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The Igloo Carving Contest

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THE IGLOO CARVING CONTEST

The jack pines were like scraggly spindles of mammoth fur. It was noon. The residents emerged from the huts and gathered on the great field. Todd threw his cup of coffee into the ashcan and adjusted his referee's cap. The horn sounded and the teams opened up their boxes, withdrawing the assemblages of slicers and tongs. "Yippeel!" yelled Shauna. Her breasts bulged under the sweater. She was warm as an egg. The wind whipped demonic fairies of ice across the field. Armenian accordion music pumped out of the speakers. The line at the kiosk stretched far with people hungry for Al's tapioca. The second horn sounded. The teams leapt over to the glaciation like schools of long lavender fish. Jim, the two-time champion, swung his saw and gritted his teeth. *Shauna, Shauna...* he kept thinking. His saw clove back and forth through the ice.