FLASH FICTION

Spring Must Be Nice

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I watched them. Watched them laugh and play and sing and dance. Dance... Oh how I envied them! I looked down at my feet, as if I could make them move by simply looking at them; by simply wanting them to.

But all the wishing and praying didn’t help. They still didn’t move; couldn’t even feel. So I watched them; day and night. And I envied and cursed them every second of my miserable life. For when the playing was over they went home. Every time. And I watched them through their soft curtains, in their cozy homes sitting in front of romantic fireplaces in the midst of their warm-hearted families. And I was staying outside and learned to despise the warmth. After all, it’s less painful to hate than to envy.

Sometimes they’d come to me, smile at me, and even talk to me. They were nice and we enjoyed the snow together. I know I am different, but they didn’t seem to care; neither about my strange looking nose, nor about my poor clothes or that I couldn’t walk; that I wasn’t like them. Snowflakes landed on my cold legs. They didn’t melt, not until the sun came out.

Life was taking. It was always taking from me and never giving. The sun was growing stronger and with every streak of sunlight I was fading a bit more. First, my skin melted, then my arms fell off and my face became a runny mess. It’s disgusting to swallow your own blood. Disgusting, but inevitable. Spring has come at last and that’s my cue.

No snowman has ever seen the flowers grow and I wouldn’t be an exception.

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