



The snow sprinkles down on our cold, shivering bodies. Our teeth chatter uncontrollably as our skin turns colours of blue. We have a layer of snow on our bodies, but that doesn't stop our happiness beaming. It is New Year's Eve, 1999, New York Times Square, the best night of our lives, but also the coldest. "Ten!" the crowd shouts. I look up to the shining ball atop the New York Times Building. It glimmers in the sky even though it is surrounded by billions of other colour lights. "Nine!" Everyone is cheering. "Eight!" I grab a hold of my closest friend. "Seven!" People are pouring glasses of champagne. "Six... Five...Four!" Almost there. "Three...two!" My joy rises dramatically. "ONE, Happy New Year!"

By Sarah Pennisi