

MARCH 20, 2021—I thought of you today. The last time I saw you it was snowing, the moist wide flakes fell in slow motion, clumped together like a sliding white wall. And when they cleared, you were gone.

Today it sticks to the trees, the ground, and mittens as a babe clings to its mother. You would think it easy makings for a snowman but I find it hard to create with no playmate or audience. Father is constantly shoveling and Mother decorates the dining room as if the Pope will visit.

I hope you are warm and safe.

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APRIL 10, 2021—Remember when we first met? You were ringing bells for the charity donations and I tried to impress you by displaying a large bill that blew away in a sudden gale. I watched it fly off, and when I turned back you were next to me. That frosty sweet breath revealing a warm smile and hazel eyes. Like a painting, I thought. Where are you? Why haven't you written??

Our address is 222 Via Inverno, Milan. I wait in the chill air.

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MAY 2, 2021—Spring has sprung, my parents say. Bah! The snow is just as deep, the air is still thick and cold. Father shovels daily, Mother frets constantly, and my snowman SUCKS! Nothing changes here, nothing! It's as if—AHHHH! Earthquake!!

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JUNE 10, 2021—At least once a week now, the giant head appears. Earthquakes soon follow and our little family is traumatized again. So far, we have not been injured. In the moments before the attack, I do feel enchanted by the winning smile and fiery red hair framing the face that soon envelops the sky. You are not here to protect us so I confess a guilty pleasure when the Sky King appears.

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JULY 3, 2021—Eye contact. That's all it took. From behind my snow creation I stared into the Sky King's immense blue eyes and now the quakes have become fewer in number, gentler in nature. If loving this bad boy is wrong, I don't want to be right.

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AUGUST 11, 2021—I'm leaving. Father and Mother are so absorbed in their projects they'll never know. Chico (my name for the Sky King) has resumed his quake tirades with some vigor. I believe he's trying to separate me from my parents. Since I love him, I must help...but this snowman still isn't finished!

If I don't write again, I am with him and happy.

If I do write again, my parents will be happy—when are they not?

Happy Holidays to you and yours,

NEVE TERRARIO