

## **“The Winter” by Torin Baggs**

The brisk tendrils of winter's breath dance upon exposed skin, weaving through the fabric of one's being with an unrelenting touch. A shiver, an involuntary quiver, courses through the body as a silent symphony of chills plays beneath the surface. The air, once a gentle ally, transforms into a biting adversary, nipping at any warmth it encounters. Fingers, once nimble and sure, become reluctant accomplices in the daily ballet of routine. They lose their dexterity, as if the very essence of movement is suspended in the icy tableau. Muscles tighten, seeking refuge from the relentless intrusion, as if the very sinews of the body conspire to resist the encroaching coolness. The landscape, once vibrant with the hues of life, adopts a muted palette, a monochrome tapestry of muted greens and faded browns. Nature itself seems to hibernate, withdrawing into a state of suspended animation, awaiting the inevitable thaw of spring. The breath, when exhaled transforms into wisps of fleeting clouds, a visible testament to the invisible battle against the chill. Each inhale feels like a hesitant embrace of the frigid atmosphere, a reminder that warmth is a precious commodity to be savored in the face of winter's unyielding grasp.

In this realm of frosty enchantment, the body becomes a vessel for the ambient temperature, a canvas upon which the story of winter is written in the language of sensation.

## **“A Winter Utopia” by Hayden Bai**

Every year all the water molecules expect winter, a chance of peace.

When most of the animals start to rest in this freezing weather, the water molecules are finally alone in nature. They finally have a chance to be the sole enjoyer of the outside world. The water in the clouds is fully prepared to return down to the world. Some of them might return to the river where they originally came from. They soon overcame the power of the river with ice sheets covering the rivers. They descend down to the world in the form of snow, quickly filling the ditches and covering the fields, taking all the spaces they can fill. They filled in all that they could fill. United, they make themselves the only substance visible in the world...

But there are more of them, descending from the clouds, who also want to keep this new form of theirs. That's what everything wants, a sense of peace achieved by their structural stability. The newly arrived snowflakes want that too. They have to depend on their friends or foes who have already arrived and compiled an environment that is suitable for them to stay in. Soon they are trialed by their nature, gravity, being pulled down, condensed. All of them want to take the space of the others, no matter if they were once friends or foes...

Spring arrives, snow melts, water returns to the world. Once again, they start to expect winter...