

# Snow Storm

By Varvara Trofimova

Swoosh! The door opened as I stepped into the tiny corner bakery. It was almost at the top of a giant ice mountain. The old-fashioned sign by the door that said “Granny Sweets” shined with the cozy orange light.

The crunchy croissants, the magic cinnamon smell, the shelves that were packed with candy and cinnamon buns. You can find here everything your heart desires. Behind the counter, filled with any pastry imaginable, was my grandma, the owner of the store, Freya Hearthglow, though everyone here calls her Granny Frey. She is grabbing a goldish, crusty croissant from the warm oven and putting it on the counter. Granny Frey always dressed casually and always wore those oversized sweaters and sweatpants. Though it never looked like she was lazy, it actually seemed very stylish and elegant on her. She was a woman with a heart of gold. Frey was always ready to help anyone in need.

“I am here to pick up the order, Granny Frey,” I called out.

“Hold your horses, dear, I didn’t pack the croissants yet,” Granny Frey laughed.

As she packed croissants, I watched tiny snowflakes circle outside of the window. It was almost like those shiny diamonds were dancing. They circled around, around, around...

The window was covered in glittery frost that formed beautiful patterns. It looked like they were drawn by the hand of an artist.

“Here you go,” Frey said, giving me a package of warm croissants. “Bring them to Dagne’s family, they live on the other side of the mountain, and be careful.”

I smiled, “I will, Frey, it is just a mile away. What can happen?”

As I walked, the snow crunched under my feet, and the sun shined bright like it was a summer day on the beach. Nothing could go wrong.

However, the deeper and the higher I got on the mountain, the quieter it got. It was kinda spooky, but I hadn’t thought much about it at first, but that silence meant something.

SOMETHING was coming. I stopped and looked around, there were no animals, and that was strange. Just then everything changed, snowflakes spun real fast, like in some crazy dance.

The wind flowed like it was trying to attack me. I fell on my knees, unable to breathe. How could I have been so stupid? Of course, the quietness meant a snowstorm, and a snowstorm meant death.

It was chilling to the bones. The wind howled like a thousand wolves, and it felt like I fell into the void, and I can't get out of it. The wind was so hard that I had to keep my eyes shut. It was a cold and deadly darkness. And then, everything stopped. There was no sound, no cold, just the darkness and the feeling of nothingness.

It felt like hours, when I suddenly felt warmth in my body. It wrapped around me like a blanket. It felt like life was coming back to me, and I could feel my heart beating faster.

Finally, I opened my eyes. My vision was still blurry, but I could see a snake-like face looking at me. It had icy silver scales that beautifully reflected the light. There were curved horns on its head. I looked into the eyes of this majestic creature. They were as blue as the ocean and as wise as time. The creature opened its strong and huge wings. I noticed the wings had patterns on them, lines and circles seemed to make up a secret message, no one but this creature seemed to understand. I had no doubts of what was in front of me. It was a dragon.

"Are you okay, darling?" asked the dragon. His voice was very deep and ancient. You could tell the dragon lived a long life.

"I, I guess so," I answered, with my voice shaking. "Are you a dragon?"

"Yes, darling, what else can I be?" the dragon laughed. "My name is Frostfire, and I am a guardian of this mountain. My main job is to keep hikers and people like you safe during the snowstorms, so what were you doing in the middle of the snowstorm, darling?"

"I needed to deliver food to Dagne's family," I answered, still in shock. From what I heard about dragons, they are dangerous and selfish creatures. Their main goal in life is to kill and destroy, and I never heard about a dragon who helped someone...

"Mr. Frostfire, sorry for the weird question, but I thought that dragons were supposed to be evil creatures," I said awkwardly, afraid he might get mad.

However, Frostfire wasn't mad, he just laughed, "Oh, darling, what crazy stories people can come up with. Did you actually believe that dragons are evil? Oh, no. Those people kept trying to use us for their own goods, but we dragons are free creatures, and we were just keeping them away. However, people got mad at us and made us seem like villains."

"So dragons are actually nice, and all of the stories are fake?" I asked.

"Yes, darling," Frostfire replied.

Just then I remembered that he just saved my life, "Thank you for saving me," I said.

Frostfire smiled, "No need to be thankful, this is my job."

Right when he said that, he vanished. No goodbye, no nothing. I was still sitting on the cold snow, where five minutes ago nature was raging, now it is so quiet you can hear how snowflakes fall, and leaves swooshing. I didn't know how much time went by as I sat and looked at the snow and wondered whether what I saw was real, or it was just my imagination.

Dragons aren't real, are they? But then I saw something shiny on the snow. I looked closely and realized that it was a silver scale. Was the dragon real after all? I thought about it as I went back home. When I opened the door of the bakery, Frey looked really worried.

"Where have you been? I was so worried!" She said as she hugged me tightly.

"I got stuck in the snowstorm, but a dragon helped me get out of it," I said.

"A dragon? Oh, Helga, you and your wild imagination again," Frey laughed...

Since then, a lot of time has passed. I tried to tell people what I saw that day, but no one believed me. Some people even called me a dragon girl behind my back. Frey told me that sometimes people can have hallucinations when they pass out. Sometimes I even question whether that was real. At moments like that, I take out a silver scale to remind myself that it was all real. Dragons are real.