

Snow Day

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Those of you with a love for fluff will enjoy this flash fiction story that resulted from another image prompt in my writers' group. Saria plays in the snow at age thirteen, a couple months before receiving her prophecy.

Giggling and panting from exertion, I collapsed into the snow, which the setting sun tinged a soft orange. Snow crunched near my head, and I arched my back to see Sarsalor grinning as he crouched beside me.

“You’d think this was your first snow,” he said.

I laughed, sending another cloud of frozen breath into the air. “I am bound and determined to enjoy myself, thank you very much. Why have we never come to this field before?”

“It was too far to walk when you were younger.”

I sat up, and we watched Erika, tongue lolling, bound through snowdrifts in a zig-zagging pattern, contrasting with the swirls I’d made in the rest of the field.

While Sarsalor was distracted, I pushed a handful of snow together and tossed it at his chest. He laughed and reached for me, but I scrambled back.

“Too bad being a priest means you can’t get revenge,” I taunted.

“Who said anything about revenge?” He grinned and scooped his own handful of snow. “As both your priest and your tutor, I have to teach you a lesson.”

I squealed and got my legs back under me, tripping over my skirts and cloak. His snowball exploded against my shoulder blade, and I ran to put more distance between us even as I packed together another snowball. Erika joined the fight, barking as she circled each of us in turn and occasionally caught stray snowballs.