

Winter Wipeout

As Jerry stirred and stretched in the snug, comfort of his bed. He felt a brisk, fresh, draft escape from the windows gap and gently brush against the curtains. The curiosity of what the scene would be like led him to the window, what he saw before him was as though it was from an enchanted, winter fairytale.

The force of white diamonds cascading through the sky, covering every urban object before him, made even the pylons look dazzling. A pure, white, silk sheet resting on the globes face, hugging the ground, trees, buildings, like jelly in a mould. The beautiful realm, unmarked by human presence made Jerrys heart race with exhilaration. He stumbled backwards in amazement, then snapped out of the daze and leaped down the stairs, like a gazelle avoiding a predator.

When Jerry opened the door he felt the strong, swift air race past him. He slammed the door shut with all his might and braved the freezing temperature surrounding him, like busy bees around a hive. Although glacial, the adrenalin outweighed the numbness of the gust upon his frame. He placed his first foot into the thick, sparkling, blanket, all he could hear was the crunch of the solid ice below him. He felt like a giant with each footstep, as he sunk into the snow like an anchor hitting the deep blue sea. Jerry trudged through the thick, dense snow, the eery silence made him twitchy and agitated. Jerry could make out two inky, unilluminated silhouettes in the distance, this did not aid his trepidation. Plodding directly towards one another, the relief was welcomed like a cold drink on a boiling hot summers day, when he realised it was the two affectionate faces of Mark and Jimmy.

"Thank Goodness, it's you guys" said a pleased Jerry, his pounding heart slowly gaining a normal pace.

"You look like you've seen a ghost" chuckled Mark, "Can you believe it snowed?"

"Fancy a snowball fight?", asked Jimmy as he smirked cheekily whilst tossing a ready prepared pearly sphere in his hand.

Jerry nodded, "your on, lets go!", as he sprinted into the wilderness of the forest for protection. The giant conifer, usually verdant, today glistened elegantly as the dim rays radiate each niveous branch. The brisk breeze brushes Jerrys complexion again, that eery presence still poking at his conscience.

Jerry found a sublime zone to cease and assemble his ammunition. Concealed behind a considerable clump of snow, he is instantaneously under attack. Rockets of glazed ice launch from every imaginable direction, soaring through the now sharp, intimidating atmosphere.

As each snowball discernibly strikes and disables, the glee is like a child waking on Christmas morning. The only commotion to echo through the thicket is the splat of snow and the chuckle of children. Instantly the gripping gusts of wintry gale become to powerful to endure. Ice particles slapped at their gentle cheeks like razor blades, branch hit there adolescent figures like punches from a grown man.

The bitter draught became too much to tolerate. A winding, whirring resonate in the environment was creeping upon them. Roaring and crashing, as the muscular air hurtled towards them, like stormy waves at sea. The swirls and whirls sucked Jerry into its almighty mouth. Dragging him into the air by a force to be reckoned with. His panic stricken, white face, as he tumbled through the now early evening darkness, was of freight, horror and unknowing.

"JERRRRYYYYYY", echoed Marks voice in the blizzardous rings surrounding him. He clung to his friends comforting voice as his young body was tortured by debris and remnants collected on this monsters harrowing journey. What felt like an eternity abruptly came to an omnipotent end. The thunderous noise that bashed his ears was now a deathly silence. No sooner had earths natural beast sucked him up, it had spat him out with no consequence. As he dropped from nowhere like a hunted bird, his gentle body unconscious, frigid, beaten but somehow still alive. Alive. It was a miracle. Mark and Jimmy had clung throughout to a deep rooted tree, unable to rescue him or fight the snowstorm beast. As Jerry lie rasping for breath, his exhausted friends stumbled to his aid, but was it too late?

By Rupert B Form 4.