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Word Count:

Feels like outside of group
walking through memories
Year I couldn’t sled

From the Outside Looking In

 The shoes were tied and the kids were bundled up tightly like eskimos; they were ready to head out. Almost all the kids were excited. Snow had come back and it was time for sledding once more. All the children but one would be heading out into the beautiful snowy scene. Off to the side was a little girl, the only one not dressed in winter gear. No, this girl would be staying inside for she was not allowed to march out into the cold winter weather. She gave a weak smile as she watched the kids leave through the door, she stood for a moment before racing up the stairs and beside the window.

Her eyes longingly watched the children as they laughed amongst each other, she wished she could be among them. Six children reached the top of the first hill and began to get onto their toboggans. They were excited to be the first ones to plow through the freshly fallen snow. From the window the girl could see half a dozen sleds begin their way down the smooth white hill. They seemed like specks in the distance as they slowly streamed down the hill and came to an abrupt halt on the pavement. The girl’s eyes closed. She began to drift into her memories.

She could hear the crunch of the snow beneath her soles as she walked on the white hills, crushing delicate pieces of frozen art as she went. She could almost hear friendly voices ringing throughout the deserted pond. The voices called for her to come join them sledding and for her to have hot cocoa. She remembered the scenery with much joy. The soft snow reflected the sunlight. The trees were barren, but with the snow they became almost jubilant in appearance. Snow also rested softly upon the benches, covering them with an ornate crystalline blanket.

The girl remembered voices beckoning her into the house, lightly reprimanding her for staying so long in the cold. The warmth touched her skin as she looked at the surroundings. Adults and children huddled around a Christmas tree in jubilation, all happy and merry. She nudged lightly on the shoulder and turned to see a small mug up against her sleeve. The mug had snowmen smiling widely and hundreds of snowflakes covering the landscape. The girl thanked the mom for the hot cocoa and proceeded to sit on the edge of the room.

Even then she was just watching on the edge, looking in from the window and seeing the happiness of the people in the room. She left her memories and once more glanced at the children playing upon the snowy hills. Once more she was on the outside looking in.