



The Blizzard



They stood under the window's shadow, watching the snow pile up into a thick blanket. The cabin they were renting in the middle of the woods was now completely cut off by the heavy snowfall, even for their off-roader. The now white coated tress, which the leaves had long since fallen from, stood bare against the sullen sky. Night fell earlier now, and the inky darkness surrounded the cabin as the snow started falling more heavily now.

"How long do you think we'll be trapped here?" Jesse muttered, almost as if he were afraid something would happen if he spoke a decibel louder. "The storm should only last for a day or two," Sam replied, confidence rolling off her tongue. She gazed out of the frozen window, watching as the snow hurdled towards the ground. In a moment the world became a snow-globe, one of those Christmas-time ornaments children love to shake up and watch the flakes swirl in unseen currents. They watched the blizzard from the safety of the cabin and a sudden cold swept over them, a foreboding sense drenching them from head to toe. Though the fire was crackling merrily in its hearth, it didn't stop the violent shivering rattling their bones.

The snow outside became so thick that the trees appeared as confetti, as if they were the flakes that danced. From the safety of the storm, Jesse and Sam should have felt warmth but instead an icy feeling anchored them to the same spots they'd been standing for the last half an hour. "Sam! Look!" Jesse whispered shouted, pointing a shaking finger in the direction of the window. She turned, hurrying over, almost slipping on the non-existent ice. She glanced hastily around, the only sight was the white snow, piling higher and higher like the construction of a tower. But then, like a zombie rising from its grave, a figure rose into sight, a black blob on the not-so-distant horizon.

"Oh no," she whispered to herself, wondering why anyone would be out in such conditions. They continued to watch as the straggler slowly grew, and they realized in shock that they were on a path to their door. They waited another 20 minutes, when a crash echoed through the silent house. A quiet "help" sounded from the other side of the door, and Sam noticed her fingers had gripped the door handle, the knuckles going stark white. It turned on its own accord and the door creaked open. They gasped as a tall figure tumbled to the wooded floor, a small avalanche of snowing trailing after him. He looked up at them and to their horror, the man was completely frozen, a jagged icicle left on their doorstep.

