

# A SNOWY WINTER MORNING

Vicky Fan

The wind gently whispered, puffed, and sometimes sighed like a summer breeze, lifting the leaves along the long night. The cat was curling up quietly in her bed. The mouse was sleeping carefree in his gallery. The dog was lying sweetly on the couch. Even the earth itself was sleeping in silence, except for the faint creak of a house door on its hinge, which signalled a distant inward warmth. Nature was at her midnight work with feathery flakes whirling down in the wind, as if she were showering her silvery seeds over the fields.

Finally, I woke up. The floor creaked under my feet as I moved towards the window. The snow, as warm as cotton, was lying calmly upon the window sill, and the stillness of the morning was extremely impressive. The roofs were standing under their snow caps, while the eaves were wearing their glittering ornaments. The trees raised white arms to the sky on every side, and where there was a wall, there were some fantastic forms of snow stretching exhilarated in the dim landscape, as if Nature had carved her fresh designs by night as models for man's art.

Silently, I opened the door and stepped outside to face the cutting air. The moon had already lost some of its glow, and the land was bathed in a dull mist. A lurid light in the east proclaimed the approach of day, while the western landscape was bleak with some spooky stillness, like a wizard kingdom. What you could only hear were the creepy sounds, seemingly out of hell—the barking of dogs, the hammering of blacksmiths, the lowing of cows, and the crying of pigs under the butcher's knife.



Gradually, the lurid light darkened and spread across the west. Every single flower, tree, and weed were bathed in the sunshine. Suddenly, it turned out that all the sounds were not for any melancholy they suggested, but for their twilight bustle, which was too solemn and mysterious for me.

I moved, threading briskly along the road, the dry and crisped snow crunching under my feet.

