

Wintry Night Prompt

Laurie T. Seamans

She stepped out onto the patio, as the snow crunched under foot and looked up into the winter night sky. Inhaling the crisp cold air, Lauren filled her lungs in an effort to replace the stale air from inside the house. Fresh.

Above her, the sky was filled with twinkling crystalline lights from stars far away. It was cold, yes, but invigorating and quiet. That was the best part – quiet. Inside, the television blared and the kids ran around playing who knows what kind of game of tag or hide and seek. Out here, the night sky stretched out before her with a sense of peace.

A chill ran over her body. Time to go back in. One last breath of fresh air.

Lauren turned to the sliding glass door to reenter the house and tried to pull it open. Nothing. She didn't lock it, did she? No, that couldn't be. She tried again. Nothing. She started to panic, the tingling sensation in her hands moving up into her chest. She pulled again and again. This is ridiculous! Then she looked up and saw her two boys smiling back at her from inside.

"When I get my hands on you...!" yelled Lauren, an empty threat if there ever was one.

The boys were giggling hysterically now, so Lauren took off running, hoping to make it around to the side door before they did for a chance at warmth and hugs.