



# *Frost*

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Fable, Mystery

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“Frost is what they call her”

my dad told us in his strong wispy voice. I first heard about her on Christmas eve when I was eight and from then on its been a tradition in our family, every year on Christmas eve my dad puts on his stark white cloak and tells my mom and I stories of Frost (apparently she’s the real version of Jack Frost). “Long hair whiter than snow and thinner than ice, eyes that shine like black diamonds, and skin that if you get close enough, almost looks translucent”, its always the same introduction every year and this year was no exception. He went on to tell us about the time Frost and him fell in love, I had never heard this one before, usually he tells stories of Frost saving winter and how at night she frisks around Ireland and coats windows with ice crystal designs. “I saw her one night, Christmas eve of all nights in fact, she looked exactly like what I’ve told you guys, I was so in shock of how mystifying she was, it was as if I had seen a fallen angel. Anyways I heard a noise that woke me from my sleep, when I got up to get a glass of water I felt something like a flash of cold light and when I turned around there she was standing outside. She was laying on my neighbors roof and making snow in her hands that poured out like water, it ran over the side of the roof and then the wind carried it into the crisp air. I remember the snow looking like diamond dust until a shadow caught it and the magic was no longer visible. When I stepped outside to say something, I really had no idea what to say but I had to say something, she became so startled she fell off the roof and in a sense floated down to my feet. Her head was scraped and started to bleed red down her face. Oh no I’ll go get some supplies I said as I ran back in the house and scrambled to get whatever I could to help her. When I came back she was still there and still hadn’t said a word. I cleaned her up and even made her smile, her body was colder than steel and softer than silk and from that day on we were inseparable. Frost would come to my house every night at midnight for months. We were both just teenagers but we were in love. One night towards the end of the winter season she cried and told me she had to

leave and not ever come back. Because spring and summer were coming she couldn't stay with me and she didn't want me to wait that long for her to return. I tried my best not to let her go, I begged her to not leave me and I told her I loved her, but it wasn't enough. She left that night and never came back; the winters after that were harsh and dangerous, it was all blizzards and the snow was so high no one could go outside for days at a time. I knew it was Frost that changed winter. The last time Ireland had a winter like that was about ten years ago, the summer after I met your mother." My dad said this all nostalgically as if it was a beautiful object that he only saw once for a split second but it was enough to influence everything. "I wonder what happened to her" he said and then gently told me it was time for bed. After that story I climbed in bed and stared up at the ceiling just thinking about what my dad had said when my mom walked in. I always thought my mom was the most beautiful person I've ever seen. She had black long hair with one stark white stripe in the front, her eyes were black and lustrous and she was always hot. Ever since I was little she would go outside during snow storms without a coat or scarf or gloves and stand there for hours smiling. I looked up at her and she tucked me in and told me about how much she loves my dad and I and told me to dream of an icy palace in a far away land. Right before she closed the door I shouted her name and she looked back and gave me a single wink.

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