

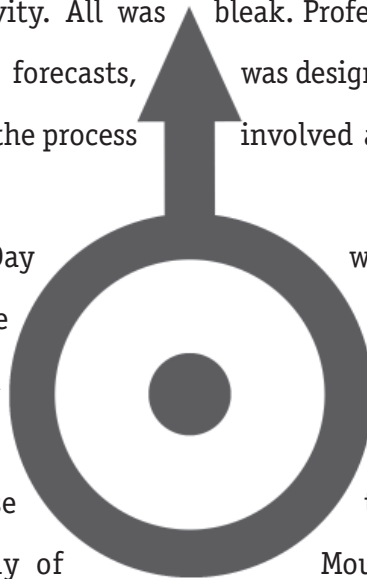
Purple Snow


The never ending winter of 1990 was unforgettable, not just for its numbing length, but for the snow that fell all the way from Halloween to Bastille Day, turning the streets of East Hell into a miasma of dirty frozen slush. Record low temperatures kept people at home, resulting in drastic declines in the city's economic activity. All was bleak. Professor Hanover Klingst, who had been proven correct in his severe weather forecasts, was designing a massive secret project to warm up the atmosphere. Rumor had it that the process involved a series of giant magnifying glasses in orbit around the earth.

The snow that fell on Bastille Day was remarkable because it was purple in color, having been tinted by grape juice that had boiled into the atmosphere, when, in a singularly evil act, terrorists burned the Poulet Morts winery in the French countryside near La Table de la Gare. Known as purveyors of the finest pouilly-fuisse that money could buy, the winery was a terrible loss. A National Day of Mourning was declared and the existing bottles from Poulet Morts were quickly bought up.

The clouds of grape slurpee hovered over the world for a year, finally dissipating in the fall. Indian summer was glorious, a sweet three weeks of warm sun and an uptick in confidence. The damage had been done, though. The grape colored snow had permanently dyed the hair of some animals, particularly sheep, rats, and a few pomeranians who had been caught outdoors. One guy near Macarthur Park left a cake out in the rain, and it turned into a soggy purple lump.

The eerily beautiful skys and sunsets inspired "Purple Snow" a klezmer ballad sung by "The Rabbi Formerly Known as Irving," Irving was an unusual teacher and musician who sold the rights to his work for an undisclosed sum. Armed with the proceeds from his music sales, he brought his movie, "Purple Snow" to the big screen. The loosely concocted plot played upon the idea that kids with extremely troubled home lives can become anything, even a rabbi. The movie was shocking and controversial, replete with gang lexicon. Shoebox Velour, a real life O.G. from East Hell, who secretly collected pictures of cute stuffed animals, played the leading role, opposite Darla Finstermann, a virtual dancing machine that couldn't stop.



Ultimately, the rabbi became a household word and decided to change his name to , the symbol for Uranus.

At last reckoning, there has been no more purple snow and only scant snowfall worldwide since that fateful year. The Poulet Morts winery, a burned out hulk, still sits in a blackened monstrous field where the wild and untouched grapes grow among the thistles and snapdragons.