

Snow.

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Just some random words I slapped together when watching the snow fall outside. ^U Sorry for the randomness. (one-shot)

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/EliChan/44327/Snow>.

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1 - Snow.

The snow is falling. Gently. Outside my window, it puts the world to sleep underneath a white blanket. The moonlight glows off its surface and I wonder if this is what the world looks like to a cat at night. Black and, of course, white.

Very white.

I stir. I long to be moving, not shut inside, underneath my quilts. I want to feel cold. Yes. Something different.

My bare feet touch the hard wood of the floor. There, that's cold.

I glide across the room, to my window, to look down at the street below. The window has a mind of its own because I barely touch it and it flies open.

Ah.

Snow.

I stick my tongue out. A flake melts. Snow tastes yummy. It's tasteless, but for some reason, it tastes... good.

Carefully, I lower my body out the window and land on the narrow roof below. I can't feel my toes anymore. Good. Something different.

There is a snowbank just under me. I jump. My feet sink into the bank, up to my knees. I pull myself out and walk away from my quilts.

I follow a path that is only visible to my eyes and it takes me to the countryside. By now, I can no longer feel my body.

Good. Something different.

Hmm. My feet hurt. Can cold make your feet hurt?

I keep walking. I'm not sure why, but I'm moving so much slower now. Strange.

Snow.

It's so deep out here.

I trip on something. My toes didn't even feel it. The snow comes up to greet me and covers me. It's cold. But I don't mind. It's something different.

I briefly wonder if I should go back. To my warm quilts. My feet hurt. Maybe they would feel better if I had a quilt.

But I don't want to go back. My body won't move anyway.

And this is different. So I'm going to try it.

...I wonder when they will find my body.