

The first thing I noticed when I stepped  
 out of the plane was the cold air. It  
 felt like a giant hand had just  
 reached out to greet me. I shivered  
 and pulled my coat tighter around me.  
 The snow was falling softly, creating a  
 beautiful, white blanket over the city.  
 I had heard that the weather was  
 perfect, but this was something else  
 entirely. The snow was thick and soft,  
 perfect for a winter wonderland.  
 I had never seen snow before, and  
 it was everything I needed. The  
 children were running through it, their  
 faces lit up with joy. I watched them  
 for a moment, feeling a sense of  
 peace and happiness. The snow was  
 truly a magical sight, and I was  
 lucky to witness it. The city was  
 covered in a soft white glow, and  
 the air was fresh and clean. It was  
 exactly what I needed after a long  
 flight. The snow was a beautiful  
 surprise, and I was grateful for it.