

Shadows on the Snow

Audrey Rose danced in the sun, in the shadows of the sun. Light caught her sparkly skirt and spun color out to the world. Audrey Rose stretched her arms out as far as she could, wishing she could reach the places her sparkles could, wishing she could stretch herself out until her body covered the world, felt all the pieces of the earth inside.

In the grove of aspens, Audrey Rose knew the trees from their shadows on the ground. She lay in their reflections, stretching her arms to mimic their branches. For a moment she was strong, eternal.

She wrapped her arms around the base of an aspen and shimmied her way up, until her hair blew back from her face, carried away like the leaning of the branches. She jumped down, leapt deeper into a forest of trees where only the tips, covered with snow caught the smiles of the sun. Audrey Rose climbed up their trunks until she rested in the light, an eagle hunting below.

“To Life,” screamed Audrey Rose as she somersaulted out of the tree and landed with a huge plop in the snow. The day had worked up a thirst in her so she decided to do a drive-by Sunpie, even though she didn’t have a car. A quick in, a quick out.

Steve was behind the bar.

“Jaeger bomb?” asked Steve.

“I would, but I don’t drink Jaeger bombs anymore, I only drink giddy-ups.”

“What’s a giddy-up?”

“A Jaeger bomb. Think about it. A bomb explodes, ruptures, destroys. What I drink wakes everything up, gives me a little extra get up and go. A giddy-up.”

“Okay, you’ve convinced me. A giddy-up it is.”

Steve poured two and they shot them down.

“Thanks, Steve.” Audrey Rose got up.

“Where are you heading so quick?”

“I got the giddy-ups in me. I have to shake it out.”

Audrey Rose went down to the river and hopped from rock to rock, slipping and sliding over icy edges. On the Emerald Mountain side, a boy was snowshoeing in her general direction.

“Excuse me,” she called “do you think I could get a piggy back ride?”

The guy paused, looked like he might turn back up the mountain, then came closer to Audrey Rose.

He took in her bare feet, sparkly pink skirt.

“What’s your name?”

“Audrey Rose.”

“Did you lose your shoes?”

“Your back looked strong and I wanted to ride it, but I thought I should ask before I just jumped on.”

“You want to ride on my back?”

“Yes, please.”

“Okay.” The boy had toffee colored eyes that Audrey Rose wanted to lick like syrup.

She could almost taste their sweetness as she moved close to him, rubbed her nose against his, then climbed on his back.

“Where are you heading?” The snowshoer asked.

“Wherever you want to take me.”

The boy was strong. She felt his muscles through his fleece, flexing. Audrey Rose rested her chin on his head, touched the movements of his legs as he carried her back up the mountain, into Emerald depths.

He took her deep into a valley of pines, where the sun couldn't reach and stopped.

“This is it.”

“Where are we?”

“We're in silence.”

Audrey Rose tilted her head to listen, but there was nothing. Not even the shifting of a needle of a pine.

“Beautiful.”

The boy spread his fleece on the ground. “I think I deserve a reward for all the work of bringing you here.”

“How many other people have you brought here?”

“Just you.”

“Why me?”

“Come here, Audrey Rose.”

Audrey Rose climbed into his lap and enclosed his body in hers. She whispered in his ear the words of the mountains. She felt him growing. She shimmied her way out of his arms.

“Stand up.”

“Why?”

“I want to wrap you.”

“What?”

“Take your shirt off.”

“It’s cold.”

“You would have taken it off if I was going to fuck you.”

The boy took the shirt off.

“Now close your eyes.” The boy closed his eyes.

Audrey Rose stood close behind him, could feel the heat of his body as she took her hands and brought them around to the front of his neck. Softly but firmly, she moved her hands across his skin, closing them together at the back of his neck. She repeated the movement across his chest, over his stomach, moving her hands front to back and joining her hands down his spine.

When she reached his hips, she moved around in front of him and began again at the neck. Silence between them. The boy’s skin stayed warm as Audrey Rose moved her hands around his body. When she was done, she drew a line down his chest, with the edges of her hands and kissed his nose.

The boy reached for Audrey Rose and pulled her into him. He held her inside his body, kissed her forehead.

“Do you need a ride back to town?”

“No, I think I want to stay here for a little while.”

As the boy moved away, Audrey Rose listened to the movement of his snow shoes as she wrapped his fleece tightly around her. Audrey Rose searched for the sun, but light had left the day and Audrey Rose remained in shadows.

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-Do not attempt to recreate the events of Audrey Rose's life. They will result in internal and/or external death or at the very least a yeast infection.