



... there was fog in the morning.
... I wore my spring and fall coat.
... I wore a skirt that only came to my knees.
... I saw two puddles.
... the snow had that heavy, damp crunch to it.
... I walked through a pile of slush.
... the sun was still up when I left the gym at 7 pm.
... I saw pussy willows beginning to bud.
... there were drips of water falling off our roof.
... I saw squirrel tracks all over the path.

... Spring is finally here and I am excited as only a person who has been staring at snow since the beginning of November can be.