

It was my first time alone, but I guess I wasn't really alone; I could almost hear her musical laughter tinkling in the air ahead of me. It was coming down harder now, but I didn't care; I had reached our clearing. It was the perfect spot, next to a back road that was rarely used and past the main road, surrounded by majestic, snow-covered trees. I stood perfectly still and closed my eyes, straining my ears, until finally, I heard it: the symphony of snow.

The deep baritone of thousands of flakes landing on freshly fallen snow, the gentle whisper of the tumbling flakes brushing against one another as they floated down to the ground, and the light tinkle of the tiny icicles on the branches as the wind blew gently by them, disturbing them slightly. My heart lifted, and my soul soared. This is what she told me, all those years ago: only on this first day can the pure, fresh precipitation sing. I squeezed my eyes shut even tighter, eager to hear more. The snow was coming down faster now, the tempo rising, increasing urgency, and I lifted my chin, feeling the music, too soft for anyone but us, rush through my body. I tilted my head, letting the sound surround me, and I heard her sigh, almost imperceptibly, next to my ear. It was a symphony just for us, only for us. My body relaxed as the music quieted, the wind slowing to an almost standstill.

I remained standing there, motionless, ready for the wind to pick up again. In a rush, the wind swept by, swirling the topmost layer of snow in a spiral around me, and I wanted to spread my arms, but felt her smile and gently rest her palm on my shoulder, urging me to be still; even the rustle of my winter coat could disturb our symphony.

But, then, another noise sounded in the distance, the sound of a car's engine straining to get past the snow. Our symphony faltered as I struggled to hold onto it, but the roar was persistent and I felt it fade. The headlights flashed into view, as did the driver's surprised face, staring at the tiny figure in the middle of the clearing, standing knee-deep in snow and glaring at him from underneath the snow-covered brim of her cap. The car passed, and the sound of his engine faded into the distance. I closed my eyes again and turned my thoughts back to our symphony, encouraging it to continue, but I was interrupted yet again. Another low rumbling sounded in the distance, its only purpose serving to crowd our music out. It was another car, driving on the main road that existed just behind the thick trees I had come from. When that sound finally faded, it was replaced by another, and then another, and then another.