

Short Story Fictional

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## Snowflakes

Gentle snowflakes earth bound floated the in atmosphere.

The anchor tossed that day was thrown into the temperatures by the informative newsperson that reviewed a week

An angel's dream the color of white with a halo.

I watched gentle flakes float that accumulated to become the cloud.

I watched her movement of her arms and legs flap at the earth's surface.

A cloud that held an angel.

She looked for the powder blue and flapped away.

The seated position.

The careful stand to that jump.

The careful bend to reach to include the halo that was not drawn by her but carefully placed in by another.

I smiled with a laugh as I finished the gentle tap in the snow that became the outline of her halo.

The forecast of the foreword, the visible halo was already upon her head while she flapped away.

The cloud of snow had her silhouette soul for all to see.