

Blizzard

by Luis Casiano

The snow on the streets of New York City can make any parents wary of exiting their homes. Afraid of sending their children to school or even letting them out of their houses to have a fun snow day. They can only hope that the warmth from their love can keep them from the cold.

Or they will witness a blizzard overtake the blue skies making them dark.

Beep... beep.... Beep

“Alright, I get it, it's time to get up,” said Joe as he tried to reach for the alarm. He reaches all the way from the opposite side of the bed to turn off his alarm. Joe doesn't have work today. It is Christmas Eve. He only woke up at 9:00 in the morning to finally clean his garage. He got some cleaning supplies and headed to the garage.

He passed his kitchen as he saw a photo of his sisters and his mother. He looked upon the photo and he wanted to smile, but he hesitated and kept marching forward. He looked at his garage. Hoping to use his whole day cleaning it.

He continues on with his day and looked out the window. He saw the snow is coming down hard. He thanked god that he isn't out there. That short feeling of comfort quickly left as he remembered the times he would play in the snow. He remembered the time him and his sister would make snowballs and throw it at each other.

The good times, he thought.

Then his thoughts went sour when he remembered all the hardships he went through as a child. The feeling of being cold. Alone with his thoughts. Watching his parents rip their marriage apart as well as making their children suffer from it.

Joe puts his hands on his head and wishes for his own thoughts to stop.

Then he hears the faint sound of a phone. His phone is ringing. He runs up to his phone which was still next to his bed. He answers without looking at who was calling.

“Joe,” said Liza. “Its Liza, you know your favorite sister.”

Joe doesn’t reply.

Sigh. “Look, Joe, I know its been years since you have come over for Christmas, but it's just there are a bunch of kids here that want to know their uncle,” said Liza.

Joe tried to speak, but his mouth wouldn’t open.

“Okay, well I hope you have a good Christmas,” said Liza. She hung up.

Joe sat next to a window. He looked out to see the same thing he has seen for years. An empty white plain. Nothing but inches of snow showing how he was lonely.

He then got up and said to himself, “I’m so tired of this.” He got his keys and walked up to his front door.

He stopped. He had his hand on the knob, but didn’t have the strength to turn it.

Then there was a knock on the door.

Joe was confused, but proceeded to open it. It appeared to be some salesman, but that didn’t matter. Joe ran past him to his car. He got in and started it.

On the way to his sister's house he kept stopping at convenience stores. He told himself that he was buying snacks for everyone, but in reality he stood outside trying to control his breathing.

Then he arrived at his sister's driveway. He slowly got out of his car. He noticed all the Christmas lights. How they illuminated the front porch. He walked up the stairs and then was in front of the door. He rose up his right hand. He thought for a second. He then let out a big sigh and knocked.

Joe's sister opened the door and was in shock.

Joe felt nervous by her expression.

Joe's sister then said, "Come in, the food is ready." She said it with the biggest smile and then proceeded to give Joe a big hug. In his eyes it was the biggest hug she has ever gave him. A hug so big that it warmth his cold body.