

MEMORIES

The author sighed and leaned back in his worn wooden chair. He had been writing for hours so now he was mentally drained and sleepy, but it had been worth it. He'd finished a sizable chunk of a chapter over the course of the afternoon and that was a good piece to have done.

Yawning, the man rose. After a moments stretch he tottered over to the pitcher of water he'd left on a table across the room hours before. He was parched but he hadn't dared rise before else he lose place in his thoughts and break his momentum.

The study was homey if a bit small. Bookcases lined the walls and their shelves were cluttered with a combination of novels, both old and new, as well as mementoes and pieces of art. Large framed photographs hung in the empty spaces on the beige walls. The floor was a red stained hardwood, but much of it had been covered by ornate rugs; the puffy kind which compressed under his feet with each step but straightened as his feet lifted.

Clear, cool water splashed into a tall frosted glass. There had been ice when it had come up, thought the author ruefully, though now only water remained. He lifted the glass to his lips and it was then that he happened to glance through the window before him.

Snow had fallen outside and covered the forest in a blanket of white. It must have happened while he was working because there had been nought but brown outside when he had sat down. The snow had fallen deeply while he worked; far deeper than he would have expected even this high in the mountains, but it wasn't done yet.

Snow still drifted gently down past his window. Slowly the flakes come to kiss the greater body of snow. The glow of the moon clearly illuminated the scene before him in breathtaking beauty. The fresh snow glittered as majestically as jewels on display. The forest, normally so dark and foreboding during the night, now possessed a magical beauty. Normally it was quiet here as there wasn't much to make a sound beyond birds, the distant stream, and the wind. This evening it was completely silent. The snow fell gently, there was little wind to speak of, the birds were not around to sing and even the splashing from the stream was deadened by the snowfall.

The author sighed as he stared out the window. The atmosphere, the mood, out there brought back so many memories; some good, some bad. This was the season that held the clearest recollections for him. Whether good or bad it mattered not; those memories were his past, they had made him the author that he was today.

This time of year he always remembered the past. Some of the memories came from long ago; they came from events he thought that he had dealt with and buried. Still, they resurfaced at the sight of that snow.

They came back to remind him of who he was.

He remained at that window staring out into the snow long after the flakes had ceased falling.