

A WINTER'S NIGHT*

THE WARMTH of the fire reached its sticky fingers out to me. The crackle of the dry logs, the smell of pine filling the air, and the slow, melodic creak of the antiquated rocker holding my grandmother placed me in a world of serenity. The softness of my grandmother's voice reached my ears. She asked me to describe the scene outside our window. As I pressed my pug nose against the window pane, Jack Frost's mysterious design revealed itself. Outside, soft, gentle flakes of snow danced in the air, each one descending swiftly to lay its kiss upon the earth. Some flakes were caught in the long, entwining fingers of the trees. They gently pressed one against each other like soft, downy feathers. A twinkling, sparkling glow haloed throughout the land. The moon shone down through the heavily laden branches to show the imprint of a rabbit's hasty departure across the silver meadow. Shadows, mystic and mysterious, were cast on the countryside by the myriads of trees. As I turned to paint this peaceful picture to my grandmother, my eyes fell upon the fireplace. It was cold and showed no signs of use. The rocker, it was empty! Suddenly, an old Christmas card dropped from my hand, to flutter slowly to the floor. Stooping to pick it up, I gazed at it amazed, for there on the front was the same picture scene I had just visioned! But, most mysterious of all was the signature—Love, Grandmother!

* Freshman Writing.

by SUE ANN EMERY