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Creative Writing

Snow, Snow, Snow

Yuka Nishimura

Snow was falling thick and fast, which was covering everything in the playground. Two students were standing there, and although they thought that the snowed-in scene was far from unusual for them, the scene they were in was something special. One was a girl, and the other was a boy. The girl is actually who I used to be when I was in the fifth grade. The boy was my first sweetheart. The story is about what I had experienced as my first love. I would like to look back upon that story in this essay. The reason is quite clear.

Although the stream of time has just pilfered most of the memories of those days, that memory is still vivid and as pure as the driven snow.

During one's life, where thousands of people come and go, the number of the people one can get along with is

unfortunately limited. What makes it even more pitiful is that the number of the people one is supposed to fall in love with is quite few as well. Every love story is exactly like a treasure. Above all, the first love is, out of them, never to fade away. It is like the first thumpity-thump with bitterness one ever experiences, or it is like the first wishy-washy flurry with sweetness in one's life. It is something sacred that never vanishes. It is something unforgettable that repeats forever. It is some loneliness that has made you what you are today. It is some happiness that you are never allowed to share with anyone. At the very first moment of falling in love, the whole world around you might be overturned. What you had seen until yesterday shall gain the flakes with different colors, bringing you at the center of a new world.



I still remember the moment as clearly as if it had happened yesterday. It was at the beginning of winter a long time ago, a season when stars twinkle to warm our hearts. He was a year senior to me and joined the same volleyball club as I did. He was a good athlete. His big sparkling eyes as if he could see far ahead into what would be going to happen to us. His longer hair tied sloppily at the back like girls sometimes irritated me. At first, his character actually, that is what I believed,

irritated me as well.

The series of squabbles we two always got into anywhere and anytime we met, which did nothing but prove friction between us, eventually turned to the opposite. They were exactly typical behaviors during adolescence so as to cover what we were

feeling toward each other. We kept hiding our feelings until that day, the day when the snow came down on our town. We talked and talked about what we felt by clumsy and abstract words while seeing that scene.

All I hoped at the bottom of my heart was just simple. It was the simplest in the world; I just wished the moment would have lasted forever. As snow covered the ground and made a snow-white world, I only wished that snow could have kept the moment snowbound, and everlasting. Those limited days after the day were full of the discoveries of new aspects of brightness in life. The sunny day seemed to cheer up every one of us; the snowy day seemed to reassure every one of us. My steps became lighter than ever; my sensibility became finer than ever. Those could nearly get me to Adam and Eve that life is infinite. The isolated yet lovely days were eventually supposed to end. My father's sudden transfer shattered and melted those fleeting days. The snow had melted, which

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seemed to have seen through our lovely love story. Too many feelings mixed at that moment and it is hard to describe in words.

Snow has melted, and spring has come. In spring, in place of snowflakes, flower petals dances about in the wind. We have to face the departure so as to appreciate the new encounter. My experience also has showed me the first sorrow called farewell.

He and I, saying good-bye to those days, stepped forward into the new season. I think that the first love is something special for everybody. No matter how far the moment has gone away, it is always vivid and colorful on our minds. As long as one lives, it never

disappears. When winter comes and snow falls, with chilly and cold air, I reminisce about it every year. By looking back on memories I had cherished, some energy that can get me ahead will occur. By wondering that he must be well beneath the same sky even now, some energy that ensures me against every anxiety occurs. We cannot give some clear definition of subtle feelings like these, but all the abstract feelings mixed up in my mind, which does surely exist forever.

About the author: Yuka Nishimura is a 2nd-year student in the Department of Humanities at the University of Tsukuba. She loves reading novels and writing her expressions in non-Japanese languages.



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