

Winter End

(S3)

By Mel

“Winter is to long!” The five-year-old Jacob said.

Diana smiled at her stepson. “Doesn’t your grandfather always say winter will pass at Winterfest, Jake?”

“Yeah, but then winter keeps going. How can we tell if things are changing?”

Diana stood. “Come with me.”

Jake followed with a sense of adventure as they climbed away from the same dirt and cement walls that never changed.

Diana pulled him close, pointing up through the grate where concerts were held.

Jake peered up, seeing the budding trees overhead. He laughed, a breeze playing with his sandy hair. “What is that?”

Diana smiled. “Spring.”