

# The winter woods

Business



I pushed open the screen and was hit with a wall of freezing winter air. It crept into my jacket and chilled me to the bone, I inhaled and held onto the fresh air before letting it go, watching my breath disappear into nothing. I started down my sidewalk and began to head down the hill. I made it to the corner and continued straight, stepping over the low hanging chain.

As I did, I read the partially snow covered sign, "no Trespassing". The path was uneven, constructed from large stones and snow covered, what I assumed was the beginning of a new road. I found the twisted tree that had long been identified as a marker to the trail I had gone to many times before. I stepped off the path and onto another trail. I stumbled down a snow riddled hill, supporting myself from tree to tree until I reached the log that crossed a small ravine.

I hurried across it, slipping on the snow as I did. I followed the path until the condos by my house were no longer in sight. The snow around me was pristine and seemingly untouched besides the animal tracks that lead patterns and told stories. I sat and admired the secluded environment. It was quiet besides the occasional crunch of the snow or snap of a stick. I layed my head down and observed the branches above me, coated and sagging with a thick layer of snow.

I thought about how lucky I was to be out there alone. The cold continued to embrace me but the woods brought a certain warmth. I knew then that it's moments like these that needed to be treasured, that needed to be remembered. These simple things in life shout greatness, but constantly go unheard. It began to snow.

The crystals fell onto my uncovered face, leaving small drops of water to chill me even more. I would've stay there forever if I could, but the cold was biting at my fingertips and ears and I could feel them going numb. I sat up and began to head back home, taking one more look before crossing back over the log and climbing up the hill.