A Snowy Evening

The golden, and blood red flames flickered in the fire, leaping and laughing like tongues dancing in the beautiful light. I sat, satisfied, wrapped in my warm blankets. I retreated deeper into my warm refuge as outside, the North Wind blew, raging and yelling at the world. I watched, mesmerized as it strafed the land with its snowy bullets. I breathed in the smoke of the fire and sighed. The rest of the family was asleep and I had crawled out of bed to sit next to the fire. Why? I did not know. I had acted without reason. Outside, a tree branch snapped as it bent over with the weight of the snow. My eyes drooped. Slowly, my eyes closed. Tethering on the edge of the brink of consciousness, I thought I heard church bells ringing and…

Before I knew it, I was asleep.