

Smith, Bonappéit & Son



where the snow goes

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Montreal gets a lot of **snow**.
But as soon as it hits the
ground, it gets scooped up
and disappears.

Where does it go?



I once heard that it goes to
a huge **snow** mountain, a
mountain so big and so cold
that it never melts away -
not even in summer.

This I had to see!



So I called the city and spoke with a waste management engineer. He didn't show me the **snow** mountain, but he did show me this map. It explained how trucks move **snow** from neighborhoods to dumping sites at the outer edge of the city.



It bothered me to hear that the **snow** is called waste and treated like garbage, but I kept listening in the hopes of finding my way to the **snow** mountain.

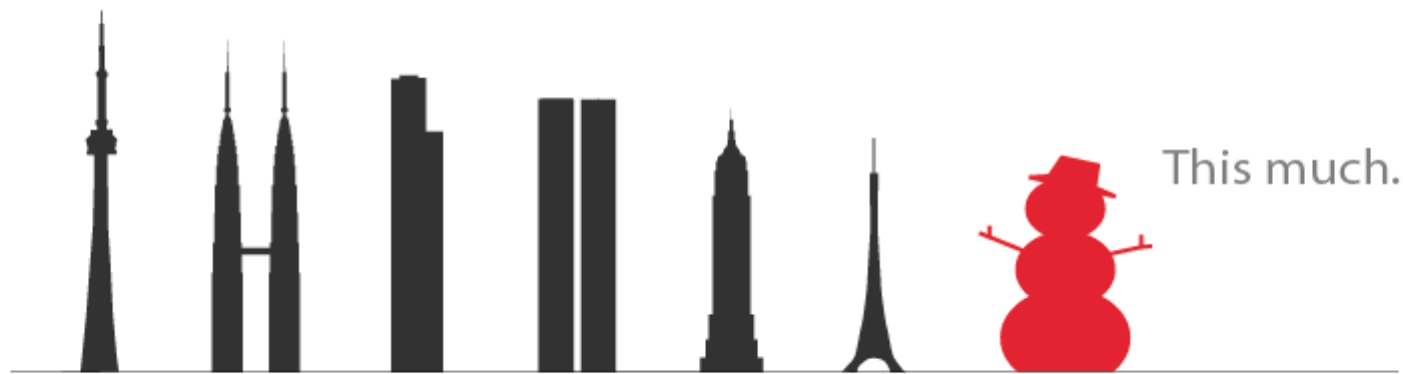
Then came the numbers.



Montreal spends 60 million dollars a year on **snow** removal. More than 2000 kilometers of road and 3000 kilometers of sidewalk are cleared each time it **snows**. And over the winter, 300 thousand truckloads are carried away. Just how much **snow** are we talking about?



7 million cubic meters!

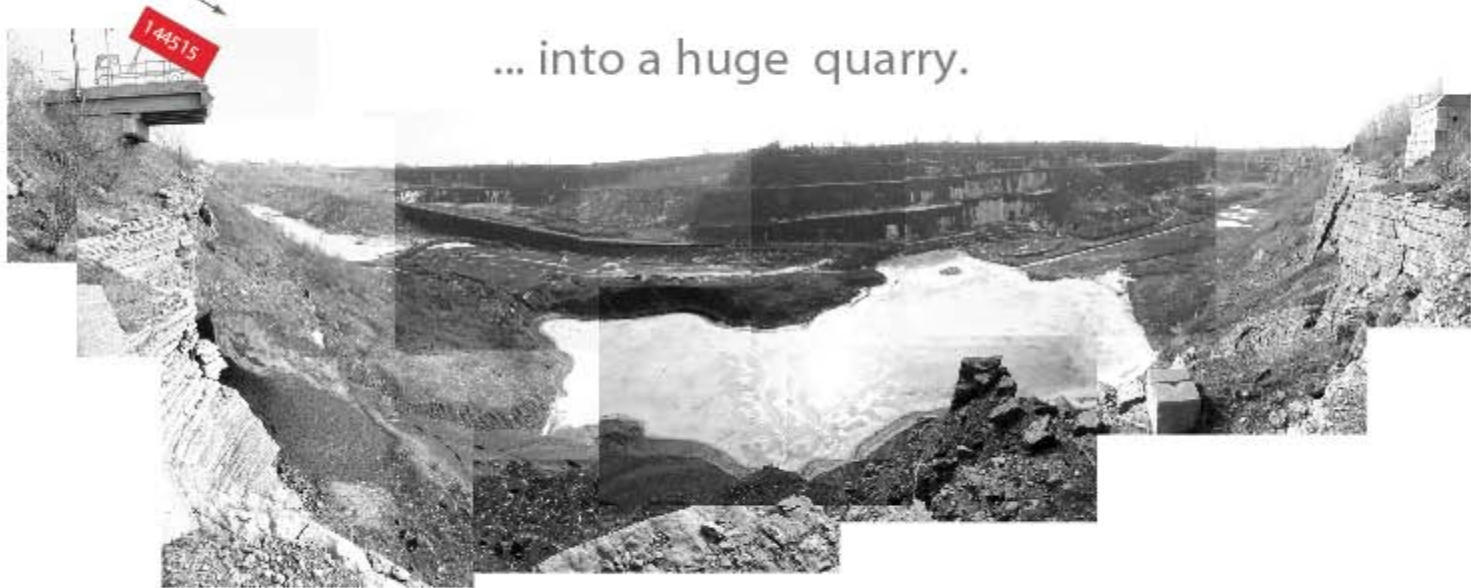


I decided to follow a truck.



It travelled a great distance to the outskirts of the city where it finally dumped its **snow**...

... into a huge quarry.



The quarry was really something, but I still wanted to find the **snow** mountain. So I followed another truck.





It led me to an enormous black heap.

Oh no! Could it be?



PULL

The **snow** mountain, filthy and polluted!

All my hopes and dreams dashed!

I would have to take
matters into my own
hands.



Wearing my protective suit, I set about testing different zones of the mountain.



I realized that beneath
the dirty crust, was
brighter, softer **snow**.

I began to dig.



I kept digging
and digging
and digging.



Until I reached
softer **snow** within
- and more!





Deep within the mountain,
I discovered a system of
tunnels and cracks created
by melting **snow**. I made
my way down one of these
tunnels.

I came to the edge of a giant crack, a crack so deep and so dark that it seemed to have no bottom. Suddenly my foot slipped on the icy floor.



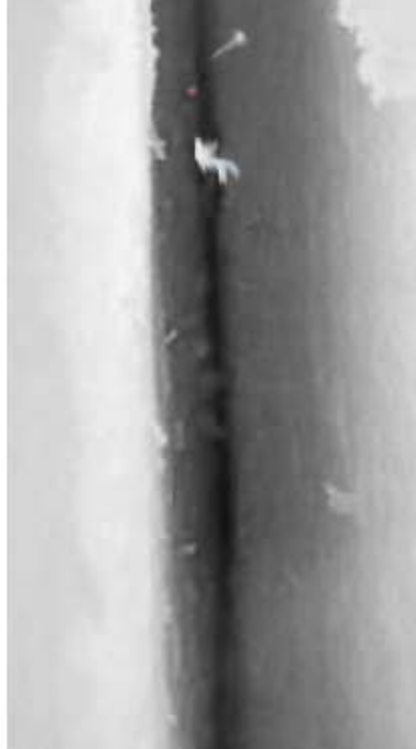
Down I went,
falling and
falling.



I fell and fell,
and just kept on
falling.



More time
passed and
still I fell.



I fell for so long
that I grew tired.

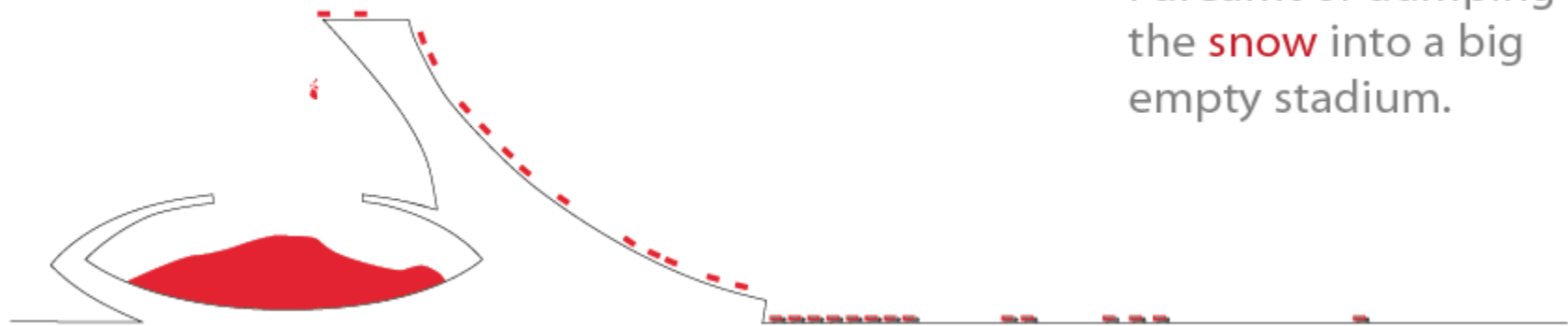




And then I fell asleep
and began to dream...

At first, I dreamt of trucks and all the effort to move **snow** to the dirty mountain at the city's edge. I wondered if there might be something better to do with all that **snow**.



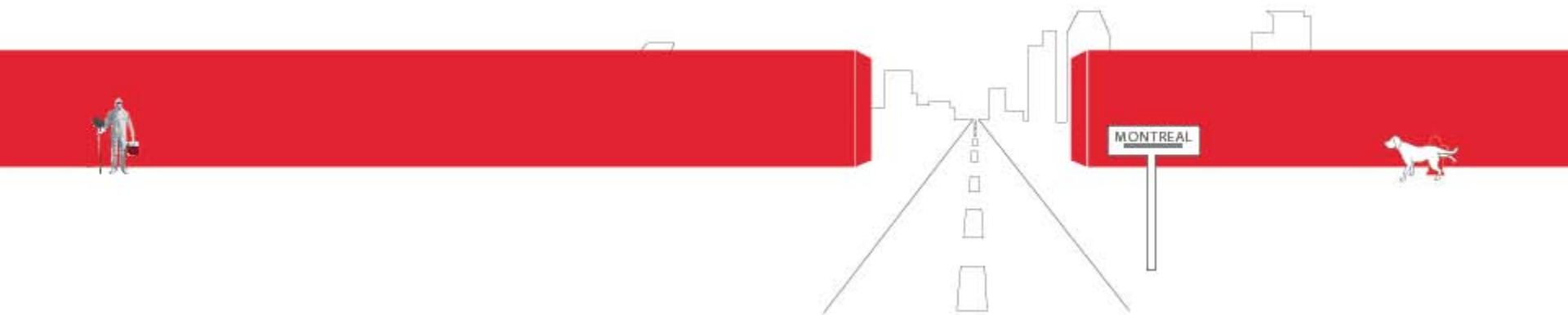


I dreamt of dumping
the **snow** into a big
empty stadium.

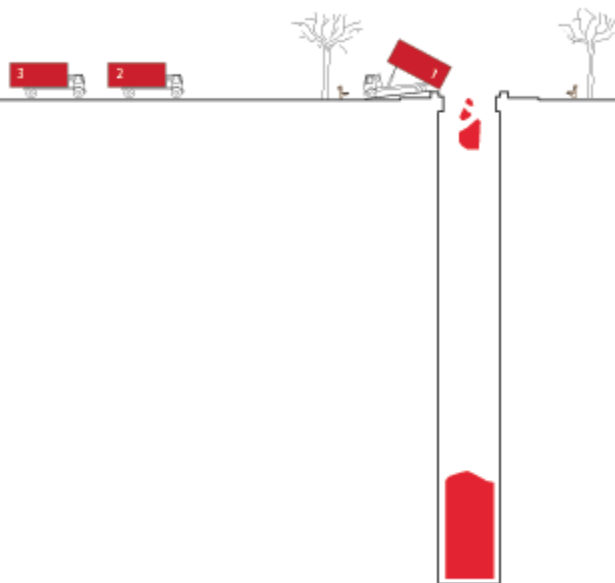


I dreamt of putting the **snow** into vacant lots in my neighborhood.

I even dreamt of a great **snow** wall to enclose the city and mark its territory.



I drifted in and out of more dreams, somehow aware that I was still falling. In my final dream, I imagined the snow falling into a special pit in the middle of a local park.



All winter, the **snow** would build up forming a solid block underground. As summer arrived, the **snow** would begin to melt and the block would float up to the surface like an iceberg at sea.



A park that stays cool
all summer long!



splash!

I awoke as I plunged
head first into the icy
water at the bottom
of the giant crack.

Floating all around me
were chunks of ice, pieces
of wood, plastic bags and
other garbage from the
snow mountain. I was cold
and wet and stuck!



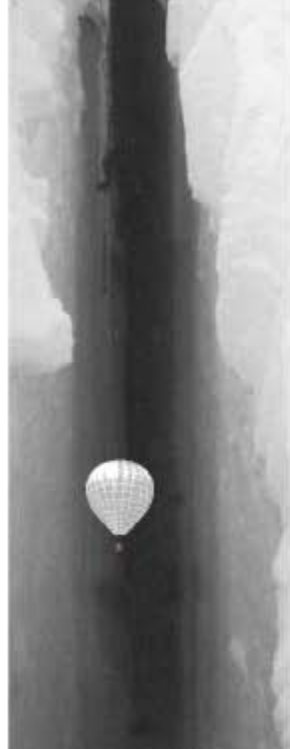
What could I do?

I remembered my dream about the floating block of **snow**, and I had an idea. I would float out of this place!

I sewed many plastic bags together to form a big balloon.



And up I went,
up through the
crack and out
of the **snow**
mountain.



What an adventure.



Now the next time it **snows**

I'll think of where it goes.

A dark, silhouetted mountain range with multiple peaks and valleys, spanning the bottom half of the image. The mountains are rendered in a solid dark gray or black, contrasting with the light gray background.

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This little red book recounts the author's harrowing adventures as he unravels the mystery of snow removal in Montreal. A truly original and uplifting story for children of all ages. A masterpiece of neo-constructivist municipal fiction.



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EPILOGUE

In 2018, Montréal spent
more than **\$200 000 000** to
shovel and transport
12 000 000 m³ of **snow**

The heat of fusion of water is 333kJ/kg. Assuming that shovelled snow has about half the density of water, it takes 50 kWh to melt one cubic metre of **snow**. If we divide this figure by 2 (the COP of a modern air conditioner) and multiply it by 7c/kWh (the cost of electricity in Quebec), we see that one cubic meter of **snow** can provide about \$1.75 of cooling energy.

So, in terms of cooling energy :

12 000 000 m³ of snow = 20 000 000 \$