

A Trudge in the Snow

Bret Lundstrom

The wind whistled across some snow banks in the middle of the highway, sculpting them however it pleased. It was eerie, matched with the pines brushing up against each other. I've been walking just long enough to notice all these things. A few miles of walking in the snow will do that to you, and all I can think of is: people do this for fun? My toes were numb, but the sting of the cold was present throughout my body. I could barely distinguish one toe from another. But my body was covered in sweat. Four miles of trudging in a foot of snow will do that. Thank God I had my boots in the trunk. My dad always scolded: "What if you break down, what then?" Three years of lackadaisical compliance and one day it finally happened. I guess probability plays a big role in weather, car engines, and advice. One day all three are going to coordinate a date, which is something I can't even pull off with other people. Just a cold truth of circumstances. The lack of filling stations, though, is just a matter of bad luck, and AAA telling you they can't help on this particular day is even more messed up; roadside assistance my ass. Guess a little snow is all the inconvenience it takes. Good thing a little hatred can keep my feet moving, but it doesn't do anything for the cold.

