Jesus, Mary, and Judas. Everyone wants a chance to sing and

dance the 24 songs featured. Casting and directing will be in the more than capable hands of our dance/drama teacher Mrs. Sargent. The pit band will be directed by our music teacher Mrs. Brown who is sure to produce astounding music easily more than worthy of our proud school.

There are 37 main cast, and over 25 supporting roles. Also, there are at least 20 people needed for behind-the-scenes work like lighting, set construction, backdrop, sound, technical producers, costume designers, etc. Everyone has a role to play and everyone is needed! See Mrs. Sargent or Mrs. Brown if you have a skill you would like to use to help put this play into action!

*"I would like a  
moustache comb for  
Christmas."*

## Teachers Write to Santa Too!

*By Santa Claus, Titanium Contributor*

HO HO HO! Hello my little friends at Saint Theresa Catholic Secondary School in the merry old town of Belleville! Ah Belleville, the Friendly City – always full of milk and cookies. Santa here!

A while back I received a letter from the staff of Titanium in which they asked me if I could share some good old fashioned Christmas stories with you. So, I had my little friend Herbie the elf search through my file cabinet for the best letters I've received over the years from Saint Theresa Community. Here are just a few of the ones that make me laugh – Ho Ho Ho!

*Dear Santa, Some of my friends say that you are not real but I know you are. I know that you bring gifts to those who truly believe. I have done all the chores my mom asked me to do all year and I would like a moustache comb for Christmas. Paul Koughan Age 12*

Ho! Kids that mustache has continued into a glorious thing and he still does all the chores!



*"Santa" by Justin LaGuff*

*Cailun Connor – Titanium Staff*

Everyone knows that during a blizzard, your social life takes a hit. You can't hang out with friends, only talk to them through Facebook or cellphones! And if your power's out, you can't even do that! So here are some fun ways to pass the time and beat boring old boredom:



If you still have electricity, grab your fav blanket, jump on the couch, snuggle up and turn on the DVD's! Having a movie marathon while it's a total white-out outside is super fun!

Watch some dramadies, horrors, or the ultimate chick-flick – whatever you like! Don't forget the popcorn! Get up and play a game! With your folks or with your siblings (or just everyone) break out the board games and roll the dice!

Hit the books! Not the textbooks, but if you do have homework due, might as well do it. But the best books to crack open are the ones you read for fun! Nothing beats boredom like a good book and a cup of hot chocolate!

Catch some zzzz's! Watching all that snow come down can get pretty tiring, so why not jump into bed and get some much needed rest. Those early

school hours come with a cost you know!

Pick up the phone (if it works) and call somebody! Perhaps a bestie or a close friend you haven't chatted with in a while. Or maybe to thank grandma for that birthday cheque!

Find some paper and a couple of sharp pencils and away you go! Draw a picture, write a story, or make a comic! The possibilities are endless when you've got a pencil and some paper.

Pull out the toboggan and climb the hill! If the snow's not too bad, why not have some good ol' outdoor fun? Who doesn't love tobogganing?

There are loads of ways to have fun during a blizzard. These are just some of the awesome ways to pass the time (and the most common). You may or may not be able to do one or two of these, but that doesn't mean the rest aren't available. You probably have your own ideas of fun!



## Teachers' Letters to Santa (cont.)

*Dear Santa, I have been a very good boy this year. I always make sure my teddy bears are in full uniform and attend their classes when we play school. For Christmas this year I would like a new app for my Black Berry, a robotic hockey team that will crush all my enemies and the ability to turn people to stone with one glance. Thank You Santa! Yours Truly, Stephen Tracze VP, Christmas 2011*

HO HO! That Stephen, always so polite and punctual! Wait till he sees what I got him this year!

*Dear Santa, I have been such a good girl this year. For Christmas I would like chocolate. Lots of chocolate. And maybe a new piano. Do they make chocolate pianos? Teresa Age 6*

HO HO HO! Good thing I brought her the non-edible kind or you would have a much larger and less talented Music teacher!

*Dear Santa, I want lots of people to clap for me. Jenny Age 3*

*Ho Ho! Just wait till May, Sarge! HO HO HO!*

*Dear Santa, I want to be a whale.*

*Maria Karremans, Age 4*

HOHO! Looks like she finally got what she wished for!

*Dear Santa, When I grow up I want to own my own Hockey team. Could you help? Daniel Tye Age 8*

Ho Ho Ho! That's a great one! Looks like he decided to make his own . . . well at least the starting lineup, Eh Herbie?!



# TITAN SPORTS

## Titan Men's Hockey

*Titanium Contributor* -- Congratulations to the Titan team for an excellent showing at the Maxwell Mustangs tournament in Oshawa earlier this month. The Titans finished fourth overall out of 32 teams - an outstanding result. Titan team members excelled and notwithstanding a 3-2 overtime loss could have played for the gold medal. Honourable mentions to Hunter Fargey who paced the Titan attack with 11 goals in 7 games, and to Robert Ward and Brock Tufts for their work between the pipes.

## Titan Women's Volleyball

*Titanium Contributor* -- December 20 at the all Catholic Classic, it was a match up only a very few get to experience. It was our mighty Titan Junior Girls Volleyball team against our cross town rivals, the Nicholson Crusaders and the Falcons from St. Paul. The Junior Girls continued their dominance of first place, crushing the Crusaders and grounding the Falcons. Brittany Dracup, Heidi Vance and Melissa Hinch put on a serving clinic that was simply described as `shock and awe` by the visiting coaches. The serving dominance by the Titans, the story of the night, as both the Crusaders and Falcons were helpless to set up any sort of defense. At the net, the Titan goal of owning the net continued as the iron wall of Sierra Bertrand, Captain Jayme Wells and Anna Brennan blocked any offense the opposition tried to muster. Janessa Way and Forest Maracle supported the back row with awesome digs and Ali Craig continued setting up the attack. Well done Ladies!



Art credit: Darryl Reyes

**Congratulations to the GIRLS BASKETBALL teams and their Coaches!!!**  
**What a legendary season!!!**  
**GO TITANS!!!**

## *How to Survive a Snowstorm* by Brooke Doherty Titanium Staff -- Hi my name is

Ember and here I am inside and stuck here. No one is home. My mom is at work and my brother and sister are at school. Sure I thought, the bus being canceled would be a good thing, but no. The more I sit here the more I think not.

The show is pelting down like parachutists determined to hit the ground. I guess this is what they call a great Canadian winter, cold temperatures and meters of snow as far as the eye can see. Apparently supposedly we are teaching our dogs how to dog sled and preparing our igloos for the winter, but many Canadians find those stereotypes annoying and overrated anyway.

Sitting in my gloom of this snowy day, I spot a note. I drag myself somehow back to life like the zombie I feel like now and glance at the marble counter top. Scrawled in my mom's handwriting is: "Dear Ember, make sure to shovel the snow before I get home. Love Mom." Great I think to myself, so much for a lazy day. I creep over to where the window is and am surprised, but not surprised to see snow that has almost come up to cover the window. I sigh, but then think to myself the quicker I get out there the quicker I can get inside and collect a glass of cocoa with a huge marshmallow. I start to get that warm and fuzzy feeling as I think of the possibility.

I slip on my snow pants and grab my coat, hat and mitts. I am really tempted to grab my iPod to at least make shoveling snow seem not so monotonous. I grab it and think that I can tuck the ear buds beneath my hat and the iPod in the pocket inside my coat. I grab my key and make sure to lock the door before I head outside. I get the shed key and grab the shovel amidst the bikes and toys for my siblings.

I make my way to the front of the yard where I notice my fellow neighbors working away at something in their yard. I pop in my ear buds and listen. The music seems to put me in a mood to work, over the constant pattern of lift, shovel away. I become deeply concentrated and before I know it I have half the driveway already shoveled. I check my watch 11:00 it reads. Maybe if I continue at this pace, I'll be finished the driveway by 12:00. But, the continuing pattern of snow falling does not help my situation one bit. It just leaves me feeling discouraged.

Although, I can't help notice the beauty of snow, I mean each snowflake shaped differently to form hills and snow covered mountains. I can't believe it, even when I stare at it with my own eyes. I can admire snow all I want but, that won't get the job done. I get myself back into shoveling, even though I can't help but feel the pangs that are going through my back. All I can imagine right now is the cocoa making me feel better.

I shovel and continue to shovel, but I can hear something in the distance. I decide to ignore whatever or whoever it is because it's probably the wind blowing. This is considering that I can currently feel the hair stand up on the back of my neck. I'm shivering and even my teeth are chattering from the cold.

Something taps me on the shoulder and I swear that I jump a solid meter. I manage to drop my shovel and start to run toward the steps. To tell you the truth I'm honestly scared to turn around. I face my fear and turn around to see Oren.

"Oh my gosh, you scared the living daylights out of me!" I say still trying to breathe normally.

"Yeah, you jumped like a foot", he says while laughing.

"Well, can you really blame me?"

"Well you've always been one to scare easily."

"Yeah but..." I say as start to laugh. I lose my crystal clear composure for a second.

"So anyway, do you want any help?"

"Yes", I manage to say because I really am in over my head.

I go to the shed as Oren treks in the snow behind me. After looking through the crowded shed I manage to come across another shovel that although worn is still able to work. I exit the shed to see that even more snow has fallen. I guess that we better get started.

I know that Oren is a good worker. I've known him since kindergarten and even though we are both in grade 10 we are still the best of friends. Oren just has that way about him where he's really friendly and could be friends with almost anyone. Have I ever questioned being more than friends, well yes I have but, then came to the conclusion that is better this way.

I hold my shovel and just stare around me for a second. I stare at the wonderful sky so crisp with big fluffy clouds and a bright blue sky in the horizon. This just seems like the perfect day until, I feel the snow almost pound across my face with gripping intensity. I then stare at Oren for a moment working with his chocolate brown hair almost falling in front of his face as he shovels.

I stare for just a second longer when all of a sudden my face gets hit with a thwack. My cheeks feel as cool as the air around. I then see Oren with a smug smile.

"How mature!" I say stifling back a laugh.

"Is that a challenge?" he asks.

"Maybe it is and maybe it isn't," I say as I hurl a snowball hits him clear in the face.

"Now who's being immature!" he says.

He then grabs another snowball that hits me clear in the stomach and with that the war is on. I hide behind a snow bank that has started to form and he does the exact same. We continue hurling snowballs at one another until, it is declared a draw. Wow, my job of shoveling sure isn't getting far, in fact there is even more snow on the driveway thanks to our failed snow fighting attempts.

"Ember?"

"Yeah," I say.

"Don't you think we can take a little break?". he says as he approaches me.

(FICTION CONTINUED) "Sadly, no, I say."

"Why?" he asks sensing that I too would prefer a break over continuing.

"My mom gets home in a couple hours and she expects me to have this done and she's giving me \$20 towards new art supplies"

"Okay", he says giving me a smile.

Even though I really don't feel like continuing and would much rather just hang out with Oren I know that I can't. So I continue the ultimate mass of shoveling, the pattern permanently engraved in my mind. I am so tired I feel like I'm just going to tumble into the snow right now, my impression being left. I set down my shovel for a moment and tumble down into the snow. This feels so refreshing, my pain is now somehow abandoned for a moment. My peace is interrupted about five minutes later by Oren who shovels the snow on top of me.

"Snow for the ice princess", he says with a smirk.

"Really?" Oren I say as coldly as I can as my teeth to chatter and I feel the shiver beneath me.

"Oh come on Ember..", he says as he helps me up.

"Well, then snow for the abominable snowman", I say as I sprinkle atop his head.

I look over and notice that the driveway is clear. So much for my hopeless day dreaming. I guess that I let it get away from me this time. I would like to think that I'm a dreamer and have hopes as well, but sometimes they just get lost as I stare off into space.

"Ember?", he says waving his hand in front of me.

"Oh... sorry you were saying?"

"I was saying that penguins fly in the winter?"

"What?" I say in confusion.

"Now there I have your attention", he says as he looks directly in the eyes.

He bends in and kisses me, and for the first time everything makes sense. For once I am not a dreamer, I am Ember in the moment and the moment couldn't be more perfect. He backs away, unsure what to think and when I smile I think that he is not so nervous. He starts to head the other way, just as my mom arrives home.

"How was day, honey?", she says as she steps out of the car.

"Great", I say with a smile.

"That's good, you even had time to shovel the driveway!"

## Ali Lane: A Titan Mystery Series

By The Titanium Staff

Ali arrived at school. She started out in a pretty good mood after all tomorrow was Christmas Break and then she could go home and relax. Except for the underlying pressures of culminating projects and exams, but that could be done when she got back. Other than that nothing could go wrong.

She made her way to her locker and dialed the combination in. The lock released itself from a clasp as she grabbed it open with a slight tug. She settled in and started to put her stuff away and managed to do it in just under a couple of minutes. She straightened up her uniform and was about to close her locker, now came the hard part, her locker did not like her. She and lockers had a tough relationship and her locker was choosing to be especially difficult today.

Ali attempted to close her locker with a slight frustration. No matter how many times she attempted to close it, it would not shut. She had never had this problem before, just today.

"Ugh", she said with anger.

Amity was there shortly after and asked "Gosh, what's the matter Ali?"

"My... locker... will... not shut," Ali said gasping for breath.

"Well, if you would stop forcing it, then maybe you wouldn't have that problem. Here let me try!"

Amity grabs the locker door and with a sickening sound closes it. I look over at her with a look of utter disbelief considering just seconds ago I was trying to do the exact same thing. I just can't believe it and that causes my one eyebrow to shoot up.

She stands there for a few more seconds before saying, "Hey Ali I've got to go!", as she makes her way to the science room across the hall. The bell rings just as she enters. Great now I'm going to be late, this day just keeps getting even better.

I walk into the classroom and all eyes are on me. Some of those eyes are even feeling like they are boring into my soul. I hurry to my seat trying not to be the center of attention. The anthem and then the prayer click on and as soon as the announcements click on I stare at last night's homework. I end up looking at it for less than a minute when I feel a tap

on my shoulder. I am slightly angered but am even more perturbed when I realize it's David.

"Ali", he says I lift my head up and give him a sour look.

"Yeah", I grumble.

"Did you get question 5 from last night's homework?"

"Why?", I ask in retort.

"Well, I didn't get it and since..."

"Yeah fine..."

"So what did you get?"

"Well, this isn't show and tell is it?"

"Whatever", he says as he starts to turn around, "I get it you didn't have the answer."

I don't know what is it about David he just annoys me to no end. I suppose that the last remark was bit cruel. I kinda have been running on late nights and coffee to accomplish anything right now. I guess I might need to tone it down a bit.

"David", I say almost regretting it.

"Yeah", he says turning around.

"I got  $x=17$ "

"Yeah I guess it makes sense, thanks."

The teacher takes up the homework from last night as I manage to check almost all of them right. He assigns the work for the next day. Algebra problems, when I have my own to solve. I sit in my desk staring at the clock and before I know it class is over. Second period flies by just as fast.

I go back to my locker and click through my combination a couple of times before settling on the right numbers. Everything tumbles out along with a book on my head. Pain sears through me for a moment but eventually mutes itself. I see Amity's latest note which reads: "Oh my gosh Amity is so pretty!" I grab everything and see a note. There is an envelope and cut out with magazine letters is ALI. I open the envelope and there is a note that reads: "Dear Ali, they say her heart grew three sizes that day and she knew just what to say. Secret Admirer"

That's kind of creepy, mean but nice all at the same time. Hmm... she thought to herself, well the only person that knows my locker combination is Amity. She's got to be in the computer lab right now. Ali takes her time to get to the computer lab and looks in the first one and there Amity is.

She's the only one with her computer on. She sticks out like a patch of snow in August.

"Amity", I say as I come closer.

She continues to type on the computer. I feel a twinge of anger as I realize that maybe she won't answer me. Then I see that she has her headphones plugged in. She's probably listening to her latest favourite song. She has always been like that where she can't be disturbed at all. I pull one headphone out of one ear and she turns around to stare at me like why did you do that?

"Amity", I say.

"Yeah", she says slightly irritated.

"Okay fess up" I say slightly grinning.

"Huh", she says genuinely confused.

"The letter," I say dumfounded that she can't possibly figure it out.

"What letter? What are you talking about?"

"Come on Amity the letter that you put in my locker." I say slightly surprised.

"You mean the note?" she says.

"Yeah the note and the letter you know what I mean."

"I leave those notes everyday what's the big deal?"

"No I know that Amity, I'm talking about the letter with the Grinch reference."

"I didn't write a letter, what are you talking about?"

"Yeah yes I think you did."

"Uh... no I didn't..." , she says slightly backing up.

"Amity, who else would write it? I know you wrote it."

"Gosh I don't know what's gotten into you today but, it wasn't me."

I take a step back in reproach. Okay maybe it wasn't her but, who else could it be?

"Amity but, who else could it be?" I say with a slightly friendlier tone of voice.

"Well, to be honest I don't know I'm the only one with your locker combination and I swear that I've never told a soul. It could be anyone because they could have seen you dial it in"

"Fine, okay bye!" I say slightly flustered considering I have no clue who it is.

I go back to my locker, coming up with nothing. I manage to open up my locker easier this time. I am just about to grab my books when I see a candy cane attached to my note book. It must be one of those candy grams. I got a couple of them from my friends.

This isn't one of them from my friends though because I can see them peeking out from my bag where I placed them. This one has red and green stripes but with a hint of pink. It must be bubble mint as I take a bite to satisfy my curiosity. Attached to it is a tag that reads: To Ali Lane From Anonymous scrawled in almost impeccable handwriting. I usually recognize people's handwriting but this one does not stand out in the least. It's like I've never seen it before and it's definitely not Amity's writing.

The bell rings and I hear the din of some Christmas carol, until I realize that it's "You're A Mean One Mister Grinch". That is just too convenient and especially when I hear that it is dedicated to Ali Lane and that is no coincidence. There are hardly ever dedications and usually it's for sports teams or maybe a teacher.

Ali made her way to her third period class while singing along and taking time laugh at the sheer irony of it all. She sat down and prepared for the shortened class. She took out a pen and started doodle on a page before the teacher took attendance. There wasn't much time so the class didn't really consist of anything important. It was more like a Christmas party. There were cookies, chips and other treats along with

various beverages. Ali grabbed a cookie and she started to nibble around the edges as she thought.

She took time to look around the whole room considering everyone as a suspect. It could honestly be anyone. That's when David came over and interrupted her train of thought.

"What?" she said slightly exasperated with him appearing everywhere.

"So how do you think the assembly will be?"

"I think it's going to be pretty awesome", she says resuming a cheerier tone.

"Me too, sit together?" he asked slightly unsure of whether to ask the question or not.

"Okay... whatever", she shrugged considering his eyes.

"Cool", he said with a smile, one of the first times she had seen it this year.

My, this is a day out of the ordinary Ali thought to herself, the note, the candy gram and now the sudden thing with David. I guess this is just one of those days. Ali couldn't help but ponder it though.

The PA system boomed with the announcement to head down to the Great Hall. I guess it's time to go Ali thought as she headed out of the classroom leaving her half nibbled cookie on the desk. She followed her class and made her way there but the Hall was so extremely busy, she wished had gotten there earlier. Oh well she thought to herself. I guess I will live.

Ali managed to find a spot and Amity sat on one side and David on the other. The Great Hall was filled with upbeat music to pump up the crowd. Ali was excited thinking to herself that it would be good. The Christmas assemblies were almost legendary here.

The first act came on. It was a group of senior students and it certainly was interesting. Ali herself had always been a bit of a klutz and she couldn't imagine ever doing something like that. She wished that she could have that kind of coordination. She had to admit that it was pretty amazing.

The next act was a band. They'd been known to be good and today was no exception. They brought the house down with the sheer noise and skill of their playing. Again Ali wished for that ability as well. She enjoyed watching these acts but they made her reflect on her own skills.

An intermission came on and David turned toward her and said, "So what did you think of the first few acts?", as he looked at her expectantly.

"They were amazing! I wish I had their talent!"

"I know right?"

"Yeah"

"Look!" he said pointing.

"What?" I said jumping a bit.

"They're giving away special Christmas awards"

"Oh", I say,

"Do you think you could win one?"

"Uh... probably not", I say completely serious.

"Just listen, Ali"

"Okay" I say as I look up.

"Most Christmas Spirit goes to..." the MC says as she rips open the envelope and says, "Ali Lane"

"What?" I say as I almost yell in surprise.

I make my way to the stage to grab my little reward. It's a bag of Christmas candy. That's one way to turn my day around. I make my way back to my seat and get settled in. I am about to grab a piece of candy when my hands graze a piece of paper. Oh not this again I think to myself. I unfold the paper and read: "To Ali, Merry Christmas, From: David"

I turn to my side to see David with a grin on his face.

"Merry Christmas Ali!" he says.

"Merry Christmas David," I say with a smile.

## THE BACK PAGE

### Saint Theresa Christmas Poem

'Twas the night before the night Christmas and all through the school  
Not a student was worrying about work they should do  
All the uniforms were stowed in the lockers with ease  
A non-uniform Friday is always a breeze.

The children were nestled down in the Great Hall  
To watch the performers and enjoy a guffaw  
Mr. Tracze in his office and Ms Mckeown too  
I walked down the hallway with not much to do

When down by my classroom I saw a bright glow  
And I could smell perfume with the scent of a rose  
A beautiful woman about my own age  
Was inside my room and reading a page

Excuse me, I said, Can I help you please?  
She turned and I saw there were tears on her cheeks.  
My name is Therese, she said and she smiled  
That calmed my nerves and gave me peace for the while

I knew now in my heart this was not an intruder --  
I was in the presence of our school's Sainted mother!  
Saint Theresa! I exclaimed both with joy and with fear,  
What on earth or in heaven is bringing you here?!

"Ah" she replied, "Sister, don't be alarmed, please don't start  
I've come to remind you of something you know in your heart  
This Sunday is Christmas, the birthday of my love, Jesus Christ  
And sometimes we all stumble when things just don't seem right

But here in this place you are luckily employed  
If you show these kids love they will bring you much joy  
You will watch them succeed and what is more even better  
You will see them grow up and make this world better

So go back to the assembly and share your big smile  
Tell each of my children what you've known the whole while  
That from Kennelly to Sagriff, Doherty, Gogarty or Dall  
St.Theresa's kids are the best gift of all!"

And with that she was gone and left in her place  
Naught but a rose on my desk and that curious page  
It wasn't real special, just a drawing by one of my little doves  
A piece of word art -- one single word:

Love.

### White Angels -- Brooke Doherty

The snow flies down like a feather,  
Each snowflake so delicate and fragile,  
Each movement like that of an angel, practiced and arranged,  
No two are alike in their coats of white,  
They tumble uncertainly.  
I see them all as the sky fills with light.



### Travel Club 2013

The St. Theresa travel club is headed to Turkey and Greece during March 2013. Tour highlights include Istanbul, Ephesus, a cruise around the Greek Islands with visits to Santorini and Crete and then on to Athens. This ten day tour is packed with amazing places to see. If you are interested in joining the Travel Club, please see Mrs. More. Spaces are limited on this tour and are filling up quickly.

### SUGAR COOKIES

makes about 30

1 cup butter, softened

1 cup sugar

1 egg

2 cups flour

2 tsp. Cream of tartar

1 tsp. baking soda

Bake 13 to 15 min. or until edges begin to brown. Transfer cookies to wire racks; cool completely. Heat oven to 350°F.

Beat butter and sugar in large bowl with mixer until light and fluffy. Blend in egg. Mix remaining ingredients; gradually beat into butter mixture until well blended.

Shape dough into 1-inch balls; place, 2 inches apart, on baking sheets sprayed with cooking spray.

### EASY PB + C COOKIES

makes around 24

1 egg

1 cup Smooth Peanut Butter

1/2 cup sugar

2 Chocolate Bars, each chopped into 12 pieces (Cadbury Dairy Milk works best)

HEAT oven to 325°F.

MIX first 3 ingredients with spoon until well blended.

ROLL into 24 balls; place, 4 inches apart, on baking sheets.

BAKE 20 min. or until lightly browned. (Do not over bake.) Gently press 1 chocolate piece into top of each cookie on baking sheet. Cool on baking sheet 5 min.; remove to wire racks. Cool completely.

I can see my breath, right in front of my eyes.  
The winter fills me as I sigh,  
Thinking of maybe building a snowman,  
An old child filled dream,  
Not far away it seems,  
I lay on my back to form an angel of snow,  
The snowflakes take their spots to sew,  
I am filled with whimsy of my childhood days.  
It makes me think as I stick out my tongue,  
I manage to catch a snowflake,  
The cool fills me with a chill deep inside.  
The cool against my cheeks now with a pinkish glow,  
The miracle of snow.