

Snow

by *Altyn Kapalova*

A strong wind blew. Little Aman walked against the wind. Even though the wind was big and strong, Aman persisted. Finally, exhausted, she sat down by the fence. She hid her face from the wind, but the cold wind still penetrated and pricked her frozen cheeks.

Aman raised her head and saw the face of the wind. It was transparent with gold and blue patterns.

“Hello. Are you the wind?”

“Yes. I am a wind.”

“But the winds in my city are San-Tash and Ulan—two heroes who fight with each other.”

“San-Tash and Ulan? Never heard of them.”

“Well, there is such a legend. Two heroes fought over a girl they both loved. Neither one could win. In the end, they turned into winds and scattered. But now and then, they meet here, to battle again.”

“And you believed this tale?! Ha-ha-ha! One of these winds is me!”



Shami. And the second wind is my friend, Boroni. We don't fight. This is our game!"

"When you play, you chase the clouds away. I want clouds. I want snow. I love snow!"

"But we have to play. Boroni and me. We fly! We soar!"

"If you relaxed sometimes, the clouds could gather and make snow."

"We never learned to manage our emotions like people do."

"So, there will never be snow in this city?"

"Probably not."

"That's sad... for me, at least."

"Is that why you cry when you walk home from school?"

"That. And something worse. Much worse. I miss Mum. She died. I miss living with her in our old town. My mother loved snow, just like me. There was a lot of snow in that town."

"I thought maybe you got hurt all the time, like maybe you fell all the time."

"I don't cry when I fall, even though it hurts. But I have to cry when I think of my mum. Missing her hurts my head and my legs and my heart. I want to hug her. But I can't. I can't ever again."

"I have never had a mum. But I swirl your tears up inside me, and I think I know what you mean. You're so small, but you pushed against me—a huge, powerful wind. You don't give up against me. So why give up on hugging your mother?"

"What do you mean?"

"I think maybe Boroni and I need to have a little chat. We love to play rough and tumble, but we can learn how to be gentle too. Go home now, Aman. And watch the skies."

Aman got up, wiped her tears and went home. It seemed to her that the wind was not blowing so hard.

In the morning, Aman ran out into the street and saw that everything around was white.

“Daughter, look what snow! There has never been such snow in our city. Apparently, San-Tash and Ulan made up,” Aman’s Papa smiled.

Aman packed her bag and ran to school. The wind blew on her back and urged her on. At school, children played with snowballs. Even the teachers played. Today, who needed lessons?

When Aman grew up, she moved to another city, where there was a lot of snow and rain. She loved snow and rain. Every time the wind blew, she whispered, “I love this snowy city, and I love you.”