



Icy Blood

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Action/adventure, Supernatural

My skin heats up as I lay underneath the clear sky. A cool breeze comes by and makes the vibrant green grass tickle my neck. I take a deep breath in, then slowly let it out. My eyes are kept close so that I can listen to the chirps of birds. Then, my sunlight is blocked out. I look up to see what could possibly be blocking my sunshine. It was a cloud. This confused me. Clouds aren't real. I've only seen them in paintings and the story books my parents read to me when I was a child. I slowly sat up, watching the piece of cotton like fluff ball move across the sky. A stronger, cold breeze made me shiver and cover my arms. Squirrels, rabbits, and some deer ran from the forest behind me. I got really nervous now, and got up and ran back to my home. The small mud house awaiting for me looked like a sanctuary. I push the blanket out of my way and fell in. My mother dropped the broom she was holding and flew to catch me.

"Lára! What in the name of Hajnal are you doing?" Mom asked. I regained my balance sprung back up.

"Mom! There's a cloud! A giant cloud!" I shouted at my mother in panic. Mom looked confused, not knowing how to react.

"Lára don't you think you're a bit too old for these stories?" Mom asked. I shook my head no.

"No! It's not a story! There's really a cloud! Come look!" I urged my mother to go outside. I ended up having to tug her outside and made her look in the sky. The entire sky was covered in clouds. The clouds seem to have gotten turned into a scary gray color. I held onto my mother as she looked at the sky in shock.

"Lára, head inside. I'll go get your father," Mom ordered me. I was a bit shaken and didn't move right away. The air temperature had suddenly dropped, and I shivered again. It was very unusual to be this cold. The coldest it has ever been was 60 degrees! Mom gave a small push towards the door, knocking me out of my

trance. Mom walked me back to inside the house and grabbed a blanket. She wrapped it around herself, gave me a hug, and left to fetch my dad. I sat by the window and watched, the sky getting darker and darker. My bare arms got goosebumps, the chilly temperature making my nose run. I didn't have any warm clothing, as it was always very hot outside. I ended up having to wear the rug on the ground. I had no wood to start a fire, and the mud walls were meant to make the house cool. I sat by the window, watching for my parents to come home. As I waited, I saw something fall from the clouds. Was it the rain I had read so much about? Taking a closer look, another speck fell, and it fell slowly. The white speck flew around the sky, until it landed on the ground. More and more fell, until I could barely see outside the window. My stomach getting upset, and the feeling to vomit soon came apparent as I thought about my parents being caught in the white flurry. Little white clouds came from my mouth as I started breathing heavily. It became later and later in the evening, with no signs of my parents. I started sobbing. I knew I wouldn't be able to survive without them. I was only 14! Still a child! My tears were freezing cold, and my body was shaking, either from the crying or how cold I felt. Perhaps both.

"Mama! Papa! Please come back to me!" I screamed at nothing. A light came from the distance. I stopped my crying as hope began to fill me. There, walking towards me was two figures. I quickly got on my sandals and ran out to them. I stepped on the white specks. No grass could be seen and my foot went cold. I was in shock. The person without the lantern started running towards me.

"Lára! Get inside this minute! You'll freeze to death!" Mom shouted at me. I ran towards her, jumping on her and almost knocking us both down. She felt so cold. She tugged me inside the hut. My father followed in soon after with a bag full of wood.

"What's, what's happening?" I asked. My father, who was a very big guy, was shivering. He started placing wood into the fireplace we've never used. Mom started lighting candles, give the house a warm glow. I was sitting on the ground, waiting for an answer. My parents were busy trying to warm up the house, leaving me without an answer. Finally, after boarding up the windows and door, they sat on the couch next to me.

"There's a winter storm coming through. Emil thinks it'll last a couple of days," Dad explains. Emil, a close friend of ours, could pretty much predict the future. Whatever he said, I believed him. My family huddled in the small room.

"Papa, what's winter?" I asked.

"Don't you remember? We used to read you apart winter all the time! Though, I didn't think it existed," Dad

said. I did remember but, the books always had peaceful white flakes with decorative designs, all unique! Looking outside, I don't see anything but white specks fly by, violently.

"I miss the warmth," I say, hugging myself tightly. My mother wraps her arms around me, my father wrapping his arms around her. I wanted my sunshine back, with the squirrels and birds around me, singing their song. Whatever winter was, I wanted it gone. I wanted my happiness back.

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