

Snow Day

By Kuba Kaczmarek

It didn't matter that it was snowing out, nothing was going to stop you from going on this trip. You and your friends have been planning this ski trip for what seems like forever so there's no backing out now. The car's already packed with your ski gear, food for the week and a suitcase full of warm clothes. As you're walking down the stairs to talk with your mom for the last time before you leave you get hit with the savory aroma of brownies in the oven.

"You really shouldn't go out in this weather, it's not safe to drive." She says.

"Mom, we've been planning this trip for months, there's no way I'm backing out now."

"Alright just promise you'll be safe and text me when you're there."

"I promise mom. Now I have to go pick everyone up."

You get in your car, put on some Katy Perry, wait a second until you can feel the warm air blowing on your face and then it's time to go. You look out the window and it seems like the snow might be dying down a bit. You text the group chat and tell them that you're on your way. Everyone else had met up at Jeremy's house since it was the closest to yours and easier to pick everyone up from one place.

You get to Jeremy's and everyone's outside waiting for you. They run up to the car and start begging you to open up the doors and invite them into the warmth. You unlock the doors and a wave of nippy cool air hits you like a truck. Nick jumps into the passenger seat and immediately lets out a sigh of relief feeling the warm air blowing on his face. Jeremy and Griff pack together in the back seats huddled together trying to stay warm.

"Got everything we need?" You ask.

"I sure hope so." Responds Griff through his clenched teeth.

You pull out of the driveway and start the two and a half hour drive to the slopes. You can't stop thinking about it, the freshly groomed trails, warm hot cocoa, and zipping down the slope with not a thing in the world that can stop you. Everyone sings along to every song, snacks are getting passed around and life just feels great.

You look down at the GPS and see that there's only an hour left in the ride. Butterflies fill your stomach as you start daydreaming again. Looking out into the road everything seems beautiful and peaceful as the snowy trees lean over the road making a tunnel. The thick snowflakes surround the area around you and make it hard for you to see far down the road. Inside the car everyone is nose deep into their phones not saying a word.

30 minutes left. Everybody's asleep and you're close to it. You grab your phone and look through the notifications looking for something interesting. You see a text from your mom and think to yourself that it must be important so you have to look at it. Darting your eyes back and forth from the road to your phone you try to open the message but the phone doesn't recognize your face. You get a little annoyed but you just plug in your password.

"It's snowing pretty hard down here, hope it's not bad where you are. Text me when you get there, love you." Says the message.

As you read this message you can hear a faint honking but you don't think anything of it as it must be part of the song playing.

"That stinks, we'll be there soon, I'll call you then. Love you mo..."

As you're typing this message out the honking gets louder. Something isn't right. You look up and see two bright yellow eyes looking at you.

The cold surrounds you as you lay there, motionless. The ringing in your ears slowly goes away as you try to sit up. But you can't. Laying back down in the snow, the thick, cold,

snowflakes land on your face adding water to the already present tears rolling down your face. Grabbing the tree next to you, you try to sit up one more time. You pull yourself against the tree and lean on it. As you look around you spot a truck laying on its side, and a man sitting against it face in his palms. Opening your mouth you try to yell out to him but only a faint breath comes out.

Out of the corner of your eye you see a little red car, your car. Now standing, you try to slowly walk over to the car with your friends. With every step a sharp pain shoots up your back like you're getting stabbed. The closer you get the more foggy your vision gets. Again you try to yell but nothing comes out. You're on the verge of collapsing. The little red car is coming in and out of focus now. Your legs feel heavy and your back is in pain. You fall over in the cloud of snow beneath your feet. Again you feel the thick, cold flakes hitting your face. As your vision is fading you remember the hypnotizing aroma of the brownies in your moms hand as she's telling you to be safe.

"What if?" You think to yourself, "What if I waited? What if I never looked at my phone?"

It's too late now. Everything's fading away. Everything seems quiet.

"Sorry mom..."