

“Snow”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts
April 2019

Day 5: “Snow”

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It fell in big beautiful flakes. Some of these flakes clung to her hair and melted into pretty droplets. A wide smile spread across Mimic's face. She turned it up toward the sky, for a second, catching sight of the flakes sparkling as they fell against the streetlight.

If only it could snow always.

Mimic knew in some parts of the world, there was always snow. She thought she might like to visit some of these places, maybe even live there for a while. She could do that. She'd like that.

But then she'd have to leave her friends. The very notion made her smile droop by a couple of degrees. She wouldn't want to leave them, even if she could have this for always.

Snowflakes fell into her outstretched palm, melting the second they touched the warmth of her skin, leaving behind only water. She wiped it away on her slacks and quickly rushed to catch up. Ian and Lang were already several paces ahead of her and Mimic fell back into easy and familiar step just behind them.

The rise and fall of their voices was a comfort to her, and Mimic smiled easily as she listened to them arguing.

“The movie doesn't start until eight. We still have an hour.”

“Yeah,” Lang said, “but I don't want to miss the previews.”

Ian let out a snort. “That shit doesn't start an hour before the show. You won't miss anything.”

Lang pursed his lips slightly, and cast his dark-hued eyes back to Mimic. “I know, but you don't think it'd be nice to get there early enough to get really good seats? Maybe munch on popcorn? Something?” His hand reached for Mim's. His fingers were warm as they wrapped around hers. “That would be nice.”

It would, Mimic thought. But walking and enjoying the crisp chill in the air was nice too. She smiled at him.

Even Ian had to agree that it sounded good, but he seemed reluctant in his agreement. “Yeah,”

he said, a soft sigh escaping him. “But I don't want to sit still for that long. Waiting. Ya know?”

Mimic did know and she gave a small shrug. Lang squeezed her hand and she squeezed it back, but presently she let go. She had an idea. She stopped in her tracks, and the boys stopped walking too.

“What is it?” Lang asked.

Let's walk a bit longer and watch the snow, Mim signed. Her hands moved fast, but both of them followed along.

Ian caught on before Lang. “A walk? In the snow?”

Please? She looked to Lang. *Can we?*

The young men exchanged a look and the corner of Ian's mouth quirked up. “Yeah. Okay. We can walk.”

“Yeah,” Lang agreed. He reached for her hand again. “Why not? We'll circle the block or something.”

Mimic's smile spread wider across her face. With a skip in her step, she bounced forward, dragging her companions along with her. Laughing, they followed.